

# *The Metropolitan Tabernacle*

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BELOVED, AND YET AFFLICTED

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*Notes of a Sermon*

by

**C. H. SPURGEON**

**Preached before an audience of invalid ladies  
at Menton, France.**

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*“Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.”*  
*[John 11:13]*

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THAT disciple whom Jesus loved is not at all backward to record that Jesus loved Lazarus too: there are no jealousies among those who are chosen by the Well-beloved. Jesus loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus: it is a happy thing where a whole family live in the love of Jesus. They were a favoured trio, and yet, as the serpent came into Paradise, so did sorrow enter their quiet household at Bethany. Lazarus was sick. They all felt that if Jesus were there disease would flee at His presence; what then should they do but let Him know of their trial? Lazarus was near to death's door, and so his tender sisters at once reported the fact to Jesus, saying, “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.” Many a time since then has that same message been sent to our Lord, for in full many a case He has chosen His people in the furnace of affliction. Of the Master it is said, “Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses,” and it is, therefore, no extraordinary thing for the members to be in this matter conformed to their Head.

I. Notice, first, **A FACT** mentioned in the text: “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.” The sisters were somewhat astonished that it should be so, for the word ‘behold’ implies a measure of surprise. “*We* love him, and would make him well directly: *thou* lovest him, and yet he remains sick, Thou canst heal him with a word, why then is thy loved one sick?” Have not you, dear sick friend, often wondered how your painful or lingering disease could be consistent with your being chosen, and called, and made one with Christ? I dare say this has greatly perplexed you, and yet in very truth it is by no means strange, but a thing to be expected.

We need not be astonished that the man whom the Lord loves is sick, for *he is only a man*. The love of Jesus does not separate us from the common necessities and infirmities of human life. Men of God are still men. The covenant of grace is not a charter of exemption from consumption, or rheumatism, or asthma. The bodily ills, which come upon us because of our flesh, will attend us to the tomb, for Paul saith, “We that are in this body do groan.”

Those whom the Lord loves are the more likely to be sick, since they are *under a peculiar discipline*. It is written, “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” Affliction of some sort is one of the marks of the true-born child of God, and it frequently happens that the trial takes the form of illness. Shall we therefore wonder that we have to take our turn in the sick chamber? If Job, and David, and Hezekiah must each one smart, who are we that we should be amazed because we are in ill-health?

Nor is it remarkable that we are sick if we reflect upon the *great benefit which often flows from it to ourselves*. I do not know what peculiar improvement may have been wrought in Lazarus, but many a disciple of Jesus would have been of small use if he had not been afflicted. Strong men are apt to be harsh, imperious, and unsympathetic, and therefore they need to be put into the furnace, and melted down. I have known Christian women who would never have been so gentle, tender, wise, experienced, and holy if they had not been mellowed by physical pain. There are fruits in God’s garden as well as in man’s which never ripen till they are bruised. Young women who are apt to be volatile, conceited, or talkative, are often trained to be full of sweetness and light by sickness after sickness, by which they are taught to sit at Jesus’ feet. Many have been able to say with the psalmist, “It is good for me to have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.” For this reason even such as are

highly favoured and blessed among women may feel a sword piercing through their hearts.

Oftentimes this sickness of the Lord's loved ones is *for the good of others*. Lazarus was permitted to be sick and to die, that by his death and resurrection the apostles might be benefited. His sickness was 'for the glory of God.' Throughout these nineteen hundred years which have succeeded Lazarus' sickness all believers have been getting good out of it, and this afternoon we are all the better because he languished and died. The church and the world may derive immense advantage through the sorrows of good men: the careless may be awakened, the doubting may be convinced, the ungodly may be converted, the mourner may be comforted through our testimony in sickness; and if so, would we wish to avoid pain and weakness? Are we not quite willing that our friends should say of us also "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick"?

**II.** Our text, however, not only records a fact, but mentions **A REPORT** of that fact: the sisters sent and told Jesus. Let us keep up a constant correspondence with our Lord about everything.

