

that God whose eternal temple we must enter *through* the grave.

But there are graves of another kind. Is not each man's heart a grave, wherein lies buried many a sad and mournful memory? Many bright and glorious forms fill our youthful hearts, making all around us seem glad and merry with their presence. As in the healthful child of half-a-dozen years we see no symptoms of decay and death, so we deem that these visions and hopes of our youth will last forever. But time, as its years roll on, spares them not. One by one they fade, they die; and in our hearts they make their tomb, chilling them with the chill of death. And often what pangs of fearful agony are there, ere they thus sink to rest in that cold sleep! When some fond affection, that the heart hath cherished as its dearest, holiest treasure, is blighted, scorned, betrayed—all the bright dreams and visions of a whole life changed to a dread desolation,—long and bitter are the sufferings of that heart, ere the spirit that had so beautiful, so glorious, so loved a form, can die.—And, oh! when their grave is in the heart, what a dreary blank and void all around it seem!

Over our churchyard graves the green grass grows, and many a flower of beauty to deck the pillows of the dead, and breathe a perfume around their resting place. And are there no flowers of the heart that bloom over the graves of buried hopes and loves? Sweet and holy flowers are there of gentle and beautiful thoughts,—thoughts that spring from the chastened heart, as water from the stricken rock,—thoughts that shed their own sad sweetness over many a poet's page, thoughts that have borne with them many a heart from this poor earth, to the heaven that ever shed a brightness over the darkened spirit. And as the flowers in our churchyard seem to whisper of life even at the grave, so do these funeral flowers also tell that those affections and earnest longings of the soul, though lost to us for a little time, will one day live again; that though they are now in a sleep from which there is no earthly awaking, they will rise again, and in a form more pure, more holy, and more heavenly.

I will never believe that those earthly children of a heavenly love were formed but to perish. Flowers were they from heaven, and though in the sinful soil of our hearts they withered and died, when we are borne into their own warm climate, beneath their own sunny sky, and the dry ground of our souls is

watered by the blood of redeeming mercy, then will those flowers again revive, and blossom, and spread abroad their green branches, and bear glorious fruit,—the fruit of love, and peace, and consolation.

And there are too in our hearts—less gloomy and mournful in their nature—graves of thought. Is there not buried there many a lovely and gentle thought, that has come, surely, from a better world, to shed a momentary ray of joy and brightness on our spirits? They have passed through our minds so quickly that we have scarce known them; for in the rude sinfulness of our nature, they found no home or resting-place for their own pure essences; and so they died almost ere they were born. But in our hearts have they made their graves, and over their sepulchres also have sprung flowers—flowers that have given promise of their rising. For in that day when the graves shall be opened, and the fetters of death broken,—when our bodies shall arise from the loathsome bed of corruption, clothed in a glorious immortality,—then also shall there be an awakening of the heart, and from the depths in which they lie buried, shall be called forth each dream and vision that hath haunted the spirit, and every thought shall be arraigned—a fearful array—before the tribunal of the Judge. And then shall those on whom the blood hath been sprinkled be changed, even as our bodies shall be changed; and those dearly loved guests of our hearts, which died in this cold stranger world, shall arise, clothed in the beauty of a heavenly immortality, to enter the home whence they came. And then, in our own land, they shall form for us the paradise of which they could only teach us to dream here; while each thought of beauty, whose brightness was dimmed and hidden in the dark murky atmosphere of our souls, shall there shine forth as a glorious jewel to deck our brows.

Upon the grave of the murderer there rests a curse; no flowers will bloom over it. So there is no curse that can fall upon our hearts so dire, as the curse of secret sinful thoughts.—They lie there mouldering and rotting, converting all around them into loathsomeness and corruption; casting a withering blight over our whole souls, so that no green thing or flower of beauty may bloom there; all is a gloomy, dreary waste. Men see not upon earth the corruption that lies rankling beneath the surface; they know not what it is that sends a man forth among his fellow men unloving and unloved, a curse wherever he goes. But for