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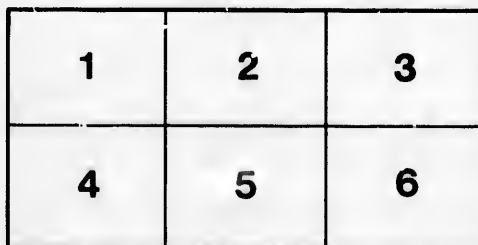
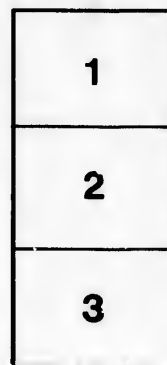
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# GLIMPSES OF GLORY;

OR,

## INCENTIVES TO HOLY LIVING,

AN ANTIDOTE TO WEARINESS IN WELL-DOING, AND  
COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED AND  
BEREAVED.

EDITED BY ZETHAR.

---

"Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought  
Of future glory, which religion taught.  
Now, Faith believed it firmly to be true ;  
And Hope expected so to find it too ;  
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,  
'Believe ! expect !! I know it to be so.'"

---

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# GLIMPSES OF GLORY.

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## *HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.*

“ My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
Stretch up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of that dear country,  
That seems so far away.”



ONE of the most striking and influential peculiarities by which man is distinguished from all other creatures on earth is the innate desire for further attainments which dwells in his bosom.

When conjoined with the love of the pure and the beautiful, and especially with the “hope of glory” in the heart of the child of God, this active principle produces intense longings for “glory, honor and immortality.” As the needle of a compass trembles till it stands at the north, as rivers flow to the ocean, as fire mounts upward towards the sun,

“ So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view His glorious face,  
Upward tends to His abode  
To rest in His embrace.”

The Bible acknowledges this principle within us by



its references to the things which God has prepared for His people, and by the precious promises which it contains. As a jeweller flashes a diamond before the eyes of a beholder to show its brilliant lights and sparkling qualities, so do the promises flash out before the eye of faith the glories of heaven in such glimpses as serve to incite our desires for fuller knowledge and greater attainments, and to nerve us to seek it with all the earnestness of a man searching for goodly pearls. The promises, and other references of the Bible, regarding the glorious inheritance of the saints are evidently designed to incite us to constant endeavor to glorify God, and to animate our hearts with courage.

“As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o’erlooking hill,  
His heart revives if o’er the plain  
He views his home, though distant still.  
So, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting soul renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.”

The Bible thus affords us the joy of present blessings, and the hope of greater in reserve for us in heaven. It incites those longings which we all have at times, in which we desire more light, and all the information that we can reasonably gain of the unseen world. It makes our longing souls fervently cry :

“Oh, for a nearer insight into heaven—  
More knowledge of the glory and the joy  
Which there unto the happy souls is given—  
Their intercourse, their worship, their employ.”

Let no one rudely answer this cry of the heart, for it gets its inspiration in the Word of God; and its influence is animating and ennobling. Oh, with what heavenly pleasure it thrills the soul to think that God never implanted this longing in the hearts of His children without providing for them the desired and promised good. "He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Men of the world have their portion in this life, and seek the gratification of this inborn principle therein. They look no higher than the grovelling pursuits of earth. They are enslaved by their love for such, and become sensual and earthly, and seek but never find satisfaction. The things of earth necessarily require our attention, but should not engross it, far less take up our affections. We shall find them disappointing if we do.

" 'Tis vain to seek a heaven below the skies,  
The world has false, but glittering charms ;  
Its distant joys seem big in our esteem,  
But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;  
In our embrace the vision dies ; we grasp  
But airy forms, and lose the pleasing dream."

" Oh ! be a nobler portion mine." Risen with Christ, we seek the things above as a necessary consequence of the great change wrought within us. God has conferred upon us the high honor of sonship, and desires us to seek objects truly worthy of our ambition. He sets before us a glory which is eternal, and urges us to seek it. What a pity it is that we do not realize this

more than we do! Oh, that we could more fully close our eyes and ears, and the avenues of our affections, to earthly scenes and things! Oh, that we were more spiritually minded, that we might form a better idea of the glory awaiting us. Let us lift up our eyes to that fair heritage, and behold what a noble portion is ours. Let us consider its adaptation to the wants of our immortal spirits, and fix the aim of our ambition on nothing less than that eternal and fully satisfying portion which we have in God. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him." Rejecting all other portions, the child of God seeks and finds the unutterable bliss of having God as his portion, and exclaims: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire besides Thee." "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." "Though now we see Him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." Heaven is our home.

—EDITOR.

*I SHALL BE SATISFIED.*

Not here ! not here ! not where the sparkling waters  
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near ;  
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—  
I shall be satisfied—but oh ! not here.

Not here ! where every dream of bliss deceives us,  
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal ;  
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,  
Across us floods of bitter memories roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
With rapture earth's sojourner may not know ;  
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,  
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight while yet the flesh infolds us  
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide ;  
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied ! satisfied ! the spirit's yearning  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—  
The silent love that here meets no returning—  
The inspiration which no language finds.

*Shall* they be satisfied ? the soul's vague longings—  
The aching void which nothing earthly fills ?  
Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging,  
As I look upward to the heavenly hills !

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—  
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide;  
Guide toward home, where all my wanderings ending,  
I then shall see Thee, and be "satisfied."

—ANON.

---

*THE SOUL'S YEARNINGS FOR HOME.*

THE house of our earthly pilgrimage, which in youth we carry so easily, and which we think we would never wish to lay aside, as age, infirmities, and disease associate with it, becomes a much less desirable residence for the soul, especially for that of the believer, who is looking with desires more or less ardent "to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." The soul appears sometimes to chafe with its earthly environments, and to long to be away to the place prepared for the waiting disciple. Sometimes the longing is expressed in such moving language and with such poetical force that we sympathize with the ardent writer, and hang with pleasure upon the numbers which syllable his earnest faith and fervid desire.

I have been struck while reading the "Prison Song" of F. B., P.,\* with its exquisite beauty and with its truthfulness to the vision which John saw, "the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." The full text contrasts with great force

\*The letters F. B., P., are supposed to represent Francis Baker, Priest.—NUTTER, "*Hymn Studies*."

and beauty a soul's earthly experience with its ideal as imagined in "the eye of faith." The first five, with the seventh, the first being repeated as the closing one, would, in the writer's view, constitute a hymn almost unrivalled in this class of sacred poetry.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?

Oh, happy harbor of the saints!  
Oh, sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;  
Thy gates are of bright orient pearl  
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine;  
Thy very streets are paved with gold  
Surpassing clear and fine.

Oh, my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !

Thy saints are crowned with glory great ;  
They see God face to face ;  
They triumph still, they still rejoice,  
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment  
Continually do moan,  
We sigh, and sob, and weep, and wail,  
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,  
Our pleasure is but pain,  
Our joys scarce last the looking on,  
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure, and such play,  
As that to them a thousand years  
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,  
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the street with silver sound  
The flood of life doth flow ;

Upon whose banks on every side,  
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring;  
There evermore do angels sit,  
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see.

—DR. BLACKWELL.

---

*HEAVENLY MEDITATION A DUTY.*

It is a Christian duty to dwell much more on the thought of future blessedness than most men do. It is our privilege, if we are on our way to God, to keep steadily before us the thought of home. Make it a matter of habit; force yourself at night, alone, in the midst of the world's bright sight, to pause to think of the heaven which is yours. Let it calm you and ennoble you, and give you cheerfulness to endure.

If we would become heavenly-minded, we must let the imagination realize the blessedness to which we are moving on. Let us think much of rest—the rest which is not of indolence, but of powers in perfect equilibrium. The rest which is deep as summer midnight, yet full of life and force as summer sunshine,



the sabbath of eternity. Let us think of the love of God, which we shall feel in its full tide upon our souls. Let us think of that marvellous career of sublime occupation which shall belong to the spirits of the just made perfect; when we shall fill a higher place in God's universe, and more consciously, and with more distinct insight, co-operate with God in the rule over His creation.

—F. W. ROBERTSON.

---

*"SEEING AS IN A GLASS."*

I PRAISE Thee, O God, for the promise of rest,  
Of glory, and joy in the home of the blest;  
The heaven to which my freed spirit will soar,  
Where sin, doubt, and fear can afflict me no more.

When wearied with toil how refreshing the view,  
Thy promises give of a rest that is true,  
Of rest in Thy love when my life's work is done—  
When the goal is reached, and the prize has been won.

When grief clouds grow dark, and my heart is opprest,  
I read in Thy word of the home of the blest;  
Where sorrow, affliction, and conflicts are o'er,  
Forever with Thee! I shall feel them no more.

Thy Word is my guide to Thy glory and rest,  
It comforts my soul, and brings peace to my breast;

I have by its aid been enabled to see  
The glory and bliss Thou hast laid up for me.

How precious the view ! and, although but a gleam,  
It often makes earth like a paradise seem ;  
It brightens my path with a heavenly light ;  
And living by faith, seems like walking by sight.

This is no fable, but a truth most sublime.  
It nerves me for toil, and prepares for the time  
When hope ends in bliss, and faith closes in sight,  
And glimpses are lost in the fulness of light.

—EDITOR.

---

### *THE INTERIOR SIGHT.*

IT is said that one of the martyrs, while the fires were being kindled about his person, promised to raise his hands in token of final victory if he found Divine grace fully sustaining him in the last trying ordeal. In that awful moment, when his sufferings must have been so excruciating, when the quivering flesh was fast disappearing from every finger, he lifted his hands on high in the ecstasy of holy triumph. That was superhuman strength ; that was only the repetition of the experience of Stephen, the first martyr, who, " Being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and said : Behold, I see the

heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

Superhuman power, such as we find in the souls of the martyrs, is given only to those who possess the *interior spiritual sight*. Here do we find the soul's greatest capacity; greatest, because this is capable of revealing the deepest essential truths. This eye within, quickened in its visual energy by the fulness of the Holy Ghost, is neither slow in its action nor limited in its field of observation. In that solemn moment when the soul is about to leave its earthly tenement, and soar away to its heavenly home, all truth lies open before it. Illimitable expanse is now its portion. Whatever the interior sight reveals to us in such an hour will be associated with the one infinite name—*Jesus*. This gives us strength. The fagot and the flame, the rude missiles of death and the scorn of an infuriated mob, are as nothing then. Oh, what a revelation when the Son of man stands forth at the right hand of God in our behalf!

Isaiah had this interior sight, and cried, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song." Zachariah also saw, and shouted aloud, "Rejoice greatly O daughter of Zion; behold thy King cometh." John the Baptist "seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The mighty Lord, the Creator of all flesh, calls upon His redeemed universe, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

*THE SPIRIT'S INSIGHT.*

"A soul inspired with the warmest aspirations after celestial beatitudes keeps its powers attentive."—WATTS.

OFT as I think about the home above,  
Where Jesus has prepared a place for me,  
I fain would have the power to pierce the cloud  
Which drapes the narrow vale 'twixt earth and heaven  
That I might see the glory of the place  
Prepared for me as my abiding home.  
But I must die ere I can see, and know,  
All I desire of that celestial state.  
Yet, with the earnest of its hallowed bliss  
Within my heart, how near it seems to be,  
Though still to mortal eyes the while unseen.  
Here, by the spirit's insight I can catch  
Some pleasant glimpses of that glorious place ;  
And, though I view as through a darkened glass,  
It animates my hope, and helps my soul  
To drink the spirit of that blest abode.  
I seem to hear its sacred melodies,  
And take a part in heaven's pure delight,  
Till, filled with rapture, I press on to reach  
That heavenly goal. I long to enter there  
And mingle with its blood-washed company,  
With them to see and praise our blessed Lord.  
There, when I gain that beatific sight,  
And am transformed before my Saviour's face,  
I shall drink in full draughts of endless bliss  
And shall for evermore be satisfied.

