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 To you, his son, 'tis ours to offer such
 consolation as we may. In life we loved
 him; in death we cared for him; and now
 deliver to you all that remains of the author
 of your being, who reared you in his home.
 'Tis yours to take him to his final resting
 place on earth. And say, in the language
 of the old hymn:

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
 Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
 He loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee more;
 Good night! good night! good night."

His friend and yours

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