

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers*, May 30, 1891 to February 6, 1892)

Sonnet-Judge Taft

Dear friend; why sit we here disconsolate?
What, can it be our loss of him gives sorrow!
His gain, his rest, for when the sorrow
Brings peace; but pause and harken e'er too late
In moments like the present may we not
Be deaf unto the wild and ceaseless din
And clash the unprofitable strife
Which makes the drear monotony of life --
And hear, and prayerfully record within
Our hidden heart, the teaching of the thought?
 "Of years and hours full he went, we bless
 His name, who never sought himself to raise
 Or turned from duty for the breath of praise
 But simply strove to prove his usefulness!

G.W.Mallon
Guy W. Mallon
June 27, 1891
Patrick Mallon, Editor