

may look forward to the hour of your departure, not only without dread, but with holy desire and heavenly joy. Nothing can be more inconsistent than for the heir of heaven to live in bondage through fear of death. Does the way-worn, weary pilgrim dread the hour that will terminate his pilgrimage, with all its privations and perils? Does the soldier, amidst the din and danger of the conflict, dread the hour when victory will smile upon his arms, and the horrid noise of battle be followed by the sweet song of peace? Does the mariner, under darkening skies and amidst roaring tempests, dread the hour when the wild tumult of wind and wave, and all the dangers of the deep, will be exchanged for the salutations of friends on his native shore and the fond endearments of his distant home? Why, then, should the Christian dread the hour when, as a pilgrim, he will reach his Father's house; when, as a storm-tossed mariner, he will come to his desired haven; when as a warrior, he will put off his armour and put on his crown? Let us endeavour to realize the change that awaits us. How amazing, and how glorious the transition of that moment when the soul becomes "absent from the body and present with the Lord!" There lies the Christian on the bed of death, the subject of humiliation, weakness, and pain; and the object of commiseration and pity; but the time of his departure comes, and from that wasted, agonized, dying body, there arises a deathless spirit, robed in Gospel righteousness and made ready for the "marriage supper of the Lamb!" The dark valley of death is at once exchanged for the shining mount of God. As earthly scenes fade from the bodily eyes and earthly sounds die on the bodily ears, heaven's glories burst upon the vision, and heaven's music breaks upon the ears of the triumphant spirit! The last faint whispers of the soul's undying affection, and the final adieus