

swer. Gone in a moment. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

A few weeks ago Alexander Black threaded these alsies. He was so human we all loved him. How generous, how kind, and how sympathetic he was. He seemed to be the incarnation of strength, vigor and health. Before leaving for his last pilgrimage through Dear Old Scotland, he said: "Should anything happen to me I have no fear of death or eternity and I shall leave behind me a beautiful family circle—happy and harmonious." Yesterday he sat in yonder pew. Today we miss him. "We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair." One evening a friend met him on Portage avenue, about ten o'clock, just as she was stepping on board a street car. "How are you?" she inquired: "I never felt better in my life," he replied. At 5 o'clock the next morning death knocked at the door and Alexander Black was gone: "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

Jean Paul Richter affirmed that the universe rests on three fundamental principles: God, immortality, and duty. Immortality is a word which grows dearer to us with the increasing years. Dwight L. Moody, preaching, for the last time, in Kansas City, exclaimed, "I am homesick for heaven!" But you ask: "Why should a man be homesick for heaven with all the attractions of love, labor and life to sway the soul earthward?" The heart answers that question: Because of the ever-increasing circle of loved ones on the other side of the river.

Turning to the pages of the New Testament we find, there, an atmosphere of confidence which cheers the soul. This feeling of confidence is congested in one pregnant sentence: "**We Know.**" In the five brief chapters of "the first epistle general of John" the word "know" occurs no less than thirty-eight times. The phrase is a favorite one in the vocabulary of New Testament writers: "I know whom I have believed"—"We know that we have passed from death unto life"—"We know that all things work together for good"—"We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him"—"We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And this spirit of confidence concerning an unseen world has taken possession of every succeeding Christian century, so that today we sing with Glider the poet:

Call me not dead when I have gone
into the company of the ever living.

So, turning to the pages of the New