

## IN MEMORIAM.

Dedicated to the Memory of  
Bennie Jones.

By Miss A. E. Arndt.

Weeks of care and watchfulness  
Have passed above our head;  
And in the darkened chamber  
there

A dear one lieth dead.

His face is cold and still and  
white

His heart and lips are dumb;  
And to our calls of agony

No answer e'er may come.

He's passed the "Shining Portal"

And fond hearts ache and yearn

Gone to that far, far country

"From whose bourne, none re-  
turn."

Oh God, he was so young to go,

His life with promise filled,

But tho' our hearts are aching

It is as Thou hast willed.

Perchance down Life's weary way

Thou sawest a stony road,

Where on Our Darling's feet  
would press

As he bore his pilgrim's load.

Perchance from heart aches many

Thy love would'st have him  
flee,

And in Thy loving mercy

Hast called him home, to Thee.

Our eyes with tears are blinded

But in the Promised Land,

Thou wilt reveal the mystery

And there we'll understand.

We'll understand the heart-aches

The 'sufferings' and 'good-byes'

We'll meet again our loved ones

With happy, tearless eyes.

We'll understand that Thou art  
kind,

And many other things.

And may we find as Bennie has

"Our untried Angel-wings."