

IN MEMMORIUM.

Rev. F. W. Watts, died at Oshawa, on Sabbath, June 24th.
1888, aged 29 years.

Like a crash of thunder breaking the stillness of a summer evening, or the sudden darkening of a cloudless sky, came the news of the death of our young and gifted friend. Stricken down in the vigor of manhood, with the future all bright, with promise of long life and usefulness opening before him, with no warning of the coming fate, his death is a matter of surprise and regret. Why it is that one so strong to work for the Master has been called so quickly from the battle field, we do not know. We only know that the voice of our friend is hushed forever, that his hands have finished their work, and are at rest.

Folded thy hands, life's labors are ended,
Finished each work of devotion and love;
Now thy dear voice that with ours o't blended,
Joins in the chorus of angels above.

Soon as the clouds overcast the fair morning,
Hiding its brightness in shadow and gloom,
So death's dark shade, our fond efforts scorning,
Shrouded thy life's sky, while yet it was noon.

Hushed is the sound of earth's wild commotion,
Ended each storm, every tumult is o'er;
Safely thou'st crossed o'er life's troubled ocean,
Anchored thy bark where storms are no more.

Earth's wildest storms no longer can harm thee,
Death and disaster shall seek thee in vain;
Christ's loving arms are around and about thee,
Safe on His breast thou shalt't ever remain.

No more thou'lt suffer the pain and the anguish,
Sin and temptation shall vex thee no more;
No more thy spirit in sorrow shall languish,
Sickness and sorrow forever are o'er.

Oh! may our Father, our Father in Heaven,
Tenderly guide in His mercy and love.
Till we at last, through the grace He hath given,
Meet in yon cloudless realm above.