

Well; he was in glory, too, Mamma,  
As happy as the blest can be;  
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,  
For he mixed with the patriarchs clothed in white,  
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright,  
Or a costlier robe than he, Mamma,  
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, Mamma,  
And dream as I dreamed before;  
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,  
While my spirit in the kingdom of light was a guest,  
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the blest,  
Can love this world no more, Mamma,  
Can love this world no more.

#### DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge agreed with Dr. Watts, Dr. Jortin, Dr. Johnson, and other distinguished men of that period, that *Supernatural interferences of Providence may, to a certain extent, still occur.* The following is related by the Rev. Samuel Clark, of Birmingham, then a pupil at Northampton:—

"Dr. Doddridge and my father, Dr. Clark, had been one evening conversing upon the nature of the separate state, and of the probability that the scenes on which the soul would enter upon leaving the body would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant whilst on earth; so that it might, by degrees, be prepared for the sublimer happiness of the Heavenly World. This, and other conversation of the same kind, was the immediate occasion of the following dream:—

"Dr. Doddridge imagined himself dangerously ill, at a friend's house, in London, and that after lying in that state for some time, his soul left the body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though very different from the body it had just quitted, was still material. He pursued his course until he was some distance from the city, when turning back and viewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself 'how trifling and vain do the affairs which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed in, appear to me, a separate spirit.' At length, as he was continuing his progress, although without any certain direction, yet easy and happy in the thought of the universal Providence of God, which extends alike to all states and all worlds, he was met by one who told him, that he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for him, from which he concluded that it could be no other than an angel. They went on together, till they came in sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace: upon which he inquired of his guide what it was, and was told that it was the place assigned for his residence at present.

"The Doctor then observed, that when upon earth he had read, that 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' 1 Cor. ii. 9. 'For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, besides thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.' Isa. lxiv. 4.: whereas he could easily conceive an idea of such building as that before him, though somewhat inferior in point of elegance. The answer his guide made was such as, from the conversation he had had with his friend, the evening before, might easily suggest; it was that some of the first scenes that presented themselves to his view, would bear a resemblance to those he had been accustomed to upon the earth, that his mind might be gradually prepared the more easily to behold the unknown glories which would be presented to his view hereafter. 'By this time they were come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a saloon into an inner apartment, where the first things he observed was a golden cup upon a table; on this cup was embossed the figure of a vine bearing grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of it, who told him that it was the cup out of which our Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom, and that the carved figures were to signify the union betwixt Christ and His people; implying that as the grapes derive all their sweetness from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, are indebted, for their virtue and happiness, to their union with their immortal Head, in whom they are all complete.' Whilst they were thus conversing, he thought he heard a gentle tap at the door, and was informed by his guide that it was a signal of his Lord's approach, and intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time, he thought that he beheld his Lord enter the chamber, upon which he cast himself down at His feet, when He graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of His favour, and kind acceptance of his faithful services; and as a token of peculiar regard, and of the intimate friendship with which He intended to honour him, He took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands, which the Doctor thought he declined, as too great a favour and honour; but his Lord replied, as He did unto Peter, with regard to washing his feet, 'If thou drink not with me, thou hast no part with me.' This scene, he said, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, joy, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it; his Master seemed sensible of it, and told him that he should leave him for the present, but that it would be long before he repeated his visit, and that in the mean time he would have enough to employ his thoughts, in reflecting on the past and in contemplating the objects around him. 'As soon as his Lord was re-

tired, and his mind became a little composed, he observed that the room was hung around with pictures, and upon examining them attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they represented the history of his own life; and all the remarkable scenes he had passed through, being thus portrayed in the most lively manner, it may be easily imagined how they would affect his mind. The many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, the signal instances of the Divine Goodness to him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were at once fully represented to his view, again excited the strongest emotions of gratitude and love, especially when he considered that he was beyond the reach of future distress, and that all the purposes of the Divine Love and Mercy towards him, were at length happily fulfilled. The ecstasy of joy and thankfulness into which these new ideas threw him was so great, that he awoke.'

"For some considerable time, however, after he arose, the impression continued so strong and lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, and he said that he never remembered, on any occasion, to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude, equally impressed on his mind. "It was under the influence of this dream, that Dr. Doddridge wrote the following beautiful Hymn. Philippians i. 24:—

- While on the verge of life I stand,  
And view the scene on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with its clay,  
And longs to wing its flight away.
- Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;  
It faints, my much-loved Lord to see;  
Earth, twine no more around my heart,  
For, oh! 'twere better to depart.
- Come, ye angelic envoys, come  
And lead the willing pilgrim home;  
Ye know the way to that bright Throne,  
Source of my joys and of your own.
- That interview, how blessed and sweet,  
To fall in transport at his feet,  
Rais'd in his arms to view His face,  
Through the full beamings of His grace.
- To see Heaven's shining courtiers round,  
Each with immortal glories crown'd!  
And while His form in each, I trace,  
With that fraternal band embrace.
- As with a seraph's voice to sing!  
To fly as on a cherub's wing!  
Performing with unwearied hands,  
A present Saviour's high commands.
- Yet with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;  
And in thy service here below,  
Confess that Heavenly joys may grow.'

#### THE FAMILY.

The word family is a sacred one, even among the children of the world. There is a hallowed tenderness about it, which few, save the wickedest, do not in some measure feel. One of their own poets has thus expressed the feeling:

Beneath the foulest mother's curse  
No living thing can thrive;  
A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive.

I by no means accord with the sentiment contained in these words; the language is too strong. Still it shows the world's feeling as to the strength and sacredness of the family bond. And there is much of truth contained, or at least implied in it. No other earthly circle can be compared with that of the family. It comprises all that a human heart most values and delights in. It is the centre where all human affections meet and entwine, the vessel into which they all pour themselves with such joyous freedom. There is no one word which contains in it so many endearing associations and precious remembrances, hid in the heart like gold! It appeals at once to the very centre of man's being—his "heart of hearts." All that is sweet, soothing, tender, and true, is wrapt up in that one name. It speaks not of one circle or one bond; but of many circles and many bonds—all of them near the heart. The family home, the family hearth, the family table, family habits, family voices, family tokens, family salutations, family melodies, family joys and sorrows; what a mine of recollections lies under that one word! Take these away, and earth becomes a mere churchyard of crumbling bones; and man as so many grains of loosened sand, or at best, but as the fragments of a torn flower, which the winds are scattering abroad.

All that is beautiful in human relationship, or tender in human affection, or gentle in human intercourse—all that is loveable and precious in the movements of a human heart, from its lowest depth to its uppermost surface, all these are wrapt up in the one name of family. For close-knit bonds, for steadfast faithfulness in love, for depth of sympathy,