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DEATH.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

ROYAL EFFINGHAM THEATRE,
LONDON,

BY

RICHARD WEAVER.

"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I
shall not return."—Job xvi. 22.

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DEATH.

“When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.”—Job xvi. 22.

Now, my dear friends, my subject to-night is on death, which is allotted to us all. It should be the thought of every one here how we may escape the death that never dies. We are living in solemn times, when death is causing mourning and lamentation to be heard in our land. England never was before in such deep mourning. Look where you will, black seems to be the fashion of the day. High and low, rich and poor, old and young, are seen at this time to move slowly along our streets with grief on their countenances, sorrow in their hearts, and tears in their eyes, refusing to be comforted. Yes, my dear friends, look any way you like, death seems to meet your gaze. If in the stationer's shop you go, the black-edged envelope and the black rim round the newspapers catches your eye, and if you begin to read it unfolds to you some fact of woe. If in our churches or chapels we wend our way, to spend some time to sing and pray, the first thing that we behold is the pulpit dressed in crape and black, and before the servant of God ascends we begin to imagine what can that dressed pulpit mean? As we sit thinking, the minister of God comes; he ascends the pulpit; how solemn he looks as he gives out the more solemn hymn,

“And am I only born to die,
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joy or hellish pains,
To all eternity.”

And an awe falls upon us as he reads those solemn words in our ears, “Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble; he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down;” and as he speaks with Paul, “It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment.”

I say, dear friends, look where you may at this time, whether it be in city or town or village, the window-blinds seem to be made to shut out light, and to tell us that the darkness of death is in those houses. If we look in the palace of our beloved Queen, we see overwhelmed with grief her whom England loves, and whom her soldiers guard from the enemies of her dominions, ready at the sound of the war-trumpet to gird on their armour and cry, "Peace be to thee, thou queen of queens and pride of our land, we will protect thee and thine;" and at which our statesmen and people would shout, "Long live the Queen." But, alas, she is sitting in trouble, and tears are rolling down her cheeks. We ask, What has caused thy trouble and thy grief? Is the crown fallen from thy head and the sceptre from thy hand? You hear, in reply, with sobs from that lone heart, "I am wounded in the house of my friends; death has moved the crown and put on the widow's hood, and this hand that held the sceptre wipes the tears from my eyes—my children are fatherless, and I am a widow; he whom I loved and who loved me is gone to the grave." But we cry, "Thou Husband of the widow, of whom no death can rob us, comfort our Queen and bless her children." We say, "O death, what hast thou done;" we stand trembling while the solemn knell of St. Paul's strikes on our ear. What can that mean? it echoes, Death is in the palace of our Queen.

If we turn our attention any way in the City of London, people are seen standing in groups, holding some solemn conversation about the death of the Prince Consort. On 'Change business seems to be thrown on one side, and sorrowful surprise is depicted upon their countenances. You ask, Has anything happened to cause a panic in the money market? They tell you, "No." With united breath they cry, "Death has struck his fatal blow, and we are sympathizing with our beloved Queen." And as we consider that England has lost the nearest adviser of the throne, the affectionate and faithful husband, the wise and loving father—the head of the highest family in the land, who taught all others by his example the secret of a happy home—we begin to sympathize with our Royal Widow, and pray for the comforting presence of the God of love to console her and bless her offspring. As we remember him as the wise promoter of art and science, and think of his peaceful and useful life, we feel that the bereavement of the Royal Family is also

a national calamity. But when we hear, further, of his dying hours, and are told that then he continually repeated,

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;”

and have every reason to believe that he was trusting in the blood of Christ for pardon, and in his righteousness for acceptance with God—we know that a dear brother has gone home, and that a Prince and a great one has fallen to rise and live with Christ.

But death rushes on, his ear deaf to the cry of queens or subjects. We turn our back on the great metropolis, and while we pray the Lord to bless and comfort our Sovereign, we turn towards the north, we leave London, and go to a small village called Hartley; we say, “What can this mean? are these blinds down for the Prince?” We stand wondering and trembling, seeing that a dark cloud seems to cover all this village. We see no children playing or singing, but weeping and sorrowing; we say, “Come, children, what’s the sorrow of your little hearts?” “O sir, our fathers, and our brothers,”—their sobs won’t allow them to say any more. Women, old and young, are sitting wringing their hands, and crying, “Lord, help us.” We inquire, “What means all this lamentation and weeping that rends the air?” One poor woman says, “See, sir, that pit with those men on the bank; my poor husband with five of my children are all there, with others, buried alive: 219 men and boys are in that pit—death has done it.”

