

IN MEMORIAM.

wanderer, in far lands he strayed,
 And many a league of mount and wave
 A barrier, as of the grave,
 'Tween him and friends and country made.

In misty distance far withdrawn
 He went his way, and silence fell
 Between us, while their subtle spell
 Fate and the years wrought, dusk and dawn.

How oft affection's wistful eye
 Turned to the spaces of the West
 In vain unconscionable quest
 Of one departed utterly.

How oft remembrance him portrayed
 A radiant, happy boy once more,
 And in the haunted Nevermore,
 Children again, we laughed and played.

How often fond solicitude,
 To the lone exile pursuivant,
 Imagined peril, woe or want
 Oppressing him with burden rude.

O little faith! God's arm of love
 About him all the while was twined.
 With constant care that Father kind
 Had walked before and watched above;

Had led him on through fear and hope,
 'Til by Salinas' peaceful wave
 He made for him a hallowed grave,
 Upon the glorious "Sunset Slope."

God's mercy his misfortunes crowned,
 As radiant rainbows crown the cloud;
 His heart in lifelong bondage bowed
 Eternal freedom now hath found.

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