—EDITOR.

*THE TRANSFORMING GAZE.*

IF Christ, as an object of faith, viewed through the medium of His Gospel, exerts such a transforming influence now, what will be the effect of clear, full, and open vision? Let the beloved John reply: "We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." The vision of Christ in His glory will transform us into His own image. When faith gives place to sight, the assimilating influence will be more powerful. Dwelling in the presence of Christ, we must partake more of His nature.

We know something of how the law of association operates here. The companionship of those whom we admire and love has a wonderful, transforming power upon us now; and could we always live with some pre-eminent saint, who was a perfect model of all that was good, it would tend greatly to reproduce in us his graces and virtues. Good Mr. Simeon had Henry Martyn's picture hung over his fireplace. Looking at it, he would say: "There, see that blessed man! What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does. He never takes his eyes off, and seems to say, 'Be serious! Be earnest! Don't trifle!'" Then smiling at the picture, and gently bowing, he would add, "And I won't trifle."

Perhaps some may think that was making too much of a good man's picture. But if the portrait of the

holy and devoted Martyn could produce such an effect as that, what will be the result of dwelling constantly in the presence of our glorified Saviour? What assimilating influence will that have? In Him is all perfection, and that, too, in an infinite degree. Here we have moral beauty and glory without a marring blemish or a dimming shade. The more closely we study the model the more we are enamored of its perfection, and the more we shall feel its transforming power; and the effect will be increased by the fact that the perfect One in whose presence we dwell, and on whose glory we gaze, is He whom, above all other beings in the universe, we adore and love.

—REV. G. A. PAGE.

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*BEYOND.*

OH! depths unknown,  
Oh! wide unfathomed seas,  
That circle round His throne,  
Who dwellest high and lone,  
Where noise and tumult cease,  
In the eternal peace.

Insatiate, unrepressed,  
Our longings still arise,  
Our weariness confessed,  
Far reaching after rest,  
Where the full ocean lies  
Beyond the veiling skies.

How scant the store  
Of knowledge gathered here ;  
Small pebbles on the shore,  
The soul cries out for more.  
Doth God bend down His ear,  
Our longing cry to hear ?

Nearer to Thee,  
Great source of life and light,  
The child upon our knee,  
From pride and doubting free,  
Than man, from boasted height  
Of intellectual might.

—EMILY J. BUGBEE.

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### *LIVING IN THE BEYOND.*

THIS is practical religion. The true Christian enjoys the blood-bought privilege of filling his soul with the hope of future felicity. To encourage us in the path of toil, or to strengthen us in the fiery furnace of affliction, God has opened to the eye of faith the golden streets of the Celestial City. Far from disturbing those relations that rightly belong to the present state of existence, these blessed glimpses serve to prepare us more fully for our life-work.

Do not suppress these aspirations; only let us see to it that they are supported by a living, intelligent faith. Rev. John Wesley, in his day, was confronted

with that form of error which claimed a certain unselfishness in Christ's service, disdaining to accept a religion that has in it the sweetness of heavenly anticipations. The consequences that follow such teaching are always harmful. The Christian should even "look for a city" beyond the range of mortal vision. Moses "had respect unto the recompense of the saved." David in his saintliest years lived much in the beyond; millions since his day have delighted in his rich, heavenly melodies. His "city of the living God," was not only Jerusalem, not only the spiritual Church on earth; it was the Eternal City as well. Around this his thoughts gathered, toward this his soul aspired—oftentimes in prophetic minstrelsy touched by the Spirit of God, and, therefore, in depth of meaning beyond his perfect comprehension.

The world will never outgrow the need of the heavenly vision. While yet in the thickest conflict of life, or "passing through the fires" of affliction, let us cast a frequent glance toward the beyond. It is God's will that we should sing in every condition:

"O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect;  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest."

—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



*THE UNSEEN LAND.*

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,  
    Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
    And love becomes immortal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,  
    How bright and fair its flowers ;  
We may not hear the songs which echo there,  
    Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
    With our dim, earthly vision ;  
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
    That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky,  
    The fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
    Unlocked by unseen fingers ;

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,  
    Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,  
    And half-reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!  
    Father, all-wise, eternal,  
Guide, guide these wandering way-worn feet of mine  
    Into those pastures vernal.

—NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

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*A VIEW FROM PROMISE GROUND.*

I LOVE to walk through promise ground.  
What glorious light! The whole land glows  
With heavenly radiance. . . .  
I love to gaze afar, where stand  
The mountains, hiding e'en their heads  
In clouds of mystery; for though  
My mortal vision cannot view  
Their summits, 'tis enough to see  
God's glory in the clouds, and to  
Adore the Infinite. And there  
Are nearer joys. Exultant now,  
I pluck and taste delicious fruits  
Of precious promise verified  
To me; while, to my brow, there came  
Sweet-scented breezes from the bloom  
Of promise gardens that shall yet  
Be mine. My loving Guide now points  
Away, where in the distance far—  
A line of light unrivalled bounds  
My sight; and, in soft cadence, says,

"Mid the perennial blooms of that  
Fair, blissful, boundless land shall be  
Thy home." Again I glance o'er all  
The landscape. There my every sense  
Is pleased; I ask no higher bliss,  
Than, fixed upon this rocky cliff,  
To spend my days.

—GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

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### *FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.*

If we really live under the hope of future happiness, we shall taste it by way of anticipation and forethought; an image of it will meet our minds often, and stay there, as all pleasing expectations do.

—FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

A TRUE saint every day takes a turn in heaven, his thoughts and desires are like cherubims flying up to paradise.

—THOMAS WATSON.

WE want to lift the mind up, so that we may get a conception of the possibilities and character higher than we have found them in this world, and we are to get it by setting our affections on things above.

—H. W. BEECHER.

*FORETASTE AND CONSUMMATION.*

IF there be so much delight in believing, oh, how much more in beholding? What is the wooing-day to the wedding-day? What is the sealing of the conveyance to the enjoyment of the inheritance? or the foretaste of glory to the fulness of glory? The good things of that life are so great, as not to be measured; so many, as not to be enumerated; and so precious, as not to be estimated. If the picture of holiness be so comely in its rough drafts, how lovely a piece will it be in all its perfections? Every grace which is here seen in its minority, shall be seen there in its maturity.

—THOMAS SEEKER.

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*THE GREAT HEREAFTER.*

[The following poem was always a favorite with Bishop D. W. Clark, and in his dying hours was repeated by him; quickening his faith and inspiring his hope of heaven.]

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shores of time  
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes,  
Before me, like a boundless sea,  
The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers like a golden robe  
Around the emerald isles.

There, in the blue, long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,  
I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of the old Beulah land.

And far beyond the islands,  
That gem the waves serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—  
Aforetime dim and dark—  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wand'ring bark.

And in the far-off haven,  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel hands its quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.

—OTWAY CURRY, ESQ.

*A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE.*

I FIND it exceedingly profitable to turn my mind and heart forward to the future, to the great future, which will soon be to us an everlasting *present*. If the past, and present, be so precious to us, the future must be more so. As much must it exceed them as does the end attained exceed the means used. If our hearts glow with gratitude to God for what He has done for us already, what will it be when faith is lost in sight? Those fadeless crowns which now seem so distant, and to which we look forward with much apprehension, lest Satan should, after all, wrest them from us, will then be fitted to our brows. We shall then embrace that Saviour in whom we have believed, and in him find full and perfect rest. O the future! The blood-bought inheritance of the saints! How should its hopes and prospects stimulate our hearts, filling them with love and gratitude and holy desire. My poor weak heart needs to feed daily upon this heavenly manna. Often I send it journeying heavenward; faith leads the way, up through the golden portals, across the heavenly plain, down beside the river of the water of life, and underneath the tree of life—where I am wont to gather strength for the cares and duties of the day. The rapturous songs of praise which in that blest clime fill every heart and employ every harp and tongue, leave upon my soul such an

impress of praise and thanksgiving that no earthly influence can erase.

—P. P. DALEY.

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### *LOOKING OVER JORDAN.*

As the pastor passed the door of one of his humble church-members in his daily walks, it was not unusual for him to receive some cheering word. She lived near to her Saviour, and she was always alive to spiritual things. One day as her pastor was passing she hastened to raise the window, and to his inquiry, "How are you to-day, auntie?" she replied, "Oh, looking over Jordan." By faith she could explore the sweet fields beyond. She had foretastes of the precious fruits. She drank of the pure river of the water of life. And such is the privilege of all the children of God, but one of which, alas! too few avail themselves. To most the heavenly Canaan is a dim and shadowy land, far away. And so, great is their loss. It might be their blessed experience, as it was of this poor woman, "rich in faith," that

"The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets."

*GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN*

SOMETIMES when the days are dreary,  
And the heart's aweary,  
    A strain of music sweet  
        Seems to float us to heaven afar,  
Where the angels that us greet  
    The dear longed-for loved ones are.

Sometimes when the days are dreary,  
And the heart's aweary,  
    The distant church-bells pealing  
        Call our spirits from earth away,  
Till at the feet of Jesus kneeling  
    We find the rest for which we pray.

Sometimes when the days are dreary,  
And the heart's aweary,  
    Thoughts of a smile, a clasp of the hand,  
        Help us the stony path along,  
To that far-off happy land,  
    Where we'll find eternal song.

My heart's aweary,  
The days are dreary ;  
    God grant the day'll soon come  
        When life's battle o'er for me,  
Forgiven, God, for Thy dear Son,  
    And I at rest shall be.

—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.



*THE VEIL OF THE UNSEEN.*

THIS world I deem but a beautiful dream  
Of shadows that are not what they seem ;  
Where visions rise, giving dim surmise  
Of that which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord ! Creating Word !  
Whose glory the silent skies record,  
Where stands Thy name in scrolls of flame,  
'Neath the firmament's high-shadowing frame.

I gaze overhead, where Thy hand hath spread  
For the waters of heaven their crystal bed ;  
And stored the dew in its deeps of blue,  
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine through that pure shrine,  
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine  
Shines forth the light that were else too bright  
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof on the tissued roof,  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the King of kings as a curtain flings  
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

A tapestried tent, to shade us meant  
From the bare, everlasting firmament ;  
Where the glow of the skies comes soft to our eyes,  
'Neath a veil of mystical imageries.

—REV. THOS. WHITEHEAD.

*THE FUTURE STATE.*

It is a graphic description of man's present state, that "he never *is*, but always *to be* blessed ; he is made for the future, he lives in the future, he "is saved by hope." He who can look on the future with hope has already tinged his night of sorrow with a ray of the morning, and expects soon to emerge into the light of day. Under the influence of Christianity hope passes beyond the limits of time, and expatiates on the future of eternity. There it finds its legitimate range, moves amidst elements of purity, blessedness, and glory ; it rises above the disappointments of time and rests on the certitudes of immortality. Life, as well as immortality, is brought to light by the Gospel, and there good hope through grace is entertained.

