

image of God. When, on the day of the funeral, in a short address from the old pulpit, so often occupied by my old friend and brother priest, looking down to the end of the church I was reminded of a singular coincidence.

On that day exactly one year before our beloved Archdeacon was sitting near me at a Deanery meeting; we were holding a discussion on the mysteries of the life beyond the Veil, and the state of the holy dead. The church door was open, and the sun shining through; we could see the white memorial stones in God's acre across the road. Little did we realize that one year from that very day, he who was speaking would know for himself all those mysteries, about which we in the Church militant know so little, and only see as through a glass darkly.

The service is over, and we cross the road, and there on that Sunday afternoon, we commit his body to its last resting place. The old, faithful, veteran soldier has fought his fight with the last enemy, and we leave the Shepherd, near the old church he loved so well, amidst his flock, resting in peace, awaiting, awaiting the joyful benediction—"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,"—and we depart with the thought, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them". For many a long year, in the Parish of Clarendon and its Archdeaconry, "being dead, he will yet speak".

F. R. S.

St. James' Church Rectory, Hull.  
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