

may we join in the triumphant song of the Apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

In the *third* place, Jesus gives us victory over death, by yielding us consolation and relief under the fears that arise in the mind upon the awful transmission from this world to the next.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyment even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them; we have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power to charm the mind and make us cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart to think of parting forever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree, under whose shadow we have sat; the fields, where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends! How great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just; in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together, not one person shall be missing that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens.

Christianity also gives us consolation in the transition from this world to the next. Every change in life awakens anxiety; whatever is unknown, is the object of fear; no wonder then that it is awful and alarming to nature, to think of that time when the hour

of our departure is at hand; when this animal frame shall be dissolved, and the mysterious bond between soul and body shall be broken. Even the visible effects of mortality are not without terror! to have no more than a name among the living; to pass into the dominions of the dead; to have the worm for a companion and a sister, are events at which nature shudders and starts back. But more awful still is the invisible scene when the curtain between both worlds shall be drawn back, and the soul, naked and disembodied, appear in the presence of its Creator. Even under these thoughts, the comforts of Christianity may delight thy soul. Jesus, thy Saviour, has the keys of death; the abodes of the dead are His kingdom. He lay in the grave, and hallowed it for the repose of the just. Before our Lord ascended up on high, He said to His disciples, "I go to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God;" and when the time of your departure is at hand, you go to your Father and His Father, to your God and His God.

Enlightened by these discoveries, trusting to the merits of his Redeemer, and animated by the hope which is set before him, the Christian will depart with tranquility and joy. To him the bed of death will not be a scene of terror, nor the last hour an hour of despair. There is a majesty in the death of the Christian. He partakes of the spirit of that world to which he is advancing, and he meets his latter end with a face that looks to the heavens.

PAST AND PRESENT—A REVERIE.

Old world memories are always dear; the recollections of childhood are recollections which we love to treasure up, and think and tell of. Time may lay its heavy hand upon us, and plant a wrinkle here and a grey hair there. It may stiffen our joints and sadden our spirits, but while it leaves us memory unimpaired, it places at our disposal a store of pleasures in old remembrances which we would not part with for all the treasures of the world. Our boyish amusements, our earliest companions, our young aspirations, our joys, our hopes and disappointments are all fresh and pleasant, all playing round the heart, as pure and buoyant as if they had been things of yesterday. With what fondness do we cherish certain incidents, and still mentally see or hear the merry eyes or the merrier laughter of brothers or sisters, far, far away—or it may be long ago in the spirit land. What an abiding influence for good or evil have these early associations upon the future man or woman! The love of a mo-