

headache and the last heartache will be felt, and from the sunlit shores of glory, we will look back and see how all our earthly trials were as nothing compared with that exceeding weight of glory of which we cannot now conceive. Just as much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joy of an angel, and a few groans by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so are the sorrows of God's people insignificant compared with what is laid up for them in the treasure-house of eternity. Their sorrows will die, but so will not their joys. Every day of sorrow means a thousand years of joy multiplied with a never-ceasing numeration. Days without nights, holiness without sin, health without sickness, joys without sorrows, life without death. We shall dwell in a blessed country where an enemy never enters, and whence a friend never goes away.

“ We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what will it be to be there ?

“ We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there ?

“ We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there ? ”

During the singing of this hymn, a venerable man of God sat down and wept. When afterwards asked the reason, he answered, “ I could not stand it—to think of the joy that's coming, to think that all my heart-breaks are but blasts to blow me the sooner to that shining shore.” And if heaven is so bright, so glorious, so blessed, why should we not endure with patience the trials of a rough but hasty voyage home ?