

us, are those indices of time to the end of their courses which they now gradually, yet surely pursue! Their sun, how near its sinking! The pointing hand, how near the fatal hour at which it must stop! The grains of sand, how nearly run out! Sure indications these that with them it is toward evening, and that their day of life is far spent. With others of us it is yet mid-day, and our sun is still high. With others the day is but young. But which of us, however young, can reckon upon these indicators of time running their full courses in his case? His sun may suddenly stand still. The pointing hand may refuse to move and the sand in the broken hour-glass cease to run. "The silver cord may suddenly be loosed or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." The darkness of the night of death may suddenly eclipse the brightness of his noonday, and the dust return to the earth as it was; and his spirit unto God who gave it. So then we see that youth's day of life is often further spent than that of old age, and its dark night of death far nearer at hand. Let the feeling then be a habitual one with all of us, both old and young, and middle-aged, considering our liability to be called away at any moment, and especially considering the shortness of life at the longest—I say, let the feeling be a habitual one with us all, that the evening of our life is at hand, and that its day is far spent. And now, dear friends, after thus sadly musing upon the fleeting and transitory nature of all here below; on the change and decay that we see stamped on all around us in the world; upon the ever-changing and transient character of all earthly joys and friendships, how sweet and transporting is the thought, and how comforting the assurance, that, amid all these changes which are constantly occurring amongst us, there is one who never changes; that amid all these painful separations, and

nappings of earthly ties and friendships we have one who will abide with us for ever, our constant friend and guide through life, and our companion throughout eternity. And as he never changes, but is ever the same, so his love and friendship toward his people in all the glory of his exaltation in heaven have in no way changed from what they were when he lived in a state of humiliation upon earth. And think, brethren, how unbounded was the love! how deep and tender was the sympathy! and how true and constant was the friendship of the meek and lowly Jesus toward all those with whom he came in contact! His earthly sojourn was one continual going about doing good. In deeds of mercy and kindness his life abounded; and in the performance of these he never wearied; for his tender heart yearned upon all; and none who came to him for help ever left him disappointed. His great delight was to call himself, and prove himself to be, the friend of sinners, by diffusing life and happiness and peace and joy amongst them. Even for his very enemies, who despised and hated him, and would have none of him, and who in the end turned fiendishly upon him and slew him, he grieved and wept because they madly rejected the priceless blessings which he would only too gladly have bestowed upon them. Such, brethren, was the general tenor of the blessed Saviour's life on earth. But as special examples of that peculiar love and friendship which immeasurably surpassed all the love and friendship that were ever known or heard of amongst mankind, behold him, first of all, as a sorrowful and tearful mourner at the grave of his dear friend Lazarus, weeping and mourning, not so much at the death of a much loved friend, for him he could and soon did restore to life, but at the sight of the bereaved mourners' tears, and at the thought of the melancholy effects of that fatal sin on account of which death passed upon all mankind.