

Where the triumphant soul toward Him
Who died draws near.

II.

Raise high the Cross, glad sign of our salvation.

Who bears it well can never really die,
Meet emblem to precede the habitation
So lately left for immortality.

The spirit, weary of its earthly thrall,
Obeyed without a sigh the Master's call,
And, guided by the Church, His heavenly
Bride,

Has sought a home by that pure river's
side,

Where those whose faith in Christ is strong
and sure

Will dwell with Him in bliss for evermore.

III.

O, welcome words ! poured forth with exultation,

As past the lych gate winds the long array,
Which speak of Christ our Life and Resurrection,

And that through Him all yet may find
the way—

The narrow way, beset with thorns and
fears,

With tempting riches' wiles, and earthly
cares,

Who spurns these snares and firmly treads
this road,

Preferring Christ's mild yoke to Satan's
load,

Shall enter in those mansions pure,

And dwell among the blest,

When sin and death have fled away,

And man Redeemed may rest.

IV.

So Christian Life and death is imaged here.

As from the world with all its pomp and
guile,

Across the porch we gently bring the bier,

And slowly pace the narrow sunlit aisle,

Until within the chancel's hallowed shade

The dead's last tenement is gently laid,

To feel the Saviour's ever-present love,

While with the saints the soul finds peace
above.

V.

But when the words of consolation

Are read, like balm they touch the heart,

That Christ endured humiliation

And agony to give us part

In that new Heaven which needs no sun,

For through it shines the Three in One.

And though all earth shall pass away,

And perish with the star's fixed ray,

Yet it survives the day of dread,

When every grave must yield its dead.

VI.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,

We hear read forth with perfect trust,

That the late inmate of this clay,

Whom now in the dark vault we lay,

Has safely reached that hidden shore

To which the Saviour passed before,

Rejoicing that the race is run.

The crown attained, the battle won.

For blest are they who with the Lord,

Have yielded up their breath.

With them, no victory has the grave ;

No sting hast thou, O death !

VII.

To God, Who wipes all tears away.

We meekly bow the knee ;

O Christ, our Judge, in that great day,

We praise and worship Thee ;

And Thou, O God, the Comforter,

Who to the human race

Gave life, and with creating Spirit

Moved over boundless space,

Where yet unformed lay earth and sea,

Be with us to eternity. C. L. J.

Diocesan Intelligence.

The Bishop visited Churchbridge and Saltcoats on Sunday, August 30th. There seemed to be no improvement in the former place. The congregation of the morning Service was chiefly composed of persons from Kinbrae. We fear that the days of Churchbridge as a *Church Colony* are numbered. It is most unfortunate that it should be so, as the idea was a good one, but it has been terribly bungled somehow. At Saltcoats the Church people seemed thoroughly alive and vigorous. They were very