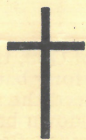


St. Leonard's
Chesham-Bois, Bucks.



IN LOVING MEMORY

OF THE

REVEREND JOSEPH MATTHEWS,

Rector of Chesham-Bois, from 1868 to 1892.

BORN, AUGUST, 30th, 1824.

ENTERED INTO REST, OCT. 13th, 1911.

"Until the Resurrection."

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THURSDAY, OCT. 19th, 1911.

HYMNAL COMPANION (3rd. Edit.) 401.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

THE saints of God, their warfare past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before the Lord :
Oh happy saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest.

The saints of God, their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal :
Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head :
Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest.

The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies :
Oh happy saints, rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high :
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

PSALM XC.

Domine, refugium.

LORD, thou hast been our refuge; from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that it is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in thy displeasure; and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee; and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For when thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten: and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure.

So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last: and be gracious unto thy servants.

O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Shew thy servants thy work: and their children thy glory.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

HYMNAL COMPANION, Hymn 544.

"Into Thine Hand I commit my spirit, Thou hast redeemed me O Lord God of Truth." Psalm xxxi. 5.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er :
Now the battle day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear :
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy, &c.

There the Shepherd bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and stray'd,
Shelters each no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.
Father, in Thy, &c.

There the penitents that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy, &c.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy, &c.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind we wait in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace :
according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared : before the face of all
people.

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be the
glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the
Holy Ghost :

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
world without end. Amen.