

ready and con-
 of God and
 Never, in any
 ts were not
 sent from the
 ed services of
 ses, was she
 penitent and
 eekly kneel-
 bread before
 the sabbath
 of devotion
 she absent
 when health
 that was an
 contemplate,
 t was afford-
 s of life,—
 f enfeebling
 n's equable
 sufferings,—
 e destroyer
 at abiding
 e Saviour's
 ful people.

' the beasts

that perish, —if this world were all our abode,
 and the goods of this world were all our depen-
 dence and our hope,—if, when we lay down to
 die, all our thoughts and expectations perished,—
 if death annihilated both body and soul for ever,
 —if there was to be no awakening from the sleep
 of the grave,—then might we, upon the loss of
 those on whom our love was centred, be gloomy,
 and wretched, and despondent indeed. 'Then our
 sorrow would be really a "sorrow without hope:"
 parent, child, wife or brother, must then be seen
 no more ; those eyes would never open again to
 our tender enquiries ; that voice would have
 ceased for ever when death snatched away the
 struggling breath ; the sympathies of that heart
 would respond to ours no more since death laid
 his icy hand upon it ; that form would be hidden
 for ever from our sight when it was committed
 to yonder melancholy grave ! But no, my bre-
 thren, we are taught better things in that blessed
 Gospel which we cling to as the guide and solace
 of life ; we are admonished there not to indulge
 in that hopeless sorrow ; that teaches us, trying
 and terrible as the visitation may be, to appeal
 to death in this exulting strain, "Where is thy
 sting?" and to the grave, "Where is thy victory?"
 He who triumphed over death and the grave—our