The certainty of the future is something, and makes the nature of that future become matter of earnest inquiry and of greater importance than the future simply considered ; that I am to be, when I have left this world, is one thing, but *what* I am to be is another. Now, though the future, even of the Christian, is veiled to some extent, perhaps as much from his own incapacity as any stint of revelation on the subject, yet enough is made known to awaken inquiry, inspire hope, and greatly modify conduct ; for though it doth not yet appear what he shall be, when Christ shall appear he shall be like Him ; and he who hath this hope, purifieth himself even as He is pure. . . .

The Spirituality, Responsibility and Immortality of

man are ultimate facts of his nature—moral impressions into which he does not so much reason himself as believe that they are so. On these moral instincts of our nature revelation has thrown a flood of light, and made them shine in noontide ray. The hope of the future, of which the Scriptures speak, seldom touches the present period of our existence; it dwells amid the visions of immortality, it means more than is often thought; “Hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for;” but it expatiates over that future which commences at death, and extends, at least, to the redemption of the body, and then careers over that endless life which ensues. . . .

A blink of the sun in a cloudy day has its own value, besides what it promises. Those vapors which now shroud his beams, and hide his face, will soon dissipate. Creation must not parade her analogies before us in vain. We are now performing the first stage of our spiritual history, amidst clouds of ignorance, sin, and grief; yet relieved by many a blink from the Sun of Righteousness; but instead of being too much pleased with such occasional gleams, we hail their prophetic character, and hasten to behold the King in His glory in the land which is now afar off. The inhabitants of heaven are greatly in advance of us in clearness, of the religious dispensation at any time existing upon earth. They knew before they left this earthly scene, that the spirit of a just man was made perfect; yet how dim that knowledge compared with that which they now enjoy in the paradise of light—here they mused on

such subjects to wearisomeness, and after all, saw them only in dim outline; there, study does not weary, reason does not err, affections do not pall; "In God's light they see light." They comprehend with all saints, gain the mastery of essential truth, know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. The will does not there traverse a narrow round, it pursues its course among unmingled good, and inclines towards the infinite glory. The moment of introduction into the inheritance of the saints in light will be an inconceivable advance in our eternal history; yet it is only like a spring that clears every impediment—every influence that can lead astray—an entrance on our history of celestial development, as one has said, with great power and beauty: "How heaven has grown and shall grow, heaven out of heaven, it never appearing what shall be, yet taking a permanent form at last, and all its blessedness proceed in an infinite series. What *has* been, and what *is*, in comparison with what *shall be*, is only as the first bar of light in the Orient, though the harbinger of day—the most partial unhooding of the bud, though a yielding to the out-pressing flower—the infant lisp, ere it strengthens into manly speech—the baby curiosity, ere it settles into scientific reason, anticipating, nevertheless, its proper elements."

—REV. JOHN GILMOUR.

*FAITH CHANGED TO SIGHT.*

THE principal notion which the Scripture gives of the state of heavenly blessedness, and which the meanest believers are capable of improving in daily practice, is, that faith shall be turned into sight, and grace into glory. We walk by faith and not by sight, saith the apostle. Wherefore, this is the difference between our present and future state, that sight hereafter shall supply the room of faith; and if sight come into the place of faith, then the object of that sight must be the same with the present object of our faith. So the apostle informs us: "We know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

. . . For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." Those things which we now see darkly, as in a glass, we shall then have an immediate sight and full comprehension of; for that which is perfect must come, and do away that which is in part.

—J. OWEN.

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*JOY AND GLADNESS.*

MALIGNITY and the gall of bitterness have no place in that kingdom, for there is no wicked one, nor is wickedness found therein. There is no adversary nor any deceitfulness of sin. There is no want, no disgrace,

no wrangling, no turmoil, no quarrelling, no fear, no disquietude, no punishment, no doubting, no violence, no discord; but, oh, what songs of praise! What sounds of harmonious instruments! What music rises there without end! There sounds continually the voice of hymns and pleasant chants, which are sung to God's glory by the heavenly inhabitants. There is the excellency of peace, the fulness of love, praise eternal and glory to God, peaceful rest without end, and everlasting joy in the Holy Spirit.

—ST. AUGUSTINE.

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THE SOUL'S SOLILOQUY.

YONDER is thy Father's glory; yonder, O my soul, must thou remove, when thou departest from this body; and when the power of thy Lord hath raised it again, and joined thee to it, yonder must thou live with God forever. There is the glorious New Jerusalem, the gates of pearl, the foundation of pearl, the streets and pavements of transparent gold. That sun which lighteth all this world will be useless there; even thyself shall be as bright as yonder shining sun. God will be the sun, and Christ the light, and in His light shalt thou have light. . . .

Draw yet nearer, O my soul, with thy *most fervent love*. Here is matter for it to work upon, something worth thy loving. Oh, see what beauty presents itself! Is not all the beauty in the world united here? Is

not all other beauty but deformity? Dost thou now need to be persuaded to love? Here is a feast for thine eyes and all the powers of thy soul; dost thou need entreaties to feed upon it? Canst thou love a little shining earth, a walking piece of clay? And canst thou not love that God, that Christ, that glory, which are so truly and unmeasurably lovely? Thou canst love thy friend because he loves thee; and is the love of a friend like the love of Christ? Their weeping or bleeding for thee does not ease thee, not stay the course of thy tears or blood; but the tears and blood that fell from thy Lord have a sovereign, healing virtue. O my soul! If love deserves and should beget love, what incomprehensible love is here before thee! Pour out all the store of thy affections here, and all is too little. Oh, that it were more! Oh, that it were many thousand times more! Let him be first served that served thee first. Let him have the first-born and strength of thy soul, who parted with strength and life and love for thee.

O my soul! dost thou love for *excellency*? Yonder is the region of light; this is the land of darkness. Yonder twinkling stars, that shining moon and radiant sun, are all but lanterns hung out of thy Father's house to light thee while thou walkest in this dark world. But how little dost thou know the glory and blessedness that are within.

Dost thou love for *suitableness*? What person more suitable than Christ—His Godhead and humanity, His fulness and freeness, His willingness and constancy,

all proclaim Him thy most suitable friend. What state more suitable to thy misery than mercy, or to thy sin and pollution than honor and perfection? What place more suitable to thee than heaven? Does this world agree with thy desires? Hast thou not had a sufficient trial of it, or dost thou love for interest and near relation? Where hast thou better interest than in heaven, or nearer relation than there?

Dost thou love for *acquaintance and familiarity*? Though thine eyes have never seen thy Lord, yet thou hast heard His voice, received His benefits, and lived in His bosom. . . . Methinks I hear Him still saying to me: . . . "What wouldest thou have that I can give thee? And what dost thou want that I can not give thee? If anything I have will give thee pleasure, thou shalt have it."

—BAXTER.

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IT IS WELL.

YES, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;  
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight;  
And though the tender ties we try to strengthen  
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;  
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load.  
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,  
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.



'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver  
    Beneath old sorrows, once so hard to bear ;  
That not again beside Death's darksome river  
    Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner anguish,  
    Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and gone ;  
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish ;  
    So far the day is past, the journey done !

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,  
    Come into port, beneath the calmer sky,  
So we, still bearing on our brows the token  
    Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

A sweeter air comes from the shore immortal,  
    Inviting homeward at the day's decline ;  
Almost we see where from the open portal  
    Fair forms stand beck'ning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well ! The earth with all her myriad voices  
    Has lost the power our senses to enthrall.  
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,  
    Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends ! We would not turn--retracing  
    The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back ;  
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,  
    We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

*THE NEGATIVE GLORY OF HEAVEN.*

No sickness there—  
No weary wasting of the frame away;  
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief—  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;  
No vain petition for a swift relief—  
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home  
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;  
Its billows break away and melt in foam,  
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng!

The storm's black wing  
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!  
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,  
As some too tender floweret fades and dies!

No night distils  
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;  
No moon is needed there! The light which fills  
That land of glory from its Maker came!

No parted friends  
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!  
No bed of death enduring love attends  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower  
Or withered bud celestial gardens know !  
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower  
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe !

No battle word  
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread !  
The song of peace Creation's morning heard  
Is rung wherever angel minstrels tread !

Let us depart,  
If home like this await the weary soul !  
Look up, thou stricken one ! Thy wounded heart  
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,  
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,  
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,  
And find the ocean of eternal day ?

—ANON.

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"THE LAND AFAR OFF."

A LAND wherein bleak winter doth not reign,  
But always summer, sweet unto the core ;  
Where broken hearts are knit in love again,  
And weary souls shall wander out no more ;  
Where bliss is greater for all woe before ;  
Where fair flowers blow, without earth's sad decay,  
And friendship's happy voices, as of yore—

But ten-fold dearer—ne'er again shall say  
    " Farewell "—but ever, " Welcome to this shore ! "  
Or, " Hail, tired pilgrims, to this golden day. "  
And, " Come, ye blest, to joys which will not pass away ! "

A country in whose light our souls shall bask ;  
    A goodly heritage—where all we sought  
Of hope, and love, and every pleasant task  
    Shall centre gladly—far beyond all thought !  
And He, the Lamb—who from all evil bought  
His chosen people—shall our eyes behold,  
    And graciously, as when on earth He taught,  
His voice shall speak again—clear, as of old,  
    But with no ring of sorrow in its tone ;  
Glad presence, walking in the streets of gold !  
    A mighty King, with people all His own !

—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

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### *THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.*

IN heaven no farewell tear is shed, no sigh heaves the immortal bosom, and the death pang is unknown. The funeral procession, with its mournful tread, is never seen ; and there is no open grave to throw its gloom over the countenances of the living. Its citizens are all and forever exempt from heart-sickening disappointment, and the pinchings of pitiless poverty. The heart grieves not under the scornful glances of contemptuous sinners ; and the hand of persecution disturbs not the true bliss of God's ransomed ones.

Forever fled are the clouds that darkened the mind's sky; and the terrible storm of the mortal conflict is past; the war of human passions is over, and eternal peace reigns. Sin, the great tyrant of misery, is without throne or sceptre; and the spell universal is broken, by which the hearts of all men were estranged from God. Through grace in Christ Jesus, the heart has found its grand centre, and revels in the love of its Creator. Here the glory of God shines forth in splendor, exceeding the brightness and beauty of ten thousand suns. The hills are clad in perpetual verdure, and the valleys resound with sweetest music. The innumerable hosts of unfallen and redeemed spirits mingle in purest friendship, while holy and most elevating employments give exercise and development to the faculties, and bliss to the soul. Far-distant and long-parced friends embrace each other again; and heavenly recognition is apparent in every face. Conscious of immortality, and mansioned with God in the palace of the skies, hearing blissful sounds, and partaking of the fruit of paradise, the soul is content to know and feel that this is the "rest that remains to the people of God."

—E. B. G., IN GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

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### *WHAT IS HEAVEN?*

"WHAT is heaven?" I asked a little child;

"All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with care oppressed;

"All suffering o'er, oh! heaven, at last, is rest!"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed :  
"It must be love !" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art :  
"Heaven is all beauty !" spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire :  
"'Tis glory—glory !" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release—  
A halo round her, low she murmured, "Peace."

So all may look with hopeful eyes above.  
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love !  
—TRUTH.

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*"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."*

My soul's too vast for earth to fill. Beyond  
This narrow sphere my longings soar. I want  
To search the stars, and roam through boundless space.  
Even then, the universe may fail to tell  
Me all I want to know. A universe  
That's greater still within me lies. But were  
It vaster by ten thousand times, there's One  
Can fill it all. It is my Saviour—God ;  
His light ! His love ! His glorious self ! enough !

--REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

*HEAVEN'S REWARDS*

LIGHT after darkness,  
Gain after loss,  
Strength after weakness,  
Crown after cross ;  
Sweet after bitter,  
Song after fears,  
Home after wandering,  
Joy after tears.

