

Our straining ears could hear the glad "Well done,"  
Ring through the jasper streets of Paradise;  
As the dear Lord His faithful servant led,  
Into the fulness of His changeless rest.

We saw him in the Chancel's tender gloom ;  
Laid in the majesty and peace of death—  
The hands were still—so often lifted up,  
To bless his people in that holy place—  
Peace on his face, and sunshine on his lips ;—  
More than at rest—he seemed a conqueror now—  
And as we watched him through our blinding tears,  
And took a last long look of that dear face,  
Whose massive brow and crown of silver hair,  
For years had been familiar to us all,  
We said "Thank God! his battle day is done,  
His cross laid down at last, and he at rest":

Others may come, and we may hold them dear ;  
Others may enter in, where he has toiled,  
And reap the harvest of the seed he sowed,  
In patient watchfulness and faith, and tears—  
Others may work, and bring their precious sheaves,  
But *we*, who grew from youth to age with him ;  
Who shared his friendship, and who loved him well,  
Who fought his battles, and who stood by him  
In dark and evil days, in storm and peace,  
Whose need was lessened by his generous hand ;  
Whose hearts were lightened by his tender words ;  
Whose tears beside our dead were dried by him ;  
Whose burdened souls have turned to Christ's dear Cross,  
Led by his words, to find our pardon there,  
*We* who have brought our little ones to him  
For Baptism and Confirmation's Grace—  
Have heard his teaching: knelt with him in prayer,  
Received our daily blessing from his lips ;  
And rained our tears upon his quiet grave—  
Our life's *one* Bishop, pastor—guide and friend :  
*We* still must hold most dear in memory,  
In reverent honour and in tender love  
Hibbert fourth Bishop of this Nova Scotian See.

August 12th, 1887.

M. J. K. L.