

iar with them through their writings and biographies. There are those whom we seem to know and love as personal friends, and seem to stretch forth our hand over the abyss, but there is no hand to clasp ours. It will not always be so. We shall meet some day with those who have lived in other places and at other times, and all the saints shall be together, as Moses and Elijah were together upon the mount.

We may also learn that there is surely recognition of departed saints. How great a portion of the happiness of this world arises from intimate and tender affection! How closely hearts are bound to hearts, so that another's life is dearer than one's own. Is all this to cease at death? Do the departed enter into some generality of life, ceasing to have their distinct existence, or, with distinct existence, to be incapable of recognition? We cannot suppose that God would have made us to be capable of such close affection and to have the happiness of life so dependent upon one another's love and communion with one another, and that this will forever cease. Life is too short for the development of love.

We are not told, "there appeared two unknown glorified beings," but here are two specific persons: Moses is one of them and Elijah is the other. We do not know how the apostles were informed who they were; perhaps by the intuition which we may possess by and by, with no need to be introduced to one another by name. And so we may believe there is recognition yonder. There are differences of feature in this world: in this great congregation there are not two faces exactly alike. You might have a million of people at one assembly and not find one who could not be recognized as distinct from all the rest. Blessed diversity! God loves diversity. He has not made two leaves on the same tree exactly alike. Some persons would improve upon the divine arrangement: they would have us all frozen into an icebound uniformity, as Milton somewhere expresses it. Let us rejoice in the diversities of manifesta-

tion of the love of our Lord. Those diversities may better illustrate the real unity of the Church than any prescribed uniformity. There is no uniformity of personal feature or character. Peter will be Peter still, and Paul, and John, and Daniel, and David, as Moses and Elias. But there are sympathies nearer our hearts. Some of you are thinking this morning of those whose bodies have recently been placed in the grave, and all of us have precious memories of friends once most dear. They are dear to us still. Though cleansed from every defilement, though reflecting the likeness of Jesus, they still retain so much of their personal peculiarity and individuality as to be easily recognized. Oh, the bliss of renewing intercourse there, with the dear ones that have gone before us! there, where no infirmity will remain; no possibility of misunderstanding; nothing to jar the perfect harmony, and where we shall not fear the entrance of death to sunder us again.

Another idea is, that departed saints are with Jesus. Moses and Elias were with Jesus. This is the chief joy of believers now. There are times when we are permitted to be specially conscious of the presence of our Lord; and then, as in the blaze of noon you take no notice of a rushlight, so the joys of frivolity and merely earthly things fade: our sorrows are turned into joy: and, though we have been mourning, we can begin to sing. There is no joy comparable to this conscious presence of Christ on earth, and it will be the chief joy hereafter. "I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am," Jesus said to the dying thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." The apostle said: "Having a desire to depart and be with Jesus, which is far better"; "absent from the body" and, with no interval, "present with the Lord." Oh, to behold the glorified body of Jesus—that same Jesus who went up to heaven in the presence of the apostles—bearing still the wound-prints in His hands and in His side, whom here we have seen but through a mist,