

nor light,) we know well the delight and gratification of conveying the word of pardon to the perishing; of pledging to him,—as he doubts and fears, and casts upon us his dying, his imploring gaze,—of pledging to him the word, the truth of Jehovah,—that He wills not the sinner to die. We know the blessedness of watching him as gradually he turns to his Saviour; as tremblingly but firmly he cleaves to Jesus; and as with bright and placid hope, at last, he sinks into his rest. We know this and much more of the blessedness of serving God in time. He gives us now many pleasing tokens of His love; and He gives us besides many glorious views of the future, of which we cannot now tell.

But with all this blessedness in time, there is not one of us but heartily subscribes to the writing, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." We know that, however favorable may be our position here; however smiled upon by our Master while in this world; O, it is far, far better to depart and be with Christ; it is unspeakably more glorious and happy to serve Him above; it is infinitely more to be desired and longed for to stand in His presence, to behold His face, to do His will in the realms of glory—girded with immortality and moved