

COME TO JESUS.

MEMORIAL SERMON

Preached on the occasion of the death of Maggie E., youngest and dearly beloved Daughter of Mr. Chas. Rennie, who departed this life at Port Perry on the 28th day of October, 1893, by her Pastor,

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"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi., 37.

THESE words were whispered in my ears by lips that were then dying, and are now cold in death. I have been requested by the late Maggie E. Rennie, whose mortal remains we followed to the grave on Monday last, to preach from this text. It is in obedience to her dying wish, and in the fulfilment of the Master's service, that I now ask your attention for a short time to the consideration of this delightful passage. Coming to us as it does, freighted with the interest of being one of the consoling thoughts of a mind and soul that we knew and loved, when passing through the dark valley and shadow of death, it cannot fail to arrest attention, and awaken serious thoughts and devout imaginings within us. What has given her strength in the hour of weakness, light in darkness, hope in despair, joy in grief, victory in death, may be relied upon to minister similarly to ourselves. When we are called upon to pass through the deep waters, may our souls, like hers, be fortified by this and like passages of the Word of God that abideth forever. No greater solace can we crave than to rest our weary minds in humble, childlike faith upon the pillow of His precious promises. Let me first of all ask you to observe the cheerful character of the text, and from that be reminded of the nature of the soul that so lately made use of it, in what is universally conceded to be the most trying ordeal of human existence. At such a time, there is a tendency to fasten upon the dark and mournful aspects of divine revelation. But this