THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

A SERMON
PREACHED ON THE 13TH OCTOBER, 1867,
IN
ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, TORONTO,
AFTER THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE
JOHN CAMERON, ESQ.,
ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

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DISCOURSE.

John xix. 41:
"And in the Garden a new Sepulchre."

It is not our purpose, at present, to discuss these words in their strictly textual relation to the interesting historical fact to which they refer. We have singled them out from the context, and desire to view them apart from their original application, in order to found, on the general sentiment they embody, a few considerations appropriate to the present occasion.

The combination of a garden and a sepulchre, is the association of two things, apparently, the most opposite in their character, and in the thoughts they respectively suggest. In the one there is the freshness and the fragrance of nature in her most pleasant aspect, with blooming flowers and graceful plants—every thing gay and gladsome to delight the beholder! The other is suggestive of gloomy thoughts, of meditations upon decay and desolation, of sorrowful memories, of sad separations, and of
friendships that have been sealed in perpetual silence!

On the one hand is the place where the dead are laid to mingle with the dust of the ground. There, are the accumulated triumphs of "the last enemy" over the successive generations of mankind. There, concealed beneath the sod, as unfit any longer to be looked upon, is all that remains of many a familiar countenance, and of many a graceful form; of many a vigorous frame, and of many a manly, intrepid breast, erewhile instinct with life and vigour; but which are, now, all dissolved by the stroke of death. On the other hand, we turn to sweet summer scenes, over which soft breezes waft their flowery fragrance along: and where the varied loveliness, spread around in so rich profusion, awakens pleasing thoughts in every mind, and fills each heart with joy and gladness.

By following the two separate trains of thought thus suggested, through even but a few of their details, there is brought out into striking contrast the two pictures presented in the text of a garden and a sepulchre.

And yet, dissimilar as they are in their nature and circumstances, it is, after all, a not uninstructional combination which associates them together in our thoughts.

Let us contemplate that combination and that
contrast, in the facts they proclaim, and the lessons they teach.

1. In the garden of every heart there is a sepulchre—a place in its very core where lie, in withered desolation, the wrecks of many fond hopes that once bloomed in all the attractive loveliness with which the fair creations of the fancy are wont to be so pleasingly adorned. In the expectations which are cherished, in the aims that are sought, and the ambitions which are so tempting to men of ardent minds, how many fair flowers of human hope bloom in the garden of the heart!—how many attractive imaginations receive the homage of mankind! But just as the flowers that decorate a garden are liable to innumerable accidents, which deprive them of their fragrance, and despoil them of their beauty—which shrivel their leaves, and scatter their tinted petals on the ground; as the early frost nips the opening flower-buds, or the rains batter down the expanded blossoms, or the raging storm sweeps all their fragrant loveliness away—leaving the flower-plot strown with broken stalks and tangled branches, a very picture of desolation: So the hopes that are fondly cherished in the human heart, are full oft subject to like vicissitudes and disasters.

How true is this averment when applied to those vain imaginations, some of which do but flit across
men's minds, while others of them may retain a more lengthened hold of their hearts! What a multitude of vain desires, which are far removed from solid, sober thought, and that point to objects impossible of fulfilment, are fondly cherished by mankind!—extravagant wishes and hopes, that spring from romantic ideas, and exaggerated notions of men and things!—day-dreams, which serve to amuse the fancy, or supply food for the imagination, but never attain the coveted fulfilment; and which it would not be well for the dreamer that they should. Many a heart is thus, so to speak, like a garden, blooming for the time with vain hopes, which, under the stern realities of life, are swept into that sepulchre to which, in due time, all vanities are effectually consigned!

