

pronounced them had a right to assume these magnificent titles, "*I am the resurrection and the life.*" Who does not see that closely associated with the death and revival of Jesus Christ, is that utterance of Divine consolation to us poor mourners upon earth, "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*"

And do you think it out of place to speak of suffering, and mourning, and death, on a day like this, when the Church is telling of victory, and hope, and life? Not so. What better time to speak of conflict than while we are standing side by side with the all-conquering Captain of our salvation?—what more appropriate time to tell you that the earthly house of your tabernacle shall be dissolved, than while we are contemplating the triumph of Him who this day proved, that we shall be clothed upon with immortality,—that we shall have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? What more comfortable occasion to meditate on the time when we shall lie down in the grave, than when we are gazing into the rent and rifled sepulchre of our Saviour and Representative, Jesus Christ? What fitter time to muse on friends departed, on our sleeping dear ones, than on the day when assuring ourselves by actual sight that our Redeemer liveth, we can comfort one another with the blessed, tranquilizing assurance, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, *even so them also that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him.* Suffering in any phase, at any time,—death in any shape, are saddening themes: but they are a part of our destiny—we cannot evade them; and there is no time when we can speak so cheerfully of them as when we can place side by side with our sorrows the hope of glory,—side by side with our dissolution, Christ's resurrection.

Those ingredients in human existence which are by many considered as poison to a happy life, are never more appropriately reflected on by Christians, than when they are trea-