

because our eyes are dim and our ears are dull.

Heaven is the sunrise of the soul. "Oh wonderful possibilities beyond," exclaimed Bishop Simpson, when his life's sun was setting. "I am sweeping through gates of the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" were almost the last words of the sainted Alfred Cookman. "I am wrapped in a sea of glory—I am swallowed up of God," said Edward Payson, as the glories of a spiritual transfiguration hurst upon his soul.

Did you ever notice how many people smile just when they are passing over the border line. The biographer of Savonarola records the fact that on the last night of his earthly pilgrimage: "He seemed to dream and smile." How peaceful was the expression on the face of the Marquis of Argyle, as he quietly slept in that famous room in Edinburgh castle, on the night before his execution. Angels kissed his brow and God was near.

We know that children—little Children—who die in infancy, are God's particular favorites. For did not the Master say: "In heaven, their spirits do always behold the face of my father." In that celestial country none are nearer the throne than the unstained angel spirits of our little ones. It is a remarkable fact that the one thing which reminded our Saviour of the world from whence he came was the prattling childhood of our present transient sphere: "For of such is the Kingdom of heaven." How he loved childhood! How the children loved Him—"so mild the little children nestled trustful locks on that kind breast, which leans today on God's." Nearest to God, nearest to the host angelic, nearest to the great throne eternal, nearest to the per a of the Redeemer, nearest to nature's great heart of love, are the angelic spirits of our little ones who have passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

"Two little feet went pattering by,

Years ago;

They wandered off to the sunny sky,

Years ago;

Two little feet—

They crept never back to the love they left.

They never climbed nevermore to the arms bereft;

Years ago.

Again I shall hear the two little feet pattering by,

Their music a thousand times more sweet

In the sky;

I joy to think that a Father's care  
Will hold them safe till I meet them there,

By-and-by.