

angels and glorified spirits, and whose triumphant and adoring songs will never cease, and then, I can look forward to the hour of my departure, not only without gloomy apprehensions, but with the eagerness of strong desire and the joyfulness of hope.

The devout spirit reaches forth to the things that are before ; it mounts, on the eagle wings of faith and love, to things above ; and are we to suppose that its glimpses of the glory that shall be revealed and its foretastes of the joys to come, are the precursors of insensibility ? that, instead of entering that paradise of beauty and blessedness, whose overhanging fruits it plucked and whose wafted fragrance it caught as it approached the end of its pilgrimage, it will suddenly fall into the darkness and desolation of the grave ?

It has now that "life of peace" which is the heritage of the spiritually minded ; and it longs for the time when it will enjoy that divine life in its fullest vigour, and that inexpressible peace in its purest calm : and are we to believe that its fervent aspirations, instead of being realized in the realms of light, will be extinguished in the gloom of death ? Does it not freeze the heart to think that long ages may intervene between the promise and the fulfilment ? We can have no sympathy with the hollow, heartless pretence, that for our souls to lie in the grave for ages will be no loss to us, inasmuch as it will be an interval of unconsciousness. In the same way we might reconcile ourselves to annihilation. But, if true to the holiest instincts and longings of his spiritual nature, the Christian must feel, that the extinction of life and thought for ages, would lessen his being and impoverish his inheritance.

We do not offer these thoughts as decisive evidence of the soul's uninterrupted consciousness ; but as considerations that powerfully influence our feelings and constrain