

He had no need of us in that last hour :

Ours was the need to catch his dying smile,
The fragrance of his words to breathe the while,
And feel the presence of that unseen power.

“Praise not the dead,” says one : Who are the dead ?
The friends who walked with us but yesterday,
And tread the golden streets with God to-day ?
Their garments, white as snow, which once were red ?

We praise them not ; God only will we praise ;
But shall we love them less in robes of white,
And walking ever in his blessed light ?
So, in our hearts, love’s monument we raise.

Words are but weak, and language fails to tell
The feelings deep which permeate the soul,
As, one by one, we read upon the scroll
Of the departed, those we know so well.

But we have lost a father, wise and good,
A pastor, teacher, brother and a friend,
Whose heart was with his people to the end,
Bound by the tie of Christian brotherhood.