

This is the power that did weld the worlds,  
And fathom down the star-lit gulfs of night,  
Tall as ambition he, strong as the force  
That drives the circling planets on their course.  
As from the sterner regions of the north  
The chilly Mississippi issues forth,  
Flows, widening, down mid scenes where Nature's hand  
Forever raised doth bless the smiling land;  
So toil, from harsh privations that distress  
The winter-world, tends onward to success  
And as the gulf stream's felt far out at sea  
Our labours here affect eternity.

Bransfield is dead, but his memory will be long and lovingly cherished in the hearts of those who had the privilege of knowing him. It is, indeed, sad to see a young man of so much promise cut off in the hey day of youth; but let us hope it is all for the best, and, that as he sang so sweetly of things Divine in this world, he is now chanting with the angelic choirs the praises of God eternal.

His poetry we shall read, for we value it highly. It is, indeed, true poetry. Poetry is never more entrancing than when it blends the ideal with the real, and teaches a moral applicable to our lives. In nearly all his poems Bransfield touches the heart. He has something to attract, something to please, something to dwell upon. If poems we have recently read were worthy of the name, if they reflected credit on their authors, then, indeed, would these poems, of which we feel so proud, suffice to crown our dead poet friend with a wreath of immortality.

To his widowed mother, brothers and sisters, the editors of EXCELSIOR extend their heart-felt sympathy in this the sad hour of their bereavement; but let them be consoled with the hope that this loving son and brother is now enjoying a blissful rest in Heaven—a sure reward for such a pure and blameless life as his has been.  
R. I. P.