You see, my dear friends, that death on the pale horse is riding through our land. We tremble as this sad news reaches our ears. How many before me in this place to-night think as they ought to think about death? Men and women live as if they were never going to die. But stop! you and I will soon have to quit this world, and leave our places to be given to another. England seems to have felt for the poor widows of Hartley, and so we should, but we ought to think, too, about the time when the calamity of death shall overtake us, when we have to leave the house of clay called the body; for we stand as Job stood when he uttered my text on the verge of the grave, saying, “When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return. My breath is corrupt; my days are extinct; the graves are ready for me.”

Job here refers to his own death, “When a few years are come.” And the same thought ought to-night to occupy

our minds: when a few years, or a few months, or a few weeks, or a few days, yea, a few hours, or a few minutes are passed, some of us might have to give up the ghost. And we know that our journey is but short at the longest. What if we do live to the age of threescore and ten years, what is it? It is compared to a weaver's shuttle. How swiftly it moves along the loom; we can hardly perceive it. So man cometh as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Job was expecting death every hour, and so ought we to be prepared every hour, with our lamps trimmed and our lights burning, and having on the wedding garment.

What is death? Death is the quitting the present scene of existence, the time when these eyes cease to see, and these hands to handle, and these ears to hear, and this pulse to beat; the lungs no longer heave, and this river of blood that runs through our body is stopped by the frost of death. I remember once on a time walking by a riverside with a friend of mine, when we observed at our feet a suit of clothes, hat, shoes, and coat, and all the rest. The clothes lay still, they did not even move. Why don't they get up and walk away? Because the body is not in them. The poor body was in the river struggling for life, but we saved the man from drowning. So death is the soul undressing. As the clothes won't move without the body, no more will the body move without the soul.

Death is a journey that must be taken by all. For death has passed upon all men. It is in the grave the rich and poor meet together. Kings and queens—their crowns fall from their heads, and others are crowned with them. Philosophers and fools meet together in the grave; wise men and ignorant, old and young, the sinner and the saint, have it said to them, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

"Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave."

Yes, dear friends, our journey lies through the valley of the shadow of death: and if Christ is not our companion, we shall lose our way, and if we get on the wrong road we shall be lost, for the one road leads to heaven and the other to hell; one to the caverns of the damned, and the other to the land of the blest; the one to the joyful above, and the other to the sorrowful beneath. We should consider to-night, "Which place will be my home? Shall I meet at my

journey's end with the songs of the blood-washed of heaven, or with the groans of the lost in hell?" Let me impress this solemn subject on your minds to-night, my dear friends. The wicked die as well as the righteous, and the good as well as the bad. The place that now knows you and me will shortly know us no more, and that for ever. We cannot go back and start life over again, but we can redeem the time we have. The Lord help us. We have many times travelled in country places up some old dark road; we have trembled as we have gone alone, while the screech-owl has made her noise in our ears, and we have wished we were safe at home as we were scared by recollections of the tale of some ghost that had been seen by some one there. But ah, my friends, what must it be to go the journey of death while the roaring of the lion of hell rings in our ears? In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* Christian heard the noise of fiends sounding in his ears, but on he went. No, dear friends, we cannot turn back, we must go the way whence we shall not return.

I have stood by beds and heard the dying cry, "I will not die." "But die you must," says Death, "I am come for you, and you must go." "But, O Death, I am but young; do spare me." No! this is a way that young as well as old have to go. We have seen the flower in its bloom decayed, and the infant of a day smitten by death's cold hand. We only lodge here for a very few days, and then we take our journey to eternity. Yes, we have heard the cry of children, "Don't rob me of my parents!" But, ah, death is deaf to the cry of children. Yes, we have heard the mothers and fathers cry, "Spare my child." But no, you must go the way whence you shall not return. We have stood by the strong man, but death has robbed him of his strength. We have seen his brows knit with rage at the thought of dying. We have trembled as they have cursed God, and shouted, "We won't die!" We have heard the awful groan and the cry from the dying sinner, "It's dark, dark, and darker still; the further I go it's darker still." Yes; I was called one afternoon to visit a man that had been a very wicked character, and a terror to the neighbourhood where he lived. But oh, how altered now! There he lies upon the bed, friends watching, wife weeping, children sorrowing. The flush of fever has given place to the damp of death; and as I approach him, what do I hear from that once strong and robust man? "Oh, my wife, can't you save me?" "No," says the broken-hearted wife; "the Lord

