

never sought the sinner's Friend, or to be presented as ransomed spirits, through Jesus Christ, and to begin eternity in the blessed company of the spirits of just men made perfect.

I am not sure but not a few make a mistake, and think and speak too much about the wrong thing. They think of the grave, how forbidding it is ; and recoil at finding a new mother in the earth, and their sisterhood and brotherhood in the worm : they mourn, and think of the dear departed as in the grave ; and they go to the grave, to weep there, and as it were to get the nearer to them. Now, hallow the spot where our dead rest : but let not mere sense act to the exclusion of faith. The shortest, sweetest verse in all the Bible contains the out-gushing sympathy of the Lord with bereavement, "Jesus wept:" yet He bids us think of the soul—the real, the best, the living part : and to lift up our eyes from the dust, and our truest affection from the tomb ; and if our dead died in Christ, to have a communion of spirit with them in the praise of the same Redeemer : to feel as if a saintly mantle fell on us, to help us on to heaven, and to live in contemplation of a joyful and unbroken reunion in the world of life. It is a relic of paganism that leads us to clothe the Christian mourner in sackcloth : the early Christianity had the flowing robes of white. It is the spirit of paganism that carves on the tombstone the death scull and cross-bones : it is Christianity that teaches us to chisel thereon the holy emblems of the anchor and the palm.

The text has an all-important question, "WHERE IS HE?" Where is man after he dieth, and wasteth away? Where is he after he giveth up the ghost? Of necessity, in considering the former part in the light of the gospel, the reply has been indicated; nevertheless, to complete the subject, it requires a special distinctiveness.

"WHERE IS HE?" Is that all of him we see in the shroud—all of him that is wasting away under the sod in the Necropolis, which, being interpreted, means the city of the dead? Are we to learn no more about him than can be heard from a grim member of the congregation of the silent? If so, it were frightful. If so, we would live with the black pit of extinction gaping to receive us—to end life, with all its thoughts, and deeds, and aspirations, in an eternal blank : to live believing that we are made but a little lower than the angels, and to die the inferior even of the worm. My nature abhors the very thought of it. There is that within me which clings to life ; if not life here, yet life somewhere. The murky gloom of severe disappointment may drive