

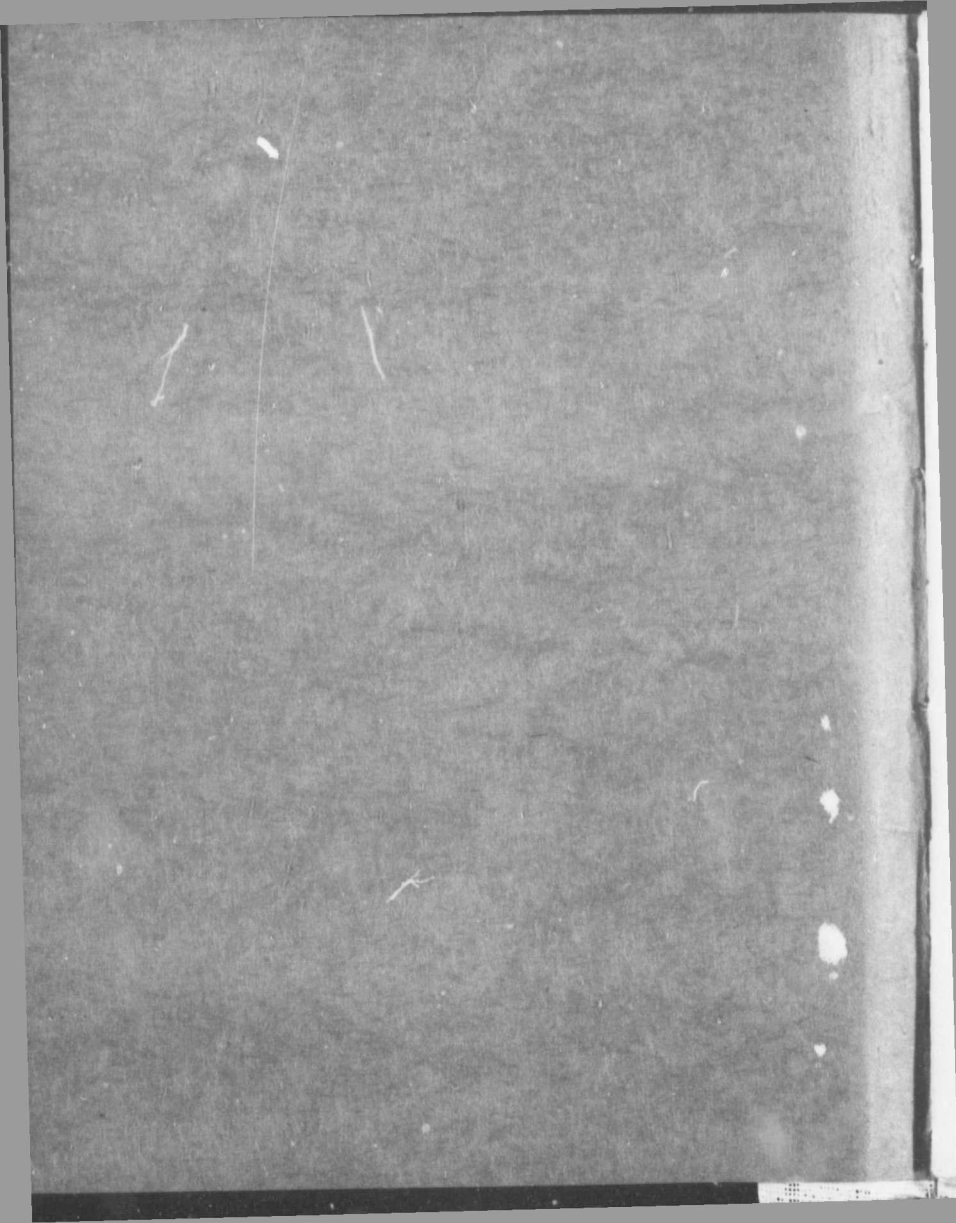
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