



Now at last when hope seemed over
And as days, and weeks passed by ;
Comes the tidings, they have found him,
All rejoice to hear the cry.
Now kind hearts will bear him gently
From his home, and loved, away,
And a quiet grave remind them
Where in death rests his cold clay.

To the God who sends the waters,
Roaring, surging from the hills,
We can trust His own wise purpose,
And submit, all to His will.
He can cheer the broken-hearted,
He will bind the bruised reed,
If in Faith you ask his presence,
To support in time of need.

When life's trials here are ended,
And the river's brink we near,
May we pass through death's dark waters
With bright hopes and not with fear.

MRS. A. J. ROSELL.

