

her, with brethren, with friends, with the body. *He* has the keys, and *He* will not turn that lock and say, "The time has come enter," until it is the best time for you and yours! And surely, amidst the darkness and mystery which shroud the future, amidst all that is so impalpable, and unknown, and beyond the region of our experience, it is everything to know that *Jesus* is with us. "Nothing can separate us," says Paul, "neither death nor life!" It is enough to give the believer a calm holy peace, when he is able to say, "Wherever I am, or wherever I go, one thing is certain, *He* whom I know and love best, and *Who* knows and loves me best, *Jesus Christ*, my brother, is the King of the unseen world into which I may at any moment enter. Amen! I will not fear, for *Thou* art with me! Where *He* is, good must be, and peace, and glory, and all that is worth possessing! That world can be no dead world where the Ever-living is; that unknown region must be blessed even to enter, blessed to live in, when *Jesus* gives admittance to those whom *He* loves next to *His God*!" I am, as a man, deeply thankful for this. For it would be a sad thought, in exact proportion to our affection and our yearning for fellowship, if we could possess and enjoy no greater love than earth affords, though, indeed, its only true riches are the possession of human hearts. There is love, I know, true and genuine as can be, in these happy unions, when heart beats true to heart, and when in spite of sad partings there are also joyful meetings. Yet death comes, and forms depart, time flows on, and these forms grow dim, and new smiles follow old ones, and gone realities become more and more shadowy, and we never know what the departed think of us now. Anyhow, no messages, like those of old, come; and we do not expect them to-day, or to-morrow, as we used to do; and ten, and twenty, or perhaps fifty years pass away, and they become to us dream-

like. Is this our ideal of union? Is this our perfection of love? I blame not *God's* plans with us, but truly admire them; they are so merciful to us, constituted as we are. But yet the soul longs for knowledge more abiding, more real. Ah! that can be found, but only in *Christ*, and after *Him* in others who are like *Him*. "I am alive for evermore!" That is the only charter in *God's* universe for life, love, and eternal union! Blessed be *God* when we know *Him* who is alive, when we can give our whole hearts to *Him*, when we can speak to *Him*, cling to *Him*, confide in *Him*, abandon ourselves to *Him*! Then only can we ourselves truly *live*. All short of this comes short of true life. For our life is eternal only when its object is so. Then we eat the bread of life, and can never hunger; drink the water of life, and can never thirst! Then shall we be truly united to all whom we can in the end love, and have any fellowship with. And so at the beginning of another year, in which we are to go further on our journey towards death and the unseen world, what a joy it is to be able, in *Christ's* name, to offer you all good, and to know that whatever is worth possessing and enjoying for ever is most surely yours, if you will but know and love *Jesus Christ*, *Who* loves you and desires your heart, who is the Alpha and Omega, the First and Last, and *Who* has the keys of Hades and of Death. Amen!

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THE LATE REV. WILLIAM HERDMAN, RATTRAY.

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The Rev. D. S. Rae, Kinloch, who preached in Rattray Parish Church the Sunday following Mr. Herdman's death, spoke of him as follows:—

"I have not come either unduly to magnify the virtues of your departed minister, or to say that he had no failings. Neither the love I had for him when he was living, nor the regard I have for his memory when he is gone, warrants me to say anything of the kind. He was my