

the immortal spirits, several hundreds in number, shot by that impulse into eternity, like showers of falling stars into a wintry sky, lived on without interruption in the surrounding infinite. The index of this life that throbs within me, when it is gathered on the shore of eternity in the resurrection day, will not be found standing where it pointed on the day of death. "Let us make man in our own image," said the Father of our spirits in the Council where humanity was planned. That creature of God, made last, made best, was wound up at first to go for ever. The shock that broke up the soul's material encasement did not arrest the life-movement of the soul.

From henceforth—from the instant of dissolution—the life flows uninterruptedly on, like a river when it emerges from beneath an Alpine glacier; but its storms and sorrows cease. Blessedness unmingled, unending then begins. Evil is left behind at the boundary, and the spirit, unencumbered, undefiled, thenceforth walks with God in perfect peace.

The change is very sudden, and very great. The thought of it may well give us frequent pause as we glide swiftly along life's current. The last hours of a Christian on this side may be occupied in bearing the pain of disease, in soothing weeping friends, in counselling younger survivors, or even in finally closing his secular accounts; from the midst of these occupations the life leaps into a region which knows neither suffering nor sin. While the pendulum of the clock in the chamber of death is making one throb to the left, that forgiven sinner lies suffering ere the pendulum has made its next throb to the right, that perfected saint is free.

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv. 13.

Two constituent elements of the blessedness which the saved enjoy from the moment of their departure, are expressed with remarkable precision in the text: "That they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

These two results are, in the original, more distinct from each other, and more sharply contrasted, than the reader can discover from the English translation. The two things correctly indicated by "labours" and "works" are closely connected, but separable in their nature, and actually separated in fact. In all human effort these two things are, in greater or less measure, combined,—the exhaustion of the worker by his exertion, and the resulting effect of his work. On the one side is the suffering of the operator, on the other the product of his toil. The text intimates that, in the experience of the saved, the first will cease at death, and the second will continue after it. The disciples of the Lord, when they are called from this world, will be wholly emancipated from labour; but they will be permitted still to work. The burden of working will be removed; but the enjoyment of working will remain permanently. The servants will be released from toil; yet not condemned to idleness.

It is a law of the new creation that all who hope in Christ work for the world. To men in

the body work is burdensome, even the work of faith and love. As long as the spirit is right, a Christian will not become wearied of the work which his Master may appoint; but he will be wearied in it, more or less, until he leave this body behind in the dust.

Two young men were disputing on the ice of a Scottish lake. One, approaching incautiously a treacherous spot, fell through. His companion came quickly to the rescue. Himself sometimes in the water and sometimes on the ice, he many times grasped the drowning man, and drew him considerably above the surface; but each time the weight of the wet and paralysed body prevailed; each time it sank again, until at last the worker's strength was exhausted, and the victim perished. Had you been there when for the last time that strong willing worker drew with all his might to save a sinking brother, and then lay down exhausted, leaving that brother to sink, you would have a workman wearied by his work. His hands were wearied with the greatness of his effort, sea and his heart was weary because the effort had failed. Such is the work to which Christians are called in the world, and such often, though not always, are the disappointments which they meet. At death the weariness of the worker will wholly cease; but,—

*The working will go on without interruption.*

—Labour refers to the toil endured, work to the effect actually accomplished. Work, considered not as a wearisome burden, but as a joyful activity, goes over with the emancipated saints, as if to keep them company in the better land. Such is the precise import of the terms in the original. As the body is left behind at the border, while the soul pursues its course and enters the world of spirits alone, so the painful labour with which a Christian's work is accompanied here is laid aside when he dies, while glad lightsome activity goes over with him and abides for ever. Fatigue, like the body that bears it, is left in the grave; work, like the spirit, is immortal. Those who die in the Lord will, after death, be like the angels in their freedom from encumbering corporeal relations; they will also be like the angels in the painless unwearied energy of their service. "He maketh his ministers a flame of fire." "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

LESSONS OF WAR.—A favourite stratagem of Satan in his warfare is to induce us to apprehend danger on the side where it does not exist, and to employ our strength on a mistaken object. This is the main feature of his tactics. Scarcely have we entered the world, when he raises the cry of battle: want and poverty are at our door, and must be driven back, at whatsoever hazard to the hopes and interests of eternity. Our neighbours he represents, are our rivals or enemies, envying our prosperity, and plotting our destruction; and safety and honour seem both to summon us to the strife. Deceived by his treacherous alarms, we take the field in consternation, and are never permitted to recover from our groundless fears, till all the real interests of our existence are