

angels and God—praise that will receive its brightest garland amid shivering worlds, and the plaudits of ransomed hosts and seraphic throngs. If attracted by the mansions and the trappings and the golden toys of the present, they are more, far more attracted by yonder glory-palms, by the “white robe” that God’s heroes wear, and by the palaces amid Zion’s hills and along Eden’s highways—highways by the spoiler forever untrodden. While attracted by the dear, loving, wilting friends of time, they are more attracted by the dear, ever-young friends of eternity. For many reasons their hearts are set on heaven. Laying their ear upon the shores of earth’s continents, and listening, they hear the rumbling of the funeral clods upon the coffins of the dead, and the sigh and the groan of the broken hearted; turning the Bible into an ear trumpet, they lay it on the shores of the angel land, and listening, hear no rumbling of funeral clods, no groan of broken hearts, and contrasting earth with heaven they often long to be there where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;” and “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.” They often long to be gone,

“From grief and groan, to a golden throne
Beside the King of Heaven.”

Who among us belong to the upright?—Does your preacher belong to this class? He has not forgotten the days of other years, when in another land, he was impressed with the necessity of a soul interest in things divine, by the simple, solemn words of his aged grandfather. He has not forgotten when all the little powers of his young soul laid hold on God—and to-day although far from the land and the years when his first vows were made, he can look up to his Father God and say, “I know whom I have believed.” Do those aged men and women belong to this class? Dear friends the shadow of the tomb is on your brow. How is it with your soul? *Young woman* do you belong to this class? Have you seen yourself in another mirror than that which speaks of physical loveliness? Is your life moulded by a higher etiquette than Chesterfield ever taught? The world is full of rosebushes and China sets, pianos and editions of Byron and Bulwer, and gold rings and lovers, but on such things, souls starve and die. *Young man* do you belong to