

"We see but dimly through the mist and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

This shall be realized in all its blessedness and comfort then. I think it would take away half the charm of the future if a father, a brother, a sister, a babe be near you, and yet you be insensible to their presence, or ignorant of the familiar and once beloved face. The promised future is not a series of cold, insulated cells, but our Father's house. It is amid the warmth of His fireside that we shall gather; it is under that roof-tree, that never shall be broken, that we shall meet; and as sure as we gather in our Father's house shall I recognize and know all my brothers and my sisters in Christ, when we sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of our Father. Heaven is not a solitary place, where each is isolated from the other in loneliness. All the imagery employed denotes that our future state is a social condition; it is a city, it is a country, it is the general assembly of