

The Bible does not hold out Heaven as an inducement to cease from earth-work, nor as a prize to be seized unconditionally. My brother! are you talking so much about the joys of Heaven as to overlook the duties of earth? Is it your highest wish to enter Heaven yourself, and to leave your fellow-creatures to do the best they can for themselves? Is there no moral work to be done before you enter on your promised rest? Have you not to dive under the black rocks of sin and ignorance to lift up some poor lost one? Is there no prodigal to reclaim—no wanderer to woo—no aching heart to comfort—no grief-deluge to assuage? We must work till the last moment of our earthly sojourn, if we would really enjoy the rest of Heaven. We must add *labour* to hope, and *patience* to faith. It is in this fashion that we prove the practical value of Christianity. Men talk as though religion was only intended for higher worlds and serener climes than ours. It is a grievous and misleading creed. Religion can mingle her songs with the wintry tempests of disappointment and suffering, and she can do her work on the hard rocks and desert places of the world. Do not then forget present duty however difficult, nor shrink from the next struggle however formidable! You may be maimed in the strife; be it so: it is better having one hand to enter into Heaven than possessing both to be turned into hell. When the warriors return from battle, who is it that is praised and honoured? Is it he who has been poetizing on the glories of the conflict, or uttering sighs of pity over the dead and the dying? No. Look at that poor, shattered soldier who has mingled in the hottest strife and shed his blood for his country's cause: he it is who is greeted on his native shore with tears of sympathy and thunders of applause. So shall it be mor-