

THE BEYOND

It seemeth such a little way to me,
 Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
 And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond;
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,
 As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
 And so the grave has lost its victory;
 It is but crossing with abated breath
 And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious than before.

--Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Phoebe Cary

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 Nearer to my home today am I
 Than e'er I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer today, the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life
 Where burdens are laid down;
 Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
 Nearer to gain the crown.

But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the deep and unknown stream
 To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Father, perfect my trust!
 Strengthen my power of faith!
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone
 Upon the shore of death.

Be Thee near when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink;
 For it may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think.

Madeline Bridges

"Life's Mirror"

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
 There are souls that are pure and true;
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you.

Give love and love to your heart will flow,
 A strength in your utmost need;
 Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
 Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
 And honor will honor meet:
 And a smile that is sweet will surely find
 A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of King and slave,
 'Tis just what we are and do
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.