

the horses thereof. And *he saw him no more.*" He was gone, but not lost.

A disconsolate female came to the grave of her best beloved friend, and as she saw that His precious remains were *gone*, she cried, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." She thought in her sorrow, as most of the bereaved are wont to think, that she had *lost* her all; when one stood before her and said, "Mary," and the joy of life from the dead burst in rapture on her soul. It was the voice of her beloved. She had found her Lord. He was gone, but not lost.

This was a natural, if not a profitable train of thought. A believer writes this inscription over the ashes of a departed saint. Day by day disease wears away the tabernacle of clay; by-and-by death dashes in pieces the "golden bowl," and the wheel at the cistern stands still. But the freed spirit starts into new existence before the eternal throne, and like an angel of light leaps in gladness and glory unutterable and inconceivable. And is that saint *lost*? In a diamond mine is found a clod of earth that contains a gem of great price. It is taken from him that found it, and polished for him who owns the mine and all its gems; and now it sparkles on the bosom of the queen, or shines radiantly in the royal coronet. Is that jewel lost? And if the Monarch of the Universe could find, in the darkness of this lower world, gems that infinite skill can polish for His use, shall we count them lost, when He makes up His jewels, and takes them to Himself? If He should send for