

Francis Bain.

"Oh many are the poets that are sown
By nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty Divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

—Wordsworth.

Life is not judged by years. I am but one
Thrilled by the touch of that magnetic soul,
And by the contact helped to see the sun,
Though mists of chilling ignorance around me roll.

The birds were his companions, and the flowers,
He overturned the rocks and dredged the sea,
He studied, and he toiled through weary hours,
Yet found delight in all because his soul was free.

Oh you, whose self-imposed depravity
Hides all but obligations from your view,—
Do burst your galling chains, and you will see
The beauties that are now perforce revealed to few.

God gave you power to do, and feel, and be,—
Drink if you will from nature's living stream :
Bain drank, and service became ecstasy.
He now drinks deeper draughts direct from the Supreme.

All honor to the name of Francis Bain,—
Well may it glisten on the scroll of fame.
No words of mine the reason need explain,
For all who knew the man still love that noble name.

He was a poet of the highest type,
For he loved nature with his soul and strength ;
Plucked in the bloom, ere yet his life was ripe.
O, what a grand bouquet our God will have at length.

Kirklaw, P. E. I.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.