

Is there a God then above us?
 I ask it again and again;
 Is there a good God to love us—
 A God who is mindful of men? . . .

All heart-sick and head-sick and weary,
 Sore wounded, oft struck in the strife,
 I ask is there end of this dreary,
 Dark pilgrimage, called by us Life? . . .

What care we? Is the world worth minding,—
 The sad, mad world, with its hate and sin?
 Is the key worth seeking for, or finding,
 Of the Cretan maze we wander in?

He concludes with hopeful strains like these:

Ere the moon that wanes to-night, again shall largen,
 Ere the sun that sets to-night, shall set again,
 You and I may be beyond the sound and margin
 Of the death, and doubt, that makes the death a pain. . . .

He who knew what weariness, and want, and woe meant,
 He who pillowed earth's sad head upon His breast,
 He who bore that one unutterable moment
 When the burden of her sorrow on Him pressed;
 To Him we deem was given,
 For answer to His love;
 All things on earth—in heaven—
 All love below—above. . . .

It must be good to die my friend!
 It must be good, and more than good, I deem;
 'Tis all the replication I may send:
 For deeper swimming seek a deeper stream.
 It must be good, or reason is a cheat,
 It must be good, or life is all a lie,
 It must be good, and more than living sweet,
 It must be good—*or man would never die.*

As the light of the other world dawns more clearly on his
 soul, he sings in the latest hours of his life:—

I feel as one who being a while confined,
 Sees drop to dust about him all his bars,
 The clay grows less, and leaving it, the mind
 Dwells with the stars. . . .

Draw the dread curtain and enter in!
 In o'er the threshold the millions have trod;
 Lose but the dust of the balance and win—
 What a moment ago was the secret of God! . . .