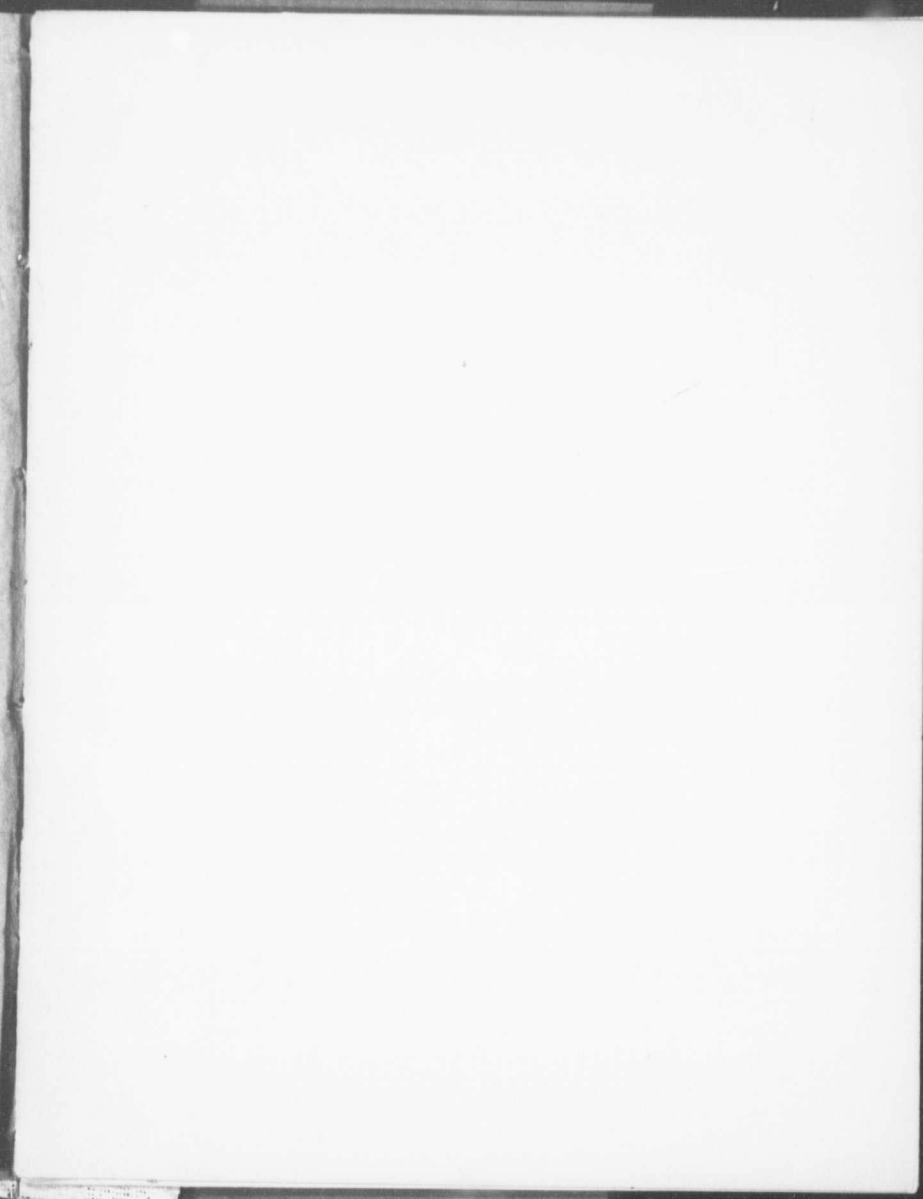
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