

IN MEMORIAM.

And such wondrous graces, rare and free,
Were gathered to our sight,
Thou seemest, in my memory,
A gift of flame and light !

O we wander, borne by many a breeze,
From many a distant strand ;
And I voyaged lonely, over seas—
My life was in my hand.

That desolate life, despairing, dull,
Caught fire from thy sweet breath ;
Thou, young, beloved and beautiful—
And I—to see thy death !

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But thou hast a happier home than this,
Poor child of light and love !
A home of righteousness and bliss,
In the fair fields above.

The storm of life is past for thee,
Vanished its grief and care ;
Thou art in the haven where thou wouldst be,
Hast met thy Saviour there.