

O we wander, borne by many a breeze,
From many a distant strand ;
And I voyaged lonely, over seas—
My life was in my hand.

That desolate life, despairing, dull,
Caught fire from thy sweet breath ;
Thou, young, beloved and beautiful—
And I—to see thy death !

* * * * *

But thou hast a happier home than this,
Poor child of light and love !
A home of righteousness and bliss,
In the fair fields above.

The storm of life is past for thee,
Vanished its grief and care ;
Thou art in the haven where thou wouldst be,
Hast met thy Saviour there.