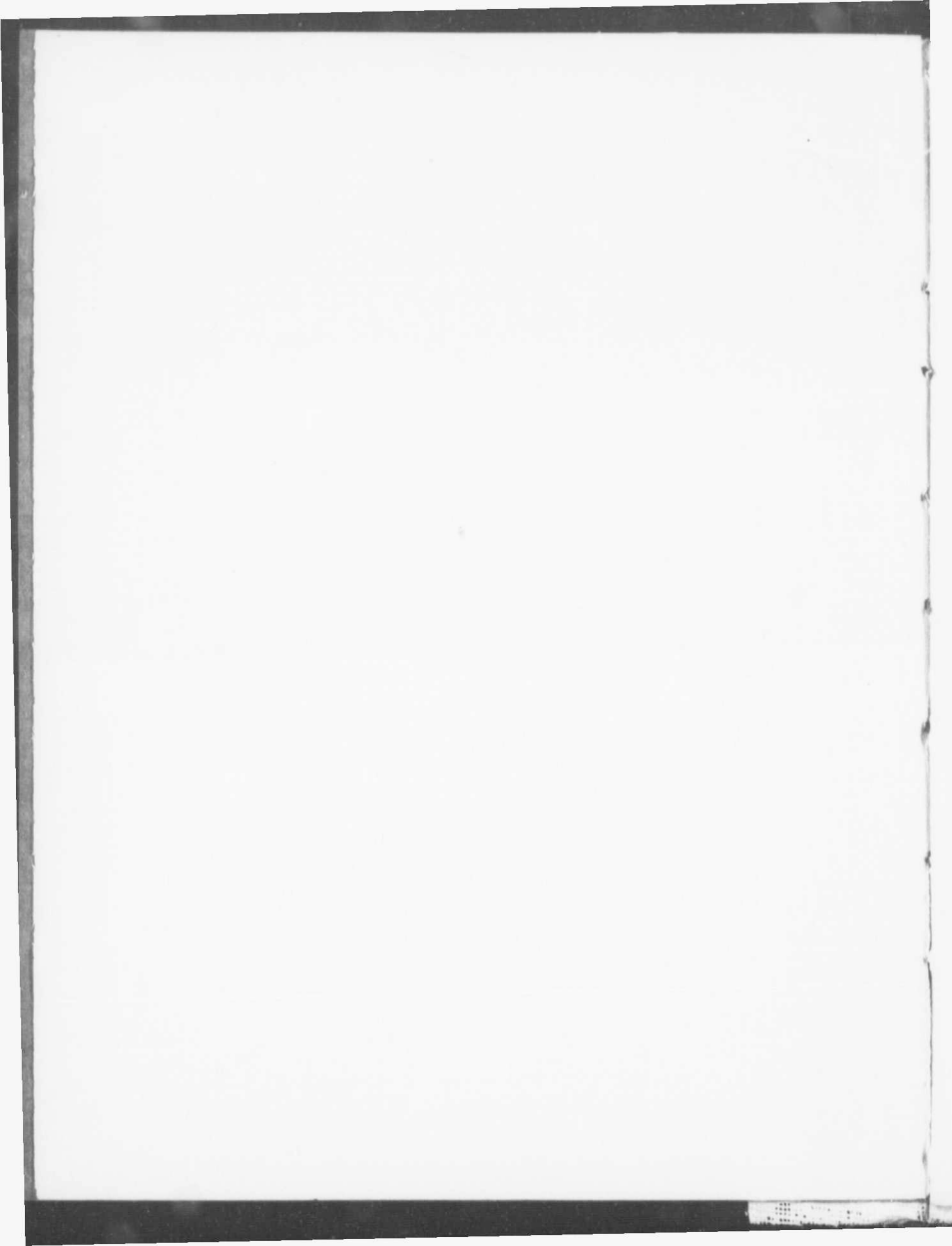
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Rest in Peace

