

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.

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E. C. C.