

the strain. Not until then. But you know full well how with all our reiterations and variations, aye, and ornamentations, of the tremendous theme, how seldom we can bring it home to men and women's hearts,—how seldom we can fix a thought that will pass beyond the doors of the Church; how impossible to press home to any real effect the tremendous facts and realities of the inevitable Future—to rouse people to a sense of the value of Church and Bible, of Prayer and Sacrament,—yes, and to *some work for God*, before the night cometh when no man can work.

To-day, a great National Event, a great Event of History, preaches more eloquently than any pulpit declamation or any eloquence of speech. Not merely is there an appeal to the understanding, and the conscience, there is *one object* presented to the eye and the heart of each one of us. Look across the ocean to the Isle of Wight and Osborne House. There behold the perishing remnants of departed Royalty. The dignity of the Monarch still surrounds the lifeless form. See those adjuncts, those gorgeous trappings of woe so befitting the high condition of the Dead, and themselves all the more impressive instructors of the spectators. By a just and noble instinct we venerate the body for the sake of the soul, even when the soul has departed. It has been well remarked, "We honor the Temple even when the God has fled." But see over there, night after night, and during the days of this week more melancholy in their gloom than the nights, are held stately vigils. The body lies in a magnificent chamber prepared and darkened to the likeness of a mortuary chapel. It is dimly lighted by tall candelabra on either side. Silent sentinel soldiers stand on guard hour after hour; and