

## IN MEMORIAM

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

ONCE again the light mysterious,  
Spirit-light, God's holy breath,  
Fades from out a face familiar,  
Leaves the marble men call Death.  
'Twas but yesterday we saw him  
Standing on the sunset verge  
Of his rare God-gifted Manhood:  
All too soon we sing his dirge.

Well, it is the Master's doing:  
Murmur not the while ye gaze  
On the placid waxen features  
Where, in those scarce-vanished days,  
Played the smile that braced our spirits  
For the waiting irksome task;  
Played the genial human sunlight,  
In which thousands loved to bask.

Come and look your last upon him;  
Print the loved face on the brain;  
Then in holy resignation  
Turn to Life's stern work again;—  
Turn to Life's stern tasks and ply them  
With his matchless zeal and grace,  
Till like him we lie in death-sleep,  
"Satisfaction on the face."

Nevermore a living presence  
May he in our lives be sought;  
Henceforth in the aisles of being  
But a memory, but a thought;  
Yes, but still a memory blessed,  
Sweetly sad, thrice hallowed;  
And our lives are all the nobler  
For the sadness round them shed.

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