

up, dear heart, our separation will only be for a moment."

Perish dark memories
There's light ahead,
This world's for the living
And not for the dead.
Down the dark current
Let the boat swing
For every storm swept winter
Their follows a glorious spring.

Death will bring to the soul its greatest surprise. We sing our songs about heaven, we con over all the sweet and precious utterances by prophet, bard, evangelist and apostle concerning "the land of far distances," we picture, in our imagination, all the holy beauties and spiritual splendors of that unseen world and ever and anon exclaim: "What must it be to be there!" We long; aye, how we long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." But notwithstanding all—heaven will be a surprise—the soul's greatest surprise. What sudden glory! What dazzling splendor! What ineffable beauty! What inexpressible sensations. Mark you—death will bring the soul its supreme surprise.

We will be surprised that death was so perfectly natural. Think God, it's natural to die. Like the pearl dropping from its rough outer shell, like the rose opening ruby lips, like the evening star piercing the blue of the sky, like an infant opening its innocent eyes, like the sun, chasing away the last trail of mist, like the rosy fingers of morning seeking for the shining gates of day—so does death come, silently, serenely, with power majestic to kiss every wound and caress every bruise and impart life to the spiritual angel hid in the marble of flesh. Oh, death, where is thy sting? "Mother" said a dying child to the weeping widow, in my presence,— "Mother, am I dying? Really dying? Is this death?"

Dwight Lyman Moody in his dying hour exclaimed: "If this is dying, death is glorious!" Christmas Evans, passing over, shouted: "Drive on coachman, drive on!" Mary A. Foster, looked death in the face and remarked, in perfect peace: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death yet the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak." Then welcome death, for death is but a step in the ladder of life. Oh, death when wilt thou come and reveal to us the secrets of the world unseen?

We will be surprised to find that our loved ones will be waiting to greet us. Surprise of greeting! Surprise of meeting! Surprise of welcome! Surprise of salutation! Surprise of holy