In the death of Sr. Slo.

SERMON BY REV. A. J. GORDON

THE BLESSED DEAD.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, for these are the words of Eternal Life."—John vii. 51.

"I knew a very holy priest"—Reverend A. J. Gordon.

Nothing is more wonderful to think of than the death of Christ. The death of Christ not only took upon him the death of sin, but also translated men out of darkness.

The death of Christ was the death of sin, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world. It was the death of darkness, and the death of the world.
One has just gone from our life...with his life wounds too many to mention. We have known of those beauties of the liv-...he was "meek" and "merciful," all in his heart...a mourner, and "poor in spirit." He has gone now to wear that last great garment, the garment of his peace, that die in the Lord. As our thoughts follow him within the veil, as with the yearning of a bereaved flock whose shepherd has been taken away...if you speak of his passing, after he had made you feel...in his glory? What vision of God and Christ is he enjoying? What greetings from departed friends has he heard? Does he remember us and our homes? Does he ask...standing on the very brink of the great questions press upon your mind so painfully...like a wave breaking against the rocks...soul to...thoughts growing too old for such a burden...this to himself...thus yet most comforting declarations concerning the state of the blessed dead contained in the text.

"They rest from their labors." We are God to speak to you from heaven...the child of a tired and toilsome life is ever, earth's sorrow that felt as heavily upon him...the shadow of that...far; it darkened his whole soul...be in his glory? What vision of God and Christ is he enjoying? What greetings from departed friends has he heard? Does he remember us and our homes? Does he ask...standing on the very brink of the great questions press upon your mind so painfully...like a wave breaking against the rocks...soul to...thoughts growing too old for such a burden...this to himself...thus yet most comforting declarations concerning the state of the blessed dead contained in the text.

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good which one does lives and propagates itself in endless blessing on the race. But
this is not what is said in the text:—"Their seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and they shall spread abroad from one
along with them, when they die in the Lord. No other works can pass the gates of death. The treasures of the king, the cunning of the wise, the leaving of the wife and concubine, the gold and silver of the merchant, all these must be left behind. 'It is pomp which cannot
follow the man of prudence, nor beauty the man of riches.' But as long as his work is immortal souls will be forever meeting that work and rejoicing in it in glory. Every foot which he stamped with the symbol of his name shall be brought up to him in heavier and fresher instalment of it.

Imagine now how many have been converted through the labors of this holy man. The five of the Lord’s witnesses, the baptismal sign which his hands placed upon them: of the living and the dead, what thrones are his spiritual workmanship in the Lord’s kingdom to be found. How his example, his story, his...