
In Memoriam.

The following lines were written in memory of our neighbor and friend, W. D. Pope :

"God Giveth His Beloved Sleep,"

Once more have the pearly gates swung wide,

And the Savior whispered "come",

As He stood at the edge of the crystal tide

And beckoned to him that's gone.

Did'st not hear the angel wings at dawn

When they compassed the demons of pain ?

And whispered "thus far" and softly "sleep on,"

'Tis the sure peace of God. Death is slain.

Safely he passed where the dark shadows pressed;

Led on by the nail-pierced hands ;

Held close to the Savior's thrice-wounded' breast,

Till far o'er the deep tide he stands.

His tender voice whispered "I am with thee ; fear not ;

The rivers shall not overflow ;

The waters we pass through shall all come to naught

And the pure joys of Heaven we'll know."

The victory is torn from the cold grave at last

And death has lost its sting ;

The beloved of God but pass into rest

Who close to the cross ever cling.

They press round the throne, by the river of life

And sing sweetest songs of deep praise ;

Forever set free from the thralldom of strife,

Their anthems of victory raise.

Then weep not for him. He has passed into rest ;

For him is the far better part ;

In the home of the ransomed forever he's blest ;

Let Jesus speak peace to thy heart.

When you go down through the waters at last,

His hand shall uphold thee in love ;

And you'll meet the dear ones who have silently passed

To the realms of the blessed above.

M. E. D.