

## IN MEMORIAM A. J. B.

THE life by angels' touch divinely lifted  
From our dim space-bounds to a vaster sphere  
The spirit, through the vision of clouds rifted,  
Soars quick and clear.

We know the dance that hails the golden pinions  
The sun waves over an awakening earth ;  
We know the joy that floods the heart's dominions  
At true love's birth.

Even so, the mists that roll o'er earth are riven,  
The spirit flashes forth from mortal sight,  
And, flaming through the viewless space, is given  
A robe of light.

As when the conqueror Christ burst forth of prison,  
And triumph woke the thunder of the spheres,  
So brake the soul, as newly re-arisen  
Beyond the years.

Far above Space and Time, that earth environ  
With bands and bars we strive against in vain,  
Far o'er the world, and all its triple iron  
And brazen chain,

Far from the change that men call life fled higher  
    Into the world immutable of sleep,  
We see our loved one, and vain eyes desire  
    In vain to weep.

Woeful our gaze, if on Ione Earth descendent,  
    To view the absence of yon flame afar—  
Yet in the Heavens, anew, divine, resplendent,  
    Behold a star!

One light the less, that steady flamed and even  
    Amid the dusk of Earth's uncertain shore ;  
One light the less, but in Jehovah's Heaven  
    One star the more !