

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1897.

IN MEMORIAM.

D. A. MCGREGOR

APRIL 25, 1890.

Bend low, O April skies,
In weeping clouds bend low ;
Our hearts are dumb, our lips are sealed,
No tears relieving flow.

Bend low, O April skies,
Over our wildering woe ;
God moves in awful mystery
And lays MCGREGOR low.

All-Good, All-Wise, All-Free
Father, Thy will be done ;
This hour of darkness too shall tell
Some triumph for Thy Son.

Thou mad'st him wondrous fair,
Pure, gentle, true, and strong ;
So like the Christ, whose name inspired
His deathless dying song.

Hast Thou had need of him
For higher service there ?
In faith's repose, with him we sing,
" *The day will it declare.*"

J. H. FARMER.