

time! We know they cannot come to us—indeed, we do not desire their return, however desirous of their society; but, if faithful, we shall be united to them in that world where no imperfections or infirmities can ever again interrupt our joy or diminish our pleasure. In heaven our associations will be pure, ecstatic, and permanent. Do you not feel a longing desire to join that blessed society—a society whose enjoyment is not interrupted or impaired by discordant sentiments, jarring interests, or by angry feelings? Here we are the subjects of sorrow; we dwell in houses of clay; we are travelling through a region over the pathways of which brood the shadows of death, the dread apparition chilling our very blood, and at times we are ready to exclaim, “O that I had the wings of a dove! then I would fly away, and be at rest.” But we wait patiently till the warfare is past, then shall we join our friends we loved below, in the world of incorruptibility and splendour.

Now, dear reader, what think you, whether would you live for ever on those heavenly hills, or in the unfathomable depths of darkness and despair? Are your chosen companions angels and saints in glory, or devils in hell? One or the other place must be your home! Which