

loved ones by his side, the young minister who followed him in his work closed the eyes of the servant of God whose resting time had come. He breathed his life out and without a word or a death throe subsided into the bosom of his God.

We say he is dead. Nay, there is no death. "Life is the gaoler, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolt and set us free." We gaze at the worn-out tabernacle laid in the casket, and we cry "Alas, he is dead." But in the light of the gospel of Jesus we know he is not. That weary frame is not he. That is only the house he lived in. He is emancipated. He is free—free from infirmity, free from contracted power. He has launched not into life and left us groaning in the sphere of death. It is we who are in the death-life. He is in the life of glorious enrichment, of untrammelled development. He is not in the tomb. We did not carry him to the cemetery. He is in the house of God where the mystery of pain is now solved and he sees as he is seen, and knows as he is known.

Farewell, my brother. Farewell, pastor of this people. Farewell, minister of God. Thou hast fought a good fight. Thou hast finished thy course, thou hast kept the faith. May we fight as valiantly, and run with the same concentration of purpose, so that together we may find that there is laid up for us, as there has been for him, the crown of righteousness which the Lord giveth in that day to those who faithfully serve him.

And now, what would God have us learn?

(1) The value that you can be in a minister's