If it were only the vain imaginations, born of profitless thought, and associated with unavailing desires, which were destined thus to pass away—leaving not even a wreck behind, it could only be said of them that they but meet the fate they merit. But there are other hopes than these. There are sober, rational expectations, with nothing visionary about them, but which belong to the ordinary aims of life, its justifiable ambitions, its coveted honours, its worldly successes, and to which so many eyes are turned in longing expectation. Hopes of that kind find a ready welcome in every
breast which is moved by worldly motives. In the form of expectations of worldly good, or of desires after worldly happiness, or of anticipations of earthly satisfaction, in the aims, the possessions, the friendships of life, how luxuriantly they grow—those flowers of earthly hope which adorn the garden of the human heart. But prize them as we may, tend them with all the care which constant watchfulness can bestow upon them; give to them, as is so often done, the best place—the sunniest spot—in the garden of the heart, so that they may bloom in all their beauty for a time, even as the blushing rose in its fragrance, or as the "lily fair in its flowery pride." Still over what a multitude of such hopes does the same inevitable destiny hang! They are laid in the sepulchre of disappointed aims; or of thwarted efforts; or of unfulfilled expectations; or of unsatisfying possessions. And the very garden where they grew—the heart, where these hopes blossomed—is the scene and sepulchre of their destruction.

But is this the only, the universal characteristic of human hopes? Are they all thus unsatisfying and vain? Alas! for man if it were really so—if no anticipation of good, which the human heart can cherish, had a more enduring and more satisfying existence!

Blessed be God, there are hopes that are not thus
transitory. There are perennial flowers that continue to bloom in the garden of the human soul amid all this disappointment and decay. They are those hopes which this holy Book discloses, and the blessed Jesus bestows—hopes which he offered to the weary and the heavy-laden, when he proclaimed forgiveness of sins, and disclosed the wonderful secret of the soul's immortality; and which had their triumph brought clearly to light, in the certainty and the blessedness of that eternal life which is the portion of those whom he hath redeemed.

These are hopes that deal with unfading things. They rest on the durable, the satisfying, the eternal. Of the most fondly cherished worldly blessings, a man may be entirely stript. One after another, the earthly hopes may be laid in the dust—and every heart has its sepulchre, where the wreck of many worldly expectations are buried. But there is no sepulchre to hold in captivity the gospel-hope which animates the true believer. It flourishes even beneath the dark shadow of the tomb. Dreary and sad as the "sepulchre in the heart" may be, where so many ruined hopes are laid, yet there is life still amid that desolation. The living and life-giving hopes, which the gospel implants in the believer's heart, never die. The faith which rests on Christ Jesus is unfading;—imperishable is
the hope that "maketh not ashamed"—everlasting the graces, which adorn the inner man, and prepare the soul for its immortal destination.

There is a custom to be witnessed in some countries where, by a simple action, a great truth is sought to be embodied, in a pious offering of affection for a departed friend, by laying upon the grave, where the mortal remains are deposited, a wreath of everlasting flowers—the *immortelle*, they call it. The sentiment, thus embodied in the offering, is a pleasing one. It is suggestive of the hope that survives amid the desolations of the tomb! So, too, the sepulchre of the heart's buried hopes has thus its living wreaths—not of fragile flowers, but of the blessed truths of the gospel, which declares that "this is life eternal to know God as the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."

Still, the "sepulchre in the heart" where the wrecks of many fond hopes are laid, is a solemn reality. There, the melancholy proofs of the unsatisfying and the transitory are presented in the destruction of earthly hopes, to remind us, that, if, amid that desolation, we would have in our hearts true life still, it must be by cherishing the living and life-giving truths which decay cannot touch—the faith and hope, planted by a heavenly Father's hand, in the hearts of His children, to flourish in immortal bloom—the flowers that are transplanted
from the paradise of God—the hopes of heavenly origin and with heavenward tendency, that rest on Christ Jesus, whose precious utterance to his disciples of old, is still the inheritance of all true believers,—“He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

II. In the garden of every worldly pleasure there is a sepulchre. Who so happy, apparently, as he who is embarked on the great ocean of the world’s pleasures, carressing so gaily along, with full flowing sheet and favourable breeze? Who so fortunate, seemingly, as he who drinks without restraint of the cup of the enjoyments of life? Multitudes of our race think and speak thus of the prosperous votaries of this world’s pleasures! But experience has proved how far different, from the appearance, the reality has been. Let the question be as to the sinful indulgences of life—the follies and vices in which, with perverse minds, so many thoughtless youths imagine pleasure is to be found. Surely the wretched experience of such a multitude of disappointments, as the only enduring result of all the bright hopes that have been indulged, might well convince the most sceptical that the path of such pleasures is the path of death—that happiness thus laid hold of, is short-lived, as is the brief act of wicked indulgence, in which it is sought—and that no happy memories of such deeds remain; but, on
the contrary, the man carries about with him an accusing conscience, which may mar the happiness of the gayest moments, and prove that "the way of transgressors is hard." He that lives in such pleasures is "dead while he liveth." His dwelling is among the tombs—all his associations are with corruption, and the extinction of true life in the soul. And all around him are the wrecks of shattered hopes, which only mock the happiness they can impart no more to their disappointed and deluded votaries.

