

him at the last; yet is the cup of thanksgiving winged with saddening tears. Death is nearly always veiled in mystery and draped in sadness; but there are elements of special sorrow in this dispensation of God's providence. Why was he thus cut down in mid-life—not an aged tree with bending limbs, but the young and thrifty upstart from its roots? Why should one of our foremost business men, in the very fulness of his life, be taken away? Why should the husband, the strong and vigorous man, the desire of the eye, be taken away at a stroke? Why should these little children be left fatherless? Why should he be removed? Ah! we know not from what dangers, what temptations, what trials of life he has been taken. We know not now, but we shall know hereafter. That is enough, and so in resignation we close our lips, and in silence drop the tear. We cannot to-day, through our blinding tears, read this page in the book of Providence, but the light of the future shall dispel our gloom, and we shall catch the brightest views of His love, while—

“ Above the rest this note shall swell,  
Our Jesus hath done all things well.”

We are here, dear friends, to improve the lesson Providence is teaching us. Is this death premature? Is this life unfinished? Is this beautiful floral representation of a column broken at mid-height, a true emblem of his death? Is this life unfinished? Charles Massey has done the work that many have required a long life to accomplish; and yet I never prayed harder for the life of any one than I did for his. But it could not be done. I loved him, and my place to-day is in heart with these mourners. We were college boys together. How he welcomed me when I came to this city! What long and earnest conversations we had together! I had the joy of receiving him into the Church and witnessing his deepening earnestness and zeal, and feeling that out of this new and blessed experience of Christ would come a higher usefulness in the Church of his affection and choice. When I visited him in his sickness, how joyfully he received me! He felt that death was coming; but I always prayed for his recovery. I had thought of nothing else, and was looking forward to a rich spiritual blessing coming from this illness. On Tuesday afternoon, as I bent over him, I said “Charlie, are you