

In Memory of the late
Rev. D. W. Dimock,
On the Sunday after his departure.

By a member of Emanuel Church.



WELL known form we miss from church to-day;
A form—not bowed with years—although the years
were there
But straight and lithe—as many a younger man;
A face—so KIND—though marked by time and care.

We miss a well-known footstep on the aisle;
No thud of age—although old age was there;
But tread elastic, light—as quietly
He used to enter—then ascend the stair.

His chair is vacant where so oft he sat;
Vacant?—Ah! No—the sable pall is there
Telling the sad, sad story—he has gone
The way of all the earth—while echo answers WHERE?

The ivy twined above it makes reply
Life—everlasting life! beyond the tomb!
Oh! friends, how loudly do these emblems say
The call will next be made; for whom?—for whom?

We miss the dear familiar voice—'twas sweet—not strong
As in a quiet reverential way
He would approach the sacred desk, and then
Would utter solemnly his "LET US PRAY."