

we ourselves have both inflicted and suffered injury by failing to exhibit a like patient endurance, may we not pray God to teach and strengthen us, in this respect also, to follow his faith? For faith it is—and faith alone—which can arm us to suffer thus; faith, which obediently accepts the humbling precepts of Christ, and lovingly endeavours to follow His matchless example.

And let us think, brethren, what a solemn import is, in every instance, given by the death of a fellow man, a fellow Christian, to our last words, spoken to him or of him. Words too often very lightly, very wantonly, uttered, yet invested with how terrible an importance by the fact that they are *the last*. He is gone, and our last mention of him was, perchance, contemptuous, unfeeling, unjust; our last word addressed to him was, perchance, a word of hatred or of scorn; our last glance such as no Christian man should ever dare to direct towards one for whom Christ died, how much less towards one who was our equal—perchance our superior—in the esteem, or by the express ordinance, of God. Oh! what a solemn character do not these last words acquire? How do we not wish that their significance could be cancelled, if not by their being sorrowfully withdrawn, at least by some later word, which might have abated somewhat from their evil meaning? Do we not long that a friendly greeting—a kindly glance, might have obliterated—or at least tempered, the remembrance of the unchristian bitterness which