

is. Angels are good spirits, who love God more than they love one another, and more than they love anything else. They live in heaven. And what do you think they are doing there? Idle, do you think? No. They are never idle a moment. Sometimes God sends them away on errands, just as your parents send you. Sometimes they come down to this world to do good to good people here. When a good man dies, they stand by his bed, and carry his soul up to heaven, just as you are led by the hand when you do not know the way.

And though we cannot see them, yet I suppose some are here not very far from us, seeing you and me, and looking to see if this sermon will do any good. What else do they do? Why, if God has no errands on which to send them, then they sing his praises, and make music a thousand times sweeter than any which we ever heard.

There are a great many of these angels in heaven—more than this house would hold, more than a thousand or a million of such meeting houses would hold, if they were all seated just as you are. And they are all happy. Because not one of them ever did wrong; not one ever spake a cross or a wicked word; not one of them ever told a lie; not one of them ever sinned, or ever felt any kind of pain. And what is wonderful, they love us. They come down here, and when any body repents of sin, they tell of it in heaven, and they all rejoice and are glad. Now, just read this beautiful text again. “I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Now, if I had told you this without first finding it in God’s book, you could not have believed me. But now we know it *must* be so, because Christ hath told us so; and he says, “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.”

I wish, now, my dear children, to tell you two plain reasons why the angels rejoice over every sinner who repents. I could give you many more reasons, but am afraid you cannot remember more.

1. First, then, they rejoice when any one repents, because *they know what heaven and hell are.*

Now, suppose, I had never seen any one of you before; and I should ask one of these little boys or girls about their home. You could tell me about it—where you eat, where you sleep, where you play, how you are kept warm in the cold weather,—how your parents take good care of you,—where you go to school,—how many ways your parents take to make you happy. You could tell me all about your home, and your garden, and all your pleasant things there, *because you have always lived there.*