THE KING’S SON;

OR,

A MEMOIR OF BILLY BRAY.

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CHAPTER XII.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF BILLY BRAY.

BY THE LATE KEY. JOHN JOHNS.

A dirge for the Cornish Miner,

For Billy Bray the brave;

He was not born to honour,

Such as the world would crave;

But in the vale of labour

His lot it was to tread,

Till Jesus called him higher,

Where rests his weary head.

His fare was sometimes scanty,

And earnest was the fight;

But his dear Lord provided,

And with him all was right.

His dress was always homely—

His dwelling somewhat poor

But the presence of his Saviour

Made up for that, and more.

While in his face contentment

Was beaming like the sun;

And so did it continue,

Till life and toil were done.

His soul possessed of patience

The cross he meekly bore

In honour of his Master,

Who did the like before.

He had a cottage-closet,

In which he loved to dwell,

In secret heart up-breathing,

A duty prized he well;

So God his Heavenly Father

Might, through him, ever be

Adored and highly honoured,

And he His glory see.

The Bible was his Guide-book,

In which he daily read

Of Jesus Christ who died,

But not of Christ the dead;

And drinking thus of water,

So living, full, and clear,

He every day had strength

To combat sin and fear.

In many a congregation

His voice was often heard,

Proclaiming free salvation,

Through Christ the living *Word;*

In manner, gentle, simple,

In spirit, kind and rare,

His life one holy living

Of humble, earnest prayer.

The aged and afflicted,

The mourner bending low,

Found in him a comforter,

Such as but few could know.

But now his work is ended,

His journey o’er and done;

With earth he too has finished,

With heaven just begun.

Nor doubt we for a moment,

He and the angels vie,

In the land of sweetest pleasure,

Where goodness cannot die.

Over the swelling river,

Where fields are always green ;

With Billy Bray the famous,

How changed must be the scene!

High on the hills of Eden,

With angels on the wing;

Shouting his favourite saying,

“I AM THE SON OF A KING!”

Climbing the dew-clad mountain

Of God’s eternal truth,

In all the vigour of manhood,

In all the beauty of youth.

A basking in the fulness

Of that eternal day ;

Where beauty ever brightens,

And pleasures ne’er decay;

Where glory, fairer, greater,

Than ever warrior won,

Shall gild his path forever,

E’en brighter than the sun.

A dancing to the harpers,

On floors of solid gold ;

Where the music’s ever new,

And the song never old;

A dweller with the angels—

At home among the blest;

“Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the. weary are at rest.”

So much for his religion,

Saving in all her powers;

Whate’er our rank or station,

God grant the like be ours!

Then in this higher life-land,

We meet again ere long;

Where tears shall all be wiped away,

And every note a song.