Sheaves after sowing,  
Sun after rain,  
Bright after mystery,  
Peace after pain ;  
Joy after sorrow,  
Calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness,  
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,  
Gleam after gloom,  
Love after loneliness,  
Life after tomb ;  
After long agony,  
Rapture of bliss ;  
Truth was the pathway  
Leading to this.

—TRUTH.

*EMBLEMS OF HEAVEN.*

If emblems can assist you, then join in your imagination the emblems of heaven. What is the condition of the people? That of crowned kings. What is the enjoyment? That of conquerors, triumphant, with palms of victory in their hands. What their haunts? The green pastures beside living waters. What their employment? Losing their spirits in the ecstasies of melody, making music on their harps to God and the Lamb forever. For guidance? The Lamb that is in the midst of them shall lead them by rivers of living water, and wipe away all tears from their eyes. For knowledge? They shall be like unto God; for they shall know, even as they are known. For vision and understanding? They shall see face to face, needing no intervention of language or of sign. For ordinances? There is no temple in the city of their habitation; for the Lord God and the Lamb are the temple thereof. There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

The very sense hath its gratifications in the city of God. The building of the wall is of jasper; the city of pure gold, like unto clear glass; the foundation of the wall garnished with all manner of precious stones; every one of the twelve gates a pearl.

Oh! what means this wealth of imagery, drawn from every storehouse of nature, if it be not that the



choicest of all which the eye beholds, or the intellect is ravished with ; that all which makes matter beautiful and the spirit happy ; that all which wealth values itself on and beauty delights itself in ; with all the scenery which charms the taste, and all the employments which can engage the affections—everything, in short—shall lend its influence to consummate the felicity of the saints in light ?

Oh ! what untried forms of happy beings, what cycles of revolving bliss await the just ! Conception cannot reach it, nor experience present materials for the picture of the similitude ; and, though thus figured out by the choicest of emblems, they do no more represent it than the name of Shepherd does the guardianship of Christ, or the name of Father the love of Almighty God.

—GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

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EVERY beautiful and precious object on earth is a type and a shadow of heaven. The whole visible universe, with its manifold works of divine wisdom and power, is but a volume of illustrations, leading us by easy steps to a knowledge of that world of infinite love above and beyond the stars. The Spirit of all truth has interpreted these pictures with exquisite clearness and grace. The book of Revelations, especially in its closing chapters, is illuminated with a wealth of imagery beside which all the poets' dreams of the golden age, and all man's uninspired aspirations

of the good time coming are poor and mean. Here is the perfection of all beauty, a light ineffable, to which the sun can add no brightness; a celestial paradise, infinitely surpassing the garden which the Creator's own hand planted eastward in Eden; an eternal city, of which God is the builder, the temple and the light. And the inhabitants of the heavenly world are in harmony with their dwelling-place, for "the nations of them that are saved walk in the light of it." From the feet that tread those golden streets, or wander in the sweet fields of everlasting spring, all defilement is removed and all weariness has departed; from the eyes that behold those heaven-built walls and fountains of living water God has wiped all tears away; and the voices that flow together in the anthems of celestial rapture know no note of sadness for evermore. O blessed vision of unfading glory! O sweet, seraphic vision of perfect purity and peace, of eternal rest, of joy unspeakable!

—H. J. VAN DYKE, D.D.

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It is held forth to our view as a *banquet*, where our souls shall be satisfied for evermore; the beauties of Jehovah's face, the mysteries of divine grace, the riches of redeeming love, communion with God and the Lamb, fellowship with the infinite Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, being the heavenly fulness on which we shall feed. As a *paradise*, a garden of fruits and

flowers, on which our spiritual natures and gracious tastes will be regaled through one ever-verdant spring and golden summer; a paradise where lurks no serpent to destroy, and where fruits and flowers shall never fade and droop, nor die. As an *inheritance*, but then an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away—the inheritance of the saints in light. As a *kingdom*, whose immunities, felicities, and glories are splendid and vast, permanent and real, quite overwhelming, indeed, to our present feeble imaginings. As a *country*, over whose wide regions we shall traverse in all the might of our untried faculties, and in all the glow of rapture and heaven-born energies, discovering and gathering fresh harvests of intelligence, satisfaction and delight. As a *city*, whose walls are burnished gold, whose pavement is jasper, sardonyx and onyx, through which flows the river of life; the inhabitants of which hunger no more, thirst no more, sicken no more, weep no more, die no more; a city where there is no need of the sun by day, in which there is no night at all, and of which the Lord God Almighty is the light, and the Lamb the glory. As a *palace*, where dwells the Lord our righteousness, the King in His beauty displayed—His beauty of holiest love; in the eternal sunshine of whose countenance bask and exult the host that worship at His feet. As a *building*, that has God for its maker, immortality for its walls, and eternity for its day. As a *sanctuary*, where the thrice-holy divinity, enshrined in our own nature in the person of Immanuel, is wor-

shipped and adored, without a sigh, without an imperfection, and without intermission ; where hymns of praise, hallelujahs of salvation, and hosannahs of redemption, uttered by blest voices without number, ever sound before the throne. As a *temple*, bright with the divine glory, filled with the divine presence, streaming with divine beauty, and peopled with shining monuments of divine goodness, mercy and grace.

—DR. BEAUMONT.

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As opposed to sin, and its bitter, baleful consequences, heaven is set forth in the Bible through the emblems of everything we cherish as most dear and long for as most desirable. It is painted in colors that glow upon the canvas. Raise your eyes to the New Jerusalem. Gold paves its streets, and around its secure and blissful homes rise walls of jasper. Earth holds no such city ; the depths of ocean no such pearls as form its gates. No storms sweep its glassy sea ; no winter strips its trees ; no thunders shake its serene and cloudless sky. Day there never darkens into night. Harps and palms are in their hands, while crowns of glory flash and blaze upon the heads of its sinless and white-robed inhabitants. From this distant and stormy orb, as the dove eyed the ark, faith gazes on the glorious vision, and, weary of the strife, longing to be gone, cries, " Oh, that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

—THOMAS GUTHRIE.

*ONLY A LITTLE SPACE.*

OH not to me is heaven a land far off,  
 I feel the presence of its holy calm !  
 I breathe the fragrance of its hills of balm ;  
 And though the desert way is parched and rough,  
 The glory in the cloud is more than proof  
 That just beyond it waves the victor's palm,  
 And that within it breathes the seraph's psalm,  
 Whose higher notes in heaven are clear enough.  
 Oh, could I hear them warbling through the light,  
 As I have heard the lark from out the blue ;  
 Not far we mount to gain the glorious sight—  
 Only a little space my Lord withdrew,  
 Till glory wrapt Him in its viewless cloud,  
 And there methinks He dwells within its shroud.

—R. EVANS.

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*WHAT IS IN HEAVEN ?*

THER is lyf withoute ony deth,  
 And ther is youthe withoute ony elde,  
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde ;  
 And there is rest without ony travaille ;  
 And ther is pees withoute ony strife,  
 And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf ;  
 And ther is bright somer ever to see,  
 And ther is never wynter in that countrie.

And ther is more worshiþe and honour  
Than ever had kinge or than emperour.  
And ther is great melodie of aungele song,  
And ther is preysing him amonge.  
And ther is alle manner fryendship that may be.  
And ther is every perfect love and charite ;  
And ther is wisdom withoute folye,  
And ther is honeste withoute vileneye ;  
Alle these a man may joyes of heavene call ;  
And the most sovereygn joy of alle  
Is the sighte of Godde's bright face,  
In whom resteth alle manner of grace.

—RICHARD ROLLE, 1350.

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*HEAVEN A PLACE OF ACTIVITY.*

EXCEPT freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action, is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven, did I believe that its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams, to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps, useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Luther, and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of activity, and never-tiring thought.

David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of saints unclogged by cumbrous clay, forever feast on a banquet of thought—rich, glorious thought. Young gentlemen, press on, you will never get through. An eternity of untiring thought is before you, and the universe of thought your field.

—DR. LYMAN BEECHER, *to his class.*

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### *WHAT IS HEAVEN LIKE ?*

HEAVEN ! we have given thee no appointed place,

We look up to the azure skies and dream

Thou art above them, yet we cannot trace

The rainbow, or the sun's refulgent beam ;

They tell us not what region they have crossed,

If they have seen our loved, and found our lost.

Heaven ! we've asked often what thy throngs are like ;

If raiment white be theirs, and a bright crown,

If moon-lit clouds can hear the wires they strike,

And stars the loopholes whence the light streams down ;

And oft we wonder if thy glorious throne

Shines like the ruby ray, or diamond stone.

Heaven ! this we know, thou art the promised land,

Where shades of peace and love are ever found ;

Thou art where rest the saved and glorious band ;

Where songs which angels love forever sound ;

God's chosen dwell there ; have they not calm rest ?

'Tis His own dwelling—must it not be blest ?

—ILLUSTRATED VISITOR.

*HEAVEN ALL THAT CAN BE DESIRED.*

OH, talk to me of heaven ! I love  
To hear about my home above ;  
For there doth many a loved one dwell  
In light and joy ineffable.  
Oh ! tell me how they shine and sing,  
While every harp rings echoing ;  
And every glad and tearless eye  
Beams like the bright sun gloriously :  
Tell me of that victorious palm  
Each hand in glory beareth ;  
Tell me of that celestial calm  
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh, happy, happy country ! where  
There entereth not a sin ;  
And death who keeps its portals fair,  
May never once come in.  
No grief can change their day to night ;  
The darkness of that land is light ;  
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent  
Far thence to endless banishment ;  
And never more may one dark tear  
Bedim their burning eyes ;  
For every one they shed while here,  
In fearful agonies,  
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
In their immortal diadem.



Oh, lovely, blooming country ! there  
Flourishes all that we deem fair.  
And though no fields nor forests green,  
Nor lovely gardens there are seen,  
For perfumes load the breeze,  
Nor hears the ear material sound,—  
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,  
The archetypes of these.  
There is the home, the land of birth  
Of all we highest prize on earth.  
The storms that rack the world beneath  
Must here forever cease ;  
The only air the blessed breathe  
Is purity and peace.

Oh ! happy, happy land, in thee  
Shines the unveiled Divinity ;  
Shedding through each adoring breast  
A holy calm, a halcyon rest,  
And those blest souls whom death did sever  
Have met to mingle joys forever.  
Oh ! soon may heaven unclothe to me !  
Oh ! may I soon that glory see !  
And my faint, weary spirit stand  
Within that happy, happy land.

—BOWLES.

"WHAT MUST THE RIGHT SIDE BE?"

A little girl, gazing on the starry heavens, said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, *what must the right side be?*"

SINCE o'er thy footstool, here below,  
Such radiant gems are strewn,  
Oh! what magnificence must glow,  
My God, about Thy throne!  
So brilliant here those drops of light—  
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,  
With thousand stars enwrought,  
Hung like a royal canopy,  
With brilliant diamonds fraught,  
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,  
What splendor at the shrine must dwell.

The dazzling sun at noontide hour,  
Forth from his flaming vase,  
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower  
Till vale and mountain blaze,  
But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine,  
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine?

Oh! how shall these dim eyes endure  
That noon of living rays?  
Or, how my spirit, so impure,  
Upon Thy glory gaze?  
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,  
And robe me for that world of light.

