## Immortality

sky
Taky in the standard in the present of the pres

ajar, leams from the inner glory ne brightly through the szare vault

alar, And half reveal the story."

On the same evening you may imagine
On the same evening you may imagine
Bowing filled with sadoes as the two
light deepens; and as he thinks with regrat of the departed sun, he quietly
murmurs to himself.

In the same strain Dean Millman
himself in an undertone, he says.—
if it is little matter at what hour of the day
murmurs to himself.—
Death cannot

"There is a land where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness; where the
soul
Drinks from the living streams of love
that roll
From GoJ's high throne."

come
On him untimply who has learned to die.
The leas of this brief life, the more of
heaven,
that roll
Leaven,
An I Lytton, that man of, many-sided

whip, as the season on undertone—
world, breathesin on undertone—
into a dark tremen lous sea of cloud,
it is but for a time; I press Golf's lamp
Close to my heart. Its splendor, soon
or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge
somewhere.
As the night steals o'er the earth, Bryant steps forth from his study, and look
and steps forth from his study, and look
and steps forth from his study, and look
and steps forth from his study, and look
I steps for all the bundless universe
Is life. There are no dead.

I stop three years ago in the D

I stay three years ago in the D

dreams. And as he thus repeats his own lines written in early life, he hears above him the bugle of the wild migrating awan dying into the south, and listening thus under the stars, he the deepest, as Longfellow is the sweetst of America's poets, expresses his feelings in these worls,—

"There is a control of the same of the sam

"There is a power, whose care Teaches thy way along that pathless

coast
desert, and illimitable air:
ne wandering, thou'rt not lost,
who from zone to zone,
dies through the pathless sky thy
certain fight,
the long way that I must tread alone,
ill lead my steps aright.

cowe is watching the fantastic shapes of the morning clouds, and as she watches we hear her say.

"It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the awaet closing of an eye.
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breez as fan our cheek.
Amid our worldly care;
Its gentle vioices whaper love.
And mingle with our prayers."

If you ask her why she thinks of a duture state on this fair morn, she will look at you mournfully, and pointing to the little grave where her child sleeps, she will say ! "Jay year, one year, one little year, And so much gone; And yet the even flav of life Moves calmly on."

And then forgetful of your presence, and turning her gazs from you up into the szire, she taks... "Wherefore weep, her matchless spirit soars to soars beyond, where plendid shines the orb of day."

Where hast thou been this year

Where thou gast been?

By that same graveyard stands James
sis of Lovell—the philosopher, states
an, poet, and Christian—and in minor
rains, yet withal hopefully, he sings,—

us,—
"Tread softly, bow the head,
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul,
Is passing now."
And while he speaks, the bosom heaves
the last sigh, and the poet, with a far
away look in his eyes, slowly murmurs,—

"I change, stupendous change;
There use the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,
Wakes with his God."

Tom Hood watches the tide of life go
heaving to and fro in an ever-weakening
form, until as the tide rolls out of the
river, and the stars pale in the east, the
soul of the suffered departed. And as
the sclid dawn broke o'er the city, and
penetrate I the death room, Hood gazad
at the cold [ays, and afterward with that
look in his mind's eye, he wrote,—
"For when the more came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers;
Her quiet eyelids closed, she had
Another more than ours."

W.G. Ciark fullows a colfic to its last
resting place. When the last echo of
the preacher's voice has died away, we

ors car,—
"Dasth cannot claim the immortal
mind.
Let earth close o'er its saired trust,
Yet goolness sleeps not in the dust."
In the same strain Dean Millians
closes the eye of a lored one, and to
bimself in an undertone, he says,—

Will pierse the gloom; I shall emerge somewhere.

As the night steals o'er the earth, Bryant steps forth from his study, and look. The steps forth from his study, and look it gat the appearing stars repeats with quiet emphasis the closing lines of his own o'thanatopsis," written long years before An I listening, we hear him say. "Solive, that when thy summons comes to join. The innumerable caravan that mores. To the pale realism of shade, where each shall take. His chamber in the silent skills of death. Those oak walls by the unhappy prisoners with his paoe it the wavy length of the room. In the year 1018, Bir Walter Religh walked three, and on the night to forth last time at the stars shining o'er the river Than 18, he wrote this verse that men can read today.

Else one who wraps the drapery of his couch. And lies down to pleasant dreams."

asog,—
"The stars shall fade away; the sunhimself
Grow dum with age; and nature sink in
years.
But thou shalt flourish in immortal
youth,

youth,
I about amidst the war of elements,
The week of matter, and the crush of
world."

Hearing this grand chord struck in England over two centuries ago, Dana of America, echoes it thus,—

A voice within us speaks the startling Man thou shalt never die.' Celestial

harps,
ngel fingers touched when the wild
stars
norning sang together, sound forth still, The song of our great immortality."

cheek responds,—

'Toink ye the note; of holy song on Miton's tuneful car have died? Taink ye that Raphael's angel throng Haw vanished from his side?

