

**TWO ELEGIES,**

ONE ON THE DEATH OF

**Edward Thomas, Esq.,**

EISTEDDFOD PRIZE BARD,

*WHO DIED DECEMBER 11th, 1891,*

AGED 82 YEARS,

AND ONE ON THE DEATH OF

**J. J. Mullock, Esq.,**

ARTIST,

*WHO DIED 6th JANUARY, 1892,*

AGED 73 YEARS.

# ELEGY.

Edward Thomas, Esq.

THOUGH small of stature, physically, he  
Appeared a man, of perfect symmetry,  
And walked the world, erect, among mankind  
Cheerful of face, in manners most refined.

In youthful years he woo'd the classic muse ;  
Homer and Virgil he would oft peruse ;  
And ancient literature, in varied guise,  
He loved, a student of the great, and wise.

But chiefly, with his Christian Lyre, gave scope  
For ardent Faith, sweet Charity and Hope ;  
With saint-like zeal, the Lord of Life he sought  
To make his model, in each aim he wrought.

His home he dedicated to a name  
Splendent in Poesy, embalmed with Fame ;  
Mount Ida, whence, in almost ceaseless streams,  
Flowed the rich product of his fruitful dreams.

And now we mourn the fountain closed, no more  
Shall Sonnets tell us of his cultured lore ;  
But though on earth he gains no further prize,  
He joins the choir seraphic in the skies.

Like many a noble genius here, on earth,  
Of many talents he possessed the worth ;  
In commerce, as in letters, few, than he,  
More competent to lead, could claim to be.

Of other gifts it now were vain to tell.  
To Him we, sorrowfully, bid farewell !  
Still savour of his life remains, and shall  
Like Persia's Rose, endure, perennial !

LEON.

[W. Downing Evans]

# ELEGY.

J. F. Mullock, Esq.

DEPARTED Friend! the years seemed passing slow,  
When, first consulting, in our youthful time,  
We talked of Art, and Fancy limned life's prime,  
When each should something to the great world show,  
Worthy, perchance, of Fame that crowns success  
Of diligence in strife, and innate skilfulness.

But now the past is like a mirage, gone  
For me, who from Art's course then turned aside,  
Whilst thou, with perseverance, didst abide  
The issue of the future, working on,  
With self-taught genius, that with eye and nerve,  
Will, urged by love and truth, from purpose never swerve.

Methinks I see thee now, though mortal eyes  
No more behold thee, of thy presence reft,  
Reflections bright of what thou wert are left,  
In pictured pastures, woods, and sunlit skies,  
Where Nature, with a never failing grace,  
Smiles to remind us still of thy benignant face.

Of all things fair enamoured on Life's way,—  
Books, Music, Flowers and Birds, what wealth was  
thine!

While light, alluring, round thee seemed to shine,—  
That light celestial, which, in perfect day,  
Thou now beholdest, and wilt still behold,  
When fiery suns expire, in ruin dark and cold.

The mystery of Providence we leave,  
Yet wonder, after numerous years that bring  
Vicissitudes on earth to everything,—  
And oft when life to life would mostly cleave,  
That as with lightning speed, the soul should be  
Hurried away to rest in God's eternity.

LEON.