

"There is no death ! what seems so is transition ;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of that life elysian,

Whose portal we call death."

This subject speaks *comfort* to the bereaved mourner. Weep not inordinately for the good that are gone. Sorrow not as those who are without hope. Your loved ones still live ; they have entered upon a state of blessedness. Death ! Thou, whom the world calls King of Terrors, and feels to be such, the followers of J  sus need have no dread of thee. All the power thou hast is over the body ; and over that not long. Thy fatal stroke on them disimprisons their spirits, and thus enables them to flee away from the encumbrances of matter and the depravities of the world, to a sphere of kindred spirits ; pure, free, and blessed. Why, then, mourn the departure of the *good* ? or why, if *we* are *good*, look fearingly on the day of death ? "I congratulate you and myself," said John Foster, "that life is passing fast away. What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death ! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would to my view darken into midnight melancholy. Oh, the expectation of living *here* and living *thus* always would be, indeed, a prospect of overwhelming despair. But thanks be to that fatal decree that dooms us to die ! thanks to that gospel which opens the vision of an endless life ! and thanks, above all, to that Saviour friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred trance of death into scenes of Paradise and everlasting delight."

"Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,

Beyond death's cloudy portal,

There is a land where beauty never dies,

And love becomes Immortal.