

We do not mourn—though aches our inmost heart—  
 As for a friend from whom we aye must part,  
 But as for one now safe on heaven's fair shore,—  
 While we must wait on earth till beckoned o'er.

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With honest sweat his brows were moist in youth ;  
 Whene'er he spoke his words were words of truth ;  
 He feared the Lord with loving, trustful fear,  
 And served him well through each successive year.

From wars and strife how soon the world would cease,  
 How soon arrive that ' reign of blissful peace '—  
 Were traits like these by all mankind possessed—  
 Were Christ as Lord by ev'ry life confessed.

He nobly lived but reached the door at last  
 By man called "Death," and through its portals passed,  
 Beyond the power of death and trials sore,  
 To dwell with God, henceforth, for evermore.

He did not pass away in dark despair,  
 But gently breathed his soul to God in prayer :—  
 Who love their Lord, mankind, and sinning cease,  
 Shall likewise know the depths of heavenly peace !

O, Mourner, list the voice of Christ, our Sun :  
 " Weep not for him ; his work was nobly done.  
 Yon silent tomb contains the mould'ring clay,  
 But not the soul : he reigns with Me to-day."

EVANS JACKSON .

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