

CHAPTER II.

The Christian's Burden and Desire.

Memorial Sermon Preached in St. Andrew's Church, Chatham,
on the Occasion of the Death of Mrs. J. McDougall.

"For we that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."—2 Cor. v. 4.

The doctrine of the resurrection is a doctrine of revelation, not of reason; pointing to its great preacher with undisguised contempt, the philosophical Athenians asked with a sneer, "What will this babler say?" True, there is in the human breast a hope of immortality which leaps into life when evoked by the word of God. But, apart from the Gospel, all that unaided man could reach concerning that life beyond the grave was a feeble, fluttering guess. The tomb was covered with darkness. For many ages Christians loved to carve upon the stones that memorialized the dead the butterfly—the beautiful symbol of the resurrection. Once a creeping worm, it wove itself a shroud, and dropping on the earth found there a grave. But when spring returned, breaking away from its earthly covering, it rose into the air, in form and habits entirely new. Men, exalted by the Gospel, loved to trace in this an emblem of the resurrection of the body. It is no more than an emblem—a beautiful picture. It can never become an argument. The chrysalis never was dead. There was no gap in the existence such as occurs when the body