



LINES

On the death of the late Mr. Thomas Ireland, who was drowned in the Dundas creek on the 13th of April, 1876, and whose remains were found on the 20th of June.

Not with wasting, lingering sickness,
Watched by friends and kindred dear,
Nor with warning of the quickness,
Of his finished work while here.
But with future prospects gleaming,
Bright and hopeful to his view,
Many hours of blissful dreaming,
Many joys and sorrows few.

Those are thoughts he well might cherish
In the strength of manhood's prime,
Years of future active business,
Seemed most suited to his time.
Wife and children claimed his presence,
Friends and kindred cared for him,
To our human view and knowledge,
His quick summons, seemed all dim.

The swift waters, bore him onward,
Heedless of their precious freight,
No strong arm could stay his progress,
He had gone, it was too late ;
In his lonely home are waiting,
Sad and anxious hearts to hear
If the bruised and broken remnant,
Could be found to bury here.