

and the world felt by us all? Do we consider that she thus *merited* heaven, and *purchased* everlasting happiness? If such had been the ground of our hopes, then, indeed, were they built upon an unsatisfactory and worthless foundation! Measured by the standard of the requirements of the divine law, and weighed in the balance of divine justice, even in her life there were imperfections and defects. Merit heaven she could not any more than you can, however blameless in conduct or unspotted in character. Oh, let us ever remember the words of our Lord to Nicodemus—words eternally true, however the mere worldling may regard them: "Unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Let us never forget that mere *morality* cannot save us—that a nature, however amiable, if unsanctified by divine grace, is unfit for heaven—and that a life, however pure and beautiful, unless it be a life of faith in the Son of God, cannot be regarded as the commencement of that life which the redeemed enjoy in heaven. Truly mere morality is a poor preparation for death, and self-righteousness a flimsy robe for the presence-chamber of the Great King and the just and impartial Judge. Trust not your immortal hopes to any such superficial preparation, and perit not your everlasting happiness by wrapping yourselves up in any such miserable garment; but rather go directly (as we believe your friend did) to Christ, and take from His own hands the pure robes of His own righteousness, and earnestly seek for the sanctification of the Holy Spirit and the purifying influences of heavenly grace. Rest not satisfied with anything short of reconciliation through the merits of the atonement, and a personal union with Christ as a personal Saviour. Go at once to the "fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness," and there having washed your robes, you shall indeed be pure in the sight of angels and of God. Seek your hiding-place in the "rock of ages," for every other stronghold is but "a refuge of lies." Make the Lord of life your friend; strive to copy His holy example; learn to submit to His government and to trust in His grace, and then it shall indeed be true in your case, as it has been in the case of her whose presence we this day miss from among us, "there's nothing terrible in death."

Think, then, of your absent friend, not as lost, but as gone before you. Cherish her memory faithfully and long. All that was excellent in her life, endeavor to copy. Whatever was "lovely and of good report," strive earnestly to imitate. Regard her departure as another link in that chain of circumstances intended by the Governor of the universe to lead your spirits heavenward, and another of God's impressive sermons upon the uncertainty of human life. She has gone before you to "the better land," and thither you hope, through God's grace, to follow. Rest assured that were she allowed this day to address you, such would be her most earnest entreaty. Remember, too, the great and general awakening—forget not that one day you shall meet her—that "the grave shall yield his ancient charge"—that the slumber of time shall be broken, and that the declaration of the Lord of life shall then be justified in her case, as fully as in that of the daughter of Jairus, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."