

research will be the Book of Providence and the Book of Grace! And will the ~~Book~~ have no place in that library! Verily, I believe that it will. I do not think that in the archives of heaven the Sacred Scroll of God's Revealed Truth will be missing. That most marvellous of all wonderful books, the BIBLE—the patent, and source, and foundation of all that was accurate in history, true in philosophy, profound in science, rich in poetry, sound in ethics, and real in religion,—will then unclasp its lids and unfold its leaves; and in a light that will explain every truth, elucidate every mystery, harmonize every discrepancy, we shall read the Bible as we never studied its wondrous contents before. Not a truth will be lost. It is recorded of a late historian, that, had every copy of "Paradise Lost" been destroyed, such was the marvellous tenacity of his memory, he would have been able to have reproduced every sentence of that poem. Is it too much to affirm, that, so engraved, engrafted, and inlaid is the precious Word of God in the souls of the regenerate, when every material copy of the Bible shall, with all that is merely human, have passed away, each truth of that Divine revelation shall be reproduced, read, studied, and preserved for ever in the Library of our Father's House?

The subject which this paper has but imperfectly discussed is most consolatory and sanctifying. Is it not a soothing reflection, that all those who depart this life in the faith of Christ we shall find again in the House of the one family? When we meet their last look of love, and caught their last words of blessing, and then laid their dust to rest until the trumpet of the archangel sound, we were ready to ask, "Shall we see them again?" O, yes, the Gospel of Christ illumines the believer's grave with a living hope. On our arrival in the Father's house, we shall find them all again,—not one absent who on earth possessed "the first-fruits of the Spirit."

And then how promotive of piety in the earthly home should be these thoughts of the heavenly home! How we should aim to model and to mould our earthly homes after the heavenly! There righteousness dwells, holiness sanctifies, love reigns, perfect confidence and sympathy, and concord exist. Why should not the earthly homes

of the righteous be types of this! The domestic constitution is a most marvellous and benevolent appointment of God, and is designed, among other ends, to unite, strengthen, and sanctify the different relations of life, and thus secure and promote the mutual happiness and well-being of each and all. Thus God would make the FAMILY relation a type of His Church on earth and in heaven. But, alas! how has sin perverted this! What places of misery are some homes on earth, even where religion is supposed to have found a temple and a shrine! Discord, where there should be harmony; suspicion, where there should be confidence; jealousy, where there should be delight; coldness, distance, and alienation, where there should be the warmest, closest, and most endearing intercourse; harsh, abrupt expressions, where there should be nought but pleasant words; indifference and neglect, where there should be the profoundest interest and sympathy: in a word, hatred, where there should be LOVE. Let us remember this is an individual matter; for our homes are just what the individual members of the family make them. One unhappy temper, one unbending will, one unloving, unsympathizing heart, may bedcloud and embitter the sunniest, sweetest home on earth. O, cultivate the affections, the sympathies, and the intercourse you hope to perpetuate in heaven! By mutual forbearance, gentleness, confidence, and love—by offices of kindness, delicate attention, and graceful demeanour, seek to transfer as much of the purity, love, and sunshine of your FATHER'S HOUSE above as you can to your Father's house below. And then, when you ascend from the earthly to the heavenly, it will be but the transfer of home affection, intercourse, and happiness, cherished, cultivated, and sanctified here, to a higher and nobler sphere—holy as God, enduring as eternity.

Let us cherish domestic thoughts and anticipations of heaven. This will make us long to be there. How confirmatory of this the dying testimony of some! Listen to their glowing language. "Almost well, and nearly at home," said the dying Baxter, when asked by a friend how he was. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know