*WHERE IS THE SPIRIT'S HOME?*

WHERE is the spirit's home, where shine its portals?  
And has it ever yet been seen by mortals?  
Where is that place called heaven, where the yearning  
Of bruised and bleeding hearts is ever turning?

Is there some grand arcadia unexplored,  
Where untold glories for the soul are stored?  
Or have men sought in vain with straining vision  
At last to view those wondrous scenes elysian?  
Have they explored the realm of stars and sun,  
Yet overlooked the simple words of One  
Whose teachings are as clear as morning light  
That rolls away the curtains of the night?

"The kingdom is within" the souls of men;  
There shall He dwell when He shall come again.  
Within that shrine where dwells the consciousness,  
Where dwells the power to curse, to love and bless,  
There sits the New Jerusalem enshrined—  
The Holy Place. When from the inner mind  
All evil, false and hate are cast away,  
There in their stead are born in bright array  
The fair Beatitudes and Love Divine,  
Whose glow doth from that city's portals shine.

Then know, O man! the New Jerusalem,  
Whose walls are gold, whose every gate a gem,  
Will not appear to thee with outward show;  
Yet surely will its walls and temples grow

Ten thousand-fold more fair than mortal hand  
Has ever built, or mind has ever planned,  
Upon the eternal hills of Love and Truth Divine,  
If thou wilt but remove the evil world of thine.

—EMILE PICKHARDT.

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*WHERE IS HEAVEN?*

WHERE is the unseen world? oh! where  
The undying spirit's home of rest;  
There is a world of light; and it is there,  
In bliss supreme, forever, dwell the blest.

And where this world of light? and what its bound?  
'Tis where the Eternal dwells. Where doth He dwell?  
He fills all space, beneath, above, around;  
Where He dwells not, wilt thou, O questioner, tell?

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

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SURELY, yon heaven, where angels see God's face,  
Is not so distant as we deem  
From this low earth! 'Tis but a little space,  
The narrow crossing of a slender stream;  
'Tis but a veil which winds might blow aside;  
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide  
From the bright dwelling of the glorified—  
The land of which we dream!

Those peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,  
Those hills are higher than they seem ;  
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow  
Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem.  
'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they upbear,  
And like some old and wildly rugged stair,  
They lift us to the land where all is fair—  
The land of which we dream.

—BARTON.

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*IT MAY BE VERY NEAR.*

WHERE is Heaven? Who can tell? It may be very near us. The veil that separates the visible from the invisible may be very thin. The moment the dying saint closes his eyes on earth, he may open them in glory. Absent from the body, present with the Lord, appears to have been the apostle's conception of the transition from earth to heaven. To Stephen, even before his spirit took its exit, the heavens were opened, and he saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God. The intervening veil was parted, and a glimpse of the inner glory was revealed to him. Are there not other instances in which dying saints, while yet they linger in the flesh, are favored with visions of their heavenly home? Is there any good reason why we should doubt this? May not the Christian sometimes from Pisgah's top be permitted to view the Promised Land?

—METHODIST RECORDER.

*"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."*

ONE moment, the sick-room, the scaffold, the stake ; the next, the paradisiacal glory. One moment, the sob of parting anguish ; the next, the great deep swell of the angels' song. Never think that the dear ones you have seen die had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents, who have seen your children die, that after they left you they had to traverse a dark solitary way, along which you would have liked, if it had been possible, to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. You did so if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You did bear them company into God's very presence if you only staid beside them till they died. The moment they left you they were with Him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the little child was with his Saviour.

—RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

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*REASONABLE CONJECTURES.*

A CHILD, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked : "Where is your home ?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is." Heaven, the Christian's home, is where God is. But when we ask, "Where is God ?" we are no nearer the answer, for God is everywhere. Yet, whilst He is

everywhere, there is a place beyond this veil of tears specially called the "House of God"—the peculiar and, favored place where those special manifestations of His presence, and character, and glory are given, which He is pleased to make. Present in every place, He is peculiarly present there. There, with Him, in a state of pure, boundless, and unmingled delight—a state of purity, of peace, of joy, of glory—the saints of God dwell forever. But as to the locality, we must plead ignorance. We may conjecture within reasonable limits. There is some ground for supposing that it is somewhere above us. We read of Elijah when he was translated, he "went up by a whirlwind into heaven." When the Saviour left His disciples they saw Him ascend, and a cloud received Him from their sight. Yet in what part of the universe heaven is located no one can say. Some have supposed that it must be beyond this system of ours, away into space, perhaps in some mighty sphere that God has created for the purpose. Dr. Dick supposed that there might be some great central sun in the universe, around which all suns and systems revolve. It is, no doubt, a grand conception. If it should be so, we know not of its whereabouts. Another opinion that is held might possibly be nearer the truth. That is, Heaven may be much nearer to us than we mortals generally think it is. Perhaps if we had the spiritual sense, that will some day be given us, we would find that heaven is not so distant as we suppose. When Elisha's servant's eyes were opened to see them, "behold the mountain

was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Elisha." If our eyes were similarly opened, we might see the heavenly host in all directions. They were there before the eyes of Elisha's servant were opened. They may be around us though, as yet, we do not perceive them. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." This, of itself, does not prove that heaven is near us, for they might come with the velocity of the light from the most distant place. But we have another instance even more remarkable. When Stephen was about to suffer martyrdom the heavens were opened, and he "looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." This would lead us to conjecture that heaven is nearer than we think. This idea of heaven's nearness is also suggested by the word "veil." Jesus, as our forerunner, has entered "within the veil." To faith and hope there is but a veil hiding heaven from us. It may be as one has said, that "the veil that conceals heaven from us is only our embodied existence; and, though "fearfully and wonderfully made," it is only made out of our frail mortality, so slight, indeed, that the smallest thing may rend it, and at a bound—in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought—we may start into disembodied spirits, and pass into the light of eternity and know the great secret, and gaze on splendors which to flesh and blood would be unendurable, and which no words that man can utter could describe."



*HEAVEN IS NEARER.*

Oh, heaven is nearer than mortals think,

When they look with trembling dread

At the misty future that stretches on

From the silent homes of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in the brilliant main,

No distant but brilliant shore,

Where the loved ones, when called away,

Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the misty veil

Of mortality blinds the eye,

That we see not the hovering band

On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought,

To the thirsting soul is given

The power to pierce through the veil of sense

To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,

And sweetly its harpings fall;

The soul is restless to soar away,

And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,

And the veil is rent away,

Not long nor dark will the passing be

To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour

Will open in endless bliss;

The welcome will sound in a heavenly world  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.  
We pass from the clasp of mourning friends  
To the arms of the loved and lost ;  
And the smiling faces will greet us there  
Which on earth we valued most.

—METHODIST RECORDER.

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*WHAT MATTERS IT ?*

WHAT matters it, my curious friend, where lies  
Our heavenly land of rest ?  
Whether it be beyond the azure skies  
Or in some other world, God knoweth best.  
It offers safety from our cares, and so  
What matters whether it be high or low ?  
It offers rest ; what more should mortals know !

Rest from the weariness of burdened days,  
Of bitter longings and of evil hours ;  
Of duties leading us through darkened ways  
And into efforts far beyond our powers ;  
Of dark temptations into secret sin,  
Of constant labor, earth's poor gods to win,  
Of spirits deafened by the strife and din.

In matters nothing as to when or where  
We find the haven and the welcome home ;  
Let curious doubt give place to trusting prayer,  
And no weak soul through speculation roam.

We seek for sealed-up secrets, hidden things;  
Enough for us, if on eternal wings  
We reach the country of those better things.

Vex not thy spirit, O aspiring man!  
But live thy days as earnest workers must;  
Nor try to pierce through God's mysterious plan,  
Which obligates thee to a life of trust.  
Some day, somewhere, while countless ages roll,  
Thy hungry heart shall comprehend the whole,  
The veil be parted for thy thankful soul.

—I. EDGAR JONES.

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*FAINT GLIMPSES OF BEAUTY.*

“BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.” “A thing of beauty is a joy forever.” And, oh, what joy thrilled the soul as we thought God never implanted this intense longing, this love of the pure, the beautiful, in the heart of one child of His, without providing for that child the desired gift! for our Father satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.” Long, weary years of pilgrimage we spent, travelling over thorny paths in search of the hidden “joy forever.” We expected it on earth. . . . Disappointed in our search on earth, upward we turned our longing gaze. One bright star fixed the eye, and in its steady beauteous light we read: “Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and His name shall be called Wonderful,

FAINT GLIMPSES OF BEAUTY.

Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace;" and "thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." "Emmanuel, God with us."

Earth no longer fettering the soul, faith in the unseen brought us near "unto Mount Zion," and "unto the city of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and Church of the First-born," "and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling;" and, forgetting the graves of broken household bands, we behold in this Mediator the connecting ladder betwixt earth and heaven.

"Ah! methinks there is a unison."

And on its golden rounds we climb, until

"E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore."

And now, beholding this ladder everywhere, "Christ our Anointed," "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," whether with head pillowed upon down or stone, steps travelling over rough and thorny paths or beside "still waters" and in "green pastures," satisfied with our secure resting-place in the Church below, Christ Himself, with Israel's sweet singer we exclaim: "One thing have I desired of the Lord—that I may

dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,  
 to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in  
 His temple." Thank God we may here by faith drink  
 of the "pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding  
 out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb."

" See the streams of living waters  
                  Springing from eternal love,  
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
                  And all fears of want remove."

We may eat of "the tree of life," sit under its shadow,  
 the leaves of which are "for the healing of the nations ;"  
 walk in light which hath no need of the help of the  
 sun, "for the Lord God giveth them light," and in this  
 light joyfully go forth glorying in the cross ; and by-  
 and-by, with the Church triumphant above, we'll lay  
 our trophies at the feet of Jesus, and crown Him Lord  
 of all ; and forever behold the King in His beauty,  
 where concentrated shall eternally be all the glory,  
 honor, and beauty of earth and heaven.

—MRS. M. E. PAGE.

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### *WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST PLACE IN HEAVEN ?*

" WHICH is the happiest ? " if you ask,  
 To answer seems no easy task ;  
 And yet methinks 'tis not too hard,  
 Where all is grace, although reward.

That, must to each the happiest be  
Which each has gained through mercy free ;  
Nor need the lowliest lost in love,  
Envy the highest saint above.  
The dew-drop is as full of light  
As the great sun which lends it light.  
Where *self* must into nothing fall,  
There God in each is all in all.  
Reader ! whoe'er thou art, to thee be given  
The bliss to find the happiest place in heaven.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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*ONLY WAITING FOR THE SUMMONS.*

HERE we are waiting the welcome summons to go up  
with the shining company over yonder upon that ever-  
green shore. Heavenly light already falls resplendent  
upon our pathway, and the bright visions of immortal  
life and glory beckon us on and away to our Father's  
mansions above :

“There is light on the hills, and the valley is past,  
Ascend, happy pilgrim ! thy labors are o'er !  
The sunshine of heaven around thee is cast,  
And thy weak, doubting footsteps can falter no more.

“On, pilgrim ! that hill richly circled with rays  
Is Zion ! Lo, there is the city of saints !  
And the beauties, the glories that region displays,  
Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints.”

Hallelujah ! We soon shall be there, resting at home,

and enjoying the fruitions of that better land—walking by the waters of life, and ranging with kindred spirits o'er the Delectable Mountains of a blessed immortality.

—J. N. KANAGA.