*“Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy heart is faint;  
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.”*

Jesus knows all about us, but *it is a great relief to pour out our hearts before Him*. When John the Baptist's broken-hearted disciples saw their leader beheaded, "they took up the body, and went and told Jesus." They could not have done better. In all trouble send a message to Jesus, and do not keep your misery to yourself. In His case there is no need of reserve, there is no fear of His treating you with cold pride, or heartless indifference, or cruel treachery. He is a confidant who never can betray us, a friend who never will refuse us.

There is this fair hope about telling Jesus, that *He is sure to support us under it*. If you go to Jesus, and ask, "Most gracious Lord, why am I sick? I thought I was useful while in health, and now I can do nothing; why is this?" He may be pleased to show you why, or, if not, He will make you willing to bear His will with patience without knowing why. He can bring his truth to your mind to cheer you, or strengthen your heart by His presence, or send you unexpected comforts, and give you to glory in your afflictions. "Ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us." Not in vain did Mary and Martha send to tell Jesus, and not in vain do any seek His face.

Remember, too, that *Jesus may give healing*. It would not be wise to live by a supposed faith, and cast off the physician and his medicines, any more than to discharge the butcher, and the tailor, and expect to be fed and clothed by faith; but this would be far better than forgetting the Lord altogether, and trusting to man only. Healing for both body and soul must be sought from God. We make use of medicines, but these can do nothing apart from the Lord, “who healeth all our diseases.” We may tell Jesus about our aches and pains, and gradual declinings, and hacking coughs.

Some persons are afraid to go to God about their health: they pray for the pardon of sin, but dare not ask the Lord to remove a headache: and, yet, surely, if the hairs outside our head are all numbered by God it is not much more of a condescension for Him to relieve throbs and pressures inside the head. Our big things must be very little to the great God, and our little things cannot be much less. It is a proof of the greatness of the mind of God that while ruling the heavens and the earth, He is not so absorbed by these great concerns as to be forgetful of the least pain or want of any one of His poor children.

We may go to Him about our failing breath, for He first gave us lungs and life. We may tell Him about the eye which grows dim, and the ear which loses hearing, for He made them both. We may mention the swollen knee, and the gathering finger, the stiff neck, and the sprained foot, for He made all these our members, redeemed them all, and will raise them all from the grave. Go at once, and say, “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.”

**III.** Thirdly, let us notice in the case of Lazarus **A RESULT** which we should not have expected. No doubt when Mary and Martha sent to tell Jesus they looked to see Lazarus recover as soon as the messenger reached the Master; but they were not gratified. For two days the Lord remained in the same place, and not till He knew that Lazarus was dead did He speak of going to Judæa. This teaches us that Jesus may be informed of our trouble, and yet may act as if He were indifferent to it. We must not expect in every case that prayer for recovery will be answered, for if so, nobody would die who had chick or child, friend or acquaintance to pray for him. In our prayers for the lives of beloved children of God we must not forget that there is one prayer which may be crossing ours, for Jesus prays, “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” We pray that they may remain with us, but when we recognize that Jesus wants them above, what can we do but admit His larger claim and say, “Not as I will, but

as thou wilt”? In our own case, we may pray the Lord to raise us up, and yet though He loves us He may permit us to grow worse and worse, and at last to die. Hezekiah had fifteen years added to his life, but we may not gain the reprieve of a single day. Never set such store by the life of any one dear to you, or even by your own life, as to be rebellious against the Lord. If you hold the life of any dear one with too tight a hand, you are making a rod for your own back; and if you love your own earthly life too well, you are making a thorny pillow for your dying bed. Children are often idols, and in such cases their too ardent lovers are idolaters. We might as well make a god of clay, and worship it, as the Hindus are said to do, as worship our fellow creatures, for what are they but clay? Shall dust be so dear to us that we quarrel with our God about it? If our Lord leaves us to suffer, let us not repine. He must do that for us which is kindest and best, for He loves us better than we love ourselves.

