

Angels who aid the redeemed, in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honour and glory and blessing," and shall join in the universal chorus, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—Such are some of the representations which Scripture affords of the celestial glory and felicity, but they fall infinitely short of the things themselves. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, the blessedness which is in reserve for the Believer. O with what reason then, in this vale of tears, may he say with the Psalmist.—"*I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.*"

And now my brethren, in conclusion, let me ask, What, after all you have now heard, are the questions, which each of you should put to his own soul? Are they not these? Am I a Believer? and is this my song, in the house of my pilgrimage, "*When I awake, I shall be satisfied with thy likeness.*"

To the doubting Believer, let me say, rest not until you can read your title clear. Strive to have your eye fixed on the blood of sprinkling. Pray constantly and earnestly, for the Holy Spirit. Living in the exercise of every grace, give all diligence to make your calling and election sure.

You, who have good hope, through grace, happy are you. How elevating is your prospect!—how great your consolation! Suffer the word of exhortation. Live in a manner becoming your hope. Live as expecting soon to hear the summons,—"*Come up hither.*" Press toward the mark. Run, strive, fight. Be devoted. Endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Be patient. Be submissive. Wait all the days of your appointed time till your change come.

But what shall I say to the unbelieving and impenitent? You are asleep. O awake! the night is already far spent, the