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### *HEAVENLY GLORY.*

To the eye of man the sun appears a pure light, a mass of unmingled glory. Were we to ascend with a continual flight towards this luminary, and could we, like the eagle, gaze upon its lustre, we should in our progress behold its splendor become every moment more intense. As we rose through the heavens, we should see a little orb changing gradually into a great world; and as we advanced nearer and nearer, should behold it expanding every way, until all that was before us became an universe of excessive and immeasurable glory. Thus the heavenly inhabitant will, at the commencement of his happy existence, see the divine system filled with magnificence and splendor and arrayed in beauty; and, as he advances onwards through the successive periods of duration, will behold all things more and more luminous, transporting, and sun-like forever.

—DR. DWIGHT.

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ALL that awaits us is glorious. There is “a rest,” a Sabbath-keeping in store for us (Heb. iv. 6), and this “rest shall be glorious” (Isa. xi. 10). The kingdom

that we claim is a glorious kingdom, the crown which we are to wear is a glorious crown. The city of our habitation is a glorious city. The garments which shall clothe us are garments "for glory and beauty." Our bodies shall be glorious bodies, fashioned after the likeness of Christ's "glorious body." Our society shall be that of the glorified. Our songs shall be songs of glory. And of the region which we are to inhabit it is said, "the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "That they may behold my glory," the Lord pleaded for His own. This is the sum of all. It is the very utmost that even "the Lord of Glory" could ask for them.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

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### *HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS.*

HEAVEN is a treasure that can neither fail nor be carried away by force or fraud. It is an inheritance uncorrupted and undefiled; a crown that fadeth not away; a never-failing stream of joy and delight. It is a marriage feast, and of all others, the most joyous and most sumptuous; one that always satisfies and never cloyes the appetite. It is an eternal spring and an everlasting light; a day without an evening. It is a paradise, where the lilies are always white and in full bloom, the saffron blooming, the trees giving out their balsams, and the tree of life in the midst thereof. It is a city where the houses are built of living pearls,



the gates of precious stones, and the streets paved with the purest gold.

Yet all these are nothing but veils of the happiness to be revealed on that most blessed day ; nay, the light itself, which we have mentioned among the rest, though it be the most beautiful ornament in this visible world, is at best but a shadow of that heavenly glory ; and how small soever that portion of this inaccessible brightness may be which, in the Sacred Scriptures, shines upon us through these veils, it certainly very well deserves that we should often turn our eyes toward it, and view it with the closest attention.

Now, the first thing that necessarily occurs in the constitution of happiness, is a full and complete deliverance from every evil and every grievance, which we may as certainly expect to meet with in that heavenly life, as it is impossible to be attained while we sojourn here below. All tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and every cause and occasion of tears forever removed from our sight. There, there are no tumults, no wars, no poverty, no death, nor disease ; there, there is neither mourning, nor fear, nor sin, which is the source and fountain of all other evils ; there is neither violence within doors nor without, nor any complaint in the streets of that blessed city ; there no friend goes out, nor enemy comes in. There, there is full vigor of body and mind, health, beauty, purity, and perfect tranquillity. Also the most delightful society of angels, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all the saints, among whom there are no reproaches, con-

tentions, controversies, nor party spirit, because there are there none of the sources whence they can spring, nor anything to encourage their growth; for there is there particularly, no ignorance, no blind self-love, no vain-glory, nor envy, which is quite excluded from those divine regions; but, on the contrary, perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, enjoys that of his neighbors, and is happy in one as well as the other. Hence there is among them a kind of infinite reflection and multiplication of happiness, like that of a spacious hall adorned with gold and precious stones, dignified with a full assembly of kings and potentates, and having its walls quite covered with the brightest looking-glasses.

But what infinitely exceeds and eclipses all the rest is that boundless ocean of happiness which results from the beatific vision of the ever-blessed God, without which neither the tranquillity they enjoy, nor the society of saints, nor the possession of any particular finite good, nor, indeed, of all such taken together, can satisfy the soul or make it completely happy."

—ROBERT LEIGHTON.

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*O HAPPY HOME!*

O HAPPY home! O happy children there!  
O blissful mansions of their Father's house!  
O walks surpassing Eden for delight!  
Here are the harvests reap'd, once sown in tears;  
Here is the rest by ministry enhanced;

Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven ;  
Riches of glory incorruptible ;  
Crowns, amaranthine crowns, of victory ;  
The voice of harpers harping on their harps ;  
The anthems of the holy cherubim ;  
The crystal river of the Spirit's joy ;  
The bridal palace of the Prince of Peace ;  
The holiest of holies ; God is there.

—ANON.

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*THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.*

THERE'S a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,  
Where they know not the sorrows of time ;  
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,  
And life is a pleasure sublime.  
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,  
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,  
Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal,  
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,  
But our visions have told of its bliss,  
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,  
When we faint in the deserts of this.  
And we sometime have longed for its holy repose,  
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,  
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh ! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,  
But we think where the ransomed have trod ;  
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,  
But we feel the bright smile of our God.  
We are travelling homeward through changes and gloom,  
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangeably bloom,  
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

—JAMES G. CLARK.

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*PICTURE OF RAVISHING BEAUTY.*

To my own mind, when I look in the direction of the future, one picture always rises—a picture of ravishing beauty. Its essence I believe to be true. Its accidents will be more glorious than all that my imagination puts into it. It is that of a soul forever growing in knowledge, in love, in holy endeavor ; that of a vast community of spirits, moving along a pathway of light, of ever-expanding excellence and glory ; brightening as they ascend ; becoming more and more like the unpicturable pattern of infinite perfection ; loving with an ever-deepening love ; glowing with an ever-increasing fervor ; rejoicing in ever-advancing knowledge ; growing in glory and power. They are all immortal. There are no failures or reverses to any of them. Ages fly away ; they soar on with tireless wing. Æons and cycles advance toward them and retire behind them ; still they soar, and shout and unfold !

I am one of that immortal host. Death cannot destroy me. I shall live when stars grow dim with age. The advancing and retreating aeons shall not fade my immortal youth. Thou, Gabriel, that standest near the throne, bright with a brightness that dazzles my earth-born vision, rich with the experience of uncounted ages, first-born of the sons of God, noblest of the archangelic retinue, far on I shall stand where thou standest now, rich with an equal experience, great with an equal growth, thou wilt have passed on, and, from higher summits, wilt gaze back on a still more glorious progress.

Beyond the grave. As the vision rises how this side dwindles into nothing—a speck, a moment—and its glory and pomp shrink up into the trinkets and baubles that amuse an infant for a day. Only those things, in the glory of this light, which lay hold of immortality seem to have any value. The treasures that consume away or burn up with this perishing world are not treasures. Those only that we carry beyond are worth the saving.

—BISHOP R. S. FOSTER, D.D.

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### *A VISION OF HEAVEN.*

“WORN down with fatigue in winding up the labors of a toilsome year, I was most violently attacked with bilious fever. The disease had taken so violent a hold on my system, that I sank rapidly under its power, and my life was despaired of.

"On the seventh night, in a state of entire insensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around my couch, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side and, in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like music on my ear, it said, 'I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence.' In an instant I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away from the world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought.

"At length we reached the gates of paradise; and oh! the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then, in its fullest extent, did I realize the invocation of the poet,

" 'Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring  
To my raptured vision,  
All the ecstatic joys that spring  
Round the bright Elysian.'

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then with unveiled eyes I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this lake,

or river, rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

“ While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and although they went with the greatest rapidity, yet their wings were folded by their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were, and what their mission? To this he responded, ‘ They are angels despatched to the world whence you come, on an errand of mercy.’ I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable but my guide.

“ At length I said, ‘ Will it be possible for me to have a sight of the just made perfect in glory?’ Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other of a female, and the third of an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the exception that they had crowns upon their heads of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

“ There was nothing with which the blessed babe, or child, could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its wings which were long and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with

the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child.

"At length I said, 'If I have to return to earth, from whence I came, I would love to take this child with me, and show it to the weeping mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.' So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms, but it eluded my grasp, and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose from the waters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains, 'To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood, to Him be glory both now and forever. Amen.'

"At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout; and clapping my hands, I sprang from my bed and was as instantly healed as the lame man in the beautiful porch of the temple who went 'walking and leaping and praising God.' Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God."



*THE HOPE OF GLORY.*

OH, what a joy! to think that, from this prison-house of clay, shall one day burst a winged spirit—soaring to the skies. Is it not enough to cheer us even in the darkest hour, to know that, though “sorrow may endure for a night,” such joy as this “cometh in the morning?” A joy “unspeakable and full of glory!” A joy which makes the very heart bound within us to think of. . . . Let us for a moment think of what we shall enjoy in roaming the bright plains of paradise for evermore. Wherever we move, new beauties greet our astonished eyes (like a glorious vision, whose grand and glowing scenes are ever changing and forever new), while soul-stirring harmonies from angel-choirs are wafted on every gale. As we behold these glorious sights, and hear these ravishing sounds, we remember the faint imaginings of mortal poets, whose wild, unearthly fancies were derided as the offspring of a frantic brain; and see how infinitely short they fell of the glorious realities of the heavenly world. And as we wander on, bathed in the sunlight of eternal day, we shall meet departed friends and the good and great of every age and clime. There we shall see Paul, the grand apostle to the Gentiles, who, when about to plunge into the untried ocean of eternity, exclaimed, “I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give to me in that day. And not to me only, but to all them that

love His appearing." Oh, what a glorious diadem is that before whose radiance the stars of heaven shall pale their ineffectual fires, and which shall shine on with undiminished lustre when these glowing fires shall have been quenched forever in eternal night.

—REV. F. H. WHEELER.

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*JERUSALEM WHICH IS ABOVE.*

Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace unbroken  
are,

Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light  
afar,

Sacred seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the evering  
star?

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at dawn  
they glow;

Crowned victors after conflict, all their joys together flow;  
And secure they count the battles where they fought the  
prostrate foe.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their souls  
they steep;

Truth by actual vision beaming, on its form their gaze they  
keep,

Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living waters  
deep.

There all being is eternal; things that cease have ceased to  
be;

All corruption there has perished—there they flourish strong  
and free;

Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eternally.

Diverse as their varied labors the rewards to each that fall ;  
But love what she loves in others evermore her own doth  
call ;  
Thus the several joys of each become the common joy of all.

Blessed who the King of Heaven in His beauty thus  
behold ;  
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe unfold—  
Sun and moon, and stars and planets radiant in His light  
unrolled !

Christ, the palm of faithful victors ! of that city make me  
free ;  
When my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions lead Thou  
me !  
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of thy gifts to  
be !

FROM THE LATIN HYMN OF PETER DAMIANI.

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*I SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.*

WHEN the dark veil of time is backward rolled,  
Eternal glory overshadowing,  
A light divine shall to my vision bring  
The excellence that doth itself unfold,  
The splendors of the Christ I shall behold ;  
The radiant face, the beauty of the King,  
That evermore the veiled seraphs sing ;  
The true Immanuel's, for of earthly mould,

I for myself shall know, mine eyes shall see ;  
Hail, glorious vision of that far-off land,  
So very far, when wilt thou come to me ;  
The thorn-wreathed brow of Christ, the pierced hand,  
The vision of that eye whose love, whose light  
Shall flood the soul with infinite delight.

—R. EVANS.

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*A MOTHER'S VISION.*

MRS. M——, a lady of more than ordinary intelligence, was the mother of four children at the time of the occurrence of the incident here related, as received from her own lips. She died at an advanced age, having adorned her Christian profession by a life of exemplary piety.

