

For they shall hear the announcement from the lips of their Saviour and their Judge, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

And they rest from their labors. Is not this blessedness of itself?

The weary traveller feels blessed when he sits to rest at his journey's end. The toil worn mariner, oft tempest tost, feels blessed when he reaches the haven where he would be. The prisoner whose daily task is done feels blessed when he reposes even in his uninviting cell. And we, beloved, who are all travellers through this wilderness of sin and woe; we who have so much toil and care in navigating our frail crafts amidst the shoals and quicksands, and rocks of the voyage of life; we, beloved, who were but prisoners, caged prisoners, until we received the liberty wherewith Christ hath set us free—is it not a blessed prospect that, if faithful we shall, as we trust this dear one has, come to the perfect rest at our journey's end—to the only safe haven the universe affords—to lie down indeed, as regards our bodies in the narrow cell of the grave, but our souls to rest in the bosom of faithful Abraham, in the Paradise of GOD. And their works do follow them. The prayers and alms deeds of Cornelius, the coats and garments of Dorcas, the alabaster box of the Magdalen, the home shelter of Lazarus and his sisters, the visiting of those sick and in prison, the clothing the naked, the cup of cold water to one little one in the name

of CHRIST (and our dear sister here departed was abounding in such works,) these their works do follow them—not for any merit they have of their own, but because He says "inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Because in other words the love of Christ constrained you—because you show your faith by your works. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."

The death of a child speaks most powerfully to children. The death of youth or maiden, to youths and maidens; the death of a man, to men of like age. This is natural. My dear friends, amongst you of what is called rightly the gentler sex, let this solemn scene and service speak to you. Recollect that your very quietness of occupation shields you from much temptation that comes in the way of the other sex. Recollect that to your sex alone was specially granted the immortal honour of bringing the Incarnate Saviour into the world! Recollect that the faithful of your sex were latest at that Saviour's Cross, and the first at his vacated tomb. Call back to your minds the faith of Rahab, the clinging love of Ruth, the watchful affection of Miriam, in the Old Testament, and of all the *Maries* in the New. Call back the loving lives of your own mothers, sisters, friends, think upon the self-denying life of her who now here lies dead, and think that these are blessed—their works do follow them. Imitate their good exam-