

Who serve in life, and praise with latest breath.
 They having proved His love's length, height; its breadth
 And depth; the beatific vision seen;
 Ended, and well, their holy ministry—
 So well, thou art their monument, I ween !

X.

Thy youth renew, surrounded, as thou art,
 By such a host as round thee sleeping lie !
 Live still ! Connecting link for ages be,
 Of those who live, those from the body free.
 Alas ! poor mortals, we in turn must die !
 To-day lives none who saw thy welcome birth ;
 And who shall live thy final day to see ?
 Thy ended work and all completed worth ?
 Live ! Teach Thou still to all that better part
 In Him, Whose witness still thou dost abide ;
 And comfort sweet yet give to many a heart
 Before it cross death's dark and narrow firth !
 Continue, thou ! no matter what betide
 The ministers, who serve, in course, in thee !
 Live on ! For hearts be truest earthly home,
 Until to heavenly home at length they come !
 Chime thy sweet influence, afar and nigh
 From thy pure centre, 'neath the heavenly dome !
 Live, though men die—a standing proof still be
 Of Catholic faith and Christian liberty !
 Out to the world God's love in Christ still ring,
 Until it echo from each mountain side !
 Live, love and lift to every holy thing,
 And ever prove the PALACE OF THE KING.