

All blessings of the earth and heaven,
 Be yours till life is past,
 The Angel of the Covenant
 Go with you to the last !
 May never shadow change or dim
 Those hours of golden prime,
 But all the promised light of heaven
 Be yours at evening-time.

Until the clouds are rolled away,
 The mist of death and sin,
 And the Great Bridegroom of the Church
 Shall call his people in !
 Then—at the Lamb's High Marriage-feast
 Beyond the eternal shore ;
 May you sit down and resting there
 Go out again no more.

In the composition of sermons the Dean was all his life a very busy man. The industry that enabled him at the end of his eighth year in Holy Orders to record in his Journal the completion of his thousandth sermon, never abated, and although his collection of manuscripts was exceptionally large, he never rested on his oars, but even in the latest years of his life hardly a week elapsed that did not find in his study either a new sermon "on the stocks," or an old one "in dock" for repairs and alteration.

The most marked feature in his discourses was the conspicuous frequency of Scripture phrase, and this was the result of design. He held that God was His own best interpreter, and that he made the best attempt to deliver God's message who most nearly kept to God's own words, and his sermons fairly bristle with texts