

the gift of the Spirit of Nature who beautified and sanctified creation in the morning of the world.

His text: "I shall not die but live," sounded a deep balm for other hearts than his own wounded one, as these sweet words of consolation were expounded as follows:

Those who are passing through the valley of the shadow have reached the veil where the truth of the hereafter shall begin to have a deeper revelation for them; where the moss-covered stones and tablets with their luring texts give place to the golden ones over which a hand moves silently; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances which was against them; obliterating the record of their lives, and writing over it 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,'
"I shall not die but live."

This hope of immortality has been a flame of light that has ever shone in every sky, a tree of life that has ever blossomed, budded and brought forth fruit in the rocky soil, a guiding star that has ever led men to the new-born life of purity.

Eternity is graven upon the walls of every soul; the soul that shall spring forth