



*Then I stole down a dim-lit pathway
So dark at close of day,
When a light from an open doorway
Fell right athwart my way ;
'Twas the light from the quiet chapel,
It seemed to call me there,
And I went to seek for comfort,
To rest my grief in prayer.*



*And I prayed to God for the dear ones
That here I ne'er may meet ;
I prayed—and I found sweet comfort
When kneeling at Jesus' feet.
They are safe in His home, my dear ones
In peace and love they rest ;
They are waiting now to greet me,
When called to that home so blest.*



*And now when I feel these longings
I take them to Jesus' feet,
And words may not tell my feelings,
His presence gives peace so sweet.
For the Master alone can comfort,
None knows our hearts so well,
And 'tis He alone can solace
The griefs that within us dwell.*

