

found no temple ; for the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY and the LAMB are the temple of it ; and there will be no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it ; for the glory of God shall lighten it ; and there shall be no night there. There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; and God will wipe away all tears from off all faces.

Heaven ! when we speak it—when we write it—when it echoes through our hearts, we joy and rejoice in the blessed hope of a reunion with those we loved, gone to their reward, and the welcome we shall give those who follow us. O ! what a reunion will that be ! Eternity alone will reveal how much joy God has reserved for those that love Him. Ye who mourn the loss of some dear and cherished idol of your hearts, remember this and dry your tears : If God is *your* Father and Jesus your Elder Brother, surely it shall be your happy lot on some bright summer morning to clasp those loved ones to your bosom, to be separated no more forever ! Yes ! no more forever !

As God is infinite, the pleasures which He has in reserve for His children are infinite. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has laid up for those that love Him.

I AM GOING* THERE.

Beyond the crimson sunset,
Far, far beyond the skies,
There is a heavenly country
Where sunlight never dies ;
There is a glorious mansion,
Where all is bright and fair—
Christ has prepared the city,
And I am going there !

Thousands of souls have gathered
Into that heavenly home,
Where sickness never enters,
And sorrows never come.
Saints with their lofty praises
Around the throne repair ;
In heaven forever always praising,
And I am going there !

My soul is sad to leave you,
But oftentimes it seems,
I hear the voice of Jesus,

Calling me in my dreams.
You know I shall be happy ;
You must not then despair,
For, oh ! there is a heaven,
And I am going there !

Sometimes I see those spirits,
That bright angelic band,
Who dwell with Christ forever
In yonder blissful land.
His name is on their foreheads,
And conquering palms they bear,
And I shall soon be with them—
Yes, I am going there.

From friends' who love me fondly,
And call me their delight !
I go to higher pleasures,
A world of heavenly light !
A paradise eternal,
Christ did for us prepare ;
He called me from my loved ones,
But they will meet me there !

IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.

The following felicitous passage occurs in the speech of Hon. Edward Everett, at the Webster Festival at the Revere House. The orator, in referring to Mr. Webster's taste for manly sports, added these words :

The Americans, as a people,—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn-out man is *recreated*, made over again, by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out (Herod. 1, 173) that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man, forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent—eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two—the Anglo-American population has overworked, and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind are in spasmodic, merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipation which are called amusements, but noble athletic sports, manly out-door exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country.