

In Memoriam G. M. D.
by W. B. D.

died March 2^d 1891

A kindly world, has Lewis honored strains;
Ability & worth they gladly own;
The genial smile they see, the cheery tone -
The inner life lies hidden & unknown.

Ah! gentle soul, & pure! & most thy path,
Led through the desert-sand!

In boyhood's days affliction's heavy hand
Upon thy form, & life long burden laid.

Enough, we think - and see, in early life
The vision of a happy home to cheer

Thy loneliness - alas the dream of youth
Browes bent + mirage, to mock thy hope

Now bleaker clearer still the prospect lies

yet still trace on far duty's path his straight
Forgetting self, thy thought for others now

Wet-disappointment - still in Sarraus steps
Must ever walk to keep thee company

yet - at the end, compelled to crawl thy brain
And do thee homage as their conqueror!

Their mark is done! - Thy noble soul

With quiet patience bears the last distress
While life ebbs out, with fading close of day

Ah! God the great-disposer of our Lewis

We knew a caring, relent, at thy feet.

For it - is Thou! - whose throne on justice stands

Where righteousness & peace together meet.

Written on one of G. M. D's books

"Life's gavel night, is God's gavel morrow
to Eternal light"

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 909B/3
REF. 35

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decd Feb 22^d /91

A kindly world, has lavish honours striven
Ability & worth they gladly own;
The genial smile they know the cheery tone,
The inner life his hidden & unknown

Oh gentle soul & pure! & sweet thy path
Lead through the desert sand!

In boyhood's days, affliction's heavy hand,
Upon thy form & life, long burden laid
Enough, we think - and see in early life
The vision of a happy home to cheer

Thy loneliness - alas the dream of youth
Wrouns but merge to mock thy hope

+ And fading leaves behind the trodden spring
& hate to womanhood - may table & spurn
Pass on & cease to leave thy threshold - unshaken
Now bleaker drearier still the prospect lies

Yet still thou on far duty's path is straight
Forgetting self thy thought - for others care
But disappointment still in Sarracus steps
Must ever walk to keep thee company
Yet at the end consoled to crown thy brow
And do thee homage as their conqueror!

Their work is done!

Thy noble soul
With quiet-patience bears the least distress
While life ebbs out - with falling class of day

Oh God! the great-displeaser of our Lewis,
We hush adoring silent at thy feet

For it is Thine! - Whose throne on justice stands
Where righteousness & peace together meet

Fr. B. D.

by William Bell Dawson.