

IN LOVING MEMORY OF JANET SHAW
CAMPBELL.

The little chair is empty,
And the carriage now is still,
And in your hearts a place there is
That nothing else can fill.

You have your other children
To heap your love upon,
But nothing can replace to you
The little one that's gone.

There'll never be such sweet blue eyes,
Nor to you such golden curls,
And she'll be the dearest ever
Of all sweet baby girls.

But when your heart is sorest
And the tear drops dim your eye,
Remember that your darling's safe
With those we love on High.

'Tis our Father who hath taken,
'Twas His dear hand that gave—
'Tis His eye that looks across the years,
'Tis He alone can save.