

We know His heart is tender  
And we know His love is true,  
And 'twas in love He took her.  
Your little one from you.

She's free from pain in heaven,  
So dear ones do not grieve,  
While safe in His own keeping  
Your baby girl you leave.

### MY FATHER.

Ah! sad this world! so sad it seems to me,  
As I again behold the sod close o'er,  
Hiding another form I loved so well  
But shall behold on earth again "no more."

One by one they drift from us away,  
Borne far—and never shall return  
To tell us they are happy where they dwell—  
Those loved ones for whose welfare our hearts  
yearn.