

IN MEMORY OF FRANCIS BAIN.

"Oh many are the poets that are sown
By nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse"—WORDSWORTH.

LIFE is not judged by years, I am but one
Thrilled with the touch of his magnetic soul,
And by the contact helped to see the sun,
Though mists of ignorance still around me roll.

The birds were his companions, and the flowers,
He overturned the rocks, and dredged the sea,
He studied and he toiled through weary hours
Yet found delight in all because his soul was free.

Oh you, whose self-imposed depravity
Hides all but daily duties from your view,
Do burst your galling chains and you will see
The beauty that is now perforce revealed to few.

God gave you power to do, and feel, and be,
Drink if you will from nature's living stream,
Bain drank, and duty became ecstasy,—
He now drinks deeper draughts direct from the Supreme.

All honour to the name of Francis Bain,
'Tis writ above, and on the scroll of fame.
No words of mine the reason need explain,
For all who knew the man still love that noble name.

He was a poet of the truest type,
For he loved nature with his soul and strength
Plucked in the bloom ere yet his life was ripe.
Oh what a grand bouquet our God will have at length.