

IN MEMORY OF D. C.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus!"
Sings one voice less below,
From one more harp in glory
Sweetly the numbers flow.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus!"
We read on the tranquil brow,
We, out here in the tempest,
Safe in the harbor, thou!

We, in our sin-soiled garments,
Tossed 'mid the world's unrest,
Thou, in a robe unsullied,
"Safe on His gentle breast."

The body in earth's cold bosom
Will not be as close to the clod
As thou, in the arms of Jesus,
Will be to the heart of God.

And a voice in the stillness round thee
Keeps singing a low, sweet psalm—
Ever its dulcet cadence
Flows thro' the deep, death-calm.