

friendship and philosophy ever since. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is *he*?" Is that corpse *he*, and has he passed out of existence forever? or has he a conscious spirit that exists disembodied? The second question, asked by the Psalmist, has often been asked by our misgiving hearts: "Shall the dead praise thee?" or are all the promises of ultimate blessedness only a dream, unsanctioned by anything beyond? To these questions these words return the fullest answer: "*Enter thou in.*" There is a *thou* that survives death and exists beyond it. That body laid aside is mine, but not *me*. It is to me what the telescope is to the astronomer,—the house to the tenant. The telescope may be broken, but the astronomer lives to get a better one; the house may fall to ruins, but the inhabitants survive and step into a splendid mansion; so that *thou*, the real man, outlives the apparent defeat and ruin of death, and enters into a more glorious universe and a more blessed state. There are pangs of birth that men call death. Through the rewards of Christianity, death has changed its essential character. Its sorrows are no longer the hopeless cries of exile, but the groanings of the child longing for home. Its partings being but the prelude to more perfect re-unions, death is no longer a dreaded end, but the day of deliverance and manifestation of the sons of God. Death is the step to life; in dying we begin to live. The tomb is no longer life's outer gate, but heaven's inlet. The demon is changed to an angel, the dark vale to a glory-land fragrant with aramanthine flowers, the saddest and most shuddered at of sights into a form of celestial beauty, and very helplessness and decay rise into grandeur and heroism and eternal victory.

2nd. *The reward secures to the Christian servant the most perfect felicity.* "*Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*" This is one of those utterances we can never fully understand. It is too pure and blessed and sublime for thought or word to explain. We sometimes ask: "Is it possible that the holiest saint shall ever dwell in the joy of the Lord? that the best of men in the perfect land shall ever thrill with God's own rapture? Why, the very splendor of the universe is but the shadow of Him, the intensest joy of a life but a faint pulsation of His blessedness; and can man in any state or world ever drink of God's higher joy, ever share with God's holiest life, ever stand unscathed in the light of