

triumphant death shall speak of the sufficiency of that grace which made him more than conqueror through the blood of the Lamb. Standing, as by that silent tomb, where to-night the weeping willow and the shadowy cypress sing their mournful requiem to the sunset breeze, we can say,—

“Rejoice for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain.”

For

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord—they rest from their labors.”

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