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toward concentration upon the present duty of living worthily. And it is the sureness of Death which puts passion into human love. For it deepens all our relationships, and clothes our friendships with a significance which they could never otherwise wear. It gives eyes to our affections, and acts as an inspiration to the duties of sympathy and considerateness. Hearts are bound closely together when they share the certain knowledge that one day they must be separated far beyond sound of voice and touch of hand. Yes, Death has a real mission in making life more fruitful. Its solemn shadow is better than the world's sunshine. It gives a value to the present which is beyond all count.

And yet we all instinctively shrink from Death when it draws near either to ourselves or our loved ones. Impotent before its advance, and often staggered by its ruthlessness, how many would give all they possess to buy off its grip! But the great Leveller is implacable. Death knows neither respect of person nor of character. Under its sway rich and poor meet together. When its fiat is launched, all men are one in utter helplessness to avert or avoid its power. For Christians, however, Death has no terrors. The Gospel rings with triumph over its destruction, although a Death—and such a Death—is its central subject. Its exultant proclamation is of a Grave whose stone has been rolled away, and from whence its Victim has emerged a Victor. Having “tasted