

cannot resist our triumphant course, and that our Joshua shall, by the power of God, lead us on to victory.

“Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar;
By faith they bring it nigh.”

It were, perhaps, thinking more of ourselves than of the living presence scarcely yet gone from our midst, the voice not yet hushed upon our ears, the cherished form but just faded from our sight—to linger in the land of sorrows, or abide even for a little in the shades of bereavement and death. There may be a melancholy pleasure in musing in the twilight of our mourning or weeping in the midnight of our grief; but ever with regard to our Lord's followers, faithful and true, as with regard to our Lord Himself have we this sure oracle: “He is not here; He is risen.” In calmness and triumph he awaiteth the resurrection of the just. Human affection and kindly remembrances may bend tenderly over the grave; may plead, “Come and see the place where the Lord lay.” But Christian courage and hope, divine command and holy brotherhood proclaim, “Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen. Behold He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him.” With all the definiteness and positiveness of fact, time, place; irrefragable testimony and indubitable identity; by many infallible proofs; what our eyes see, our ears hear, our hands handle, our full and certain knowledge attests and affirms, “He goeth before you, ye shall see Him.” It is not death we are to look upon, but life. It is not departure and loss we are to brood over in unavailing sighs and regrets, but it is living example we are to follow, living doctrines we are to heed; like living faith and holy principles to seek, like noble character to gain, like crown of glory to win; even as all they have done who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

The faithful Scriptures of God are sparing of eulogy, especially of the estimate and praises of friends formed and uttered in the eloquence of our grief. Often the life is recorded; the deeds, the words that made and proved the man; they must tell the tale. “Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him,” is outline enough for a primal saint; an outline that all the ages have not more than filled up. “Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations; and Noah walked with God,” is enough and good enough for the ancient preacher of righteousness whom God saved in the ark from the deluge of His wrath, and by whom He renewed the human race. “Abraham obeyed My voice, and