

" This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

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NOT unto death, this sickness?—yet, fair Sister,  
Have we not laid thee in the silent tomb?  
Did we not witness, all, that quiet parting,  
In that dim chamber—in that midnight gloom?

What though fond hope found strength 'mid weary waiting,  
Found light and strength in many a mis-spelt sign,  
Resigned, but still reluctant—sad, but hopeful—  
Could we refuse to own that death was thine?

Yes, death was thine,—*that* death each weary mortal  
Must know and feel, since Adam's doom we share;  
But though, with thee, we pressed the grave's dark portal,  
No King of terror claimed a victory there.

We wept, 'tis true,—it is a place for weeping,—  
The Saviour wept at Lazarus' early tomb;  
He wept with kindred grief, for kindred sorrow,  
'Mid death's own darkness—earth's sad parting gloom.

God and yet man, He knew the blissful resting,  
 Of ransomed spirits on the heavenly shore ;  
 Yet, for sad sisters' sakes and blind repining,  
 Brought the freed soul to life—to death—once more.

Ah! not to death, but life, dear, treasured, Sister !  
 One final farewell thine, to die no more ;  
 No second parting—no return of weeping—  
 One fond enfold of love on Canaan's shore.

Mute, calm and firm, amid' the gathering silence,  
 No waving pinion stirred the taper's flame ;  
 What mystic presence, strong but still, sustained thee,  
 Whose touch irradiant, only, showed they came ?

They came, and—lingering, went ; but why so lofty,  
 Lifted the gates to let one spirit through ?  
 What burst of glory swept the pearl-bound entrance !  
 What Face turned earthward as the first cock crew !

Thus ask we, with not dark, but dim, conjecture,—  
 " Faith still is ours, but thine fair glory's light :  
 The glory not thine own, but all thy Saviour's,—  
 A Regal Bridegroom's guest, in robes of white.

Sister, farewell ! farewell !—but not for ever,  
 No end of darkness bounds our forward sight ;  
 We turn from thy pale death-bed sad but hopeful—  
 Above, and all around us, " There is Light."

We earthward turn, for duty claims its labour,  
 But light and hope shall gild our future way ;  
 Thy sickness, not to death, but God's own glory,  
 Calls, through the years, in Him, to watch and pray.

Praying and watching, working, onward pressing—  
 Pressing to victory—onward, upward still ;  
 " Come up, My people, hither ! " peals the mandate,  
 In tones of strength, on that all-glorious hill !

J. B. C.

SARAH BENSON MATHER passed away in the early morning of the 12th of 3rd month, 1875, just as the cocks began to crow. Her age was 28 years and 10 months. The text which heads these verses was deeply impressed on the minds of those around her.

*She was the fiancée of Edward O. Cotton  
 & died on the day they were to be  
 married.*