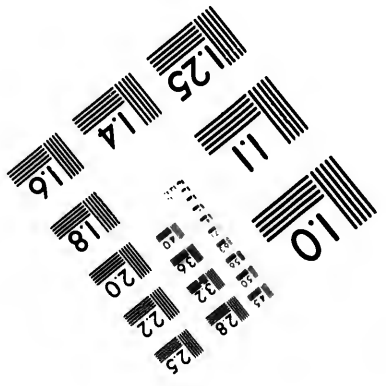
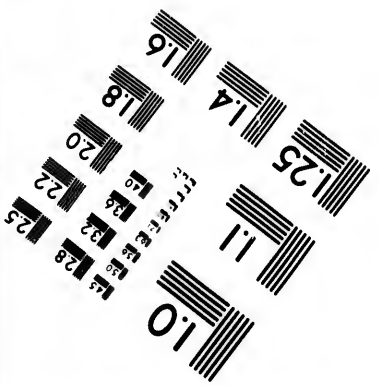
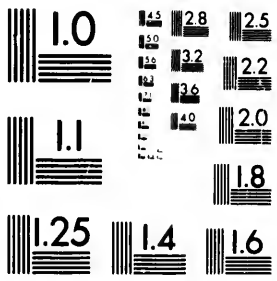


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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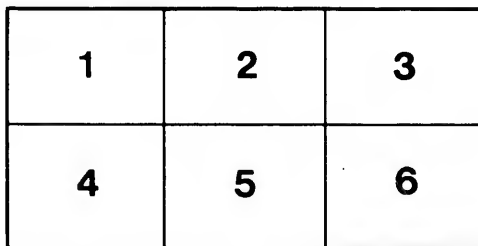
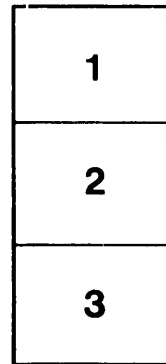
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*From  
a fund established in 1905 by  
Raymond Clare Archibald  
in Memory of his Mother*



*Mary Mellish  
Archibald*

*Graduate, M. L. A. 1867*

*Teacher, 1869 - 71.*

*Chief Preceptress, 1871 - 73.*

*Lady Principal 1885 - January 1901.*

# In Memoriam

BY

S. E. FAULKNER.



## A POEM

IN MEMORY OF

### Rev. D. C. Lawson,

OF

Westmorland Point, N. B.,

WHO FELL ASLEEP

OCTOBER 7TH, 1894,

Aged 72.

