IN MEMORIAM.

REV. W. BOW BLOCHER.

June 23, 1879.

The blow has fallen!
Long did we fear, yet hoped the worst would pass,
And that he might be spared.

Now deeply do we mourn for one
Who shared the life of those who needed help,
Of those who found in him a guide, a philosopher, and friend.

His over Tryg and finally, truly
Till lingering fondly gripe the task
Of love and duty.
Both are thine now,
The striking face, and voice so eloquent
Are borne to earth the cold green soil.
And from the right:
Away from sight!
Yet shall his memory live
In many hearts, and blossom as the rose for all the good that he has done.

We bow beneath the rod and humbly pray
To that superlative wisdom which led him to this destine.

The rich, ripe scholar
The man of influence and power
Died early in his work.
Could not yet fill the shoes of his mind
Were flowing from the streams of beauty.
And while the gardens bloom in knowledge of all many a tear.

Was truly given to all.
Friendship, dear friend.
You suffered long, and raged was the path
You tread at last.
But this is past.
With forlornness you bore the weary pain,
And leaved to rest at last.
And rest he cease.

The end was peace.
Sweet peace that heaven alone can give
Your voice to choose the better part,
And great is your reward.

Adelaide, June 23rd, 1879.

C.B. G.R.

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