But there are other hopes—there are better pleasures than these! From other than such sinful sources, happiness may flow into the heart of man—even from the harmless worldly sources with which he is surrounded. God has imparted to all his works a capacity to minister to human happiness. You may see the proof of this in the innumerable adaptations which God has stamped on this fair world, for the promotion of the innocent enjoyment of man. For this, the landscapes are clothed with beauty; the fertile earth presents its yearly tribute for the sustenance of our race; and the graceful trees clothe the mountain sides, and overhang the valleys, and spread out in rich variety their waving foliage to adorn the scene. Surely it is to give happiness to man that the pleasant sunshine covers the face of nature with smiles; that
the beautiful flowers charm the eye; that the healthful breezes fan the cheek and invigorate the frame; that the melody of music delights the ear and furnishes gratification to the taste; and that, with a like expectation, men can turn to the intercourse of friendship, the ministrations of affection, and the offerings of human sympathy. From these, and a multitude of other like sources, man may derive pleasure of a kind grateful to the feelings of his heart, and congenial to the sympathies of his nature.

And yet, striking evidence of an imperfect state! for every such pleasure—for all pleasures of mere earthly origin—there is a sepulchre. The happiness is not permanent which they impart. The satisfaction is not complete that flows from them. The blight of all earthly pleasures is the decay and transitoriness to which they are destined. Scarcely have they been laid hold of, when the grasp of them has to be loosened, and they pass away never to return. Thus over the happiest experiences of life dark shadows fall. How often do the pleasures that are so eagerly plucked, wither almost as soon as they are seized. Disappointed hopes and blighted expectations not unfrequently throw their darkness upon the scene. Friendships may be marred by suspicion, interrupted by alienation, or severed by the hand of death. The general experience of life tells us not to trust in the permanency of that
happiness which springs from any earthly source. Though like the flowers, gay and graceful in their fragrant loveliness, pleasures bloom so temptingly on every side that multitudes eagerly pluck them; yet full oft it is only to find how frail and fleeting they really are—how unfit to be a permanent, satisfying, portion to the soul!

The pleasures really capable of satisfying the longings of our nature, must flow from another and higher source, than the nether springs of this world’s enjoyments—even from the hopes and blessings of Religion, and the triumphs of divine grace in the hearts of men! Whether they will or not, mankind are perpetually burying, however reluctantly, the remains of earthly pleasures; for there is a sepulchre, ever and anon opening in every heart, to receive these vanities and prove their emptiness. But there is no tomb to snatch away the pleasures that form the believer’s portion at the right hand of God, and of which he has the earnest and foretaste here below, while yet on the way to that heavenly home where are “fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore!”

Does any one think that he can succeed, where so many have failed, in laying up for himself a satisfying portion, in those pleasures of the world in which he would fain rest? Can they stand the test of time and the storms of life? How speedily may
these disperse them—how certainly will that coming
day of death separate you from them for ever? What should give pleasure that shall endure, if it be not "peace in believing," and "the good hope through grace;" faith in an Almighty friend, and the conviction of pardon vouchsafed; joy in the Holy Ghost; the blessed promise of eternal life; and the assured hope of a happy entrance at last into "the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens?"

Of many a humble Christian, pursuing his journey Zionward, it may be true, that to worldly pleasures he has long been a stranger—of temporal prosperity he may have known but little. And yet he may have been rich in faith. And, in his portion as a Christian, he has a treasure that may well fill his heart with that peace and joy which are unspeakable—the earnest and foretastes of the heavenly felicity!

