

"We bid him an earthly farewell, but it is not forever.
Death may sunder us for a time. It cannot touch us for
eternity. He is not dead. He sleeps and all is well."

That noble and inspiring hymn, by Bishop Walsham How,
was then sung :

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

Alleluia !

Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold.

Alleluia !

Oh blest Communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.

Alleluia !

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia ! AMEN.

The prayers were read by the Right Reverend J. A.
Newnham, D. D., Bishop of Saskatchewan.