

Long years have passed since first these lines were  
penn'd ;

The likeness strikes ; the portrait we append.

"He was a man to all the country dear,

And passing rich, on forty pounds a year."

Not dearer he to simple Christian folk,

Nor more attentive to their soul's first want—

The pleading eye, his ready help bespoke—

The love of Christ, of Charity the font.

On Sabbath e'en in deep Cathedral gloom,

How swell'd the tones that told of Christ arisen !

Of mercy pure ! The full abundant room

In ev'ry chamber of the welcome Heav'n !

How sprang the arm to point the ærial way !

And emphasize faith hope and charity ;

The short dark night ; the bright ethereal day ;

The three in one, most Holy Trinity.

Nor thunder'd loud to scare the doubting soul ;

But gently led to contemplate, where peace ;

Harmonious joy while endless ages roll ;

And sin and sorrow, lost in Christ, shall cease.

So in the world, where giants meet to fight

The social vices of the agnostic age,

His voice rang eloquent, for good and right,

And champion'd manfully his battle gage.

All men were dear to him, who lov'd the Lord ;

Nor reck'd he what their creed, their name, their  
style,

'Gainst such he sheath'd his trenchant sword,

Nor deemed in wrath the Saviour to defile.