

with sublime emotion in the unions of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, friend. There is far more in these endearing names than language can express. Words are too poor to tell what the heart may feel, but at death these ties are broken. Natural affection does not survive the grave. Moral ties are imperishable, and the souls that are bound by them may be parted, but can never be separated; but natural ties, as such, die at death, so that, to the best of Christians, death is a removal from the bosom of the family. It makes the most beautiful form become a loathsome corpse, which even its friends bury out of sight. And tell me, if you can, the power of bereaved affection when the eye is closed in vacancy and the cheek pale in death. Tell me, if you dare invade the secret temple of the soul, the feeling of the heart when it is first widowed, and the long, lone wail of agonized sorrow is heard, telling you that to die is painful parting. But still, to die is gain; for although death removes us from our friends on earth, it introduces us to our friends in Heaven, there to enjoy the communion of saints, there, as a part of God's great family, to hold intercourse with those who are gone before. The glorified spirits before the throne shall know and love and enjoy each other there. And not only does death introduce the believer to the spirits of just men made perfect and all the angelic hosts of Heaven, and so *enlarge our circle of friends*; but it *reunites* to departed worth forever.

4th. *Death removes us from all that is evil and introduces us to all that is good.* It removes us from earth and all that is earthly, and gives us Heaven and all that is heavenly. It delivers from misery and gives us ease, from pain and gives us pleasure, from sorrow and gives us joy, from anxiety and gives us rest, from storm and gives us calm, from distraction and gives us peace, from pollution and gives us purity, from ignorance and gives us wisdom, from peril and gives us safety, from doubt and gives us certainty, from slavery and gives us freedom, from warfare and gives us victory, from conflict and gives us coronation, from death and gives us life, from man and gives us God. O! at death it is not joy in us that dies, but sorrow; not purity, but sin; not energy, but weakness; not fellowship, but frailty; not communion, but distance; not glory, but shame; not love, but hatred; not life, but death. It is not the Christian or Christianity,

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