

than this, she bears noble testimony to the fact that with the God of the widow and the fatherless there is comfort and support. We say—God bless our good Queen for her words of sympathy, and God bless too, and comfort the widow who is even now passing her last night by the mortal remains of her well and worthily loved husband. What shall the voice from the great silence be? We hear that voice unchanged make answer:

“Far better they should sleep awhile,
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding place be made,
Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more,
’Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.”

But, brethren, let us cast into the open grave our sprig of evergreen—true emblem of the soul's immortality. We plant it in the unquenchable hope of a grander life hereafter. We sow this mortal flesh in weakness, but it shall be raised in power; we sow it in corruption, but it shall be raised in incorruption; we sow it a natural body, but it shall be raised a spiritual body. These are the hopes whose undimmed glory lights up the entire valley of the shadow of death. The echo of “earth to earth,” as it falls upon the coffin, is, “I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” But, in the meantime, let us read to ourselves the lessons of his life:

“Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”