

# Kills from the Fountains of Israel.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. W. DALE, M.A., ON THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. J. A. JAMES.

“What a sublime and blessed contrast between ourselves, a vast congregation of mourners, gathered under the gloomy shadow of an oppressive grief, around all that is earthly and perishable of our venerated and beloved father in Christ, and that innumerable company of angels, and general assembly and church of the glorified, who have welcomed his spirit to rest and everlasting joy. We are overwhelmed with distress; we have suffered with sore bereavement; we cannot utter our anguish; tears and silence are the best language for our woe. He who gave these susceptibilities to sorrow will not upbraid us; “He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.” We mourn the loss of one whom many of us revered more deeply than any living man—whom we loved with an affection most intense and fervent—to whom we clung with all the gratitude and trust which Christian hearts are accustomed to feel for one who has been made to them the earthly channel of divine and immortal blessings. And this immense assemblage does but represent a sorrow too widely diffused to take part in these sad solemnities. The inhabitants of this great town, in which for more than half a century our lost friend resided as one of its most useful and conspicuous citizens, acknowledged his worth while living, honoured him with universal and ever-increasing confidence and esteem, and to-day are penetrated with the most profound regret for his departure. The two thousand churches of this country adhering to the same faith and polity as himself, venerated him as their patriarch, listened to his counsels, his warnings, and his instructions, with affectionate and filial deference, and confessed that he was their crown and their joy, and they are one with us in our present distress. And myriads more, belonging to all the various churches of Protestant Christendom, dwelling in remote countries, speaking various languages, belonging to every rank from the loftiest to the meanest and most obscure, having been led by his hand to Christ, will be troubled and heavy at heart when they hear that he is with us no longer. We look away from this gloom with unspeakable thankfulness to the mighty assembly which he has joined in glory. We are troubled because we are met around the ruins of his earthly nature, but they exult over his perfect holiness and his everlasting joy. Those lips are never more to uncloseth in our hearing, either to utter prayer or thanksgiving in this sanctuary, or to plead with their persuasive eloquence in our civic assemblies for the great interests of philanthropy or freedom, or to speak to us words of loving consolation when our homes are silent through some painful bereavement, and our hearts torn with unutterable agony. The cordial grasp of that generous hand, the radiant smile which told us of his love, we are never more to know, but high up in heaven they are glad to-day. His voice is heard there in sweeter tones and sublimer strains than ever it could discourse on earth. His heart glows with a more ardent love, his hand is nerved with a nobler strength. The spirits of just men made perfect, multitudes of whom knew and loved him once, before all his earthly infirmities were for ever laid aside, have triumphed in his entrance to their bliss. If there is joy in heaven when a sinner is brought to repentance, be sure there are songs of triumph when a saint is elevated to his glory. I can almost imagine indeed, that sometimes even angels may hesitate and falter when they are congregated to receive one who has been smitten down in the fulness of his strength, with a wisdom he has never been permitted to utter, strong in faith which has had no adequate opportunities for demonstrating its victorious power, burning with a zeal for serving men and glorifying Christ which has been denied the service and the labours for which it passionately yearned, called away from illustrious and successful work almost before it was begun. But the welcome they had given to him on whose protracted life we are looking back with grateful though sorrowing hearts to-day, must have sprung promptly and exultingly from their rejoicing hearts. He had finished the work which was given him to do; he had fought the good fight; he