

one can see the value of such an institution in preparing the Indians to be industrious and useful citizens.

HEAVEN PICTURED.

MOODY AND SANKEY SAY WHAT THEY BELIEVING IT TO BE

Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist, gives this as his view of heaven :

"There surely is a heaven, and I am on my way there. It is a beautiful place of eternal praise. I accept the teachings of the Bible literally, and my conception of heaven is what my Bible tells me.

"The chosen ones there will eternally praise their Maker, whether it be by the playing of instruments, by song, or otherwise, it matters not

"There is a heavenly choir, and I am going to join it. As I have said in my talks to the people, I expect to sing as beautifully there as Mr. Sankey does on earth. I sing as thoroughly from my soul now as he does or as anybody could. We will sing from our souls there."

Mr. Sankey took a less literal view of heaven than Mr. Moody. He said :

"As to my idea of heaven as a place set apart, I have none. I have never been there, and cannot say what it is like. I believe, though, that we have heaven right here on earth as surely as in the future life. I am living in it, so are all the righteous.

"Heaven begins right here. It is all about us. It is what we make it, and what our heaven will be hereafter depends largely on the way we have lived on earth.

"As to the popular conception of heaven as a place where streets are paved with gold, where angels hover about a throne, playing on harps and horns, and singing praises, that is but figurative. It is nice to conceive it in that way. I like to think of such an existence myself.

"Such pictures as that one and such

teachings are like the cross; they cannot be kept before the people too persistently. Many, the ignorant especially, need them to keep them constant.

"Most of us do not. We have grown away from the necessity of figurative teaching and are able to conceive heaven in its best and broadest sense."

A TRIBUTE

From the Magnolia Centre W. C. T. U. Memorial Services for Carver Tomlinson, Sept. 3, 1896.

WRITTEN BY M. LOUISA BUMGARNER.

One by one our numbers lessen,
And full oft the summons come,
Our union now has four "promoted"
To the distant heavenly home.

We grieve to find our ranks so thinning!
And mourn with those who, lonely grieving,
Of the loved one now bereft,
Would so willingly be leaving,
Life's turbulent scenes for quiet rest.

But the Father in His wisdom,
Spreads before our halting feet
Other paths, with other duties,
Blending bitterness and sweet.

Saying: "Lo, I'm with thee always,"
Follow, with a heart of trust;
Grieve no longer, but remember,
'Tis the body that is dust.

But the spirit, free, untrammelled,
Bound no more by suffering's thrall,
After eighty years of striving,
Followed at the Master's call.

In the home now left so lonely,
Once six merry children played,
But the shadows fell athwart it,
The two youngest—sons—did fade.

Too weak and frail for life's race,
They were together laid for sleep,
And grand old trees whisper and chant in
the passing breeze,
O'er their peaceful resting place.

For another one—a daughter—
Angels called out the refrain,
And they laid her low and sleeping,
On a sunny Kansas plain.

Half on earth and half in heaven,
Where can the heart's treasures be?
Three with mother, three with father,
Sundered by the mystic sea.