Sackville, N.B. 1894

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Bell

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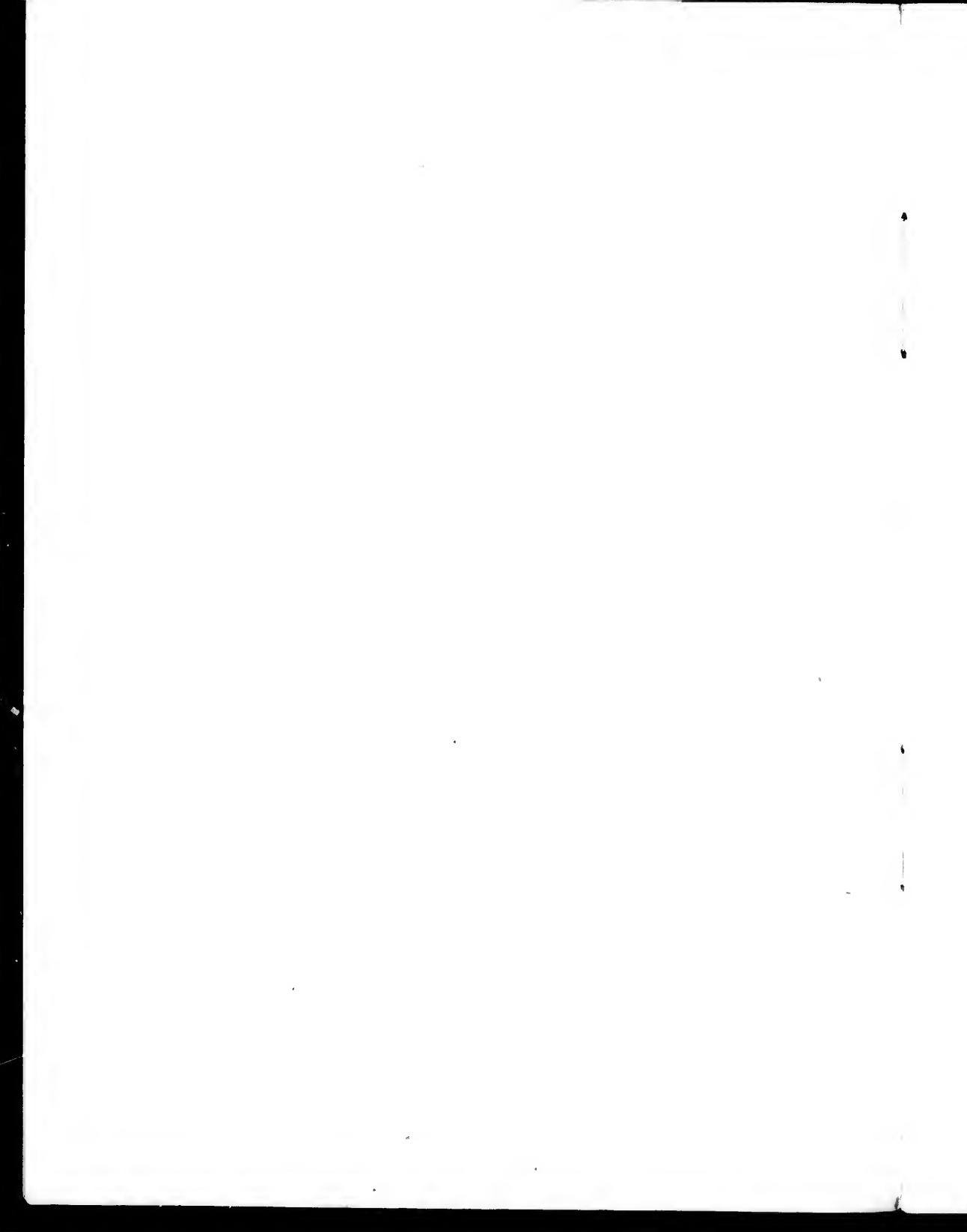
Westmorland Point, N. B.,

