

that, in their faith, they can share it even here. It is this serene expectation that we are called to contemplate: "For we see not yet all things put under Him," but we see Jesus. "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet." Yes, yes! But there is death. Death is so ghastly, still, and still so full of gloom! Death, so grim and terrible! "The *last* enemy that shall be destroyed is death." The very last. But He rejoices. The events over which He rejoices are some of them still pending. He is sure of His triumph. Wait. He waits. There is no despondency and no suspense on high. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. That is one step. The broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. They never ask yonder whether He will succeed; they do sometimes ask, "Lord, how long? How long shall it be to the end of these?"—searching what or what manner of time the Spirit did signify.

Go out of your cares, and your fevers and perils, by going nearer to your Savior. Catch that glance of His gaze, the very rest of God. The sky is blue above the bleak and barren ground; the heavens smile above the storms. All things seem to die; but God is over all, blessed forever. His joy will comfort your sorrows. It will conquer your fears. It will neutralize your bereavements. It will negative your death. You are on a vessel, and it seems to you that the storm is awful; the waves run mountains high; the ship pitches, and shudders, and creaks. "Captain," you say, with pale face and staring eyes, "this is a terrible peril. We shall go down; she never will weather this gale!" "Gale!" says the captain, "I call this a good breeze. If we had a little more of it we should soon make land." Then you turn and look with wonder in the captain's eyes; they are full of smiling satisfaction, and his heroic face is mild and calm. The captain says, "All is well." He is not disturbed. And the captain's calm is your strength. He ought to know. So Jesus knows. He

has tasted death for every man. He goeth before thee.

"Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Thou wilt safely keep
And guide me by Thine eye.
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride."

Come, cheer up, ye who are sorrow-stricken! Think of the joy of the Lord. The child you cherished, He lifted from your arms, and men tell you that he was snatched away by death. That is a hard, harsh, horrid thought. It is more than you can bear. I don't wish you to bear that; you have no such thing as that to bear. He has the child. The child is with *Him*. Think of that joy of the Lord, and be strong. Sin is too much for your weakness, because you fear it may prevail until you perish. Think of His pleasure, as well as of His power, to save.

Time and tide, chance and change, and fortune and fate, and void and vanity, and failure and fading, and the world and the grave! Ah, how weak we all are! What can we do? Hark! hear the apostle: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." "When I am weak, then am I strong." "For the joy of the Lord is your strength." Sing, sweet bird! Sing, saved soul! Look up, O student of the stars! Look up, heir of heaven! Be glad in the Lord. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous! It is His investment; it is His endowment: "Christ in you the hope of glory." That my joy might be in you. Salvation is the ministration of your joy. Joy in the Lord of salvation; salvation in the Lord is joy. My brethren, I know no better definition: Song is speech; the heart-speech is song.

The time will come when the Church of God will be disinclined to talk so much, to discuss so much, to debate so much. It will teach by ever-rippling and out-rushing song, as the angels always do. Prayer and *praise*. There is too much dry prayer without praise. Praise and prayer. I have had no opportunity to attend the sacred services in the Academy of Music, but that is