Martha, her eldest child, was a beautiful girl at the time referred to, being about fourteen years of age. She was her mother's idol, and occupied the supreme place in her affections, though her mother was unconscious of that fact. Having taken ill, notwithstanding the mother's care and a skilful physician's constant attention, Martha died. The mother was positively inconsolable. Her pastor prayed, counselled, and admonished in vain. Nothing could allay the bitter anguish of her broken heart. In this state of mind, late one night, she fell asleep. Her sleep was fitful for awhile, and then she fell into a profound slumber, and sleeping, she dreamed. Suddenly a bright and beautiful angel, clothed in habiliments of light,

appeared to her, and, in a sweet, winning voice, tenderly asked, "Would you see Martha?"

Instantly she responded, "Yes; above all things in the universe I would see her." "Then follow me," said the heavenly visitant.

She arose and followed her guide without a word of further inquiry. Presently a stately and magnificent edifice greeted her wondering and half-bewildered gaze. The door of entrance was open. She ascended the steps and entered the resounding hall, following closely behind the angel, not knowing whither he would lead her. Without even casting a glance behind, or saying a word, suddenly the angel paused, and with his ethereal finger touched a secret spring. Noiselessly a door swung wide open and revealed the inmates to her astonished gaze. There was a throng of excited revellers in the midst of bacchanalian excesses, flushed with wine, and presenting a revolting scene of debauchery and worldly dissipation. The angel pointed his white index finger at the most conspicuous figure in the group, the one who led the dance, and was most boisterous in the mirth and festive glee, and then turning his eye on the mother said, "There is Martha; behold her."

The mother passionately exclaimed, "No, no! that is not Martha! I was raising her for God and for His Church and for heaven. That is not Martha."

"So you thought," responded the angel in tenderest accents; "but she was your idol. You could deny her nothing. That is what she would have been."

The door closed.

"Follow me," said the angel.

She followed with a palpitating heart. Her mind was filled with anxious and painful thought. The angel paused, and again touched a secret spring, and the door flew open as if on golden hinges. Before her enraptured eyes there was displayed a vast multitude of the most resplendent forms she had ever conceived of in human mould. Brows of lustrous beauty, faces radiant with supernal light, voices sweetly modulated, and all enrobed in spotless white. Not a trace of sorrow was on any face. It was heaven, and the angel, pointing to the brightest and most beautiful of the joyous and happy throng, said, turning his glad eye on the mother, "There is Martha as she is."

The dreamer awoke, but awoke from that dream in unutterable ecstasy—she awoke praising God. In relating this dream she said to the writer, "Dream though it was, to me it was an apocalypse. I brushed away my tears. My heart was relieved of its sorrow, and now I believe, and I have long believed, that Martha's death was best for her and best for her mother."

—REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, D.D.

*A FATHER'S VISION.*

SOME fifteen or sixteen years after the death of our infant son, "I had a vision in my sleep"—a vision the remembrance of which no earthly considerations would induce me to part with. I supposed myself to have left the body, and to be in the precincts of the celestial city. I was slowly advancing towards the eternal throne, which was just visible in the distance. If the blessedness of the soul in heaven can be more perfect than mine was then, I can form no conception of what that blessedness can be. "The glory of the Lord did lighten the place, and the Lamb was the light thereof." Infinite quietude and bliss was all about me, and every capacity of my nature was filled with the light and peace, and blessedness of God. As I was thus slowly advancing towards the throne, there appeared directly before me a youth in all the freshness and bloom of immortality—a youth who approached very near, and, with intense inquiry, looked me in the face. Suddenly his whole countenance lighted up with a smile of joyful recognition, "It is my father come at last." Thus may we expect to meet our little ones who have gone before us, provided we ourselves shall be permitted to "pass through the gates into the city." The effect of that smile of recognition upon me was such that I suddenly awoke. Since I had the vision, however, heaven has appeared more like home to me than it could otherwise have done.

—REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D.

*A SISTER'S VISION.*

DURING months of anxiety I watched by the bedside of a precious sister, and read and talked much of heaven, until at times it seemed as though yon pearly gates would move aside, while to our enraptured gaze, faith would be lost in sight. While I beheld the progress of disease, and knew that soon those lustrous eyes would be glazed in death, I was not prepared to say: "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good." Yet I believed grace might be received to enable me not only to say: "Thy will be done," but in the fulness of heart *rejoice* in the will of God. With this faith I resolved to plead the promise, "If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." Long and earnestly did I plead upon that memorable night, until "Be it unto thee according to thy faith," assured me I had prevailed. I immediately retired to rest, as the clock had struck the hour of eleven, and fell into a sweet sleep. Soon in my sleep I saw the front door of my room slightly open, and a beautiful dove enter the room. I called it a dove, as I could think of nothing else so emblematic of perfect purity. In form and color it surpassed anything I ever saw. It was not tinged with the colors of the rainbow, nor robed in the purest white down, for earth has *nothing* with which to compare it—no language adequate to the description. It was beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful and glorious. As it entered the room it took a circle around it (the



room being full, while sadness rested upon each countenance), and came directly to me, lighting upon my left shoulder, with its beak against my face. Every eye rested upon it with wonder and amazement, when suddenly it began to sing. *Such music!* would I could describe it! I almost wondered whether I was an inhabitant of earth or heaven; my very soul seemed bounding with delight as heaven's own strains burst forth upon my ear; the loftiest imagination can conceive of nothing in the least to compare with it. While thus enraptured with delight, my father was the first to speak. Said he: "How beautifully it sings!" "Yes," I replied, "I never heard anything of the like before;" upon which my heavenly visitant spoke, and said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." My soul was full; I could not speak; but while I gazed upon it in silent adoration I thought: May not this resemble the dove which descended upon the Saviour at baptism, and is it not sent as a comforter in these repeated bereavements, assuring me, though all my earthly friends depart, yet I shall *never* be forsaken. While such were my thoughts, with the most inexpressible joy, I awoke; and was afterward informed by the watchers, that at that same hour of the night my sister was struck with death. While passing through the valley her voice broke forth in rapturous strains of which the key-note was "*Glory to Jesus.*"

—M. H. T., IN GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

*A BELIEVER'S VISION.*

WHILE engaged in a series of meetings, worn in body, almost fainting in spirit, far from home, apparently alone among strangers, after renewing my covenant with God, and paying that I had vowed, I retired to rest, was soon lost in sleep, and dreamed of witnessing a vast multitude of people, which no man could number, all moved by some intense excitement. Some, in confusion, seemed going here and there, with no definite object in view; while others, with myself, were journeying towards the sun-rising, and were soon removed out of a strait into a broad place where there was no straitness. A strange pure light shone upon us, and permeated our very beings. My heart was peculiarly warmed,—

“While grief, and fear, and care did fly  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.”

There were no rapturous emotions, and yet I was conscious of deep, holy joy. My strength was very much renewed; and, while in this upward course, the rich, mellow light so wonderfully increased, that it appeared like a broad, gently rolling river, upon which was borne the New Jerusalem, “coming down from God out of heaven,” to my very feet. The wall of the city, its gates of pearl, its mansions, domes and spires, with the holiness of its atmosphere, the glory of its light, as presented to my mind, beggars description. I saw the tree of life, and in the distance seemed to

catch a glimpse of the spotless robes of the pure in heart, and was assured that "the tabernacle of God is with men." I saw multitudes flocking to this city, while joy inexpressible was beaming from each countenance. In all that throng, I saw not one with saddened brow. I awaited an invitation to enter; when I was assured that the view was presented to my mental vision to encourage me in the work of soul-saving, that I might lead *many* to "bring their glory and honor into it." In sweet submission my will blended with the divine will, and I awoke *strong* to *labor*, and saw the divine power wonderfully manifested in the salvation of many souls during that meeting. But what seems remarkable is the fact, that Mrs. M. E. Page, with whom at the time I had never met, at the same time, in a dream in all points exactly the same, was in like manner strengthened to labor in the cause of Christ.

"By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here.  
Her walls are of jasper and gold ;  
As crystal her buildings are clear ;  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God."

—MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

*A VOICE OF THE DEPARTED.*

I SHINE in the light of God ;  
His likeness stamps my brow ;  
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

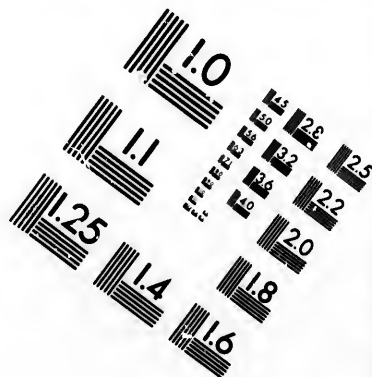
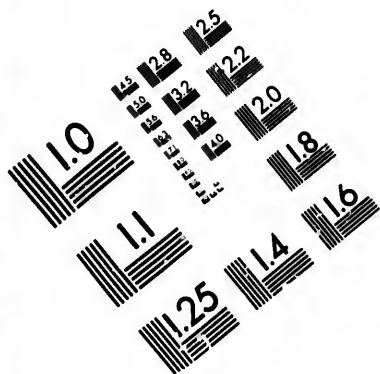
I have reached the joys of heaven ;  
I am one of the sainted band ;  
To my head a crown of gold is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing  
Whom Jesus hath set free,  
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring  
With my new-born melody.

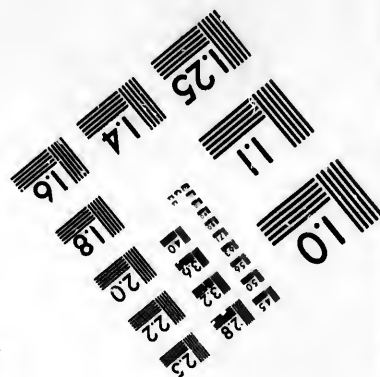
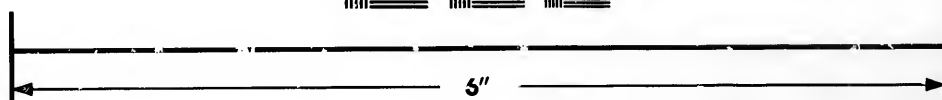
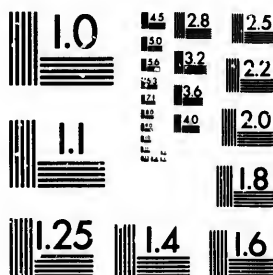
No sin, no grief, no pain,  
Safe in my happy home,  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph's come.

O friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are waiting still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.





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Do I forget ? Oh, no !  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to hearts below,  
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright ;  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down, like a river of light,  
To the world from whence it came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out in the glittering sky ?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why do your tears run down,  
Why your hearts so sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in heaven ?

—B.

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*A LETTER OF COMFORT TO A BEREAVED  
MOTHER.*

THE following communication has been placed in our hands, but without any thought on the part of the writer of publication. It is so full of sweetness and genuine purity, however, that we will not withhold it, especially from those who have experienced like sorrow :—



"*My dear Friend*,—Though I cannot realize the extent of your affliction, I feel for you the heartiest sympathy. I have no desire to make your loss appear lighter, or your sorrow to be without sufficient reason; but if the gate of heaven could be held open a moment so that you could catch a glimpse of the love and felicity your boy enjoys to-day, you would for his sake be willing to endure the anguish of your heart—though it would be none the less *anguish*. Our heavenly Father has written, for the comfort of the homeless and the orphaned, 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up,' and He certainly will not neglect the everlasting comfort of the little darlings who to their own helplessness have all the added attractions that spring from parental love. He knew that you were making, and would continue to make, great exertions for the boy's advantage, and He saw that He could do better for him than *your best*. He saw that you would indefatigably do your utmost to clothe and educate the child; would conserve his health, introduce him on the highest attainable plane into society and business, and make him as eminent and influential as possible; that you hoped to guide him through the dangers of early life, and, having trudged yourself along the weary road, at last to wait for him in heaven—I say, God, who is very pitiful and of tender mercy, saw all this; but He saw much more. He did not ask you to choose; He gave you what He knew you would choose if you could see things from a heavenly stand-

point—what you will be grateful for when you know all. Instead of the clothing you would have provided our Father has given him the white raiment of paradise ; for his education, instead of the limited school privileges you could command, God has given His angels charge over him ; for his society Jesus will confess him before His Father and the holy angels ; for business activity, he is to become one of the ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, of whom, thank God ! you are one ; for His comfort, God will wipe all tears from his eyes, and he shall never again feel sorrow or pain ; and for his greatness, hear what the Bible says, ‘The disciples came unto Jesus saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven ? And Jesus called a *little child*, and set him in the midst.’

