

grow in the happy soil of Heaven; for nothing can grow there but the widespreading Tree of Life, the beautiful flowers of holiness, and the thornless Rose of Paradise. The saints above are forever delivered from the perplexities of the world, the temptations of Satan, the depravity of the heart, the inconveniences of pilgrimage, and the pains of affliction. God has wiped away all tears from their eyes—the days of their mourning are ended and the days of their rejoicing are come. The redeemed in Heaven are so perfectly holy that they are represented as “without fault” before the throne. Their disembodied spirits are so free from every particle of pollution, and their robes washed so white in the blood of the Lamb, that no one unacquainted with their history would for one moment imagine that those snow-white robes were ever stained with pollution or crimsoned with guilt. And in the presence of their Lord the perfection of their bliss is equal to the perfection of their purity. There they glide through the waves of life without one unpropitious gust; their sea is a sea of glass, smooth and clear, reflecting evermore the moral glory of the upper heavens. They are all glorious within, and all glorious without. All is glorious above them, beneath them, and all around them. When they walk it is amid scenes of glory; when they sit it is upon thrones of glory; and as they sit, crowns of glory are flashing from their brows; and the very sunbeams of their glory throw the radiant light of illustration on the expression, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

“Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.

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