

HOLY DAY.

never-withering flowers. The winds of temptation never blow there, and the storms of tribulation never rise. A sigh never escapes the heart, and a tear never falls from the eye. No Rachel shedding a mother's bitter tears, and no affectionate sisters weeping at a brother's tomb; not a funeral procession, and not a grave; night never spreads its gloom, but perpetual day sheds its light; health and youth, life and joy, entwined with unfading laurel and crowned with immortality; whilst before the throne departed saints stand enraptured with joys, encircled with glories, their crowns all radiant with splendour, and their robes washed to snowy whiteness in the blood of the Lamb.

They have perfection within them, heaven around them, eternity before them, and glory all over them. We have lost their society and their prayers; but we are not lost either to their remembrance or their affection. We still remember and love them, and they still remember and love us. They will be the first to welcome us; and we shall not enter as entire strangers into the glory-realms of that bright world.

Holy Day.

HAVE a special care to sanctify the Lord's day; for, as thou keepest it, so will it be with thee all the week long.

Make the Lord's day the market for thy soul; let the whole day be spent in prayer, repetitions, or meditations: lay aside the affairs of the other part of the week; let thy sermon thou hast heard be converted into prayer. Shall God allow thee six days, and wilt thou not afford Him one?

In the church, be careful to serve God; for thou art in His eyes, and not in man's.

Thou mayest hear sermons often, and do well in practising what thou hearest; but thou must not expect to be told thee in a pulpit all that thou oughtest to do, but be studious in searching the Scriptures and reading good books.