

shall meet them again in Paradise, and share their present happy rest and their hope of future glory.

Such thoughts as these, brethren, of death and of the present and future state of those who sleep in Christ, can never be out of season for Christians, for whom no better rule of life can be laid down than to live each day as if the last. But there are times when they seem to come home to us with special force, as for instance, when the Angel of Death has entered our own households, or has summoned from amongst us some familiar figure.

Such an occasion has come to us now. God grant that we may not fail to profit by it!

At this very hour last Sunday, while you, who are accustomed to worship in this Cathedral Church, were listening to the Word of God expounded from this pulpit, one who for many years had been your fellow-worshipper passed away peacefully to her rest. You had but just before been praying for her, and even as your prayers rose up to the Throne of Grace, their fulfilment was close at hand, for it was God's will to answer them by giving to her "a happy issue out of all her afflictions." Almost her last conscious act was to receive the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ; and, although, for nearly three days afterwards she still lingered in life, she was happily spared all suffering and a painful sickness closed in painlessness and peace.

Last Wednesday morning we laid her to rest amongst the flowers she loved so well, singing two of her favorite hymns, and offering at her grave the beautiful and solemn prayers with which our Church commits to the ground the bodies of her departed children. It was a fitting close to such a life as hers. It was a fitting thing that she, who had spent so many years in the service of the Church, should in her last hours be supported and comforted by that Church's ministrations, and that, when God pleased to take her to Himself, she should be laid in her grave with that Church's Burial Service.