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you: * I, your Father, am yet alive; I gave you your departed friend; I fent every benefit which was conveyed thro' him; trust me for bleffings yet in store; trust me with him, and with yourselves.'

Whatever notions one who lives without God in the world may form of dying, We should learn from his word to regard it merely as a translation,—a change in which nothing is lost which is really valuable. As furely as we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so surely do we believe that them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. † Taught of God, we should view losses, sickness, pain, and death, but as the several trying stages by which a good man, like Jofeph, is conducted from a tent to a court, Sin his disorder; Christ his physician; Pain his medicine; the Bible his support; the Grave his bed; and Death itself an Angel, expressly sent to release the worn-out Labourer, or crown the lathful Soldier. I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, bleffed

Isa. li, 12. † 1 Thess. iv. 14.