

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF WM. MORTIMER LOCKHART, WHO
DIED AT MT. ALLISON, N.B., DEC. 7TH, 1889.

Was *thy* life brief? Then so, dear soul is *ours*.
Who draw the breath, which thou did'st soon forego
For purer, sweeter, Thou forsak'st these bowers
For the unfading,—this shade, for the glow
That the eternal morn doth round thee throw;
These russet fields for the unwithering flowers.

Was thy life *brief*? 'Twas long enough for love,
For tears, for virtue, and for beauty, too;
To feel th' poetic heart within thee move;
Too brief, for ills and sorrows, not a few,
Which they must bear, who linger 'yond the dew,
To greet the frost, here in grief's wintry grove.

Was thy *life* brief? Thou livest?—did'st but pass
From Learning's porch to her supreme degree;—
From out "life's dome of many colored glass,"
To "the white radiance of eternity,"
Our lives are brief; but long *thy* life shall be,
Where song dies not, nor Misery cries, "alas!"

Was thy life brief? 'Tis well, since it was true;
Here, brief our portion, as the wise have sung:
Thou dwellest constant in the memory's view,—
We look upon thee ever, bright and young;
The lay of Hope dies not from off thy tongue,
Fraught with Love's generous fire. Dear Soul, adieu!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Mary Mellich
Archibald
Memorial