

IN MEMORIAM.

G. S. B.

Gone! But we could not understand,
 When broken voices said
 That he was gone—we could not feel
 That George, our George, was dead,
 Until they brought him home, his hands crossed on his breast,
 The kindly grey eyes closed, the noble heart at rest.

Home! He was hastening home, but in
 One heart-beat, one quick breath,
 One prayer, there met him, face to face,
 The fiery form of Death
 And caught his soul away. What wonder if we cried,
 "Lord! If Thou hadst been there, our brother had not died!"

So young, so beautiful, so strong,
 So dearly, deeply prized;
 So needed, trusted, leaned-upon,
 So loved, so idolized—
 Why was he called away, while we of little worth,
 The useless and the weak, live on to cumber earth?

How can we spare thee, George? How live
 Through the long dreary hours
 Without thee? As the cold white snow
 Came down upon the flowers
 We buried in thy grave, so cold grief over all
 Our hearts and homes and lives came down—an icy pall.

There is no comfort earth can give,
 No consolation. None
 Can hope for more than faith to say,
 Thy will, O Lord, be done.
 Help us to bear our part, as he did, in the strife—
 Help us to follow after his pure, unselfish life.

Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 When there are no more fears
 Of parting, when the Lord Himself
 Shall wipe away our tears,
 When the grave gives up its dead, when Death is overcome,
 George will be first to meet us, and bid us welcome home.

(The Churchman.)

Constance Fenimore Woolson.