

ing with a slack hand, or halting in proper opportunities, such instruction, the way. Let your fervent and persevering prayers to God be offered up either by word or writing, as their respective cases may demand. in their behalf; and give them, at

IN MEMORIAM OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Another beacon-light gone out above us ;
Another buoy-shell stilled upon the sea;
Another pilot of the hearts that love us
Passed from our company.

Gone out, above the coast line frowning grimly ;
Stilled, o'er the fatal silence of the shoals ;
Passed, from the few who watch for us undimly
The Cynosure of souls.

An hour ago, and how the light was beaming
O'er iron rocks in smile of tender cheer,
Or, bravely at our need, a pharos streaming
O'er surging shocks of fear.

An hour ago, and as the tide flowed faster,
And we by dim dread shallows swept along,
How in our ears full-toned against disaster
Pealed out the stern sweet song.

An hour ago, and at the helm serenely,
His steadfast eye upon the steadfast Star,
We saw him stand and, lovingly as keenly,
Steer for the Haven far.

And now, and in a moment, all is ended :
Gloom for the light, and silence for the sound,
And by that faithful presence undefended
Sails on the Homeward-bound.

No light, sound, presence ? Die the thought unworthy
A surer death than his who cannot die !
Let nought so craven, of the earth and earthly,
Defame his elegy.

We see, hear, hold him ; to our hearts' emotion
Only a change of deeper awe is given ;
Nought dies upon the spiritual ocean
That had its life from Heaven.