

instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise and unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollected to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor."

The successor of Mr. Tennent in the congregation of Monmouth, in a free and feeling conversation with him, while traveling together from Monmouth to Princeton, observed to Mr. Tennent, "Sir, you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, what you were sensible of while in that state." He replied in the following words: "As to dying—I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable!" Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, let his bridle fall, and lifting up his hands, proceeded: "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things all unutterable! I saw a great multitude before the glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full into the face, laid his hands upon my shoulder, and said, 'You must go back.' These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw

that I was in this world, I fainted, then came to and fainted for several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation. And," said he, "for three years the sense of divine glory continued so great, and everything else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

WHAT IS THE FAMILY?

It is a little EMPIRE. The father is the sovereign. It is an absolute sovereignty, constituted in wisdom and restrained by affection. It is derived from the fountain of all power. With this authority is connected immense responsibility. To the government thus constituted, unreserved obedience is required, that its ends may be fully answered. It is a type of that ultimate submission which will be paid to the Father of all by his redeemed family in heaven. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom of God, even the Father.

The family is a NURSERY. The idea is derived from a material process in nature to which animals and plants are subjected. God speaks of planting a "noble vine." Such is the family. It requires nourishing, protecting, maturing, as much as the literal vine. "Christian families are the nurseries of the Church on earth, as the Church is the nursery for heaven." The nursery is a retired place, but pregnant with preparations for eternity. Its germinations are immortal. It is the birth-place of both the body and mind. Happy, when some auspicious star of hope hovers over it. A train of associations is there commenced, which is imperishable; habits into which the very soul is moulded; impressions are engraven, which no lapse of time shall ever obliterate, which eternity itself will but confirm and perpetuate. Like seed, like harvest: "He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." A mental philosopher has said, that the character is formed before the expiration of the sixth year of our existence. And these years are in the hands of the mother! The mother of Byron would become frantic with passion, and throw the tongs at him, in early childhood. Hence he became more and more ungo-