

REV. DAVID SUTHERLAND.

DIED JULY 8, 1898.

Thou art gone, thou loving Pastor,  
True, unfailing friend,  
Gone to thy beloved Master,  
Faithful to the end;  
Gone; the tidings sadly fell,  
All who knew thee loved thee well.

Gone, thou brave and noble spirit,  
Gone to endless bliss,  
'Tis the faithful who inherit  
Happiness like this;  
Who, in brightest glory shine.  
With the Lamb of God divine.

And thy loved remains were taken  
Where thy feet had trod,  
Where thou did'st with faith unshaken,  
Tell of Christ and God,  
Tell how Jesus came to bless  
Sinners in their helplessness.

Where thy people oft have listened  
To the words which fell,  
From thy lips (the fear drops glistened),  
Oh! all loved thee well;  
Loved thee, O they love thee yet,  
True love never can forget.

Zion Church was draped in mourning  
Emblem of the grief,  
Of the heartfelt sorrow burning,  
Finding no relief;  
And we looked with sorrow deep,  
On thee in death's dreamless sleep.