On no; we live our life agair, For warmly toucked, or coldly dim. The pictures of the past remain, child sleeps, of Man's works shall follow him."

English Byron, out of his chequered life, voices this inner consciousness of immortality, as speaking of the decease of Admiral Parker's daughter, he says,—

same Byron says,—
Thou art immortal, so am I; I feel,
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and
peal
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
lato-my ears this truth: 'Thou livest
forever.'

celing this immortality o'ersweep her il, Ella Wheeler took down her harp

And in the wild March morning; I neard
them call my soul."

And as the day breaks, and the fiscks of light illumine the rosy East, she says,

"O look, the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow,
the shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know;"
and then she thinks of what the coming day will bring to her, and says,—
"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done,

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"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done,
"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done,
"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done,"
"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done, the sum of the sweet song."

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done,"
"O sweet and strange it seems to me, thatere the day is done,"
"O sweet and strange it seems to me, the same that the sweet song."

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, the same the sweet song."

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, the same the sweet song."

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, the sweet song."

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day will bring to hor, and says,—
"O sweet and strange it seems to me,
that ere the day is done,
The voice that now is speaking, may be
beyond the sun;
Forever and forever with those just souls
and true,
And what is life that we should mourn,
"why make we such ade?"

why make we such ade?"

Ah, my friends, when we go down into
the shadowy vale, may the faith of Teunyson's "May Queen" be our support;
for you remember she goes on to say,—
"Forever and forever, all in a blessed
home,
And there to wait a little while, till you
and Efficemen.

home,
And there to wait a little while, till you
and Effice come;
To lie within the light of God, as I lie
upon your breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
, and the weary are at rest."

, and the weary are at rest."
Again in that grandest product of the
Lureate's genius, "In Memoriam," what
glorious assurances concerning future
existence do we.find. In the introduction, addressing the Deity, the poet

says:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
But thinks he was not made to die."

Then looking behind and within, he adds,—

adds,—
"My own dim life should teach me this
That life shall live forevermore;
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

And then, thinking of Arthur Hallam eeping under the English violets, he

But thou and I have shaken hands, Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands."

And thine in undiscovered lands."

That increasing years and maturing experience have failed to change his faith, he gives clear proof of in his recently published volume. For in the closing poem called "Crossing the Bar," he touchingly alludes to the time when he will set out on that solemn voyage which even the greatest poet must make alone. And speaking of his own passing swar, he says. away, he says

away, he says,—
"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no monaing of the Bar
When I pubout to sea.
But sich a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam;
When that which drew from out the
soundless deep,
Turns again home."

Turns again home.
And then striking a clear high note, he closes his song thus—
"For though from out our bourne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to see my Ploit face to face,
When I have crossed the Bar."

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

Let us look at its need in the light of a personal example. In the book of Numbers there is lifted into view one of the most singular and interesting characters in the entire range of Scripture. Borrowing a few graphic touches from Dean Stanley—"In his so no of those characters who, while so little is told of him that we seem to know almost nothing of him, yet what is told of him excites the highest pitch of interest. His home is beyond the Euphrates, among the mountains where the first streams of Mesopotamis have their rise. But his fame is known across the Assyrian Desert down to the very shores of the Dead Sca. He is regarded throughout the whole East as a prophet whose curse is irresistible—the rival, perhaps the conqueror, of the great Moses."

The forty years of the wilderness wan-

In his reference of floureshold. Me. Hemans stells, how one of the family dispers in the fives, another on south of the family stell the Tennyson, with his long, bright life stretching out behind him, sings in his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"—
"Gone forever, ever; no, for since out dying race began—
"Ever, ever, and forever, wherein the child speaking to her mother says,—
"And doubtless you can recall that early poem of his, the "May Queen," wherein the child speaking to her mother says,—
"All in the wild March morning, I heard the angles call;
"It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
"The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll.

And in the wild March morning, I heard the angle sall;
The trees began to whisper, and the own the single eye, let a man be divid. Such that the single eye, let a man be divid. Such the family sold;"

May Queen, "wherein the blue soa. But a diport so mowhere in the blue soa. But a diport so mowhere in the blue soa. But a diport so mowhere in the blue so a surge was played. Here are those rewards of direct most possible was, the far week, another on souther of south the child speak in the far West, another on souther of south the single eye, let a man be divid. But was, the far week a shool intely slut.

But was, there are those rewards of direct most of the family slut.

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But was, there are those reward

and then striking a clear high note, be closes also song time, out our bourned time and place, the striking and the striking and the striking as the striking as the striking as the striking as few graphic tonches from Dana Stanily—"his is one of those characters the striking that t

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