

What love of ours can keep when comes the call
 To journey o'er death's sea to that far land;
 But if we love them true would we recall
 When safe their feet have reached the shining
 strand?

We loved them dearly as with them we walked
 Here in sweet fellowship from day to day;
 But could our love compare at all with "His"
 Who called them from this dreary world away?

We'll mourn them often as the years drag by,
 And many tears will fall as on we roam;
 But if our love so deep, unselfish, true,
 We would not call them from that peaceful home.

This world is at its best a lonely place
 Where our most treasured ones from us doth go:
 But over yonder all is peace and joy
 And not a breath of sorrow there doth blow.

In slumber deep, he fell asleep,
 Calm as a little child,
 Without a sigh, or say good-by,
 With look so sweet and mild.
 He sank to rest, in slumber blest.
 Safe on our Saviour's arm,
 Ever secure, in His love sure,
 That God would guard from harm;
 And thus to slumber deep
 He fell asleep.