

the morning, the older in the evening of the same day. A short time before his departure, looking intently toward a corner of the room, he said: "I see Willie." He was a child of four years old, and had not been told of his brother's death. His father "always believed he saw his brother."

In a family connected with my church, a little girl of seven years, an only child, died. Her mother, worse than widowed, had returned to her parents. They were oppressed with infirmities and toils. The only bright and joyous thing in the house was the grandchild; and their hearts were almost broken by her death. Some time after, the mother was seized with fatal sickness at the house of her married and only sister, a few miles away. A short time before the end, an expression of indistinguishable intelligence and rapture came upon her face, her lips moved, and the nurse bending over, was confident she pronounced the name of Effie, her lost darling. Her mother was unable to see her during her sickness, or in her shroud; but after the funeral service I was present when the surviving daughter entered her room, rushed into her arms, weeping for a moment, then suddenly raising herself, she exclaimed: "But mother, don't cry for Cornelia; I said when I saw that look, I never weep for you, my sister." The scene was affecting in the extreme.

A pious gentleman related to me the following concerning his own brother, who died some eight years of age: Two days before he died he raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if seeing something which strongly interested him. After contemplating it awhile, he said: "How beautiful you are!" then stretching out his arms: "Come and take me!"

Recently a lady, a member of the church in my care, gave me the following account: Some years ago her brother, Russell C—, an active business man and a Christian, was killed in a railroad disaster. Their aged mother, living in another State, was in such a low and feeble state of body and mind, that it was not thought best to inform her of the decease of her son. After some weeks the time of her departure drew near, preceded by two or three days of mental restoration and activity.

During these days, at one time having apparently perfect use of her faculties on all subjects, the daughter named above being present, she suddenly said: "Russell is here!" "Why, no, he is not," replied the daughter. "But he is," she persisted, and expressed her pleasure at seeing him.

The article in *Appleton* closes with the beautiful experience which heralded the death of Eberhard Stilling, grandfather of the author, Jung Stilling. Concisely stated, it is as follows: He went one day with his children into a wood. Leaving them he passed on. Soon a light brighter than the sun appeared before him. A plain extended beyond his vision, white with the light. There were brooks and gardens, and silvery castles. Near him rose a glorious mansion, and from the door came a beautiful angel; but when close by him he saw it was his beloved departed daughter, Dora. "Father," she said, "yonder is our eternal habitation; you will come to us soon." From that hour he seemed as one enchanted, and serene and happy, soon passed away from earth.

There are some points of resemblance to this in the narrative given to me by the grandparents of two little girls who died. A lady who watched with the younger the last night of her life, said she should always believe the child saw angels. On the Sabbath morning following the funeral, the older sister went into her grandmother's room, and said: "I have been dreaming; I want you to tell me what it means." "What did you dream, my child?" "I thought I was walking in a wood, and my little sister met me and said: 'Come with me, and I will show you where I live now.' So she led me along till we came to a gate, and beyond the gate was the most beautiful place I ever saw. There were a great many people there, and little children, and all perfectly happy. The grandmother told her that thinking much about her little sister had caused her to dream; but when the girl left the room she said to her daughter: "That child will die." Before the second Sabbath following she was seized with the same malady, a prevailing epidemic, which had been fatal to the first. From the beginning she told her parents she