

ON THE DEATH OF J. DRYSDALE.*

Oh, can it be our son and brother
Will never more to us return?
Shall we no more behold each other,
Till we have also reached Life's bourne?

Our happy home is draped in mourning,
And tearful tributes fall apace;
Our hearts are filled with bitter yearning
To look once more upon his face.

In distant lands he now lies sleeping;
The waves engulfed our darling boy;
His is the rest, but ours the weeping,
And into grief is turned our joy.

But let us not be thus despairing!
Shall not the Mighty Judge do right?
The heavy cross we now are bearing,
When viewed beside the Lord's, grows light.

Without His will "no sparrow falleth."
Shall He His children disregard?
Though when our friends away He calleth,
To us who mourn the road is hard.

*Drowned in California while launching a vessel.