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"AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."

We know nothing of the future but what God has revealed in his holy word. Priests and sages, in times past, attempted to read the destinies of men and of nations in the flight of birds, in the entrails of sacrificial victims, in the motions of the starry heavens, or the utterances of dubious oracles. Even in our own day the foolish and ill-instructed will rush to false fortune tellers, to mesmerists and "spiritualist" dreamers, who delight in deluding and being deluded. The only addition these people make to our knowledge is the melancholy revelation of the depth of human credulity. But in the Word of God the future is revealed to us so far as it practically concerns us; we do not know enough to satisfy curiosity, but quite enough to lighten the path of duty, and to cheer us on with a sure hope during all the days of our pilgrimage. The only true ORACLE has revealed to us where we are going, and much of what we are to meet at the end of our journey.

The language of men is not adequate to the task of telling positively and wholly concerning the things that are unseen and spiritual. These things must be told to us under figures, and by means of negations.—God is *not* finite, *not* visible, *not* changeable: He is spiritual, holy, almighty. We can deny of Heaven all that is distressful, disturbing, joyless, or fearful. There is no death there; no night; no SEA. Thus also is Hell disclosed to our view, as a place where the blissful presence of God is not—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

John the Divine has revealed much to us, but it is under hieroglyphic forms; and there is mystery in the very light flung upon our path. It is enough to waken imagination to its sublimest flights; but the solemn air of the unseen, of the absolutely holy, that is breathed over all is enough to chasten and humble us, so that like timid children we cling by faith to the hand of our FATHER. What we *believe* is still sweeter and more consoling than what we *know*; and what we do know is but as it were a headland from which we may gaze forth into the limitless unknown. In that UNKNOWN, hope and faith piloted by love can claim a realm of unbounded wealth for the ransomed soul; in that UNKNOWN, God dwells, and JESUS CHRIST dwells whom not having seen we love, and in whom though now we see him, not yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; in that UNKNOWN we know that there shall be no pain, no sorrow, no sin; but infinite beatitude; no sea, but the ocean of God's love.

The sea is a fitting emblem of turbulence, unrest, unceasing change. In this sense there shall be no sea in Heaven. On earth we are constantly as if on the bosom of a deceitful sea. There are reaches of calm, and zones of smiling sunlight; but the storm only sleeps, or lurks in ambush. It wakes; it leaps upon its prey and devours it as in a moment.

The sea in some of its aspects is a vast world of death—one great, greedy sepulchre; sadder than the earth—for though the earth is a place of graves and its fields are trodden down of death, yet we can deck its graves