help thee." I took his dying hand, and looked into his glazing eyes; his breast heaved with his laboured breathing, and while the death-rattles were in his throat, he cried, "O sir, can't you save me?" I said, "No; Christ alone can save you." But he said, "Sir, I won't die; I've been the strongest man in the village; I won't die!" O friends, could you have heard him curse God and say, "I won't die!"—had you seen his children weeping and crying, "Lord, save my father!" the wife praying, "Lord, pardon my husband!" while the cry still came from his dying lips, "I won't die!"—you would have felt the truth of the word of God, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." Yes, Death was mightier than the mighty man; and he died, crying, "O Death, I won't die!"

And we, dear friends, must die. How terrible to think that the eyes of some before me will weep in hell; that the ears of some of you will have to listen through eternal ages to the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth which reverberate through the gloomy caverns of the pit; that the voices of some who are here to-night will vainly utter the rich man's prayer for a drop of cold water to cool your parched tongue! O sinner, now is the accepted time. One moment after the death of the soul unsaved is one moment too late to get washed in the blood of Christ—one moment too late to get into the mansion of heaven, to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. If your sins are not washed away by the blood of Jesus, it will be said to you at the end of your journey, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Ah, my friends, you cannot say then, you won't go, because God's word says, "The wicked shall be driven away in his wickedness." Remember, that the ungodly shall be driven away from friends, away from home, away from the blood that was shed for poor sinners, away from God the Father, away from Christ the Son, away from the comforting Spirit, away from heaven the land of rest, away from the songs of the blood-washed blest, away from joy, happiness, and peace, and away from everything that is good. Oh, sinner, let me prevail on you to-night to think over in your mind about your state, because if it is said to you, "Depart, thou cursed," O where will you go? Hell must be your doom. The Lord save you to-night.

You have heard how the poor colliers of Hartley were swept away, and I don't doubt but that you would say, "How awful it must have been for those poor colliers to die

in the coalpit." Yes, it is awful to die ; I have seen colliers die and go to heaven from a coalpit. There were many of these colliers that were good men we are told, that knew that their sins were forgiven them. Some of them were preachers of the gospel. They were prepared for their journey. Though their candle and lamp went out, by light of which they worked to get coal, they had the light of Christ to light them from the coalpit to heaven. Though all communication with earth was cut off, there was a way from the coalpit to the land of rest. Yes, the Lord could guide their spirits to that country where all is fair and pure and good.

Life is uncertain, but death is certain, although we cannot tell when it will come upon us. The poor colliers would leave their homes and families as cheerfully as I have left mine many a time, not thinking that when they left their homes that morning it would be the last time on earth that they would ever behold the face of their wives and their little children, and their poor mothers. Two hundred men and boys went from home that morning ; I don't doubt that there was joy and merriment among them ; had you and I met them, and if we could have been inspired by God to know what was going to happen, and had gone up to them and taken them by the hand, and told them that if they would stop at home to-day they would save their lives, I don't doubt they would have thought us mad. Look how eagerly they try which can get to the pit first, to have their turn to begin work. See them with their pikes and their lamps and candles, not thinking that the lamp of life was nearly out. Stand, sinner, with me on yon pit's brow, as the engine begins to move. See the men and boys, how they are getting into the cage ; yes, hear the cry, "LOWER!" Now they descend for the last time—they are not conscious ; one lot after another descends, till we hear a crash ! What's the matter ! See, see how quickly men are running at that noise in the shaft of the pit. What's the matter ? The beam is broken. Yes, put your ear to the pit-mouth—hearken. "What is it?" The brattice has given way.

