

There came in vision before us places now changed by the impatient hand of progress, also friends now beyond the smiling and weeping. As we drew nearer and our eyes rested on those changed yet familiar scenes, the hillside and woodland, the peaceful glen and flowing stream, the old streets, the ancient homes, and this stately sanctuary seemed to smile a welcome, to bestow a benediction of kindly greeting. During that hour of approach and arrival a tinge of sadness stole into our thought as we were told of one after another who had been gathered Home to that "House not made with hands," and at whose departure some of you sang with tender pathos:—

“ Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.”

I would not sadden the heart of host or guest by referring to departed loved ones, remembering that

“ Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard
Their deep song of joy,
Dreams cannot picture their world so fair,
Sorrow and death cannot enter there;
Time doth not breath on its fadeless bloom,
'Tis beyond the clouds, beyond the tomb.”

In the church militant we worship this morning, with sweet remembrance of their saintly lives. In the Church Triumphant they worship to-day singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Then,

“ Let us with zeal like their's inspired,
Pursue the Christian race,
And freed from each encumbering weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.”