

family circle. It is a mischievous error to suppose that religion postpones real joy to beyond the grave. With a deeper and more intelligent joy than worldly men know do Christians pass along the path of life, for to them each object is touched and hallowed by the merciful hand of a Father God. Christians love life also for the occasions it furnishes for working for Christ. Once I heard a Christian say, "It matters little whether I die now or ten years hence, I hope I am trusting in Christ alone for salvation." What! Does it not matter whether or not we have ten more years in which to discipline ourselves and grow the riper for Heaven—ten more years in which we may labour to point sinners to the cross, and rescue souls from ruin—ten more years of ceaseless endeavour to do good and increase the glory of our final reward? Yes, it does matter. Christians love life, because it is a field of labour in which they may work for the Saviour.

Moreover, death is an awful evil, from which even Christians sometimes shrink. It was a frequent utterance of Dr. Conyers, we are told, "I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid of dying." To be down in pain, to count the slow creeping hours and wish for evening dusk or morning dawn, to grow confused, to find familiar faces fading in the distance, to be carried out from the home of many joys and laid under the turf. To drop into oblivion, and, ere the headstone has crumbled, to be forgotten; say what men will, it is a solemn, awful thing to die. I do not know how you can calmly think of it whilst you live unrepentant and unbelieving. I wonder you do not tremble at the thought that one day you will have to tread the solitary pathway up to the throne of God, and stand with all your sins upon you before that omniscient eye. What imagination can picture the