

its future dwelling place again. So that with such a destiny before them, as they successively left this scene of things, departed generations may thus be truly described as those that are asleep.

But, besides this immortality which hath been brought clearly to light, as that to which man shall finally attain, there is a sort of *earnest* of its reality *here and now*, in the durability that is stamped on the finished course of those who, themselves, have passed into the land of forgetfulness. They leave behind them the record of their deeds to maintain a testimony, and exercise an influence after they are gone. The very silence of the grave is expressive. It assumes a tongue which speaks in tones that reach the heart with a softened and affecting eloquence. Who can stand by the grave of a departed friend, and feel as if nothing but the dust remained? Are there not there, also, the remembrances of thought which can never die? Are there not associations of the living which refuse to be severed from the dead? Let memory pursue its recollections!—and will it not summon up scenes which seem to assume a second existence; as in the hallowed associations of the past it presents the interesting details anew? So that of the silent occupant of the tomb, who has gone to his rest, it may be asserted, in the language of the text, that “he being dead yet speaketh.”

The subject presented in the text may be considered,—*First*, with reference to the facts it proclaims;—*Secondly*, in connection with the *truths* it announces, or confirms by the testimony it affords; and *lastly*, with regard to the *influence* it is fitted to exercise.