

CHAPTER XXVII.—1903.

A POEM BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHILE this book was in preparation, its publishers wrote, without my previous knowledge, to my dear friend Mrs. Sangster, for a poem to appear in its pages. I understand that within a few hours the gifted poet had written and mailed the following lines, which, as in the previous cases in this book, I include with no other feeling than thankfulness for the kind and partial friends that God has raised up around me:

The dear Lord has kept her close to Him,
In a little curtained space
That never is wholly dusk or dim,
Because of His shining face;
Though we are afraid of the brooding dark
It cannot be so to her,
For the Lord Himself has made an ark
For His loving worshipper.

There are things of earth that she cannot see,
Except with her spirit's eyes;

Poem by Margaret E. Sangster.

The light in the blossom-perfumed tree,
The stars in the still night-skies;
But never imagine she has not known
Far fairer sights than ours!
The hem of His garment round her thrown
Is brodered with fadeless flowers.

She smiles the smile of a happy child,
Her voice as the child's is sweet,
She has followed so safe through wood and
wild,
The print of her Saviour's feet.
Her ear, attuned to the finest chord,
Has caught the songs of heaven;
She has taught us all how to praise her Lord
For the grace of sins forgiven.

Her song has bubbled with notes of joy,
Has risen in faith so strong,
It has reached the height where the whole em-
ploy
Is praise, where the ransomed throng.
And year by year as the sifted snow
Of age on her head is white,
She has been as a child of the long ago,
In her dear Lord's loving sight.

Why call her blind, who can see so well
The hidden things and clear:

Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.

Who knows so much that she may not tell,
Of the land that's drawing near?
The pure in heart, our Saviour said,
And the word is true for aye,
Though drifting centuries on have sped,
Since He went to His home on high.

The pure in heart shall *see*, ah! yes,
They shall see the face of Him
Who dwells forever in ceaseless bliss
Between the cherubim.
Of her we love, this wondrous word
Is true in very deed.
'Tis the sight of her own, her loving Lord,
In her sightless eyes we read.

God bless her ever! we lift the prayer—
Our hearts would hold her, fain
To guard her now from the weight of care,
To shield her life from pain.
And when at last an angel comes
To lead her in to the King,
God give her a place in the best of homes
Where the choiring angels sing!

May the thin veil drop from the gentle eyes,
And by the King's own grace
When she sees Him, clear, with no surprise,
May she have a sheltered place

Near His Feet.

In a little corner white and fair,
And very near His feet:
And never a voice 'mid the voices there,
Shall ring more true and sweet!