

with a certainty that knows no change to those who have reached it—"having desired that better country" while in life.

Bereaved ones—mourners—why do you call yourselves so? Your dear ones are not the less yours because absent now, and you, desiring the same land, will rejoin them soon. Tears, indeed, are not forbidden, but when they rain heaviest, accept the comfort of what you believe; and again and again say to yourselves, "All is well, indeed, though

‘ In dear words of human speech,  
We two communicate no more.’ ”