Did I hear you say, “Yes, Jesus allowed Lazarus to die, *but He raised him up again*”? I answer, He is the resurrection and the life to us also. Be comforted concerning the departed, “Thy brother shall rise again,” and all of us whose hope is in Jesus shall partake in our Lord’s resurrection. Not only shall our souls live, but our bodies, too, shall be raised incorruptible. The grave will serve as a refining pot, and this vile body shall come forth vile no longer. Some Christians are greatly cheered by the thought of living till the Lord comes, and so escaping death. I confess that I think this no great gain, for so far from having any preference over them that are asleep, those who are alive and remain at His coming will miss one point of fellowship, in not dying and rising like their Lord. Beloved, all things are yours, and death is expressly mentioned in the list, therefore do not dread it, but rather “long for evening to undress, that you may rest with God.”

**IV.** I will close with **A QUESTION** — “Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus” — does Jesus in a special sense love you? Alas, many sick ones have no evidence of any special love of Jesus towards them, for they have never sought His face, nor trusted in Him. Jesus might say to them “I never knew you,” for they have turned their backs upon His blood and His cross.

Answer, dear friend, to your own heart this question, “Do you love Jesus?” If so, you love Him because He first loved you. Are you trusting Him? If so, that faith of yours is the proof that He has loved you from before the foundation of the world, for faith is the token by which He plights His troth to His beloved.

If Jesus loves you, and you are sick, let all the world see how you glorify God in your sickness. Let friends and nurses see how the beloved of the Lord are cheered and comforted by Him. Let your holy resignation astonish them, and set them admiring your Beloved, who is so gracious to you that He makes you happy in pain, and joyful at the gates of the grave. If your religion is worth anything it ought to support you now, and it will compel unbelievers to see that he whom the Lord loveth is in better case when he is sick than the ungodly when full of health and vigour.

If you do not know that Jesus loves you, you lack the brightest star that can cheer the night of sickness. I hope you will not die as you now are, and pass into another world without enjoying the love of Jesus: that would be a terrible calamity indeed. Seek His face at once, and it may be that your present sickness is a part of the way of love by which Jesus would bring you to Himself. Lord, heal all these sick ones in soul and in body. *Amen*

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*Towards the end of Mr Spurgeon's life, when his health was in decline, he wrote a number of letters to the readers of his printed sermons. These were usually printed at the end of the weekly 'Penny Pulpits' and by this means his readers were regularly updated with regard to the Pastor's physical condition. In keeping with the subject matter of this particular sermon, and also because of its brevity, we have included a selection of these letters, aptly described as 'Suffering Letters.'*

“Dear Friends — In this, the beginning of another year [1891], I find myself in Menton gradually recovering health, after a period of pain and weakness. To begin Vol. 37. of weekly sermons has fallen to the lot of no other man. I am grateful for the peculiar privilege; and all the more so because all the previous thirty-six volumes continue to be purchased and read, and preached. I beg each friendly reader to breathe a prayer for the preacher, and for these hundreds of discourses, that the Lord may use both the living voice and the printed page to His own glory, and to the salvation of men. Man's thoughts change, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever; and this is the Word which in these sermons is preached to men. May the Holy Ghost own the testimony! Wishing to all my readers A HAPPY NEW YEAR, I am, their servant for Christ's sake, C.H. Spurgeon.”

“ Although far away from my usual congregation, I am not without some little comforting and guiding work to do among those whom my Master leads to this place. This sermon is quite in harmony with what I have had to say to seekers and feeble ones here. “He fashioneth their hearts alike”: there is a family likeness in the Lord’s people wherever we meet them. The same truth also suits believers of every nation: all nations can live upon bread. It is a great delight to minister consolation; had we nothing else to do, a pastor’s life would be spent in green pastures by the still waters. We never carry the lambs in our bosom without feeling our heart grow warmer. All the spiritual help we render comes back to us in the most effectual manner: here to water others is to be watered yourself. The river which refreshes the fields is not dry itself.

Wherefore, our word from our retreat to all who are one with us in the Lord’s service is on this wise, ‘*Comfort the feeble-minded. Support the weak.*’ In doing this, you shall yourselves be comforted and supported. Hands that now hang down will, by God’s grace, be lifted up, if they are used to raise others from the ground. Try this prescription, ye that are yourselves cast down! It is recommended by the preacher. — C.H.S.”