Moderate then your exultation in the possession of any earthly pleasure, and your dependence on the happiness it imparts. Join trembling with your mirth. Covet those pleasures which time and time's changes will not lessen; and for which that sepulchre, wherein all vanities are buried, shall be opened in vain. Thus shall you wisely respond to the truth respecting every pleasure of earthly origin, and which rests on worldly objects, that in the garden of that pleasure there is a sepulchre.
III. There is a sepulchre in the garden of every home. Each household is destined in its turn to furnish a response to that truth spoken concerning all our race—"Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return"—a saying which is certain to be verified, at length, amid the sorrows of those bereavements, with which "the last enemy" marks his course, as, in such rapid succession, he despoils the homes and hearts of our race of even their greatest earthly treasures. In that home-garden, where the family tree spreads out its branches, and where those "olive plants" have sprung up around the table, how various is the experience that befals the individual members of even the happiest households where affection reigns! But, with all that variety, how certain is the destiny that awaits them—what uniformity in the close of their several histories, which, in due time, wind up with the same unvarying announcement—that they died! Here, it may be the budding promise of a young life, just begun, and then cut off ere it had time to expand into the flower that is full-blown: there, it may be the youth preparing for the battle of life, full of high hope and generous aspirations. Now, it may be man in the maturity of his mental and bodily powers, engaged in the active business of the world, from which he is unexpectedly withdrawn by the irresistible summons of death; and, then, it is the aged pilgrim,
who has out-lived the companions of his boyhood and the associates of his riper years, and whose steps were long tottering on the brink of the grave, into which, at length, he calmly descends as one whose race is run. Amid all the variety in the outward circumstances of the victims which grace the triumphs of the "King of terrors," how similar is the earthly destiny that awaits them all—"Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." Thus true it is that in the garden of every home there is a sepulchre—that the family circle is not long, assuredly not always, complete—that in the homes of our race the ties of affection are perpetually being broken by those oft-recurring separations, over which the survivors are called to mourn.

In the gloomy receptacle of the departed, how many fond hopes of survivors have been buried with the mortal remains of the dead! How many hearts, oppressed with the heavy burden of their bereavements, have poured out their sorrows by the sepulchre in sympathy with the mysterious silence and awful obscurity that hang around the place where their lost ones lie! Who could have penetrated the deep mysteries of the grave—who could have dispersed its terrors? Who could have disclosed the secret of that wonderous hereafter, which has been revealed to Christian faith, for them that
fall asleep in Jesus, and rest in the hope of a blessed immortality? Jesus entered the gloomy cavern of the grave, and lo! the mystery was solved. Jesus encountered the "King of terrors," and the manacles of that prison-house were broken,—death was deprived of its sting and the grave of its victory. The lamp of hope which he lit to dispel the brooding darkness of the tomb, still burns to illumine its gloomy caverns, as an emblem of that eternal life which he brought clearly to light. Oh! it is a sepulchre still, with many repulsive features, from the contemplation of which, human hearts instinctively shrink back, and from all contact with which our race would fain be spared. But it is a sepulchre in a garden. Around it there bloom the flowers that are fadeless—the hopes that blossom for eternity, in all hearts which, united unto Jesus in a living faith, are "planted together with him in the likeness of his death that they may be also in the likeness of his resurrection." As the flowers which decorate our gardens fade, and to all appearance are dead, while winter's chilling blasts are blowing, do yet revive on the approach of another spring, and all becomes gay and gladsome again; so, though the winter of the grave is not to be dispersed as speedily as when the revolving season comes to call Nature's plants and flowers into a new life, yet the Gospel has revealed
a spring-time more glorious, for the departed believer, than that to which Nature responds. It has proclaimed, as the portion of him who falls asleep in Jesus, a happy resurrection unto eternal life—the advent of that new existence from which sin and sorrow and death are excluded. Redeemed and reconstructed humanity shall then leave behind it all the decay and dishonour of death, and be clothed with the dazzling garments of a glorious immortality.