BY

Henry Spencer Howell



GALT, ONT.
JUNE THIRTIETH,
1904

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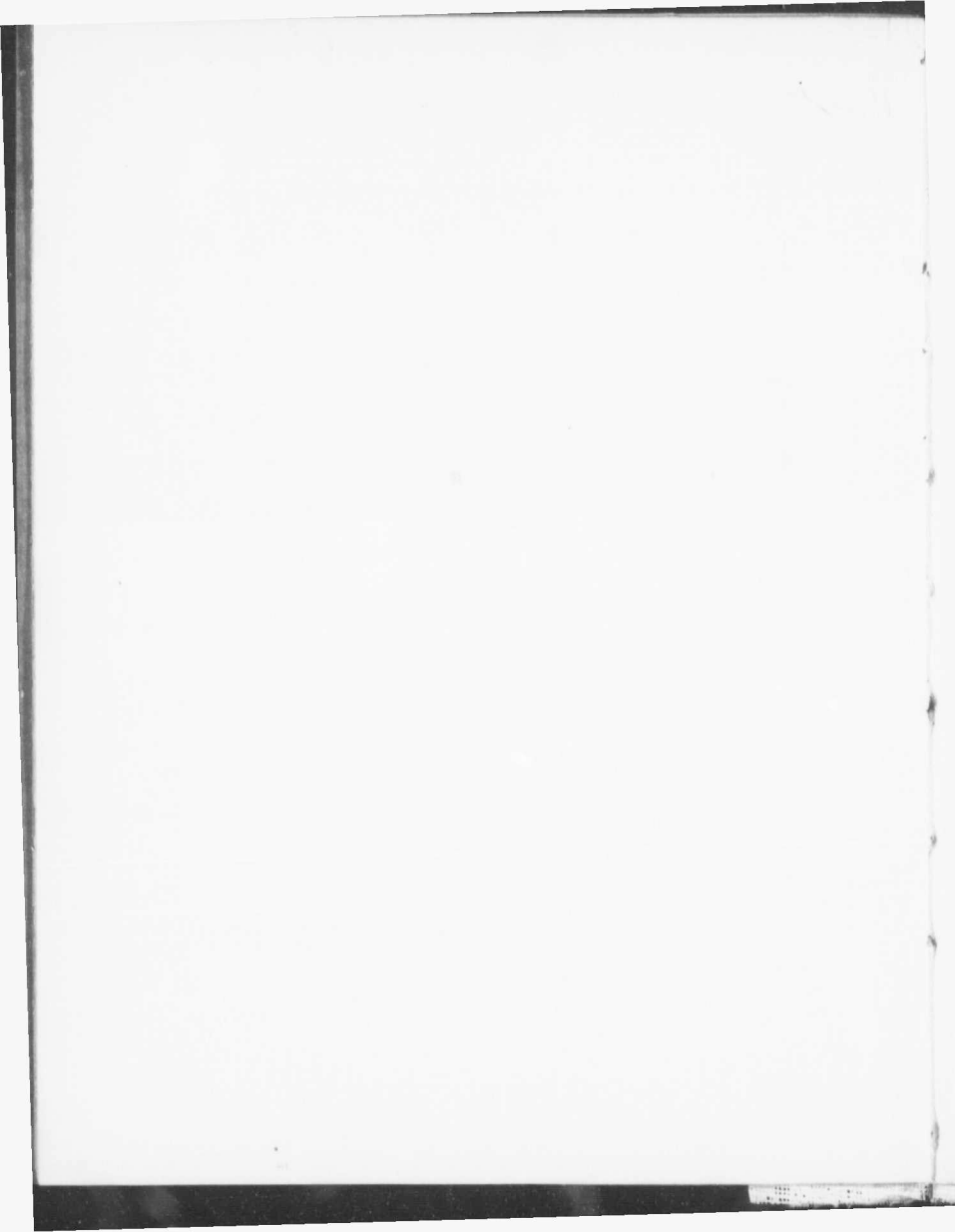
In summer, when the sun pours its hot rays down upon town and countryside, and roadways and roof tiles seem to quiver with heat, when shutters are closed and blinds drawn to keep out the sultry glare, and dust motes rise and fall in the arid atmosphere, the quiet churchyard is cool and shady; the sunlight scarcely penetrating the foliage, and making but few bright spots on the long grass by the graves. Many a weary wanderer has rested in the shade of oak or maple tree, feeling in some sense the meaning of the words: Rest in Peace. The soft wind stirring the leaves and wild flowers, the rustle of a bird's wing, the bleating of a sheep, or sound of voices in the fields afar, strikes on the ear in a dreamy sort of way; while from the haunts of men the distant hum—fretted by the breeze—is heard at intervals, now loud and deep like the breaking of a billow, now soft and low as the voice of a dying child.



" . . . AND HE COMETH THE THIRD TIME AND
SAITH UNTO THEM: SLEEP ON NOW, AND TAKE YOUR
REST."---MARK XIV., VER. XLI.

