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OUR GLORIFIED DEAD.

There is something strangely beautiful in the thought of the glorification of our departed friends. How infinitely superior are our beloved dead to the fellow-mortals about us? We cannot comprehend the destiny of our being until death has revealed some endearing earthly relationship, and has thus raised our thoughts and hearts heavenward. The eyes of the bereaved mother never rest upon a child-face glowing with such radiant beauty as that of her own translated darling. No surviving wife or husband will ever presume to regard another with that exalted reverence which is bestowed upon the departed.

It is well for us to sometimes turn aside from the world, and, as it were, to commune with our dead. Not for the purpose of grieving or repining, nor to recall them back to earth, to reoccupy their former places amongst the living, but to let our spirits out upon the wings of imagination, that we may be lifted into an atmosphere above the earth, where we may better realize that the “gates are most certainly ajar.” Heaven is not a jail. Its gates are many, and they are undoubtedly open. Our mortal eyes may not penetrate the eternal depths, but our souls borne upon wings of fancy and of love may soar into realms of soul-satisfying pleasure and delight.

The child I lost is no longer a romping boy, but as I think of him now, an exalted spirit, immortal, glorified, radiant in beauty, may I think of him as he is, and not as he was? He surely lives. He is not dead. He may not come to me, but my heart and thoughts may go out to him; and as I raise my eyes to heaven, and my thoughts are lifted far above the earth, am I not nearer my boy? The experience which comes of bereavement may become the most exalted spiritual experience of this life, and I had almost said the most pleasurable. None but those who have experienced the hallowed charm of such communions can comprehend my meaning. Glory to God for our blessed immortality!—*Ex.*

Happy the heart to whom God has given enough strength and courage to suffer patiently and find out ones own happiness in the happiness of others.—*Colton.*

Since I began to ask God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than I have done in a whole year before.—*Payson.*