*Menton, January 3, 1891*

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“Dear Friends, — I hope soon to return to my pulpit in renewed strength. I have great joy in hearing from readers that the sermons which I have issued from my place of rest have been much appreciated by them. It will be a luxury to speak again in the name of the Lord in the great congregation; but prayer is earnestly asked that the Word may be with power. I beg a special petition on my behalf as the reader finishes this sermon.

Your needy fellow-servant, C.H. Spurgeon.” *Menton, January 9, 1891.*

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*The following letter, written by MR. SPURGEON, was read at the Tabernacle last Lord’s day, September 13 (1891). There has been no material alteration in the dear sufferer’s condition since he wrote this note: —*

**“Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, Sept. 13, 1891.**

Dear Friends, — I cannot write much; but I cannot withhold my heart and my pen from saying, ‘O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name

together!' This week has, by its fine weather, set me free from a three months' captivity. Those believers of all denominations who so lovingly prayed for me will now help me to praise the Lord. Verily, the living God heareth prayer.

I fear my doctors would have a mournful tale to tell of my disease, and from inward consciousness I must agree with them; but I *feel* better, and I get into the open-air, and therefore I hope my face is turned toward recovery. Reading, writing, thinking, etc., are not yet easy to me. I am forced to vegetate. I fear it will be long before I can be at my beloved work.

I send my hearty love to you all, and my humble gratitude to that great army of praying people, who have been heard of the Lord in their cries for the prolongation of my life. May we believe more, pray more, and therefore receive more!

Yours, in bonds of true affection, **C.H. Spurgeon.**"

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*The following letter, written by MR. SPURGEON to the congregation at the Tabernacle last Lord's Day, will give the latest information as to his progress towards recovery:*

**"Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, Sept. 20, 1891.**

Beloved Friends, — May this Sabbath be a high day with you! May this be a day wherein the Good Shepherd shall find His lost sheep, and lay them on His shoulders rejoicing! Mr. Fullerton, whom I greatly love in the Lord, has won many souls abroad; may he again have many gracious captives among us at home!

I would not write of myself, only you want to know, and you desire to know all that I can tell. I am sitting up this morning to write you before the doctor comes at 8.30 and so I cannot tell what he will say of me. The affectionate and effectual prayers of the saints dragged me back to life, and only by the same means shall I recover strength. I will not touch upon my present affliction, you will guess at it when I say that, although the stairs to my bedchamber are very easy, I cannot ascend them, but have to be carried up by others. The heart as yet will not endure even that small climb, therefore I need your prayers still; and I know I shall have them, for your love never ceases.

You have kept together most lovingly during the four months now nearly over; can you abide my further absence, which is painful to me, and yet absolutely needed? The Lord grant it, I shall come among you fit for service, but it cannot be for months. The Lord does not give half-mercies. He will perfect that which concerneth us. How He has heard prayer! Had I died, all infidelity would have noted it as a proof that prayer was useless: we have a right now to score one on the other side. *You* would have been much discouraged if prayer had not been answered; and it is fair that now you should be equally encouraged and established in your confidence in the prayer-hearing Jehovah.

The Lord bless every one of you! Let our love continue in all patience of hope.  
Yours ever heartily, **C. H. Spurgeon.**”

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**“Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, Sept. 27, 1891.**

Dear Friends, — Every time I see a church officer I am cheered by tidings of your good condition as a church and people. In this there is joy to me. May our Lord keep us evermore united in love, fervent in prayer, and diligent in service!

As for myself, I have made no progress this week, but have rather gone backward than forward. When a man cannot eat, how can he gather strength? I should have left home for the seaside if I had felt equal to the effort; but I am without energy, and must stay where I am. Oh, that I could be among you! But I must be patient and wait our Father’s will. Your prayers included health and strength for me, and these I shall yet have; for mere life is scarcely a blessing without them. May I beg you to continue in supplication? I am sure you will.

If sharp pruning makes fruit-bearing branches bring forth more fruit, it is not a thing to be lamented when the great Vine-dresser turns His knife upon us. If I may in the end be more useful to you, and to those who come in and out among us, I shall rejoice in the woes which I have endured. May you each one when tried with sickness improve your school-time, that you may be the sooner able to learn and know all the Master’s mind!

