

## **In Memoriam**

Of a young man who suddenly died—a friend called away on the threshold of manhood.

Soothingly! Soothingly! lull him to rest,  
In that haven of peace where life's conflicts are o'er,  
—As calm as the babe on its fond mother's breast,—  
Where its storms and its tempests can reach him no more.

Tenderly! Tenderly! gather him in,  
Amid the fair scenes where his footsteps have trod,  
Safe! Safe! from the turmoil, the suffering, the sin,  
Safe! Safe! in the arms of a merciful God.

Lovingly! Lovingly! close the dear eyes  
Which the shadows of time did so briefly obscure,  
To open no more on our mist laden skies  
But to gaze on the infinite, holy and pure.

Young warrior, returned from the battle of life,  
Thy victory complete and thine armour laid down,  
While ours is the tumult, the anguish, the strife,  
O thine is the guerdon, the palm and the crown!