

THE PASTOR.

Here he began his labors in his youth,
And labored here for well-nigh forty years;
A firm, unwearied witness of the truth,
Alike undaunted amid hopes and fears.

Earnest, enduring, patient, strong of will,
Watchful and steadfast, ever at his post,
Toiling alike through good report and ill,
Doing his work, and counting not the cost.

Whether his heart with joy o'erflowed, or bled
With pain's sharp wound, he went upon his way,
Attentive that the hungry sheep be fed,
Instant in doing good from day to day.

Encouragement and hindrance, gain and loss
He knew, and feared not fortune's smile or frown,
Eager to bear the burden of the cross,
So he might win the glory of the crown.

He faced and laid the spectres of his soul,
Bore griefs domestic, shared his people's woes,
Fought, all his life, straight forward to the goal,
And triumphed o'er innumerable foes.

Still seeking to perform the Christlike deed,
Still striving to possess the Christlike mind,
Noble exponent of a noble creed,
Honest and just, meek, charitable, kind.

Helping the weak, encouraging the faint,
Guiding the doubting, cheering the distrest,
Easing the mourner's sorrowful complaint,
Bidding the slothful rise, the weary rest.