Dear friends, if you had seen those poor colliers as they hung in the shaft, some with broken arms and legs, as the water flowed in torrents on them, and had heard their cry to God to help them, you would have wept for them. Let us imagine we stood on the coalpit bank, hearing the men saying, "What can be done to save the lives of our fellow-work-

men?" They all seem to be perplexed, not knowing what to do first. Now, let us hearken at the top of the pit, if we can hear any one in distress. What do we hear? The falling stones, the rushing down of the waters, or the crashing of the timber? No; we hear some one at prayer to that God who has promised to hear his children when they call. You hear some one talking of Christ; yes, one of God's children is happy in the midst of the danger of death—the Christian brother, Watson, I mean. What do we hear now? Why, there is some one singing. It is not the anthem of an angel; it is not the praise of some blood-washed soul that has got to his journey's end amongst the blood royal of heaven; nor is it the wail of sorrow, or of lamentation, or distress. No; he is in danger as regards his body, and he feels for his fellow-workmen; but he talks to them about Jesus. "Now," says he, "is the time to try our Christianity." Does he dread the future? Does he tremble at the darkness of death? No; like David, in the valley of the shadow of death, he could say, "Thou art with me." Who? His poor, broken-limbed fellow-workmen? No, bless the Lord; Christ was with him. Harken at the sound—how sweet, how beautiful! Oh, how it charms my heart to hear one of God's children, in danger of death around him, speaking to a little coalpit boy, weeping and wishing he was at home with his broken-hearted mother, who had just heard the sad news. You that deny God's Word, listen to the song of this poor collier. What was it? Why, it was this:—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
 All o'er these wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day.
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
 No chilling winds, no pois'nous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

Now, my dear friends, God that comforted this collier in such a trying time, is worth our attention. If we could look through the fallen masses, we should see men and boys down on their knees. We are told that, when found, it was affect-

ing to see the dead bodies; fathers with their dead sons' arms around their necks, and brothers clasped in each other's arms. Methinks I hear them say, "I did not expect this when I left home this morning. Lord, do help us! Lord, do forgive us! O Lord, have mercy upon us!" Yes, my dear hearers, how awful to die in such a place; and yet I firmly believe that many of those colliers are gone out of the coalpit to heaven.

The very first cry of a collier, when in danger, is, "Lord have mercy upon me." I've seen lots of sceptics in the coal-pit, and all their infidelity knocked out of them by a clod falling on their back from the roof of their working. You might deny God's Word, but what can we get better if you take that away? Give me something to comfort me better, and I'll burn my Bible. Where are your sceptical missionaries, your infidel visitors now, to comfort them? Do we find any of your Voltaire-worshippers, or Tom Paine-adorers—any of your God-deniers and Christ-blasphemers, your soul-scoffers and Bible-burners, in Hartley village, going from house to house, saying, "We've come to bind up the broken-hearted and bring peace to the desolate widows and the helpless orphans? No; it wasn't the sceptic and the infidel, but the bishop, and the ministers, and the people of God went there. We hear in nearly every house the voice of prayer and supplication to God to bless the fatherless and support the widows. They are comforted by that Book which carries God's message to the Queen in her palace, "Thou Sovereign Lady of England, I will help thee. The Lord will establish the border of the widow." And the same blessed Bible cries aloud in yonder village of Hartley, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." It's a settled fact that men have got to die, and if the Bible is true and infidelity false, where will the sceptics go to? It's a settled fact that it is appointed unto men once to die. You can't get behind that, and, if you're a sceptic, you may say, "If there's a hell, I'm sure to go there: and if there's a heaven, I'm sure not to get into it. Why? Because I'm a sceptic."

Death is the separation of husband and wife, the sundering of all ties of affection on earth. I remember, when I was married, as I stood at the altar with her that is my wife, with joy in my breast, one solemn thought rushed into my mind. It was when we said, after the minister, those words, "till death us do part." You see, my dear friends, that we were

