

and alive when we die. But so it is. Life hangs not on matter, or on the organization of matter. It is not as the harmony which rings out of a cunning instrument ; but it is a breath, a spirit, a ray of the eternal being, pure, immaterial, above all grosser compounds, simple and indissoluble. In the body it is allayed and tempered with weakness, shrouded about with obstructions ; its faculties pent up by a bounded organization, and its energies repressed by "the body of this death." It is life subjected to the conditions of mortality. But, once dead, once dissolved, and the unclothed spirit is beyond the affections of decay. There is no weakness, nor weariness, nor wasting away, nor wandering of the burdened spirit ; it is disenthralled, and lives its own life, unmingled and buoyant. When the coil of this body is loosed, death has done all, and his power is spent ; thenceforth and for ever the sleeping soul lives mightily unto God.

And, once more ; those whom the world calls dead are sleeping, because they are taking their rest. "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Even so saith the Spirit : for they rest from their labours." Not as the hereties of old vainly and coldly dreamed, as if they slept without thought or stir of consciousness from the hour of death to the morning of the resurrection. Their rest is not the rest of a stone, cold and lifeless ; but of wearied humanity. They rest from their labors ; they have no more persecution, nor stoning, nor scourging, nor crucifying ; more martyrdoms by fire, or the wheel, or barbed shafts ; they have no more false witness, nor cutting tongues ; no more bitterness of heart, nor iron entering into the soul ; no more burdens of wrong, nor amazement nor perplexity. Never again shall they weep for unkindness, and disappointment, and withered hopes, and desolation of heart. All is over now ; they have passed under the share. The ploughers ploughed