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world to come shall take hold upon our spirits, all alive *then* to the importance of salvation, and, prepared or unprepared, will hurry us into the eternal world. Blessed indeed, is that man who, in that solemn hour, is able to look forward with something of the spirit of the great Apostle—who, when lover and friend are removed into darkness, is able to rest peacefully upon the Rock of Ages, and say: I know in whom I believe, and I am persuaded He will keep that which I have committed to Him till that day. I go, I know not where—to regions and worlds unknown; but I go to Him and with Him who loved me and gave Himself for me; and I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. *HENCEFORTH! HENCEFORTH!* Never, till you come to die, will you feel how thoroughly the past is the past, and how all that you have lies in the solemn *henceforth*—how truly a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things the man possesseth; but in the richness of his nature, the sweetness of his feelings and affections, the purity of his tastes and habits, and the grandeur of that relationship which pales all earthly splendor—a child of God! *This* was that crown of righteousness, in view of which the Apostle rejoiced.

Paul was a poor man as regards this world, but he was rich in faith, in knowledge, in the sweetness of his affections, in his attainments in grace, in a thousand holy memories pertaining to the past, and earnestness pertaining to the future; an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ—he felt that all things were his, things present or things to come—for he was Christ's, and Christ is God's. Many are the classes that come to the grave, and many the forms in which they come; but there are only two classes rise up on the other side. And how different the spectacle presented there from that presented here! Here rises one, thin and shrivelled up—a naked spirit, with all its once goodly sensibilities gone, but retaining all its powers and passions in full force—powers and passions which nothing can satisfy, and which no duration can extinguish. What spirit is this that looks so thin and woe-begone? Is it the spirit of some poor prophet, who ate the bread of affliction and went down to the grave in misery? No! He was a millionaire! He lived in splendor. He was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day! He filled a large space in the public eye, and down to the grave he came at last, enclosed in a golden coffin, and followed by a long procession of mourners bearing the badges of woe. But, passing through the portals of the grave, he has to leave all behind—for strait is the gate and narrow is the way; and now, rising up on the other side, he enters upon an eternal career of unprovided nakedness, seeking death and cannot find it. But here is another—and oh, how wondrous is his beauty and his fragrance! See how, as he passes into the other life, the golden gates are thrown open, and angels come flocking to meet him; how the radiant vista opens to receive him; how, in the centre, he that is chief, rises and says: "Welcome! welcome home!" Who is this that has met with such a grand reception? A crowned sovereign? Some great scholar or statesman, on whose lips listening senates hung? No! He was a poor man. He never owned an acre. He had to rise early and sit late, and to him were appointed weary days and nights, in which he spent his all! And he came to his grave in a pine coffin, and was hastily buried in a corner appointed for strangers. His was a hard lot! but still, accepting the position which God assigned him, he early gave himself to the Lord; grew in grace, and laid up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt—and having finished his course,