

die the death of the righteous, do not forget, you must not fail to live the righteous life. Balaam desired the former but he failed essentially because he did not conform to the latter. Dr. Peddie lived for Christ; to-night we can say in reference to him, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." But wherein does this blessedness consist? Has "the voice of God's providence" a message for us here? Yes. The blessedness consists mainly, I doubt not, in the changed conditions. How superior must heaven to earth be! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." When I lived, as I did in the early years of my ministry, in the west, that is in the state of Illinois, I shall not forget the impression a certain sight would make upon my mind. In the days of pioneer work the settlers would content themselves with dwellings which were little more than a shelter from the elements. The old log shanty or frame

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

We are very proud of our beautiful homes on earth, homes so grandly embellished, as many are, by all the adornments of refinement and taste; but, so far as we have an account of the glories of the "better land," we can safely aver that Heaven surpasses far more transcendently the finest mansions, not only on these streets around us, but of the old world and the new than the most splendid abodes of the world surpass the humble domicile of earth. How little we can say about Heaven. The Lord has not been pleased to gratify our idle curiosity. He has, however, clearly shown us how to reach it. The "Mansions in the skies" are now at our disposal. If we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all our hearts as our personal Redeemer, our name shall be written in the

making the address he had prepared and after a few remarks, called on Rev. Dr. R. A. Edwards, to pronounce the Benediction.

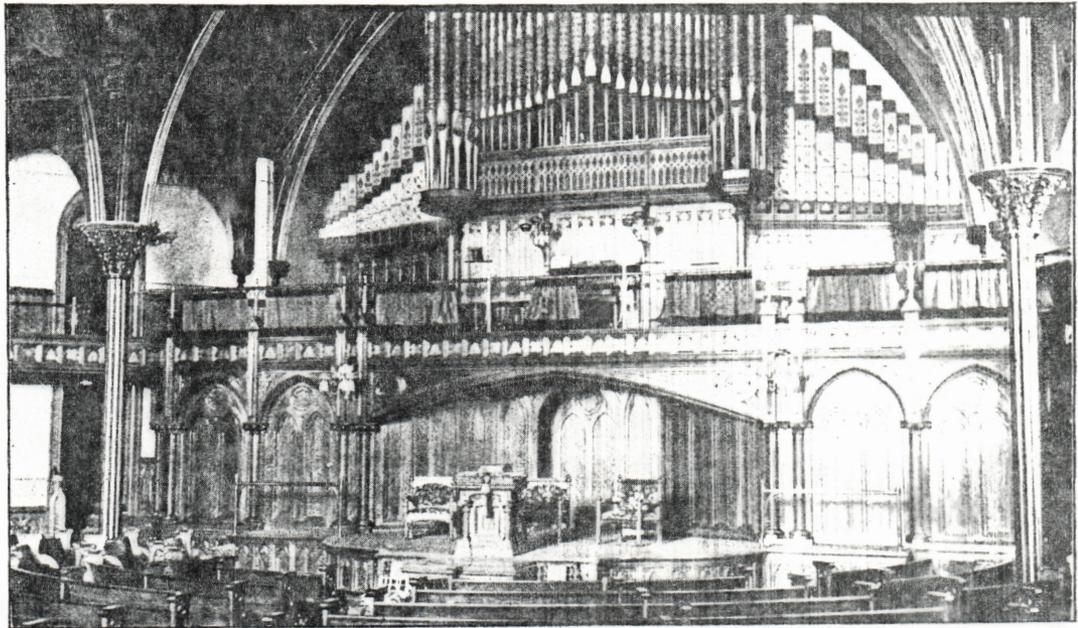
IN MEMORIAM.

Death, art thou friend, or art thou foe?
Thou who hast laid our loved one low!
Great angel, we are stricken,—dumb!
So swiftly, silently, thou'rt come.

We wished him Happy New Year,—none
Dreamed that his earthly life was done,
His heavenly guerdon almost won.

Sincere the wish? Then dry all tears;
Beyond the reach of clouds or fears,
Where change is not, or wan distress,
Has come indeed his happiness.

And "New Year"—mock'ry in the word
On earth, where nothing new is heard!
How many souls while yet they frame
The New Year wish, find still the same
Old times, with but a different name.



structure was considered as all-sufficient for their every want. But the Lord prospered the work of their hands. Through the increase in the value of land and for other reasons wealth began to flow into their hands. As a consequence, new ideas came with the enlarged possessions. A new house must be built. The old gave place to the new. An air of refinement made itself manifest. But these sturdy farmers, those sons and daughters of the soil, did not forget those former struggles. The old homestead was ordained to remain that the contrast between the present and the past might be apparent. How much this reminds us of heaven. Oh, the blessedness of that glorious abode. "Oh, what will it be to be there?" Yes, there—as Muhlenberg has so sweetly expressed it, "Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,

Lamb's Book of Life, and we shall be made heirs to "the inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, unfaded in the skies." When we enter upon our inheritance, we shall then know what is the meaning of the expression: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Your beloved Pastor knows it now. But the last of the verse is also true: "Their works do follow them." Dr. Peddie's works are before us to night. You are here to testify concerning him. If this edifice be indeed an appropriate monument, much more your Christian lives. Seek then, beloved brothers and sisters, to make it more and more apparent that you are indeed fulfilling in your lives in relation to the late occupant of this vacant chair, the declaration of Holy Writ: "He being dead, yet speaketh." May God bless you all. Amen!

But, loving hearts, *this* wish came true.
His happy year is also new.
What joys undreamt of, now arise
In that new home of Paradise.

Dear friend, the chariot that in state
Bore thee from earth, left us to wait
In shadow dark, yet fain would we
Rejoice that thou the light dost see.

Such was thy habit,—self was naught.
For others many an anxious thought
Thy strong heart bowed, and dimmed the eye
With tears of active sympathy.

Much art thou loved, and one and all
Hasten thy good deeds to recall.
And of thy virtues quickly see
Greatest and best, "sweet charity."

Not great as human greatness goes,
But great in leaving friends, not foes.
Thy soul reached out to hearts a cold,
And wooed them gently to the fold.

Of the Great Shepherd; to whose name
Thou didst ascribe whatever fame