God bless you this day by my dear brother, A. G. Brown. May he be happy in your midst, and may God be glorified! Few are the men like-minded with Mr. Brown, a

brother tried and proved. Peace be to you and to your families! Yours most lovingly, **C. H. Spurgeon.**”

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*The following letter from MR. SPURGEON to the congregation at the Tabernacle, will show friends the progress he is making. He bore the journey well; and at the time this note was sent to the printers, there was, on the whole, a little improvement in his condition: —*

**“Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, Oct. 3, 1891.**

Dear Friends, — I write a line on Saturday because the bright sun has tempted me to get to the sea-side, and I could not write you in time if I did not write *now*. As I have lost almost entirely my powers of eating, I feel it is time to do something, and I steal away to the sea in the hope that God will there revive me.

Your sacred unity and zeal are daily a comfort to me. Oh, that I could be well, and serve you without a pause; but perhaps I am worth all the more as a worker because I have so fully been a sufferer!

I am sure you will continue your prayers for me. May our God bless every one of you! Yours most lovingly, **C. H. Spurgeon.**”

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“ Beloved readers of Spurgeon’s Sermons — I desire my hearty love to you all. You are the outer ring of my congregation, and are far more numerous than those to whom I speak with my voice. With many of you I feel well acquainted, for you have cheered me by letter, and by your practical help to my many institutions, and I owe more than I can tell to your prayers. Thank you much. To you all I send sincere good wishes, desiring that the sermons may be spiritually profitable to you, and that the best blessing of the Triune God may be your heritage.

I am far away in body, but not in spirit. I am a sick man physically, but in heart I am strong in the Lord. A great waste of life-force still weakens me; but it is not so great as it was, and HE who has spared my life will in His own right time spare me this weakening of my strength by the way. It is a great trial to be unable to preach in the pulpit, but it is no small comfort to be able to preach through the press. By the aid of friends, the discourses which I delivered in former times have been piloted through the press in a masterly manner, and would continue to be forthcoming for several years even if I were taken home to God; for hundreds of

manuscripts are in my publishers' stores. This is a happy reflection to me, for it is my life to proclaim the everlasting gospel of the grace of God, and so I shall live and speak long after I am dead.

Will each kind reader do me the great service of increasing my congregation by increasing the circulation of the sermons? The loan of a copy, or a kindly word, may win me another reader, to whom the message may be life, or light, or liberty. I earnestly desire a still wider audience. If I could not myself preach, I think that the next best thing would be to spread the sermons of one whose words were useful to my own heart. Please do not *think of* fulfilling my desire, but DO IT.

It is so many years since these sermons began to be issued (thirty-seven years nearly) that I cannot but look back with gratitude, and forward with hope. Better days may yet come. It may be we shall live to see a reaction in favour of the old gospel; if not, we will many of us die contending for it.

O Lord, plead Thine own cause!" I am, dear readers, your fellow-servant in gospel work, **C. H. Spurgeon**" *Menton, Nov. 7, 1891*

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"To the readers of my sermons:—

My Dear Friends, — This morning I read in The Times that 'Mr. Spurgeon is rapidly recovering.' These words exactly describe what I am *not* doing. The symptoms are the same as when I was at home. I am tossed up and down upon the waves of my disease, and what is thought progress today is gone tomorrow. I have seasons of utter prostration. Always weak, it seems at times that I have no strength whatever, and must altogether collapse.

*I shall recover*, for this is the tenor of the prayers which our God has so far answered; but there are no traces or signs of anything *rapid* about my condition. *Emphatically*, any advance I make is the *slowest of all slow things*. I write this at once, to prevent disappointment to sanguine friends. I know not why I should be the object of so much tender sympathy, but as I am thus privileged I would have a sensitive regard for the feelings of such benefactors, and warn them against statements for which there is no basis in truth. Their friend remains feeble, and has no hasty recovery to expect.

