

IN MEMORIAM.

To my darling husband, on the anniversary of
his death—September the 14th, 1889.

A year has come and gone since, by God's Holy will,
You left me, husband darling, and I still
Sorrow as in the earlier days, and grieve
As only those do who also are bereaved
Of one so fondly loved, whose life for years so
 closely 'twined together.
It seemed that death itself could never sever
The bonds, so firmly bound, in sickness or in health,
Time of disaster, poverty or wealth,
The love which warmer grew with length of year.
It seems not possible you're gone, I here.
Be still my heart, 'tis only for a time.
God's will be done, and humbly mine
Must bow to His who doeth all things well.
Perchance you hear me, darling ; who can tell
What line divides us ? Thought may meet thought
On the high shore you stand,