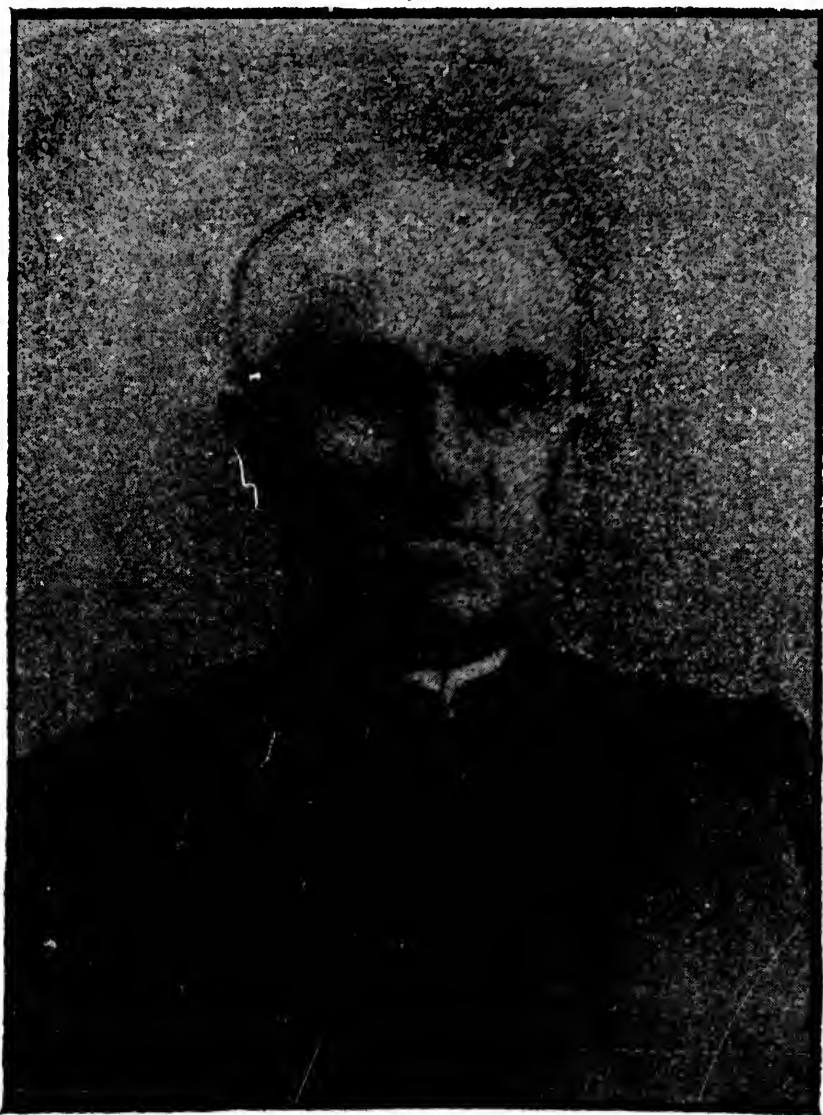
WHO FELL ASLEEP

OCTOBER 7TH, 1894,

Aged 72.







REV. DAVID C. LAWSON.

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✧ In Memoriam. ✧



Little we dreamed, as on that quiet night  
We watched the moon mount up the eastern sky,  
That he we loved so well that night should die,  
His soul borne upward to the heavenly light.

Alone! no fast, fond friend stood silent by,  
No parting kiss was pressed upon his brow,  
No tear-wet eye watched sadly o'er him now,  
No loving heart returned his parting sigh.

Wife, children, home and friends, beloved through life,  
Were far away; alone! yet One was near,  
The Master whom, in weakness and in fear,  
He had long served amid the din of strife;

The Master calling to the mansions fair;  
The Master soothing all the ache and pain  
Of weary limb, of heart and head and brain,  
Then leading to the glory waiting there.

He had no need of us in that last hour :

Ours was the need to catch his dying smile,  
The fragrance of his words to breathe the while,  
And feel the presence of that unseen power.

“Praise not the dead,” says one : Who are the dead ?  
The friends who walked with us but yesterday,  
And tread the golden streets with God to-day ?  
Their garments, white as snow, which once were red ?

We praise them not ; God only will we praise ;  
But shall we love them less in robes of white,  
And walking ever in his blessed light ?  
So, in our hearts, love’s monument we raise.

Words are but weak, and language fails to tell  
The feelings deep which permeate the soul,  
As, one by one, we read upon the scroll  
Of the departed, those we know so well.

But we have lost a father, wise and good,  
A pastor, teacher, brother and a friend,  
Whose heart was with his people to the end,  
Bound by the tie of Christian brotherhood.

What wonder that we bow our heads, and weep  
 Because the accustomed voice we hear no more :  
 Dear Saviour, heal the hearts made sad and sore—  
 “For so He giveth his beloved sleep.”

We see, through memory's chambers dim and vast,  
 In panoramic view, fond scenes pass by,  
 And spell-bound watch, with overflowing eye  
 And silent tongues, those pictures of the past.

'Tis Sabbath morn. the pews are over-full,  
 A stately form speaks from the desk above,  
 His words like coals from off God's altar, love--  
 “Your sins, though crimson, shall be white as wool.”

Again we see him part the liquid wave  
 At the baptismal font, as John of old,  
 In Jordan's stream whose waters gently rolled,  
 Baptized the Christ who came our world to save.

And still another scene—a fair young bride  
 And bridegroom stand amid the eager throng—  
 Those solemn words are said—a prayer, not long  
 And they, through life, must journey side by side.

Oh, memory's sacred storehouse vast and grand !  
 Here we refresh our souls when drooping low,  
 "Thou first, best friend which Heaven assigns below,"  
 Thy treasures beckon to the "Better Land." -

Our father is not dead, tho' from our sight  
 His form is laid to rest, his soul above ;  
 His words of warning and his words of love  
 Shall ever lead us on toward the Light.

God, bless dear "mother" with Thy tenderest smile,  
 Be Thou her hope, her stay, her strength, her all,  
 Be Thou her shield, whatever ills befall,  
 And may she patient wait her "little while."

And bless the sons and daughter, sadly left  
 Without a loving father's tender care,  
 Their every burden Thou art strong to bear ;  
 A father wilt Thou be to all bereft.

And we, who mourn a pastor and a friend,  
 Grant us to meet around the throne above,  
 To sing the song of "Thy redeeming love,"  
 Who, having loved us once, shall love unto the end.

