

of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Heaven with them and like-minded men was a very sacred thing; they put off their shoes from off their feet while standing on this holy ground, for the glory of God was there. John Owen, who stood at the head of Independency in his day, found his Heaven in the full manifestation to the redeemed soul of the glory of Christ. No men ever lived nearer Heaven than some of the martyrs of the Scottish Covenant, yet that very nearness drove far away all vain speculation from their minds. They saw in Heaven one great attraction, the loadstone of the soul, the King for whom they witnessed on earth; and if Peden, wearied with constant persecution, cried as he sat by Cameron's grave, "Oh, to be wi' Ritchie," it was because of Him in whom the martyr of Airmoss had fallen asleep. Even John Bunyan, who made all things so very plain, never sacrificed spiritual truth to the will of sense. His meditations upon the four last things are serious meditations. Here is part of the meditation on Heaven:—

"That head that once was crowned with thorns,
Shall now with glory shine;
That heart that broken was with scorn,
Shall flow with life divine.

"That Man that here met with disgrace,
We there shall see so bright,
That angels can't behold His face
For its exceeding light.

"What gladness will possess our heart
When we shall see these things!
What light and life in every part
Will rise like lasting springs!

"Oh! blessed face and holy grace,
When shall we see this day?
Lord, fetch us to this goodly place,
We humbly do Thee pray!"

Is this the style of the writers whom we are engaged in reviewing? Far from it. They throw Christ into the background, and in the forefront of the picture place departed friends and pleasures of sense. "The Gates Ajar" is written as a passage from the autobiography of a young lady twenty-five years of age, who has been a member of the Church in full communion for six years. She has lost an only brother, and her feelings are not those of the "regenerate" or the "redeemed," for "death and Heaven could not seem very different to a Pagan from what they seemed to her." In her affliction she loses all sight of God except as a "cruel, jealous God." Her aunt, a minister's widow from the West, comes to see her, and brings her back to a proper frame of mind, not by turning the heart towards God, or inculcating submission to His will, but by turning the imagination toward the brother in Heaven, "pressing forward to see the President," "knowing what his sister is doing and feeling as well as he knew it three months ago, so that he can help without harming." And around him are those who "are not asleep," but "talk and laugh and joke and play," having "homes of their own," and "books to read." There are things in this book, as indeed there are in all the books of the class, far more irreverent; things that, with the exercise of great forbearance, might be said to border on the blasphemous, clever parodies on the sayings of good and holy men, and