

tian's dying day will be his *resting* day, when he shall rest from all sin and care and trouble; his *reaping* day, when he shall reap the fruit he has sown in tears and faith; his *conquering* day, when he shall triumph over every enemy, and even death itself shall die; his *transplanting* day, from earth to heaven, from a howling wilderness to a heavenly paradise; his *robing* day, to put off the old worn-out rags of flesh, and put on the new and glorious robes of light; his *marriage* day; his *coronation* day; the day of his glory, the beginning of his eternal, perfect bliss with Christ.

We at death leave one place to go to another; if godly we depart from our place here on earth, and go to heaven; we depart from our friends on earth and go to our friends in heaven; we depart from the valley of tears and go to the mount of joy; we depart from a howling wilderness and go to a heavenly paradise. Who would be unwilling to exchange a Sodom for a Zion, an Egypt for a Canaan, misery for glory?

What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would, to our view, darken into midnight melancholy. Oh, the expectation of living *here*, and of living *thus* always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair! But thanks be to that fatal decree that dooms us to die! thanks to that gospel which opens the vision of an endless life! and thanks, above all, to that Savior friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred