

## S E R M O N .

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"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen."—2 *Samuel*, i. 19.

IT was a day of mourning in Israel when these words of lamentation fell from David's lips. The Philistines—Israel's constant foe—had prevailed against them on Gilboa, and Saul, their king, was among the slain. His reign of forty years was full of vicissitudes and many wicked acts. Through his sins the dynasty had fallen from his family; and being jealous of the popularity and power of David, he had most unmercifully persecuted him. But now that he was slain, David does not think of him as a persecutor, but of what he was in relation to the nation. As their ruler and king he was at the height of power. He was the centre of the nation's greatness. So that now he had fallen, he finds expression for his sympathy in those words of striking pathos—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!"

The commemoration of the illustrious dead is an irrepressible instinct of humanity, and, to-day, we believe it is being called out into liveliest exercise in every part of the world, on account of that most sad event of the past week, namely, the death, on Monday night last, of His Excellency the President of the United States. To-day the pathetic lamentation will be taken up everywhere, with varying strain, over that illustrious man which has been taken from us. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!"

Ever since the now memorable second day of July, when