

An Experience.

Margaret Sangster

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ONE came and told me suddenly,
"Your friend is dead! Last year she went;"
But many years my friend had spent
In life's wide wastes, apart from me.

And lately I had felt her near,
And walked as if by soft winds fanned,
Had felt the touching of her hand,
Had known she held me close and dear.

And swift I learned that being dead
Meant rather being free to live,
And free to seek me, free to give,
And so my heart was comforted.