

THE DEATH OF THE PARISH PRIEST.

O Saviour, Who hast call'd away
Our master from our head to-day:
Giving Thy weary servant rest,
And taking him to Abraham's breast.

We thank Thee for the love and grace
That followed him through all his race;
We thank Thee for the Shepherd's care,
Wherein so long we had our share.

His watchful tenderness is o'er;
The care we found, we find no more;
No more he watches, night and day,
To keep each hurtful thing away.

His voice no longer may we know,
To cheer the weak, to chide the slow;
While all his heart's desires were bent
For us to spend and to be spent.

Yet still Thy Providence is nigh,
Thou Shepherd that canst never die;
And for Thine own wilt Thou provide
Another head, another guide.

We often turned aside to fall,
And would not hear Thy servant's call;
His voice we often disobeyed,
And his rough journey rougher made.

O teach us so our race to run,
That it may end as his hath done;
That at Thy great appearing, we
His hope and crown of joy may be.

O Thou true Shepherd of the sheep
We look to Thee - we will not weep;
Endue us with Thy Spirit's Grace,
That we may see Thy Father's Face.