

In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN CHARLES CHANDOS BRYDGES, G. T. R. BRIGADE,

13th April, 1868.

Æ. 17.

(BY HIS LIEUTENANT.)

I.

A flower of rarest fragrance,
Of beauty and of worth,
Is smitten by the tempest,
And lost to us on earth.

II.

A star that shone resplendent,
That burned with promise bright,
Is torn from our loved vision,
And quenched in death's dark night.

III.

A voice of thrilling sweetness,
Whose tones we loved to hear,
Is hushed in solemn silence,
Ne'er to be broken here.

IV.

A heart with pure affection,
With noblest virtues filled,
Hath ceased its warm pulsations,
By death's cold fingers chilled.

V.

One whom we loved and honoured,
Whose loss we deeply mourn,
Hath passed th' mysterious portal
From which there's no return.

VI.

His battle of life is ended,
He has laid his armour by,
And his last command is "follow
"To the land of peace on high."

VII.

Oh, sorrow is surging o'er us,
And its waves would overwhelm,
Had we not the blessed assurance
That God is at the helm.

VIII.

Fond parents mourning in anguish,
With hearts all crushed and torn,
Our God has some gracious purpose
In taking your loved first-born.

IX.

And to you in this dark hour of trial
Are the words of Jesus given,—
"What I do to thee thou knowest not now,
But thou shalt know in the light of Heaven."

W. H. ROSEVEAR.

St. Lambert, 16th April, 1868.