From the sad spectacle of a sepulchre in the homes of our race, where human friendships are buried, Christ’s own holy words bid you turn to a brighter spectacle, and rejoice in that Christian hope which has its triumph even in the grave; that you may make that hope your own, here and now, and find in it the earnest and foretastes of final glory. In view of the sepulchre in the home, how ought the members of the same household to seek the welfare of each other, considering how speedily the family circle may be broken by the rude hand of death! How strong the obligation on parents to be true to their duty in training up their children in the way in which they should go; and on children to reverence their parents! How a holy affection ought to regulate the entire family intercourse, seeing that its members are liable to be so speedily separated by the dark shadows of the grave.
What a precious bond of union does faith supply, when it consecrates, to a nobler fellowship, the loving intercourse of the members of a happy home, by making them also one in Christ "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." And thus from the brief intercourse to which death puts an end, here below, in shattering the family circle, there is, at last, an "entrance ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." In place of the earthly household with its sad bereavements and sorrowful separations—if a household of faith—there is the heavenly home, with its enduring happiness, and its uninterrupted communion of the saints in light. Let a holy affection elevate the aims, and consecrate the intercourse, of the families of our race. Let the enduring elements of true life be exalted to their proper pre-eminence over the transitory. Let it be the ambition of the family to have the names of all its members written, not on the household roll however great that honour may be, but in the Lamb's book of life. Then the severance which death effects, ceases to be the evil which it seems; but is the prelude to the endless re-union in glory. Thus, to the faithful in Christ Jesus, who have finished their course with joy, the grave becomes the entrance to the heavenly home. And around the tomb, where the righteous rest in hope of a
blessed resurrection, the bereaved may gather comfort and consolation, even while there is being brought home to their own experience the sad proof of the fact, that, in the garden of every home there is a sepulchre.

The emblems of mourning with which this pulpit, and that communion-table, are this day clothed, direct our thoughts to a new instance of mortality, under whose dark shadows bereaved hearts amongst us have unexpectedly been called to mourn. Another household, in the midst of us, has been deprived of its earthly head. Another friend has taken his departure, to be greeted by us no more in this land of living men. Another Elder in this congregation has laid down his office at the call of death. In the garden of another home there has been opened "a new sepulchre."

An intimate intercourse with the deceased, extending over a period of nearly a quarter of a century, enables me to touch intelligently on a few salient points of his character; and to note, in a few sentences, such circumstances in his career, as may properly enter into a brief tribute which I would, from this place, respectfully pay to his memory. And without obtruding, unduly, on the public notice, the private record of a now closed life; nor yet improperly intruding within the privacy of a domestic circle, whose griefs should be
sacred from the public gaze; I may yet offer, in your presence and on your behalf, to the bereaved mourners, the respectful expression of our Christian sympathy.

Well known in this community, where, respected by his fellow-citizens, he spent the last thirty years of an active life. Enjoying, as he deservedly did, the confidence and esteem of a large circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the Province. Brought into contact, during the greater part of his career, with persons of all ranks and conditions, his open, and honourable, and generous nature had large scope for development; and numerous witnesses to his many excellences might be called, who would bear ample testimony to the uniform integrity and rectitude with which he sustained his part in general society, and in the interchange of the sympathies of life. To a natural affability of disposition and courtesy of manners, he added a kindliness of disposition which was conspicuous in his ordinary intercourse with his fellow men. With a high sense of honour, he had a scarcely concealed repugnance to all meanness, and want of straightforwardness, in principle and practice, by whomsoever exhibited; while his large-hearted benevolence inclined him to do many kind services and unobtrusive charities to those who stood in need. An enthusiastic Scotchman, he cherished for the land of his birth, a
warmth of attachment that was truly refreshing to witness; and not a few of his fellow-countrymen, in their misfortunes and their straits, found in him a valuable counsellor, a warm friend, and a ready helper to the full extent of his ability.

Warmly attached to the Church of Scotland, and one of the most steadfast adherents of the Branch of the Parent Church planted amongst us, he sought her prosperity, and, in his own sphere, laboured assiduously, and not unsuccessfully, for the promotion of her welfare. Along with a few friends of kindred spirit who were deeply interested in the cause of our Church in this land, he took an active part in originating Queen's College—an institution at that time found necessary, and which has, ever since, been in successful operation, in training young men for the Ministry of our Church. The first meeting of the friends of the Church, held about thirty years ago, to devise plans for its establishment, and to take the necessary measures for procuring the Royal Charter on which it is founded, took place under his auspices and in his office. His name appears in the first list of its Trustees, and he has, ever since, had a seat at the Board for its management. The confidence reposed in his judgment and discretion in matters connected with the government of the Church, led to his being placed on some of the most important of its committees;—among which may be
named the Committee for the management of the Temporalities Fund. And it is but just to add that had his views been more closely followed, in regard to one of its investments, the result would, as matters have turned out, have been more favourable to the Church's interests!

