

acter will not be easily forgotten. And surely to-day, in the midst of all these sorrows and solemnities, the hot pursuit of wealth must be for a moment checked, and those who have been accustomed to think that a man's life consists in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, must be compelled now to acknowledge that there is a better and a more enduring wealth; and that far surpassing all the rank, and all the reputation, and all the honour which an admiring community can bestow, there is an honour coming from God only, which the heart should most intensely covet. And as for us who are called still to labour in that earthly ministry from which he has departed, we shall often look back upon him as an epistle of Christ sent to tell us the virtues that we should cherish, the graces that we should cultivate, and shall often endeavour, in the silence of our solitary musing, to quicken our failing ardour and to sustain and intensify our flagging earnestness by the remembrance of all that he was. He dwelt in love, and therefore dwelt in God and God in him; and after this sacrament of grief of which we partake in common this morning, our hearts shall cling together with a warmer affection, and we will strive to perpetuate the unity and the natural trust which it was one of his chief purposes to further. But now we must soon depart from this scene, in bitter sorrow, yet with rejoicing hope. We are here this morning not to utter bitter lamentations over a shameful defeat, but to celebrate, though with tears mingling with our joy, an immortal victory. Even through our tears we dimly discern the splendours into which he has entered, and even in our grief we can rise for a moment into fellowship with his bliss. Farewell, happy spirit, farewell! The glory of the Lord has arisen upon thee! Thou art dwelling in the secret place of the most High! Thine eyes have seen the King in His beauty, and the land which is very far off! Thou art for ever with the Lord, and the Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light and thy God thy glory! Thou hast finished the work which was given thee to do! Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the kingdom of thy Lord.

Family Reading.

THE PATCHED OLD LADY.

The church was fashionably full.

From choir and altar went up loud-voiced praise to God. The organ rolled out its mighty tones from lungs of brass. There was a fluttering, rustling motion, as of the moving of myriad silks; the gentle breath of hundreds of fans, while soft white feathers, and rings conspicuous under their gloves, and tremulous laces, and faint, sweet odors, attracted the eye and regaled the senses.

The preacher was in his pulpit—more like a throne it was with its hangings of lustrous damask, its tassels and fringes, and cushion of crimson velvet. The Bible before him looked heavy with gold, and its splendid leaves flashed at their edges, as they were turned over with reverent touch. The pastor's wife sat in the first pew—a delicate pretty-looking woman, well-dressed and much admired. From there all along even to the door, beauty and wealth sits intent on listening to the rich tones of the pastor.

Farther along still, in a corner pew, very near the entrance, sits an old and faded woman. Her bonnet and her dress are black, but quite shabby. Her gloves are mended and her old shawl patched. Her face is meek, sweet in expression, though very much wrinkled. Her posture denotes great humiliation, but as she listens to the words of hope, a tear now and then steals down the deep furrows, and the pale orbs, washed with much weeping, are reverently lifted to heaven.

"Did you notice that old woman in the door-seat?" asked Mrs. Dix, slightly shaking out the heavy flounces of her dress.

"No, I did not; who is she?" was the reply ending with a question.

"Some poor old thing or other; she seems like a Christian, though I suppose we ought some of us to speak to her."

"She gets out of church so quickly," said another lady, overhearing the conversation that no one can snatch an opportunity to say a word. She's dreadfully poorly dressed, too; what a rag-ni-cent sermon we had to-day!"

"Splendid—O! did you see our new comers?"