

So wheresoe'er I go, beneath,
Beyond, above,
My Father's hand shall hold me
In everlasting love,
The human loves, too, go with me,
In some mysterious way,
All shadow yet, but kept by faith
Until the perfect day.

No aimless drift, no fruitless round,
Shall be my senseless part,
In aeons to come, as in the past
He'll lead my foolish heart.
Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Shall part me from His care.
I'll go to sleep in perfect peace,
To wake up Anywhere!

A. F. O. 13th January, 1910.