

with flowers, or rear over them the monumental marble; and we can often visit the loved spot where the sacred dust lies sleeping, and water it with our tears and call it holy ground. Not so with those whom the desolate ocean takes for its prey: they are drifted we know not whither, the sport of winds and weltering waves, wasted in lonely seas we know not how long or how cruelly. Yet we know that CHRIST claims dominion over the sea; and that it must answer to His call and give up the dead that are in its vast and wandering waters; and that in its deathful and gloomy aspect it shall be abolished when "the new heavens and the new earth" shall appear. This shall be our victory over the tameless and cruel sea.

We all learn, sooner or later, the very great happiness there is in being relieved from intense pain. You are tossed in agony for hours or days; the pain ceases; mind and body have rest, and you sink into quiet slumber like that of a child. So too, when one has been involved in sore troubles that seemed endless and inextricable, or in perils imminent and terrible,—who can tell the joy there is in relief, escape and safety? We call that child happy who has not yet felt the weight of the cares of life, and whose wants are all supplied by tender parental hands. That country we call blessed where no famine devours, no plague desolates, which no war drenches with blood. Thus, negative blessings even on earth are of infinite value, though so liable to be withdrawn,—to prove evanescent as the mists upon the mountain when the summer sun is rising. Hence, one of the elements of the bliss of the Promised Land, where there shall be "no more sea," is *permanence*.

We can affirm then with certainty that, at last, we shall have reached a land free from sin and all the evils to which sin gives rise—where worldly tumults give place to everlasting rest—where no sorrow clouds the brow, no dark past flings its blight into the future and no future certainty of evil or uncertainty of good glooms upon the present. We can look to it as a land whose sun is never quenched, whose summer is never blighted, and where no jar, no moan ever breaks in upon the song of the ransomed hosts

of the Lord. No night there, in so far as night is a time of fear and of deeds of violence and shame; and no sea in so far as the sea is an emblem of what is wasteful, wild and anarchial. We can look for no weariness or fretfulness, no unwelcome toil, no corroding slothfulness of mind or body; no breaking of hearts by human cruelty, recklessness, or thoughtlessness, or by the unrelenting decrees of a just Providence; no doubting of God, for we shall know Him so well that we can trust Him implicitly and without fear of evil:—no weeping eyes, no quivering lip telling of unutterable anguish, no whitening hairs and tottering footsteps ripe for the grave; no death-bed, no graves, no funeral knell upon the balmy breeze of that everlasting spring.

How calm and still is the sea at times; and as a vast mirror how does it reflect the flocking clouds that sail slowly through the etherial blue above! The wide circumference of the horizon is not darkened with a shadow except the faint shadows of those silvery clouds transfigured in the light of noon. But see! the change comes; slowly at first and but the echo of distant storms. These eddying wavelets have been awakened by the swoop of the distant hurricane. Swiftly and strongly it comes, filling the sky. The waves become living mountains. Who can stand the mortal fury of the storm! It runs its wrathful course, leaving many a wreck in its trail. Thus with communities and nations: now peaceful and obedient; anon bursting the bands of law, rising in revolution and making red the great waves and spreading a sullen and deadly sky over a sullen and deadly social sea, overwhelming multitudes in the troubled and dark waters. Great men, dynasties, nations often suffer fatal shipwreck in these storms. But in that land where there is "no more sea," the nations of the saved shall never hear the clash of arms; the booming red surges of war shall never break upon their shores.

For countless ages did the sea ebb and flow and sing its slow song of sorrow before men gazed in awe upon its face. And through all the years of human history has it performed its allotted task: but now at last its work of havoc is done. No more shall it