

## "A Glimpse of Heaven Transports Us There."

BY REV. J. H. CHANT.

As the caged eagle neared the mountain range  
O'er which he oft had soared on pinions strong,  
He clapped his wings, moved by some impulse strange,  
And then fell dead his prison floor upon.

So Moses stood on Pisgah's height alone,  
With sight undim'd, and unabated strength,  
He gazed with rapture on the vision shown,  
Of the fair land in all its breadth and length.

He saw the vale of Eschol, clad with vine,  
Mount Lebanon, adorned with lordly trees,  
Gilead and Achor, with their lowing kine,  
And verdant Sharon, swept by ocean breeze.

He saw the spot where Jacob's ladder stood,  
The oaks at Mamre, where their father prayed;  
Saw Bashan, with its pastures and its wood,  
And the rude cave where Sarah's form was laid.

Saw the whole land—its hills, and vales, and streams,  
Its lakes, and pools, its vineyards and its groves;  
A wealth and glory far beyond his dreams,  
Better, it seemed, than all earth's treasure-stores

God then revealed a glimpse of his own face  
Which Moses once desired, but God withheld;  
But finished now the God-ordained race,  
The battle fought, and every passion quelled,

As he beholds the glory of his Lord,  
And looks within the pearly gates ajar,  
Snaps, in an instant, life's frail brittle cord,  
And he is where the holy angels are.

So is it, likewise, with God's dying saints,  
They see e'en here, the beatific sight,  
The spirit then breaks through this world's restraints,  
And enters into heaven's effulgent light.

Not sorrow snaps the silver cord, but joy;  
Not woe, but bliss, expands the golden bowl:  
The pitcher breaks when free from earth's alloy,  
And fails the wheel when heaven has filled the soul.

"They come! He comes!" cries out the dying one.  
Who comes? "The angels and my loved ones, too;  
And Jesus comes, God's well beloved Son!"  
He smiles, and then heaven's pearly gate glides through.

## A Beautiful Life.

ALECIA ELLA HENDERSON was born on Dominion Day, 1872, and died February 17th, 1889, aged sixteen years seven months and seventeen days. Born in July, when the flowers were blooming, like these her life was short and beautiful. Almost as pure as she in character as the water lilies that freely grew near that old Crosby homestead. Her life was as the benignant shining of a July sun.

When but three years of age, a godly mother—then living—told her of the loving Jesus who had nowhere to lay his head. "Oh, ma, I'll give him part of my pill," was the devout reply. She never showed fear in the street or in the dark, and said: "Jesus will keep me from falling down."

In her fourth year, she said: "Pa, I love Jesus, and feel him in my heart." And, as I kissed away the falling tear, came the thought, "What more can I say than that?" At seven, she openly professed love in Christ, at meetings held in our own church, by E. P. Hammond, and became a class-going member, which she was until her fatal sickness.

She regarded herself as blessed with the two best things of this life—religion and education. Ella was good as well as fair; and, as opportunity offered, she taught in the Sunday-schools, sang in the choirs, and led in prayer at worship. In June last her health suddenly failed, and early in August I took her to Colorado, where she improved for a time, and then relapsed.

We pray the following touching letter may be a blessing to some young reader:—

"DENVER, Dec. 25th, 1888.

"MY DEAR PA AND MA,—This is Christmas Day, but a sad Christmas for me, and I think my last Christmas. Perhaps I am giving up too much; but yesterday, when one of the best doctors in the city said there is a big cavity in my left lung—that I supposed was sound—it was a terrible shock. He said my life would soon end here; but I have great hope of a continuance of that life in a better land.

"Oh, Pa, just think of it! This time last year I was fat and ruddy, and what has a year done? It has changed that happy, healthy girl into one weary and sad, because all her hopes and plans are broken; and, bitterest of all, dying of consumption. I want to go home while I have the strength. If I must die, let me die with all my friends around me, and be buried beside my mother. I do not want to live in this condition. I gladly welcome death, for it means a grand meeting with my mother, grandmother, numerous friends, and, best of all, with Jesus."

In this our darling was gratified. During nearly seven weeks, tarrying in our home, she seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth. At times her prayers seemed inspired; and she took a tender pledge from loved ones to lead lives of prayer, and meet her in heaven.

