

Our love is not of human birth, nor comes
Of mortal life, but is the gift of God.
For God Himself is Love. And though
tonight

The still sad music of the past steals o'er
Our souls, there is no discord in those
sounds,

Whose saddest echoes whisper immortality.
Thou art not dead to us, though all in vain
We seek to pierce the impenetrable
Mysterious shadow, that hides from us
The spirit land. We think of thee as
living still,

Perhaps unconscious of our stumbling
march

Along this strange uneven path of life;
It may be when we thought thee far
Thou wert, our Guardian Angel, often
nigh.

In some hour of weakness, didst thou
hover near

Thy earth-born brother, fearing he should
yield