

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side :
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but 'twere vain to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide :
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;
 And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

Now, in closing, I would specially address the young ; and it would be in the earnest message your departed young friend and companion in this house of God has left ; and though dead, may she speak to you, urging you to early piety—to be Christians,—to the dedication of your heart and life to the love and service of Him who loved you and gave Himself for you. May the Divine Spirit apply it savingly to you all !

You must die : you may die young : you may die soon : you may die without having time to pray ; and O ! bethink you of all that is beyond death. Prepare to die ; yes, but the best preparation is your living holiness. Prepare to live ; to live now a life of faith in the Son of God ; and that is your security, let death come when and how it may. The Christian character is the first to seek, and the best to have ; and in it there is a welling joy, from a fountain that is never dry : a good hope in it that sheds bright cheer on life's darkest hours, and illumines the very gloom of death, and rising up to the world of the Immortals, finds it turned into a glorious fruition there.

Now, may God grant that this service, on the death of her we now mourn, may be blessed, for the spiritual life of both young and old. " The voice said, cry. And what shall I cry ? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field : the grass withereth, the flower fadeth : because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it ; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever."