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In Memoriam.

THE LATE REV. A. M. PHILLIPS, B.D.

The prophet sleeps, his labors o'er,
Gone up to rest at noontide of his power;
His battles won, the storm and conflict past,
His soul has gained its crowning peace at last.

But truth rides on, its radiant car,
Resigns too soon, the hero of the war.
But others mount, and hurl the battle brand,
So lately borne in this true warrior's hand.

And not in vain, for truth's fair light
Shall gild anon the gloomy dome of night;
And sin and death and tears of sorrow cease,
For lo! the coming of the Prince of Peace.

TORONTO. FEB 17 1966

—Albert D. Watson.