

Still beyond death's troubled waters,
Ransomed spirits wander free.

Meet me, mother, on that shore,
When the storms of life are past,
And there from sin and sorrow free,
Secure with Christ we'll rest.

TO A SUFFERER.

O SISTER dear, do not forget,
In sorrow's gloomy night,
That there is One whose love can turn
The darkness into light.

His arm shall circle thee about,
When roll the billows o'er,
Upheld by that Almighty arm,
Fear not when tempests roar.

In love He chastens that more close,
He may draw thee to His side,
That 'neath the shadow of His wing,
Thou may'st continually abide.

O do not faint, dear suffering one,
Beneath the chastening rod,
Look up in confidence to Him,
Thy Father and thy God,