united to part again, but we part in death to meet again in glory, where parting shall be no more. Death is the separation of parents and children; the dearest ties are cast asunder, and the most loving union is broken by death. How affecting it is to see children bidding farewell to parents on their dying bed, and parents to children saying, "Farewell; we shall never meet on earth again!" How solemn it is to have our parents and children, whom we love and who love us, torn from the affections of our hearts, that we are led to say, "Take them and bury them out of my sight." Since I was here last, I saw an affecting scene that caused tears to run down my cheeks. As I and a friend were walking by a country churchyard, my ear caught sounds of some one speaking. We stood by the wall and listened, and we could hear some one at prayer. We got over the wall and walked around the church, and as we stood looking, on a gravestone knelt a lovely boy, some ten years of age, with his hands clasped, his eyes lifted heavenwards, saying, "Lord, here is the grave of my father and mother, my brother, my sisters, and I'm a poor little orphan boy; but, Lord, save me, and make me a good boy, that I might meet them in heaven!" I spoke to that little boy, and asked him what brought him there. He said, "Sir, I'm a poor workhouse boy; I've come to pay a visit to my uncle, and this is my parents' grave; they died happy in the Lord, and I should like to love Christ and to meet them in heaven." Yes, my friends, they were followers of the Lamb; and on their gravestone was written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Maybe some of you have wiped the cold, clammy sweat off the dying brow of some you loved. You heard their farewell cry. You remember the cot where your poor old mother taught you to say, "Our Father who art in heaven." You point to her grave and say, "There lies she that pointed me to Jesus." Are you on the road to meet her? It's your duty and mine to prepare to meet our God. "When a few years are past, we shall go the way whence we shall not return." Some say, religion is very good for old men and women. Then I say, if it's a blessing to an old man it's a blessing to a young man. And if it will do for an aged brother what nothing else can do, it will do the same for a younger one. There was an old sceptical attorney died the other day; I remember the time when he cursed me for speaking about the Lord. When he was dying he sent for me. I found him in a public-house, lying upon a couch.

He put out his hand to me and said, "I've insulted you in times past, but now my time is come. If there's a hell I am going to it, and if there's any damnation I shall have it." I pointed him to the bleeding Victim who hung on Calvary's cross, but he said, "It's too late now. I'm dying, and I've nothing to support me;" and his last words to his companions were, "Where I'm going I hope you'll never come, for I'm going to the abode of damned spirits;" and so he died.

If all the men in Oxford and Cambridge say the Bible is not inspired, bless God I know it's inspired by my own soul's salvation; and it will last when the world is in a blaze. There are plenty of people who say the Bible will do for foolish people. Let me tell you what God says—"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." You see who the fool is. The devil has blindfolded the man who despises God, that he cannot see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The sceptic may deny God, and ask, "Did you ever see God?" I reply, "My heart has felt his love, and I know He's my Father." Men don't like to hear of God. The thief don't like to hear of the detective, and the murderer trembles when he sees the gallows. The innocent man has no fear of either. The sceptic begins to howl at hell, because his conscience tells him that it is his own place. If I began to ridicule the Queen because she put people in prison, you'd cry me down: a policeman would collar me, and serve me right. You could say, "It's not the Queen puts the criminal in prison; it's his crimes." It's not God puts a man in hell, it's his crimes send him there. Don't tell me it's God's fault, it's the sinner's fault. The laws of the land and the laws of God are a terror only to evil-doers; they are a praise to them that do well. It is "the soul that *sinneth*" God says "shall die." "The wages of *sin* is death." "The *wicked* shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that *forget God*."

Heaven—why heaven would be hell to the unconverted soul. Suppose I'm a collier just come out of the coalpit. I've heard the Queen has a levée, and, thinks I, I should like to go and take my place among the high people in the Queen's drawing-room. I go without an invitation, and I manage to get in without being seen. I find a seat behind the door, and the lords and ladies are too much taken up with the Queen to notice me. But there's a mirror hanging on the wall opposite, and, as I catch sight of my black face,

and my collier's cap with a candle stuck on the side of it, and my flannel clothes, what's the thought that comes into my mind? Why, let me get away as soon as I could. And so, if you unconverted people could get inside the door of heaven, where the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the light of it, and saw the bright angels and the just men made perfect round the throne, you'd cry, "Let me get out as quick as possible, there's none of my company here." With all your sins upon you, you could not sing, "Unto Him that hath washed us in his own blood." You would not have on the white robe or the crown on your head, and could not say, "Unto Him that hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father, be glory and honour and dominion and power for ever," but you would cry, "Let me get out, this is no heaven to me." No, my dear friends, if you wish to get to heaven, you will have to comply with God's decree, Come to his Son. Christ is the way from this sin-blighted world to that country where no sin can enter and no sorrow come; from this world of trouble to that abode of peace; from this scene of death to that dwelling-place of life: where the inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick;" where the leaves of the Tree of Life shall be for the healing of the nations, and where God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

You know that wonderful book the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But there is one part which I don't agree with. I mean where it says:

And Christian cried out to his good friend Hopeful, "I sink in deep waters. The billows go over my head. All his waves go over me."