Love for the Lord's house led her to task her failing strength, and she came in to the sacramentable two Sundays before her death. She expected to be a missionary-teacher, and expressed the hope that the Lord may give her some mission in the life to come.

Oft did she join us in repeating Scripture, and asked for favourite hymns; and listening to the choir in the church, remarked: "I've been thinking of the music there'll be in heaven. Oh! what will it be to be there!" In all, her delicate sense of propriety never left her; and our people were more than kind in waiting upon and ministering to her.

As her sufferings increased, she pleaded: "O Lord, thou knowest I am willing to go. Come! O come!" The last effort in her dying bed was to join us, on our knees, in singing:

"Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure, and wholly thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me—  
I will henceforth live for thee;"

and, with catching breath, repeated with us the 23rd Psalm. Towards the close, she expressed, by pressure and glance, the thanks she could not speak; and on Sabbath evening, just as the bell had called to worship, she calmly departed, to be a spirit bright in that blest land for which, in heart and life, she had been preparing.

Her life was short, and yet successful—measured by true standards. To all human appearance, Ella would have been a source of comfort and honour to us in life; and, though the world is darker and this life poorer, we can say—if even too sad to sing—

"And thou, dear heart, remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold?"

For us the empty room, and vacant chair, and lonely heart, and sad cold grave; for her the "Well done" of the Lord she loved, and the house of many mansions, and the robe of salvation, and the song of triumph, and the welcome embrace of those in light who waited for her coming.

W. HENDERSON.

WHAT we call time enough, always proves little enough.

## The Little Chinese Boy.

A CHINESE mother had taught her little boy to worship idols placed in some small niches in the walls of the house. When the child grew old enough to learn to read, his parents sent him to the mission-school.

The boy heard his teacher say that nobody should worship idols—that they were only pieces of wood, which could neither see nor hear. He was very much surprised and troubled at what he heard. His good teacher would not deceive him. What he said must be true. But, then, how could his dear mother deceive him? When he went home, he watched for a moment when he should be alone, then, running up to the niches, he touched the little idol. Seeing that nothing happened, he grew bolder—struck it—and finally threw it in the fire. In a few minutes the idol was burned to ashes. Then the child took another—then a third—and at last, very sure that his teacher told the truth, he took all the idols in the house and threw them in the fire.

But when he saw them all burned, the thought came to him, "What will my parents say to me? These idols did not belong to me." Frightened at his rash action, the boy ran from the house. When his parents came home they were alarmed at finding their niches empty, and their little boy gone. They searched for him a long time, and at last discovered him crouching behind a tree, sobbing bitterly.

His father took him in his arms, and kindly questioned him. The child told him what he had done. "Don't be troubled," said his father, much moved. "I will not punish you. Gods who can not keep themselves from burning, cannot hear or deliver us. I should like to know your teacher's God."—*The Well-Spring.*

## We Must Leave Them Behind.

A STORY is told of a robber named Akaba, who lived in Arabia. He was captain of a robber-clan, which, by its depredations, had filled its tents with gold and many precious things. But he was not happy. His mind was greatly disturbed because he realized that his wealth had not been honestly gotten.

He went to a religious teacher, living at the foot of the mountain, and asked him how he might win heaven. He said:—

"Five hundred swords obey my nod, innumerable slaves bow to my control, my storehouses are filled with silver and gold, but now I wish you to tell me how I may add to all these the hope of eternal life."

The old hermit pointed to three great stones, and told him to take them up and carry them with him to the top of the mountain. The man went to them, but it was as much as he could do to lift them. He could scarcely move a step when they were all laid on his back. So the hermit told him to follow him to the summit without this load. One by one they were cast aside, and the ascent was easily made.

"My son," said the hermit, "you could not climb this hill until you had cast away the burdens which you at first took upon your shoulders. Let me say to you now, you have a threefold burden to hinder you from climbing the road to heaven. Dismiss your robber-band, set free your slaves, give back your ill-gotten gains. Sooner could you climb the mountain, bearing those heavy stones, than reach heaven and happiness in such p and wealth."

So must we cast aside every sin and advance heavenward.