

are tender and delightful. Our hearts are formed to rejoice, to glory in the indulgence of those affections. They seem to impart a kind of sanctity to their objects. Friendship and love breathe a hallowing influence over every scene and circumstance of life into which they enter. Our hearts feel desolation, and as it were, death, when those affections are extinguished, or when the objects, on which they have been exercised, are violently rent from them. Their influence is universally felt and acknowledged to be of the most benignant and happy nature, it warms and expands the heart, it hallows and elevates it.—No man ever came under the influence of genuine and powerful affection who did not thereby feel his nature softened and ameliorated, who did not feel, by its power, all the better energies of his heart and soul quickened and invigorated. Can it be supposed then, that those affections which give to life its chief joy, which shed light and beauty over the dark and gloomy scene of mortal pilgrimage, which are in very deed the spring and the soul of virtue itself, are not worthy to have place in heaven? Do we feel that while we sojourn in this world they form the balm of all our woes, and impart a healing vital influence to the heart, and can we believe that the prime cheerer of life is excluded from the mansions of heavenly bliss?

The advocates of such a doctrine forget that such a notion of the heavenly state, is incompatible with any true felicity which man, at least in his present state of being, is capable of conceiving and enjoying. Our hearts repel a doctrine so cold and unnatural, they revolt from it not merely as absurd, but as hateful and appalling.—They rise up indignant and rebel against a faith so frigid and so heartless. If it is reasonable to believe in a future existence, the conclusion seems inevitable, that its happiness must arise from the indulgence of pure, amiable and virtuous affections, and, of consequence, those affections must be furnished with their natural and proper objects. Whatever is worthy of our attachment on earth, we are warranted to hope, will be replaced to us in the heavenly state. Purged from the dross of earth, refined from all stain and impurity, we may hope to exercise in heaven pure and holy affections towards objects made worthy of them, in the utmost expansion of their power.—How grateful to the heart, of affection and friendship, is the belief that those whom we loved, and from whom death has separated us for a season, shall welcome our arrival in the realms of light. How soothing to the heart while it bleeds under the recent wound, that those, whom it now mourns, are gone before to prepare for our reception in the blessed mansions—that they wait—that they long for our arrival—that they shall guide us into the presence of *their Father* and of *our Father*—of *their God* and of *our God*—that theirs shall be the delightful task to introduce our spirits, as soon as they are released from the body, into the assembly of the Blessed, to conduct them into the scenes and mansions of everlasting love and joy—to lead them to the fountains of living waters, and to that river of life