

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON WILLIS.

"*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*"

HORACE.

REVOLVING time which lays all mortals low,
 That spares no friend, nor yet our deadliest foe,
 At length hath done its work. One generous heart
 In fitful life no longer bears a part:
 His look benignant will no more suppress
 The widow's tear, nor cheer the fatherless.
 Deacons and priests around the festive board
 Will meet no more to hear his welcome word.
 The tongue that preached on charity and love,
 Whose guileless language all men must approve,
 Is silent now. Nor yet the neighbouring dome
 Hears full these lips of Heaven's eternal home.
 Still fragrant incense up to Heaven is sent,
 "The good man's name is his best monument."
 One comfort is—the Church of God is shure:
 Kingdoms may fall, but that remains secure.
 Truth's ground and pillar discord cannot shake,
 Though tempests rage and earth's foundations quake.
 "Lo I am with you" chases every fear
 When dangers threaten, for the Lord is near.
 The little bark will everywhere survive
 And through the boiling surge triumphant ride.
 Bishops depart, the Priests grow old and die,
 Yet England's Church survives. The keenest eye
 No death stroke can discern; advancing age
 Adds but new vigour to her history's page.
 So will it be when present priests are gone;
 Others will rise, the Church bell still ring on,
 Beside the mountain, in the shady dell,
 These wait their time to hear the Church-going bell.
 Our much-lov'd Service still remains the same,
 And, as our fathers, will our souls enflame
 With holy zeal. *Te Deum* shall be sung
 In measured notes, and versed in many a tongue.
 A thousand years the shores of time may lave
 And find *Te Deum* spurning at the grave.
 Departed sire, peace to thy mouldering dust,
 With thee the debt is paid, with us it must.
 "Well done," awaits thee in a better world,
 'Tis thine to hear it from thy gracious Lord.
 Then weep not, children, o'er a father's tomb,
 Begone dull thought,—avaunt thou tyrant gloom,
 Follow the course the preacher did commend,
 Blessings attend it, peace is at the end.
 Then shall his God be yours while life shall last,
 And yours be Heaven when life's career is past.

OXONIENSIS.