

Nor thunder'd loud to scare the doubting soul ;
 But gently led to contemplate, where peace ;
 Harmonious joy while endless ages roll ;
 And sin and sorrow, lost in Christ, shall cease.

So in the world, where giants met to fight
 The social vices of the agnostic age,
 His voice rang eloquent, for good and right,
 And champion'd manfully his battle gage.
 All men were dear to him who lov'd the Lord ;
 Nor reck'd he what their creed, their name, their style ;
 'Gainst such he sheath'd his trenchant sword,
 Nor deemed in wrath the Saviour to defile.

All honor to the Minister, whose plan
 Spreads love and peace. All honor to the man.
 May God prolong his life and usefulness,
 And give the crown of human hope, Success.

Faint fall the echoes of the waning strain
 As mem'ry dwells with oft recurring pain,
 " His like on earth we ne'er may see again."
 Ah, faint and fainter dies the sad refrain.

Enchantress ! Rouse ! And trumpet forth the hope
 Beyond the grave, where sin, nor scoff, nor Hell.
 May drown our deepest diapason's scope
 In Hymns of constant praise. Dear friend, farewell.

Nov. 30, 1883.