



IN MEMORIAM.

For the Dead in the Cold
Storage Fire, World's Fair, July 10th, 1893.

By ISAAC A. POOL

Chicago makes her gala day,
To greet the world with glad display,
And Nations meet, in peaceful strife,
To celebrate her youthful life.

While castle peaks and golden domes,
Enwrap the products of our homes,
Commerce and Art, from foreign lands,
Bind brothers all with golden bands.

But Fate forbids. The dreadful flames,
Sweep from our scroll the Heroes' names.
From Earth to Heaven by death they fly —
Fame writes their names across the sky.

Fitzpatrick scales the Heav'nly height,
While Page and Carvey reach the light.
Unawed before the Master stand,
Purves and Freeman hand in hand.

There, 'mid the Heroes, Schroeder shines,
Frank, Breen, and Smith, in joyful lines,
Cahill and Denning, side by side,
Adorn the ranks with brave McBride.

Nor less shall Drummond's ruddy glow,
The joys eternal greet and know.
Hartman and Murphy, fresh as morn,
Shall all the coming years adorn.

Oh! weeping wives and children dear,
No tongue nor pen your hearts can cheer.
It matters not how we shall go,
By fell disease or furnace glow.

Only the Master knows his plan,
His ways are not the ways of man.
True hearts He takes as He may will,
And bids us, like the waves, "Be still."

Faith points beyond, with bated breath,
To world's where comes no second death.
And hope, on pinions light, will bear
Your souls to meet the Heroes there.

Copyright, 1893, By ISAAC A. POOL,
24 S. Sangamon St., Chicago.

HESLER, PHOTOGRAPHER,
151 Fifth Avenue, 8th floor.