

In Loving Remembrance of Our Dear Son,

JOSEPH A. BYRNE.

DIED JANUARY 21ST, 1893.

AGED 26 YRS, 3 MONTHS, 16 DAYS.

A BRAVE MARTYR OF THE ROCHESTER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

At the door that seemed securest
Bolted and barred and locked,
At an hour when none expected
The hand of the Master knocked.
And bolt and bar were broken
As breaks the rope of sand
When the water sweeps resistless
Over the level strand.

Swift as the silent sunlight
Flashing a golden sheen
On some far spire's high summit
Though dark is all between.
To our darling came the message
While we in the shadow, dumb,
Awe stricken, knelt, unhearing
The Lord's sweet mandate, "Come."

But he who heard the summons
Went forth in the night alone
Looking not back nor delaying
Nor heeding affection's tone.
The fruit of his life's obedience
Was this that he could not stay
When the Master called him Homeward,
He heard and he must obey.

O, blessed, glad Obedience,
That smoothest duty's path,
That savorest gall as honey
To the lips of him who hath
Thee still for his companion
Through life's adventurous morn,
How clad with beauty is the soul
Of him Thou dost adorn.

Dear Lord, who wast obedient
To the death upon the cross,
Teach us in faith in patience
To bear our grievous loss,
In faith to feel Thy mercy
Beneath affliction's rod,
In patience uncomplaining
To bless the name of God.

When we think of him who perished,
With tears our cheeks are wet ;
Our grief we may not banish,
We ask not to forget.
We mourn for we are mortal
But led Dear Lord by Thee,
We hope to meet him in the joys
Of Immortality.