

IN MEMORIAM.

(W. M., Sept. 14, 1901.)

Once more the God of Nations, worker of deeds
Dire, dreadful and mysterious, hath said:—
‘Fear not this awful hour! Myself was led
‘By hands that knew no love of noble creeds
‘To the altar of brutal hate. My heart still bleeds
‘For him from whose dark soul all love hath fled
‘And whose scarred feet remorselessly have sped
‘To crimes inexpressible. Know thou my needs
‘Are Faith, sweet Hope and inward Sacrifice.
‘Behold my Servant of heart contrite and true,
‘How on his blameless brow my garland lies!
‘See thou and therefrom thine own strength renew:
‘For I, Thy God, bring thus to thy wond’ring eyes
‘The solemn vision of thy duty and thy due.’