

Your children all both think and say,
 " He showed us how to live,"
And 'round your memory to-day
 Our grateful thanks we give.
We feel quite sure of reaching you,
 Near the White Throne of God,
If we but keep in full review
 The path you taught and trod.

Sometimes I've thought 'twas wrong to wear
 This crape 'round wrists and neck,
And you, so far beyond all care,
 Might feel inclined to check.
But, father, think: for one whole year
 You've seemed so far away—
That's why we've worn, and still do wear,
 No shade but black to-day.

I've fancied, father—was it true—
 When Arthur came your way
That, with his escort, one was you
 That late October day.
I bent above his sinking head,
 And whispered in his ear,
He'd soon be with his loved ones fled
 And see the Saviour dear.

He gazed at me so earnestly,
 Then, smiling, glanced above;
To me that eloquent reply
 Said, "Some are near you, love."