

To those who are chief-mourners I cannot trust myself to speak at length. I will not say, don't weep. Nay, I would rather take my place among you and weep as my Master wept at the grave of His friend.

But I will say, do not murmur. Give place to no rebellious thought. Praise God for the life which He gave and which He has taken. Rejoice in your loved one's victory over death, and look forward to the reunion. Link by link the broken chain will be re-united. Soon, if faithful, you will all be "Forever with the Lord;" where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Dear friends, when darkness wraps you, and disease wastes you, and death beats you, remember the Friend of our brother, who to every trusting soul says, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

In concluding permit me to say to each:—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

