

more sparing in the bestowal of their favors. So we are never satisfied. Our happiness is never complete. But when we get to heaven nothing will be lacking, we shall have of joys a boundless store—"Fulness of joy."

3. Another quality of the bliss of heaven is its variety. "At thy right hand there are pleasures." Here, even in the most delightful enjoyments our hearts crave variety. The sweetest music, whether vocal or instrumental, if heard incessantly for a single day would weary us. We soon become tired of the most eloquent and mellifluous speech, even when the theme is the most interesting and important. Even in the worship of God we must have variety, or we become oppressed with monotony. And, then, what one person feasts on often affords but little pleasure to another. Variety is a necessary ingredient in the cup of our earthly happiness. And I doubt not but it will be so in heaven. But there there is no monotony. Its bliss consists not of one pleasure but of pleasures—pleasures as varied as the capacities and tastes of the redeemed multitude out of all nations and ages. Like the Bible, which, while stating the self-same truth, is universal in its adaptation, the joys of heaven while flowing from only one source, will be infinite in their variety.

4. The fourth character of the bliss of heaven consists in its perpetuity. "At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Earthly enjoyments are fleeting as the moments of our sojourn here. They are like the flowers of the field—born only to bloom and die. Like the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, too, our most loved joys are often the most short-lived. While enjoying them we are sometimes made sad by the thought they cannot last long. But it is the crowning joy of heaven that on all its pleasures is written, in characters so large and luminous that the weakest eyes can read them, "forever." It has been well said by good old Thomas Brooks: "All earthly comforts and contents are but like a fair picture that is drawn upon ice, which continueth not, or like the morning cloud, that soon passeth away; but a believer's inheritance endureth forever. When this world shall be no more, when time shall be no more, the inheritance of the saints shall be fresh, flourishing, and continuing." It is the heaven of heaven, that its pleasures last forever. Oh, think of this, ye suffering, sorrowing, toiling people of God! A few days of looking up through eyes dimmed with tears and then to be forever where God himself shall wipe all tears from every eye. A few days of sickness, and then to enter into the enjoyment of eternal health. A few days of toil, and then to enter into that rest which remains for the people of God. A few days of exile, and then to enter into that home which Jesus has gone to prepare for us. Yes, only a few more days of