

cognition of the blood of Christ, as the procuring cause of our salvation.

Though in Heaven the salvation of the redeemed is complete, the means by which it was accomplished are not forgotten. By the rivers of pleasures which flow from the throne of God and of the Lamb, all the ransomed of the Lord in the heavenly Zion, have a perpetual remembrance of former things. The glorified spirit, in the revolution of countless ages, will never forget that he was once a sinner, once a rebel against God, once exposed to his wrath. The multitude that no man can number, will still retain, amidst the blessedness of that world to which divine mercy has raised them, such remembrances of time as will deepen their sense of obligation to him that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb that was slain. So deeply indeed, as St. John represents, does this theme engross their spirits that it absorbs every other, as if the lustre of all the attributes of the Eternal were blended into that of mercy; and the contemplation of mercy triumphant, constituted the employment and beatitude of the worshippers. Methinks in an ecstatic pause of his song, the soliloquy of some happy spirit, as Abel, or Abraham, or Paul, or Lazarus, may be heard in such strains as these—"I am not, for aught in myself, entitled to a place here; to walk these golden streets; to behold these pearly gates; to be thus surrounded with the uncreated light; thus to know the fulfilment of the oracle—the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes—of all this, ah, how unworthy! This intellect is now enlightened, but not by power of mine; this soul is now purified from every stain, but not by skill of mine, no guilt rests on me to

hide the light of the divine countenance, but its removal was no act of mine; I feel within me a love which will bind me for ever to the throne of God, but it was kindled from another fire—that which from eternity existed in the bosom of Deity; I see in the glorified humanity of my now exalted Lord, what it cost to purchase for me a place here; for the glory with which my Saviour is enthroned, does not hide from the eyes of the ransomed the scars of his humiliation; amazed, overwhelmed, with a love so vast, in what language can I utter my gratitude and praise; what can I do but join the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands who are round about the throne, crying with a loud voice, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing—for he hath redeemed us by his blood and made us kings and priests unto God, to reign with him for ever and ever."

Ascribing thus the glory to him that sits upon the throne, the heavenly worshippers augment their own felicity.—For judging of the feelings of the worshippers in Heaven by those which actuate the worshippers upon earth, in their best moments, no emotions of the soul are more blessed than grateful remembrance and affectionate dependance.—For the creature to know that it is beloved by the creator; that all its interests are secure in that love, passing knowledge, that eternity shall not change or diminish; that nothing can restrain its manifestations but the finite capacity of its object—what considerations can equal these in inspiring the soul with joy! All creatures are formed to depend on God; the consciousness of that dependance is piety, the expression of that dependance, is worship; the love