

death man must leave the possessions for which he has so long, and so diligently laboured, the home where he has dwelt in comfort, and independence, and exchange all the resources of worldly advancement and bliss for the loneliness and poverty of the grave. He must say to corruption, "Thou art my mother, and to the worm, thou art my sister."

How humbling the thought that man, who converts the wilderness into a fruitful field, who erects costly mansions, builds ships, traverses oceans, gives birth to railroads, multiplies cities, chains the lightning, and guides the destiny of empires—that he, after a few fleeting years, should be doomed to lie down in the grave! What a check to the pride and ambition of the human soul!

Again, Death is an enemy, inasmuch as he severs *the tenderest ties of life, and robs us of our dearest friends.*

Our children bloom as the morning flower, and become the joy and pride of our hearts; but disease attacks, death follows, and we are wrapped in mourning.

What painful separations result from the progress of the destroyer! The husband sees the wife of his bosom stricken down by his side, and he hastens to bury her from his sight. The widow weeps in loneliness, because he upon whom she leaned for happiness and support, as her best earthly friend, sleeps in death.

What terrible blanks are made in society by the fatal dart! How frequently it happens that men of sterling integrity, literary attainments, of commanding talent, and of influential positions, are, in the prime of life, summoned to eternity!

The Church of God is often invaded by the relentless foe. "The righteous fail from amongst the children of men." The house of God is clad in sackcloth, because of vacancies that have occurred there; and the sacred desk is shrouded in mourning, because he who oft proclaimed there the message of mercy and love divine, has been called suddenly to exchange worlds.

Is it not true, my brethren, that the king of terrors has transformed this once beautiful world into a charnel-house, and filled it with dead men's bones? Yes, he has written upon every page of man's experience lamentation and woe. The cries of widows and orphans are now ascending to Heaven, as a memorial against him.

Death throws his barbed arrow from his quiver—the most endearing ties are sundered, the most brilliant stars become extinct, and the pall of sorrow overpreads the Church of God.