

ON THE DEATH OF MR. D. LEWIS,*

(Who Died While Studying for the P. M. Ministry.)

He sleeps in death's deep solemn sleep ;
A widow and fond parents weep ;
While orphan-babes look on and sigh,
And ask, Why did our father die ?

He sleeps, and will no longer rule
Christ's nursery—the Sabbath-school—
No more the church his aid will share—
No more will hear him plead in prayer.

He sleeps ; but 'tis a blessed sleep ;
So calm, so pure, that angels keep
Their station round the sleepers tomb,
Shedding soft sunlight 'midst the gloom.

He sleeps ; and all life's toil is done ;
The battle's fought, the crown is won ;
Faith gently draws the veil aside,
And bids you look o'er Jordan's tide.

She smiles, and pointing up on high,
Whispers—he lives, no more to die—
He lives where sorrow ne'er shall reign ;—
He lives, and you will meet again.

*The Rev. George and Mr. David Lewis were brothers,
and died within a fortnight of each other, during the Summer of
1873, of typhoid fever.