

of those attentive listeners in the house of God, who, when he had declared his Master's counsel, and told of his Master's love, heard his words with deep and solemnized impressions! How many wanting amongst the guests who are wont to gather round their Saviour's altar, and who received from his hands the symbols of that Saviour's dying love! Believe me, these are amongst our most severe and trying duties;—and most fearfully and painfully do they add force to the lesson of the uncertainty and nothingness of the world, and point out the folly of leaning upon the empty satisfactions it can at best afford.

But what says the inspired prophet in allusion to the circumstances of trial and to the scenes of mourning amongst which we live? What says he in reference to the severest inflictions of providence that can break up the fountain of tears, and call forth the voice of lamentation?—"Weep ye not for the dead."

What then,—are we, on every occasion of affliction, to suppress our tears, to hush our sighs, and control our voice of weeping? Are our beloved relatives' remains to be consigned to the cold grave, and not one word of sorrow breathed over it, as it is filling with congenial dust and ashes? Are the companions of many of our most precious years to be yielded to the destroyer's grasp, and not one word of sadness to accompany the bereavement? Is the mournful detail of accumulated woes,—such as yonder pall, shrouding the mouldering remains of youth and excellence, betokens,—one on which the mind is to reflect and the heart to fasten without a pang?