

tradition of man. Let it not be the sport of human fancy—nor subject to all the accidents of human caprice ; but write.

And it has been written. Written in the heart of man's belief—graven in the tablets of the soul. Time and death have not blotted out a single letter, nor cast a pall of forgetfulness over this glorious revelation. Each line, and syllable and sentence, are as fresh and powerful after the lapse of ages, and amidst all the mighty conquests of sin, as when first heard by St. John. Generations now silent in the grave have clung to them. The Sacramental host of the Church militant, valiantly doing battle in the good fight of faith, will to-day press them close to their hearts and rejoice in their strength and consolation. Generations to come will have no other, and can need no other revelation. "Write,"—thank God it is written—"blessed be the dead."

But how is this ? Death, saith scripture, is a curse—the wages of sin is death. It is not an accident, but a punishment and disgrace. To be numbered with transgressors, to die by decree of law, has always been counted infamous, and such is the death inflicted upon fallen man by the law of God ; but in the face of these facts the text says, and says truly, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The world says, "Blessed are the living." Life is a precious, joyous thing ; beautiful in childhood ; glorious in manhood ; venerable in age. But revelation takes us into the darkened room, where the prattle of the sweet innocent is silent, or the strength of manhood withered like the grass that fadeth, or where the wisdom of age can teach only the one lesson—"It is appointed unto man once to die;" and as you look on those dear remains, the voice of God the Father is heard saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

But not all the dead are blessed. You may justly inscribe the text on the tomb of St. John, but not on the grave of Iscariot. Oh, no. The dead who die in the Lord alone are

bles
to
You
their
sion
you
—st
man
who
"Bl
dies
not
that
ever
war
siti
of I
suffi
God
sion
invi
the
obje
wor
sho
Chr
[
nisl
Chr
and
]
on
act