

wave over the summit of the highest earthly seat. The ebon sceptre of the grisly king is strong in might; but, blessed be God! there is a stronger. It is wielded by the omnipotent arm of the King of kings,—of Him who is the

“Death of death, and hell’s destruction.”

As dying men, then, let us take heed to the lessons of this awful calamity. It is a great voice from the Infinite and Unseen, calling on all who have ears to hear to listen, on all who have hearts to feel to be impressed, on all who have loins to gird and lamps to trim, to gird the one and trim the other, that they may be ready for the Bridegroom when he is ready for them!

Men and brethren, “what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” What is fame? A bubble which bursts,—a breath which expires. What is dominion? A house built upon the sand. What are thrones, sceptres and presidential chairs? Shadows all, mere symbols of unsubstantial, unsatisfying good; and over them the wind of divine judgment passeth, and lo! they are gone. Be persuaded then, to “set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.” This evening’s service will not have been held in vain, if by God’s grace only one soul here be brought to a simple and sincere trust in the Crucified One, who died that men might live. Then, in whatever form death may come to us,—even if it should be by the dagger of the assassin or the shot of the murderer,—or, as is far more likely, if it should be in our own quiet home-chamber, surrounded by the ministrations of sorrowing loved ones, we shall experience that for us “to depart and be with Christ, will be far better.” For by the merits and mediation of the Saviour in whom we trust, we shall go to a position higher than earthly Prince or President ever occupied—

“From grief and groan,  
To a golden throne,  
Beside the King of Heaven.”