But in the darkness, on his soul
   The final order fell,
From the great Captain over all,
   Who "ordereth all things well."
 "No more through blood, and storm, and fire,
   Thy march, my son, shall be,
But through the surging waves," he said,
   "Arise and follow me."

And oh, in faith, believe that He
   Who o'er the waters trod,
Is still the same Almighty friend,
   The same Omniscient God;
That in the hero's mortal strife,
   Which gained his soul's release,
The loving voice of Galilee
   Spoke all the storm to peace;

That though alone in solemn night,
   Your darling met his doom,
And reached immortal glory through
   A path of silent gloom,
His seraph mother, waiting him
   Upon the farther shore,
Folded the soldier in her arms,
   His toils forever o'er.

Long shall his memory live to be
   By loving hearts enshrined,
And long his tomb with freshest flowers
   By loving hands be twined;
Long shall his sad, romantic fate,
   By loving lips be told,
His name on glory's deathless page
   In triumph be enrolled.

*Trinity Rectory, Utica.*

E. C. C.