

than all perfumes. His voice was to him most sweet, and His countenance he more desired than they that love most desired the light of the sun. His word he did use to gather for his food and for antidotes against his fainting.' You know also how joyfully he spoke to you of the promises and how, seeing them afar off, he embraced them and confessed that he was here only a pilgrim and a stranger. All this is known to you better than to me. But it is not so much a matter of general knowledge, (it could not be from his great weakness which kept him from seeing but a very few) how much he grew in this threefold faith during nine months in the solitude of the sick room. To show you his faith in the Bible, let me instance his plan when the startling truth first dawned on him that it was likely he should have to pass through a long and sore season of suffering, to end it might be in death. He turned carefully over the leaves of his Bible, searching out passages and noting them in his book; and in his memory, saying that on these truths he intended resting himself whatever troubles might arise. Here is one of them: 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief.' 1 Tim. 1:15. Shortly before he died, to a friend who came in as he was reading his Bible, he remarked, 'I am looking over my supports.'

"To show you his trust in Jesus and in his promises, let me instance his wish with regard to his two infant boys who were the delight of his heart and his only earthly wealth. Turning to their mother he gave them over to her to be to them in his place saying, 'Bring these children up for Jesus.' And as the end drew near his faith grew stronger, until he expressed his surprise that he could so calmly look death in the face and feel so strong in contemplating the change that was often terrible in his eyes.

"From the discipline of bodily weakness and pain your late pastor was never free from his first coming among you. But with the beginning of last winter there came a sudden and large increase of suffering. On his way to this house to preach, he was arrested by God, and sent back to his home, I might say to his room, which he hardly ever left till you carried him to his grave. That room was to him a college where he learned lessons that the colleges of man do not teach. All you could see was the wasted form of the scholar which told of weakness, weariness and pain, but you could not see the proficiency in patience that came from the schooling. In the Gethsemane to which God sent him, there was given him a bitter cup to drink. From the cup, as did his Master, he started back at first in terror and amazement, begging thrice that it might pass from him. But when he clearly understood that it was his Father's will that he should drink of it, he bowed his head, took the cup, saying, 'Not my will but thine be done.'

LOVE.

After the French of A. Vernet.

Beneath that crown of sorrow,
Beneath that veil of shame,
My wounded, dying Saviour,
I'll own and bless thy name;
For I have seen a vision,
Of inward peace and grace,
Beneath the dreadful darkness,
Which hides thy lovely face.

Within the holy sunshine,
Within the rest of heaven,
A more transcendent sweetness,
Was never to thee given;
Within the home of beauty,
Thy beauty never charmed,
As on that day of triumph,
Death was by thee disarmed.

Angels of God, give answer,
Hath he more lovely seemed,
When 'neath Heaven's withering anger,
His precious life-blood streamed?
Or when with praise ecstatic,
Your joyful days were run,
In loving adoration,
Of God's eternal son?

His death this day consummates,
God's ancient plan of grace,
The Son of God is crowned with
The Son of Man's disgrace;
"I am love," saith th' Eternal;
Leaving his throne above,
Christ comes to earth and echoes,
"His Son is also love."

We hail thee, great Redeemer,
The God we see and love,
In-arnate God uniting,
Lost man to God above.
Where then is love transcendent,
But in that dreadful place,
Where Jesus hangs accursed,
My Brother in disgrace?

Love is the only greatness,
Love is the life of heaven,
Love's diadem of merit,
Is to Emmanuel given.
Far from me gross illusion,
Of earthly rank and state;
With men as with the Godhead,
Nothing but love is great.

Celestial love, I praise thee,
But cannot sound thy depths,
Come, fill my heart and change it,
And speed my lingering steps;
My light, my joy, my glory,
My Paradise below,
Dwell in my heart and cause it,
The fruits of love to show.

That from thine eyes, my Brother,
My eyes both day and night,
As at a flowing fountain,
May drink the sweet love light
Thy life with my life mingle,
Pour all thy heart in mine,
Give me the endless rapture,
Of life and love divine.