

friends through all these channels, he speaks to those of us who are left behind to toil on in our Master's vineyard. What lessons of humility he speaks by that life of self-denial he lived; to those striving at other ends than the salvation of souls he says, "be humble, fellow-laborer." To those whose hearts are stirred by ambition, who long to become great and have their names spoken of by thousands, to such he speaks and bids them remember that God's measurement of success is often different from man's, and at the great day of account, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, when the books shall be opened, and the great throne spread for judgment, then it may be found that many a poor laborer in the quiet corners of this world, who passed a life of toil in his Master's service, has actually gathered in a greater harvest of souls than the man who stood out conspicuous for his learning and eloquence. Many it may be, whose name and fame on earth were bounded by the limits of a town or county, yet by their faithful lives and Christ-like character, and peaceful and triumphant deaths, have done more in the service of their Heavenly Master than those whose greatness was trumpeted forth by the lips of admiring thousands. May it not be thus with him who has left us? Among that great multitude around the throne, it may be that many are hailing him as the blessed instrument in God's hand of their conversion. You can recall better than I those to whom, during his ministry here, he was called to offer the consolations of the blessed gospel; those whom he pointed to the Lamb of God slain for sinners. And you can conceive the mutual joy that swells in their ransomed souls as they greet each other in accents of holy rapture. When we think of these great truths—when we reflect on the perishable nature of human applause and the high reward in store for every humble servant of Christ in his vineyard, and when we think of the noble career of self-denial our departed friend has left, how he seems to speak to us and say, "Be meek and humble, do thy Master's work with zeal, and remember that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." In the natural world around us there are many roots and fibres down deep beneath the surface of

the earth that are of greater service to the tree and the fruit than many a lofty leaf and branch that waves in the wind and rustles in the sunshine of summer.

And this bring us to reflect for a moment on the death of your pastor. On this point I can scarcely trust myself to say much, but even though some may think otherwise, I cannot refrain from saying that I can clearly trace the hand of a merciful God in the sudden termination of so useful a life. Already light seems darting through the cloud: we seem to catch the smile of God and hear him say, "be still, all is well, gradually the light will come, and those things seen in the dim twilight of morning as so terrible, will become under the light of noonday the messengers of love." The Lord of the harvest knows best when each sheaf is ripe and ready for the garner, and if you and I could see as He sees, we would be convinced that our brother's life-work was done. He had fought a good fight—the battle was over, and why should not the faithful soldier rest from his labors? To prolong the earthly career of an enfeebled mind in a feeble body might seem almost cruel, while the sudden transition from darkness to light, from a life of pain and weariness to a life of endless joy and bliss, would be a glorious surprise, greater far than the opening of blind eyes to the sunshine, or the sudden return to perfect health of the poor sufferer who has languished long on a bed of pain.

Can you conceive of a fellow-creature under more distressing circumstances than the man whose body outlives his mental faculties, or whose mind and body are weakened and undermined by over-exertion in a noble cause? May we not regard the hand that comes to unlock the prison of clay and strike the tent of flesh and blood as a hand of mercy? And especially so when we all cherish the blessed conviction that the spirit when set free on earth will wing its flight to a world of unbroken happiness and undisturbed repose. There is not, I am bold to say, a heart bent down before me in grief that harbors a doubt of his happy exchange from a life of pain and toil to a life of joy in Heaven. As an old and an esteemed townsman of your own but recently remarked, "If he who filled this pulpit and broke to you the bread of life