

He was a Man, in all that constitutes
The truest Manhood, in its strictest sense—
A Man in the full stature of his mind.
Religion was a well-spring in his breast,
Whose waters were as pure as waves of light
Rolling in volumes from the gleaming stars.
His thoughts soared ever upward towards God,
As soars the purifying flame to heaven.
Philosophy, and heaven descended poesy,
Within the sunny chambers of his mind
Met, like fair handmaids, who had come to stay,
And by their presence keep his spirit pure,
And meet for the high calling unto which
He would have given all his earthly days.
But in the midst of Life, the spoiler, Death,
Like a stern tyrant on his heartless round,
Struck down the noble youth, and robbed his friends
And fellow Students of their store of hopes.
Far from his home he died.—No parent's eye
Saw the last struggle of his manly breast;
No sister's voice into his closing ears
Poured the sad music of a last farewell.
But there were loving hands to close his eyes;
And there were loving hearts around, to feel
The grief that enters at the door of death;
And there were loving lips to pour the balm
Of consolation on his chastened mind.
He died, as dies the summer's crimson eve,
When the rich sunset hangs its banners out