

ence of God in heaven to worship God in everlasting joy for evermore.

Some of you can remember the story of the last "Adsum," which was uttered by a veteran in a well-known story—how he who had been rich and successful went back ruined to his old school as one of the pensioners—when the bell tolled he answered "Adsum" and died: So it is no irreverent fancy of mine that your dear schoolfellow answered to his name in the heavenly school that morning instead of here in the school I know he loved on earth.

As we prayed by his bedside, hoping almost to the last, we prayed that whether he was taken from us or not, he might be made a blessing to us, and that his memory might be a help to us who are left behind. We commended him to that loving Saviour who was watching him and (shall I not say) waiting to receive him; and I ask you solemnly to-night that through the life and death of our dear schoolfellow it may be harder for every one of us to be base or cruel, to do a thoughtless or malicious wrong—harder to be deceitful, disobedient, impure in thought or act, selfish. I ask you for his sake as well