

my friends, there need be no misgivings. Ultimate failure in the case of one whose character is such as has been here described, is utterly impossible. The character decides the destiny, and peace is the bright ideal of that higher, better life into which such enter when they rest from their labors.

Have we not sometimes had a glimpse of the reality which greets them, at the moment when the pain and weariness and waste of life seemed to vanish, and there fell on their faces a solemn, peaceful beauty as they settled into the stillness of the last sleep? Yes, and often the parting hour seems lightened by a radiance that streams down from the upper sanctuary to greet the ascending spirit, and rests upon the peaceful face, as a sign and prophecy of the glory of the life to come. But, on the other side, the "peace" of which we dream and sing on earth, is deep and full. They are at home in the Father's house. They walk on the banks of the river. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. They see the face of God and join with saints and angels in the great anthem of Redemption. They worship and they work in a higher and more blissful