

By the answers which you can give to them, you may test your meetness for that home which you hope to reach.

But you yet require one thing more—you need a robe—the robe of righteousness—which mortal man never made nor purchased for himself. You require a garment, suitable for presenting yourselves before the eye of him “to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid.” This garment you can neither make nor earn nor buy. Terrestrial material and mortal texture cannot supply the attire which befits the residents of heaven—human power could not weave from the combined merits of the human race the garment, which could cover you from the piercing scrutiny of an omniscient judge,—all the deserts of all mankind could not claim for you that vesture as your due—all the treasures, that art has wrested from their hiding places in the veins of earth, or cells of ocean—ay—with all which glisten in the secret mine, or gleam in the unfathomed cavern, could not purchase for you that robe. No, my brethren, you must receive it as a free gift from the Lord our Righteousness; and fear not, however unworthy you may be either to obtain or to ask it, that he will decline to hear your humble petition, or refuse to grant the object of your earnest prayer. But I must rapidly bring this discourse to a conclusion. I cannot terminate it, however, without noticing a point in which the parallel that we have drawn between death and emigration, may be considered as imperfect and even erroneous. Those who emigrate, pass from their native land to a foreign country; but those who die in the Lord, return from a foreign country home. It is true that that home wants the familiarity of scene, which is associated with the residence of our youth, and memory may not recognise its features, but still it is our home—the dwelling of our Father, who invites us to come under his paternal roof, and is ready to receive and welcome us on our return—the dwelling of loved relatives and friends, whose places by our firesides are vacant, and whom we fondly hope to meet there, where we shall never more part—the