

FATHER (A. HARRIS).

Our father served his age with liberal mind,
And though in manner stern, his heart was kind.
Through all his active life he wrought with skill
To render labor less, and more fulfil.

He gained through prosperous toil a fair renown
Yet craved his Master's fame more than his own

He laid up for his loved ones gold in store,
Yet freely gave to God, and to the poor.

Though rich in gifts, dispensed through all the land,
Yet poor he came to God with empty hand.

Relying not on ought that he had done,
His trust was wholly, only, on God's Son.

He knew the Gospel well, and felt its power,
And so was ever firm in trial's hour.

He humbly trod the path of faith and love,
And laid up treasures in the world above.

His faith appeared in deed, more than in word,
And thus he copied after his dear Lord.

His day well spent, its course with honor run,
Its clouds grew bright with its late setting sun.

His early friends and loved ones gone to rest,
He too would fain be gathered with the blest.

His prayer was heard, his memory loved will be
And his reward be rich eternally.