

All Hallows in the West.

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Ancient Hymn.

The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends
"Good-night," assured of their awakening at the Resurrection Call.

1 Thes., IV., 14.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best.
Good-night.

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.
Good-night.

Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is over past,
Good-night.

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night.

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of Thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night.

Only "Good-night," beloved, not farewell;
"A little while," and all His Saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible.
Good-night.

Until we meet again before His Throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own,
Until we know, even as we are known.
Good-night.