

reason could not fathom. It was terrible for those belonging to him to watch him day by day—so young, so clever, so affectionate, passing on toward eternity without one ray of hope, without one glimpse of the crucified One. Death, in itself, is a solemn thing, dear friends, although to the Christian there is no "sting" in it, and he is led and pillowed by One who came up out of death. He tarried here in that resurrection body forty days and bade the feeble-hearted one, "Reach hither thy finger and behold My hands, and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side." (John xx. 27). Yet even so, there is the parting of body and soul, the passing out from the world of sight and sense. But what is it to one who knows not what is before him? Who goes on in a sort of dumb despair, seeing only darkness, and deeper darkness, as he treads onward, knowing that inch by inch his tabernacle is being taken down, and that every night as he lays his head again upon his sleepless pillow, and every morning as he rises to another day of doubt and conflict, that he is so many hours nearer—what?

What indeed, dear friends? And you are passing onward thus, though life may seem to hold many long happy years for you, yet if you are not in Christ your feet are standing just as surely upon the brink of a fiery abyss as his were, your soul is just as unsheltered as his was; there is not one spot or stain blotted out or covered beneath the eye of a holy, sin-hating God if He sees not the precious blood of Christ sheltering you.

All the eloquent sermons from his father's lips—and