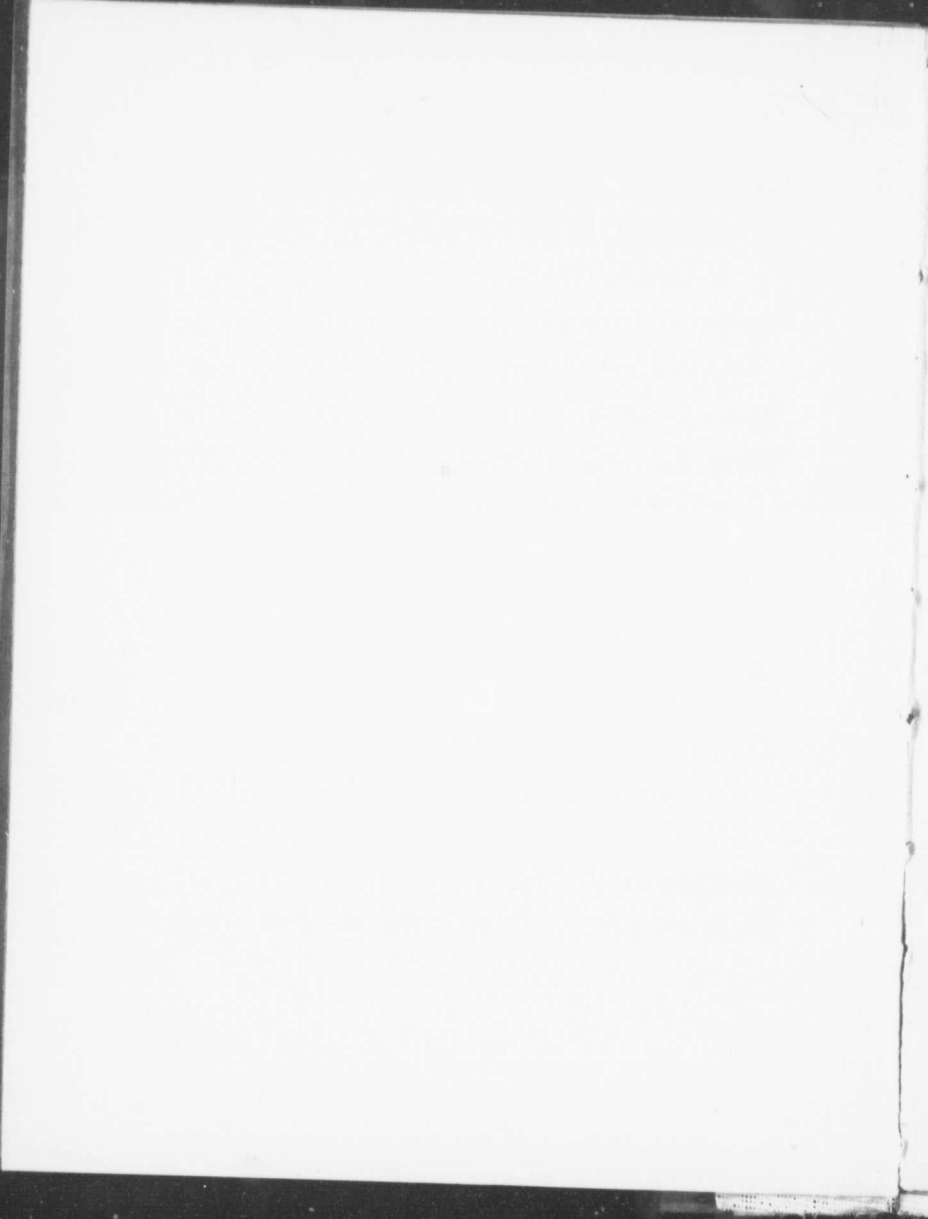
How peaceful is this City of the Dead,
Where e'en the very elements seem quell'd;
As though creation sanctified the place,
And storms are stayed and warring winds are
still'd.
Immortal dust, in mortal mould once dress'd,
Sleep on, dear heart, sleep on and take your
rest.





Beside a grassy mound an oak tree tall
Spreads forth its sheltering branch of
shining leaves ;
The clover-dappled sod ; the evergreen ;
The tiny vine its lattice-pattern weaves ;
These clothe the mother earth. Upon her breast
Sleep on, good heart, sleep on and take your
rest.

Across the meadow comes a distant sound—
The everlasting strain of human toil ;
The clanging hammer and the whirring wheel,
Or rasping ploughshares surging through
the soil.
Heed not the idle noise of worldly quest ;
Sleep on, poor tired heart, and take your rest.



Man counts upon the seasons of the year—
The garner'd store, the harvest's boun-
teous yield;

There is no given time or season here,

All time is harvest in this silent field.

Farewell, dear heart, in kindly mem'ry bless'd;
Sleep on in peace, sleep now and take your
rest.



HAMILTON COUNTY, MISSOURI



