

and peacefully you saw them sink into the arms of death! They talked of Jesus, and you heard them speak of His glorious name and precious blood. With a confidence unshaken, a mind placid and serene, a hope sure and steadfast, and prospects bright and animating, you have seen them pass away. They calmly waited for the signal of departure, for the moment of triumph, the crown of righteousness and the bliss of eternity. You secretly admired that grace which can form the soul for holiness and glory; and you adored Him, the truth of whose gospel and the consolations of whose spirit can render His people blessed even in death itself.

In the day of their death, Jesus says to every one of His saints, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." To that Paradise they rise, and into the presence of Jesus they enter, and in Heaven no trial oppresses their heart, and no sorrow sits on their brow. Multitudes of them went thither through great tribulation, under the weight of which in this world they had "fainted" had they not been supported by the arm of their God. When, however, they died, they rested from their labours, and left all their tribulations on this side eternity, for not one particle of them have they before the throne of God. There is not a sorrowful countenance, not a troubled heart, not a rising sigh, not a falling tear in Heaven. There the rose of love has no thorn, the lily of purity no worm, the cup of pleasure no poison. The bliss of ransomed saints is as pure as the bliss of God. In Heaven the white robed choristers sing the new song of *unmingled* joy.

Their difficulties, distresses and afflictions are confined to the present state. These are weeds which grow with the greatest rapidity and in the greatest abundance in the soil of earth; but they can never