

Nay, the present affliction will contribute to the working out of that far more exceeding, that eternal weight of glory. "For which cause," exclaims an apostle, in language which may well be the common utterance of all God's genuine people, "we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

We have thus said that the text teaches us to think of heaven as a distinct place, as a place of saintly society, and as a place of rest and joy. The connection in which the text occurs, however, leads us to remark that heaven, with its saintly society, its never-ending and holy joy, will not be the universal destiny of our race. Vast and varied as that blessed society in its final aggregate will be, it will still be far from including all mankind without exception. While there are those who, believing, shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, there are those, finally impenitent and unbelieving, who shall be "cast out into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." The one destination or the other lies before us. Hell if not heaven will be our eternal portion. And we ought not to disguise from our minds the awful alternative; but setting it fairly before us, and duly pondering it, should be stimulated the more earnestly to seek to be able to "read our title clear to mansions in the skies."

We shall only observe, in conclusion, how that in the assemblies of God's people on his day, in his sanctuary below, in the exercises there engaged in, and the privileges there enjoyed, we have a present pre-figuration of the society of the redeemed

in the world of glory, and of those exercises and privileges in which their perfect blessedness will be realized. "In God's own day, in God's own house," therefore, let us endeavour to rise in spirit to that high world whither Jesus our Forerunner has gone—the happy mansions of the "just made perfect." Let us anticipate the the still nobler privileges of that glorious world in which, for all God's people, there is a place prepared. And while from the anticipation deriving influences of sovereign virtue to sustain and cheer amid all the troubles of this earthly scene, and inspire new vigour in the prosecution of our heavenward course, let it avail also to call forth the deep gratitude of our souls to the Redeemer mighty to save, to whose ineffable love and abounding grace we are indebted for all that is bright and animating in our present hope, and for all that will be glorious and blissful in its eternal fruition. Now to Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God, even the Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

Some men went to China once, and because they were forbidden to carry the silk-worm out of the country, they hid some of the little creatures' eggs in the top of their staves, and so out of those two dry staves came all the silk-worms in Europe since. What a wonder! A poor rag-picker takes a short stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the streets of the city, and picks up little bits of rags and paper. These he puts into his dirty bag. But these are washed and made over, and come out the pure, white sheet of paper, beautiful enough to have the Queen write on it. Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies and out of them raise a new and better body? Out of the very darkness and bones of the grave he can make something that will be brighter than the sun for ever.