

A decorative border of grapevines with clusters of grapes and leaves frames the text on the page. The border is drawn in a simple, line-art style.

that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Let us follow in her footsteps. Let us live for the things which endure.

She is gone. But not into darkness. She is gone home. Such a life ends well and receives the Master's "well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And our Saviour says once more to the troubled and sorrowing: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions." This Christian hope cannot be in vain. "He that wrought us for this very thing is God," and He who made us for *life* will not abandon us to death.

"O friends, no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

"Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices sound once more.

"No dreary splendors wait our coming,
When rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;
Homeward we go to heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest gathering of the heart."