From an early period of his residence here, he was honoured with the confidence of this Congregation, in being appointed one of the managers of the temporal affairs of this Church— a confidence which was frequently renewed in his re-appointment for new periods of service. At a time of much excitement and perplexity, when the surges of that great agitation in the Parent Church swept across the Atlantic to this new land, where the alleged causes of the strife had no practical existence, and when in consequence, the church here suffered a secession of some of its ministers and people, he never wavered in his attachment to the "Auld Kirk." On the formation of a new Session in the Congregation, he was one of those—seven in number—who were appointed to the Eldership. He had for colleagues, men of standing, intelligence, and devotion to the interests of the Church. And now after the lapse of about twenty years from the time of their appointment, the whole of that excellent band of office-bearers are gone to their reward. I willingly add, that long will the preacher cherish their memory,
as those whose counsel he valued, whose friendship he prized, and with whom he felt it a privilege to be associated.

Fain would I linger over the last name in that list of Elders, who, twenty years ago, were admitted to the spiritual oversight of this Congregation; but who have now, at the summons of death, all taken their departure, leaving to others—and those, not unworthy substitutes—the work, in which they had rendered so valuable aid. The tablet which records their demise, at distant periods, is now completed by the addition of the name of Mr. John Cameron—the last on the roll of an honourable band of contemporary fellow-labourers, whose memory will long be affectionately cherished by Minister and congregation who alike lament their loss.

It pleased God so to order it, that his departure was not through the ordinary, gradual, descent of long continued sickness into the valley of the shadow of death. But with a suddenness so startling as to strike onlookers with awe, and so unexpected as to deprive the hand of affection of all but the briefest opportunity of ministering to his necessities in his last moments, and to prevent the listening ear from hearing any parting words of affectionate counsel or of Christian hope, he passed away without a struggle and as calmly as if he had merely fallen asleep. But things unspoken by the living lips may
still be heard. The principles speak—the faith speaks—the life is an interpreter of the thoughts. These are often more truthful, and more eloquent in their utterances, than all spoken words! That closed life speaks in the record of an honourable career—in the kindly, affable, and generous nature which he carried into the intercourse of society—in the faith that animated him in the fellowship of the gospel—in the services he has rendered to the Church, whose prosperity he so anxiously sought to advance—in his enlarged sympathies with his fellow-men—and in the regularity of his attendance on the ordinances of the Church, and the respect he paid to sacred things.

From that "new sepulchre," so unexpectedly opened in the garden of a bereaved home, a voice comes to us all, this day, proclaiming the vast importance of those things which even death cannot destroy. It tells us that what our hand findeth to do we should do it with all our might. That we should not rest in the worldly and transitory; but seek the enduring, and the heavenly. And that, whatever we may leave unheeded, it should not be that Christian hope which can alone prepare us for death and give us the triumph over it.

And what a blessed hope that is, which thus fills the heart of the true Christian with peace in believing, and prepares him for the full and final fruition c
of unfading joys! Let not the fairest flowers of mere earthly hopes and worldly pleasures, which spread their transient loveliness in the "garden of the heart" tempt you to forget how fleeting and unsatisfying they really are. But let your hearts be given to those fairer flowers of Gospel hopes that blossom for eternity. Their fragrance is sweeter than the most costly perfume—their leaves are for the healing of the nations—their fruit is unto holiness, and they flourish still in the Paradise of God. The graces which thus adorn the true believer, and the hopes which animate him, are an unfading treasure for the soul. These flowers of heavenly grace skirt the path of the earthly pilgrimage, for him who seeks "another country even a heavenly." And they grow in all their modest beauty on the grave where the righteous rest in hope of a blessed resurrection.

May that hope be yours—may you be strong in the faith that realizes these distant glories—may you have their earnest and foretastes here, that that you may, also, have the consummation of all these blessings hereafter, in that eternal life which is the true believer's portion—the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."