

G.S.

In Memoriam.

JOHN STUART MILL,

BORN MAY 20TH, 1806.

DIED MAY 8TH, 1873.

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL,

FINSBURY,

SUNDAY, MAY 25th, 1873.

Britain's first poet,
Famous old Chaucer,
Swanlike, in dying
 Sung his last song,
When at his heart-strings
 Death's hand was strong.

“ From false crowds flying
Dwell with soothfastness ;
Prize more than treasure
 Hearts true and brave ;
Truth to thine own heart
 Thy soul shall save.

“ Trust not to fortune ;
Be not o'ermeddling ;
Thankful receive thou
 Good which God gave ;
Truth to thine own heart
 Thy soul shall save.

“ Earth is a desert,
Thou art a pilgrim :
Led by thy spirit,
 Grace from God crave ;
Truth to thine own heart
 Thy soul shall save.”

Dead through long ages
Britain's first poet—
Still the monition
 Sounds from his grave
“ Truth to thine own heart
 Thy soul shall save.”

Music by E. Taylor.

W. J. Fox.

READINGS.

1. The Teacher of the People.—ISAIAH.
 2. Character.—CONFUCIUS.
 3. Excellences.—BUDDHA.
 4. The Beatitudes.—CHRIST.
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Calmly, calmly lay him down !
He hath fought the noble fight ;
He hath battled for the right ;
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past,
Faithful toiled he to the last,—
Faithful through unflagging years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
But it glowed with glorious might ;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die !
To the dust his dust we give ;
In our hearts his heart shall live ;
Moving, guiding, working aye.

Music from Beethoven.

Adapted from Gaskell.

*Selected from the new Hymn Book now in course of
compilation.*

MEDITATION.

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night
For thou must die !

Sweet rose ! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die !

Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
For thou must die !

Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It cannot die.

George Herbert.

DISCOURSE.

Part in peace ! Is day before us ?

Praise His name for life and light ;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises,
God our Maker loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises,
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Music by Miss Flower.

Sarah F. Adams.



