

“hour in which the Son of man cometh.” Whilst life is calm and prosperous, and all around us is peaceful, profit of the time to rear upon Christ, the Rock, a spiritual building that may withstand the storm and the flood. It is not time to build when the tempest is raging. Sailing upon the sea of life, it will not do to wait to secure the masts until the hurricane bursts above our heads. It is not time to dig wells when a conflagration consumes our dwellings; neither is it time to think of salvation *only* when the soul is fast departing.

Our brother's death repeats to us that it is a great thing to be a Christian, that the peace of God is, indeed, a pearl of great price that worlds could not purchase, and yet given freely to him that believeth. With that peerless jewel in our possession the soul remains tranquil, even when storms heap up their threatening clouds overhead, even when sorrow, sickness and death invade our homes. With that precious peace, even though the angel of death should stand at our own bedside, we can keep our eyes fastened upon the Lord of glory and forget all but His love.

“Our brother sleepeth.” There is a gap in the ranks of Christ's defenders in this congregation. Brethren, who will fill this gap? Who of you all, dear hearers, that until now has hesitated to profess openly his love for Christ, will take warning and consecrate himself for time and eternity to his Redeemer? And above all, we pray that this bitter affliction may be sanctified to our brother's nearest and dearest, so that in the day of Christ they all may stand together at God's right hand, a united family in heaven. Jesus once said of the blessed dead that they shall be like the angels in heaven, and also that “there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” From this we would infer that our friends in heaven may share in this “angels' joy,” and though on earth we cannot do anything else to give them joy, or add to their pleasures, yet it may be that by a sin-