

When home he comes from distant land,
One greeting will he miss,
One tender grasp of little hand,
One loving, child-caress.

Faith points him to that land of song,
Save by the good, untrod ;
Where angel and archangel throng
Around the throne of God.

In that sunny land of beauty,
How changed is Johnnie now ;
Clad in immortal purity,
Youth ever on his brow.

When earthly shadows fade away,
Life's battle fought and won,
Then shall he hear the Saviour say—
“ Father, ‘ Behold thy son.’ ”
