

Beside our dying, and around our dead :
Bringing us tender comfort out of loss,
By his most precious gift of sympathy—
Chief Pastor, Ruler, guide and loyal friend,
Hibbert, fourth Bishop of this Nova Scotian See.

His brave strong soul, through many a bitter storm
Stood at the helm, for thirty six long years—
Under his care the Church took on new life :
The little sapling grew into a tree,
Whose "time of figs" not always crowned the leaves.
Feeling life's great responsibility,
His energy, his will, his intellect
Were always keen and ready, set for use,
And used ungrudgingly :—Through wrong and loss ;
His work was duty, and his labour prayer.
Men called him, hard, imperious and austere,—
We knew him loyal, tender, staunch and brave,
Loving in sorrow, liberal in need,
Earnest in counsel.—*We* who loved him well,
Can see him still—grand central figure there.
Misunderstood by friends, misjudged by foes :
Uncompromising when by wrong assailed :
But tender as a child to love's appeal,
Never remembering injury or wrong,
But keeping sweet forgiveness in his soul
To fall on others as the dew from heaven.
Yet worn by disappointment,—sorely tried
By sense of failure when success seemed sure—
And when the sunset of his life drew near
Hounded to death by base and cruel men
Trust meeting treachery, and pardon scorn—
Their malice could not touch his valiant heart
But the worn casket yielded to the strain.
His loyal soul stood ever in the light
The darkness came from those who would not see.
He died in harness, as true men would die—
Working while yet his hand found work to do,
Nor laid his weapons down—until the dawn
Of a glad Easter found that work all done—
One hour in rest, he waited by the shore
Of the great ocean of Eternity.
And we who loved him, prayed him long to rest—
Still serving, as he waited for the tide
That bore him onward, upward unto God ?
One moment here—the next he entered in
And laid his burden at the Master's feet—