Please continue prayer. Have great patience. Relieve me of anxiety as to the institutions; and praise God for what he has already done. Your deeply-indebted servant, for Christ's sake. **C. H. Spurgeon.**" *Menton, Nov. 21, 1891.*

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**“My Dear Friends,** — The last month of the year is upon us, and mercy, like a river, continues to flow side by side with the pathway of our lives. It is for us to abide faithful to our Lord and to His truth, since He is ever faithful to His promise and to His covenant. We should be foolish indeed if we sought for other comfort or confidence than that which we daily find in Jehovah, our God. In HIM let us remain steadfast, immovable, while life remains.

I hope I am climbing the hill of returning strength. As yet I have hardly crept upward enough to be quite sure that I am, on the whole, a little above where I was when I left home. My publishers wished to begin the year with a portrait, and I submitted to be taken off; but the result is too painful. I do not think that any of my friends would wish to see the picture twice. To those who meet me I do not appear to be much the worse for wear; but when I sit down before the camera, the unflattering sun puts down details of countenance which it would not be pleasing to remember. So the publishers must wait a little, as they will right cheerfully.

I mention this that I may ask a continuance of the prayers of the sermon readers. I am anxious to be soon in my place, or at least to be making progress toward fitness for it. Meanwhile, may our Lord use these printed sermons for the good of His church and cause!

Yours very truly, **C. H. Spurgeon.** *Menton, Dec. 5, 1891,”*

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*Letter printed at the end of the printed sermon ‘Is God in the Camp?’*

“Beloved Friends, The one want of the church in these times is indicated by the title of this sermon. The presence of God, in saving power, in the church, will put an end to the present plague of infidelity. Men will not doubt His Word when they feel His spirit. It will be the only security for the success of missionary effort. If God be with His people, they will soon see crowds converted and added to the church. For a thousand reasons, we need that Jehovah should come into the camp, as aforetime He visited and delivered His people from bondage in Egypt.

Could we not all unite in prayer for this as fervently as all united in prayer for my life? It is a far greater and more necessary subject for intercession, and the Lord will not be slow to hear us. Come to thy church O Lord, in fullness of power to save! If the Great Advent is not yet, indulge us with outpourings of grace, and times of refreshing! Oh, that all Christendom would take up this pleading, and continue it until the answer came!

Receive, dear readers, my hearty salutations. Personally, I scarcely make progress during this broken weather; but the doctor says I hold my own, and that is more than he could have expected. Whether I live or die, I would say, in the words of Israel to Joseph, 'God shall be with you.' Yours ever heartily, **C.H. Spurgeon.**"  
*Menton Jan.9.1892.*

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"My Dear Readers, Your weekly preacher is still weakly; but though his progress towards strength is slow, it has been steadily maintained during the late trying weather. When we consider how many have died, your chaplain is very grateful to be alive, to be able to send forth his usual discourse from the press, and to be, as he hopes, half an inch nearer to his pulpit. Happy will he count himself when he is able to preach with the living voice.

*Would it not be well for all the churches to hold special meetings for prayer concerning the deadly scourge of influenza?* The suggestion has, no doubt, been made by others; but I venture to press it upon Christians of all denominations that they may, in turn, urge all their pastors to summon such meetings. Our nation is fast learning to forget God. In too many instances ministers of religion have propagated doubt, and the result is a general hardening of the popular feeling, and a greatly increased neglect of public worship. It is written, 'When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.' Let us, who believe in inspired Scripture, unite our prayers that it may be even so. With a court and a nation in deepest mourning\*, it is a time to cry mightily unto the Lord.

I have been able again to revise a sermon without assistance. It is upon Psalm cv.37; and, if the Lord will, it will be published next week. Yours in deep sympathy with all the sick and the bereaved. **C.H. Spurgeon.**" *Menton, Jan. 17, 1892.*

\* Prince Albert Victor, Queen Victoria's grandson, died of pneumonia as a complication of influenza on 14<sup>th</sup> January 1892.

*The above correspondence is in chronological order, and only a fortnight after the final letter the following notice was written by Passmore & Alabaster:*

“It is with profound regret that the publishers record the death of the beloved pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He was called to his rest, at Menton, on Sunday, January 31<sup>st</sup> at 11pm. To all who were privileged to know Mr Spurgeon, this event has come as a great sorrow; a sorrow which will certainly be shared by every reader of the weekly sermons.

*“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” - Rev xiv. 13*