

IN MEMORIAM

OF THE REVERED AND MUCH REGRETTED FATHER BENNETT, O. M. I., LATE
PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE.



'TIS gone, the good old man whose life
 Was one sweet incens'd sacrifice.
 He, as we gaze upon his dust,
 A saintly feeling fills the soul
 With venerable awe sublime.
 His was a goodly span; would mine
 Were shadowed even by its light
 So calm, so humble, and so good!
 And Death—so happy—but to breathe
 And find himself in Heaven his home.
 To breathe, and feel the burden fall
 From off his shoulders stooped with toil.
 To breathe, and see the face of God
 And joys the bravest dare not paint.
 To breathe, and free a weary soul
 From rankling chains that Adam forged.

No tear
 Drops o'er the missionary's grave,
 No breaking heart sighs o'er his clay,
 But with a holy, calm respect,
 Kind friends and strangers' falling hands
 Commit the sacred dust to earth.
 There is a holy hush around,
 And but the snowflakes melt to tears
 Upon the pall that covers him
 We lov'd as Father and rever'd as Sage.
 P'rhaps from thy humble slab may rise
 The Angel Fame, to show the world
 What modest saints like thee achieve
 While plodding on unnoticed here
 The humble path that leads to God,
 And courts no praise from fickle men,
 But feels this life a pilgrimage
 And Heaven true immortality.

J. N. D.