Then said Hopeful, "Be of good cheer, I feel the bottom."

Then said Christian, "Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey," and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian.

Now, my dear friends, I don't believe that is how a Christian ought to die. When the Israelites were going into the Promised Land, we are told "the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were clean passed over Jordan." And has not our High Priest stood in the midst of Jordan, that we might go over dryshod? No, no, it's deep for the sinner, but the waves of death have been divided asunder, and no waves or billows shall pass over the Christian's head; for when the Heavenly Victim was standing in our room, He cried, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my

soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." And if He said that for us, we've no call to say it too.

I have stood by the bedside of departing saints, and have heard them say, "I tremble—the chill of death has come over me;" and you might have seen some of your friends seem to be in darkness and gloom at the end of their journey; but it's not because Christ is not with them, nor because they are sinking in deep waters, for Christ says, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." If dying Christians are under a cloud, it is because they are looking at death instead of life. When our enemy, death, advances close to us, we forget that to die is gain. I remember a circumstance of a young lady. When I went into her room, she was weeping. I knew her to be a child of God, and I said, "What are you weeping for?" She said, "Not that my sins are not pardoned—not that Christ has left me. But I'm afraid of the death-struggle." I saw she was dying, and said to her, "My dear sister, you are dying now." With that she raised her two hands, that were cold by death, and cried, with all her strength,

"If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free;
I shall the King of Glory see—
All is well!"

And she died, singing, "All is well."

No, my dear friends, it's not the Christian that sinks in the billows, but it's the unconverted that sinks to the pit that is bottomless, where no hope nor mercy ever comes, but where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Yes, my dear friends, all that are here to-night, good or bad, we are in the circle of death, and we shall all have to go the way whence we shall not return. Samson with his strength is not exempt: while he moves the pillars, death overtakes him and lays the strong man low. Joshua and Caleb, who never turned their backs upon a foe, are overcome by death. Solomon with all his wisdom, death lays him in the dust. Death pales the cheek of Absalom in all the pride of his beauty. Job, the patient sufferer, says, "I must go the way whence I shall not return." Poor old Peter, with all his boldness, says, "I must put off this my tabernacle, as the Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me." Paul, with all his zeal, cries, "I am now ready to be offered, and the day of my

departure is at hand." And John, with all his love, although the saying went abroad among his brethren that that disciple should not die, has gone to join the hundred and forty and four thousand who stand with the Lamb on the Mount Zion, having his Father's name written on their foreheads.

You that will only believe what you can understand, how many things there are you can't understand but yet believe. Suppose you are called to the sick bed of a man; he is thought to be dying; you meet the doctor there, and when you ask what he thinks about him, he shakes his head, and, as he lays his hand upon his burning brow, says, "He's very bad, but while there's life there's hope." Some time after you meet that man in the street. "Why," says you, "I thought you were expected to die!" "So I was," says he. "How was it you got better?" you ask him. "Why, the doctor cured me." "But how did he do it?" "I can't tell," says the man; "he gave me medicine and I recovered." You wouldn't doubt the man was well, because he couldn't tell you how the doctor's medicine wrought his cure. And though there are mysteries in God's ways, we tell you the gospel is God's medicine for a burning brow and for a burning heart too.

For Christ is our peace, and his blood cleanses us from all sin; and his word says, "He that believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Look, dear friends, at Christ on the tree dying for you and me; see the blood that drops from those hands, head, and side, and remember that his blood can make the foulest clean, and that his blood availed for you; and just this moment rest in the finished work of Jesus, trust the blood just now, "for now is the accepted time, and behold, now is the day of salvation." The Lord help you to trust only in Christ, and you shall be saved for his sake.

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