“ Ah, my dear friend, instead of you leading your child to heaven, the child, so much wiser already in heavenly knowledge than you, may have the holy pleasure of drawing you with ‘cords of love that never can be broke’ to the God of love. I am sure that, great as is your sorrow, it is a comfort that your boy has thus early been given the happiness thus far denied to you. You perhaps feel that he is very far away ; be assured that he feels near to you, although you can no longer see his form or listen to his childish prattle. You know that the Lord Jesus loved the children, took them in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. Your child to-day experiences this caressing love, and is blessed by the comfort of Christ.

the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Fix your faith firmly on God's *wisdom*, which never makes an error, and His *sympathy*, which never allows an avoidable affliction. And may His tenderest blessings attend you until your family is reunited in

“‘Jerusalem the golden!  
 There all our birds that flew,  
 Our flowers but half unfolden,  
 Our pearls that turned to dew,  
 And all the glad life-music  
 Now heard no longer here,  
 Shall come again to greet us  
 As we are drawing near.’”

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“I HAVE A HOME.”

I HAVE a home, a home so bright, its beauties none  
 can know;  
 Its sapphire pavements, and such palms—none ever  
 saw below;  
 Its golden streets resound with joy, its pearly gates  
 with praise;  
 A temple standeth in the midst no human hand could  
 raise;  
 And there unfailing fountains flow, and pleasures  
 never end.  
 Who makes that home so glorious? It is my loving  
 Friend.

—ANNA SHIPTON.

*THE INFANT'S DREAM.*

Oh, cradle me on thy knee, mamma,  
And sing me the holy strain  
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed  
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,  
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,  
And weep as you then did weep ;  
Then fix on me thy glistening eye  
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry ;  
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,  
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,  
While slumbering on thy knee ;  
And I lived in a land where forms divine  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine ;  
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,  
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,  
And we rested, as under a bough ;  
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,  
And I chased it away through the forest wide,  
Till the night came on, and I lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart was sick with fear, mamma,  
And I loudly wept for thee ;

But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,  
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,  
Then she kissed me softly ere I was aware,  
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she guiled, mamma,  
And she led me far away ;  
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,  
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom ;  
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom ;  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,  
Such lovely cherubs bright ;  
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,  
And wondering, around me I gazed, and gazed ;  
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed,  
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,  
Of white-winged babes to me ;  
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,  
And they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child,  
Then they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,  
Saying, "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,  
With cherub, and seraphim fair ;  
And saw, as I roam'd the regions of peace,  
The spirits which came from this world of distress ;  
And there was the joy no tongue can express,  
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,  
Lay dead a short time ago?  
Oh, you gazed on the sad, but lovely wreck,  
With a full flood of woe you could not check;  
And your heart was so sore, and you thought it would brea'  
But it loved, and you aye sobbed on.

But oh! had you been with me, mamma,  
In the realms of unknown care,  
And had seen what I saw, you ne'er had sighed,  
Though they laid pretty Jane in the grave when she died.  
For shining with the blessed, and adorned like a bride,  
My sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind that silly old man, mamma,  
Who lately came to our door,  
When the night was dark, and the tempest loud,  
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,  
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,  
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,  
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,  
As the good man sat in papa's old chair  
While the rain dripped down from his thin gray hair,  
And fast as the big tear of speechless care  
Ran down from his glaring eye.

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,  
Flashed through each trembling eye,  
As he told how he went to the baron's stronghold,  
Saying, "Oh! let me in, for the night is so cold;"  
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the wold,  
For we shield no beggars here."

Well ! he was in glory, too, mamma,  
As happy as the best can be ;  
He needs no alms in the mansions of light,  
For he sat with the patriarchs cloth'd in white—  
There was not a seraph had a crown more bright,  
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,  
And dream, as I dream'd before ;  
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,  
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest—  
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the blest  
Can love this world no more.

—WM. MILLAR, DUMFRIES.

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### THE CHILDREN ARE SAFE.

I DREAMED, and in my vision I saw the City of Destruction which John Bunyan beheld two centuries ago. But all was changed. Not one of the inhabitants of his day was there. I made diligent inquiry about them, and found that some, having heard of Christian's triumphant entrance into Mount Zion, had left the city with their faces set like flint, determined to find the New Jerusalem which John saw (Rev. xxi. 2); but the greater portion remained and perished in their sins (Matt. xx. 16).

I met one, Destiny; he told me this. I asked him about the children, and he opened to me a book and read, "Suffer *them* to come unto *Me*."

"Are they safe?" I asked.

His answer came with joy, for as he spoke, the morning Sun of Righteousness broke over the eastern hills, and lit up every feature of his countenance.

"Yes, *they* are safe," said he, "for out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise" (Matt. xxi. 16).

At this he touched my ears with his hands, and bade me hearken. Oh! what music was that I heard! Ten thousand times ten thousand voices were singing a new song (Rev. v. 9-12):

"Hosanna to our Lord and King,  
Hosanna to His name we sing;  
Redeemed by blood and saved by grace,  
We fall before Thy blessed face  
And give Thee praise."

Then I heard as it were "every creature which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth and such as are in the sea, saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb, forever and ever." But above the voice of all the rest, I could hear the mighty chorus of the children. I begged him to open my eyes, that I might catch at least one glimpse of the countless throng.

"Thou canst not see and live," said he.

I plead, and not in vain. "Thou shall see as through a glass darkly" (1 Cor. xiii. 12), and then he touched mine eyes, and behold! what wonders! Truly is it written, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither



hath it entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love Him" (Isa. lxiv. 4). It was but a peep he gave me through the jasper walls of "that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xi. 10).

I saw a gathering, the like of which one never dreams. The children of all lands and of every clime and of every age, from the beginning of the world, were marching to the martial music of a million harps. They were passing the throne whereon sat "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah" (Rev. v. 5). They bore in their hands a palm; every head wore a tiny crown; their faces gleamed with a light that mortals never see. Without a leader, for every heart seemed to know just when and what and how to sing, they made the very walls join in their songs of praise to the one who was born a babe in Bethlehem. "The twelve gates" of the city could not be shut (Rev. xxi. 12), for the music of their hymns went ringing out through the universe, till star after star caught the echo, and sang together. As quick as thought I searched amid the multitude for little Amy that had been taken from our home and buried beneath the sod, and lo! she was there, living and not dead. Not silent in the grave, but singing in heaven. In that moment of rapture I had one great, longing desire, and plead with Destiny to grant it; but he would not. I wanted to bring those who wept over the loss of their little ones to see what I saw. I knew their tears of sorrow would be turned into tears of joy.

The children are with God. Amid the weeping and wailing in Tophet there is never heard the cry of a single babe or child. "Hell has no children. Heaven has them all." Destiny spoke thus to me.

—REV. C. H. YATMAN.

*Newark, N. J.*

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*LAND IN SIGHT.*

LAND in sight, land in sight,  
The glorious land of light,  
E'en now its pearly gates my eyes behold,  
Adorned with jewels rare ;  
Oh, sight most wondrous fair,  
And streets with pavements all of shining gold.

E'en now its happy sainted throng I see,  
And on my eager ear,  
Full, sweet, and rising clear,  
Swells the glad tide of holy harmony.

There sits the Holy One, once crucified,  
Who all our sufferings bore,  
When human form He wore,  
And shed for us His blood, a crimson tide.

Abiding place of those from earth released,  
Arrayed in spotless white,  
Who conquered in the fight—  
I hear their songs around the marriage feast.

—J. W. PAUL.

*A GLANCE AT HEAVEN.*

BEING weary, in consequence of the labor and anxiety of life, I have chosen, for a solace, to wander into the field at eventide, like Isaac of old, to meditate ; and all at once, as quick as thought, I find my mind transported from this world of disappointment, sorrow, sickness, pain and death, to a land of living verdure and captivating delights, in the midst of a shoreless sea of bliss, surrounded by myriads of objects of admiration and wonder, where the inhabitants enjoy perpetual health and eternal youth.

The reigning joy of that heavenly land is that Jehovah keeps His royal court in person. There His dwelling-place is enriched with the richest profusion of His love. There His saints rejoice to behold the adorable displays of His perfection, the manifestations of His goodness, and the outletings of His love. There the intercourse between Him and His redeemed ones carries Him to the utmost extent of communicable glory. The buildings that are there are the palaces of the great King, in which are mansions prepared for His loved ones. These mansions are magnificent, founded in grace, and furnished with glory. Age shall never enter there, and nothing shall decay. What a beautiful city is the New Jerusalem ! Its gates are all gloriously set in pearls, and there the attributes of God blaze divinely bright. There also is our Emmanuel, fitting up mansions for His forthcoming

saints. The trophies of eternal victory already there, bow at His feet. He is our elder brother, our near kinsman; from this relation our grandeur springs, our being connected with the high and honorable family of heaven. A great blessing, indeed, to be a brother to the Son of God, and to hear Him, in that capacity, declare to us His Father's name. We shall see Him, and be like Him, and then we shall be eternally happy.

O happy land of God, where the rivers of pleasure overflow their banks forever! O rapture, O ecstatic joys, O everlasting heaven! Thy joys are too great for our mortal frames; none but glorified bodies can bear the transports of thine eternal day. There the general assembly of the saints will be on the holy Mount Zion, to dwell forever in the royal pavilion of glory, and have most intimate communion with the King eternal. What rapturous notes will then sound through the sweet groves of bliss. All heaven will be melody—angels will accent the song. There we shall drink at life's immortalizing stream, and draw water out of the wells of salvation. There we shall have life beyond the reach of death, health secured from sickness, and pleasure without pain. Our bodies will be immortal, our souls immaculate, our senses sanctified, our faculties enlarged, and our whole soul filled with divinity.

—GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

*THE LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.*

THAT system of religion of which God is the centre and head, which has its grandest trophy and symbol in the cross of Christ, opens the vast and near eternity . . . to the desiring and exulting hope of every soul that has found rest in Christ.

I remember, when a lad, coming for the first time into this beautiful Portland harbor from Boston by the boat. The night was windy and rough. The cabin was confined, the boat was small; and very early in the morning I went up on deck. There was nothing but the blue waste around, dark and threatening, and the clouded heavens above. At last suddenly on the horizon flashed a light, and then after a little while another, and then a little later another still, from the lighthouses along the coast; and at last the light at the entrance of the harbor became visible just as "the fingers of the dawn" were rushing up into the sky. As we swept around into the harbor, the sun-rise gun was fired from the cutter lying in the harbor, the band struck up a martial and inspiring air, the great splendor of the rising sun flooded the whole view, and every window pane on these hills, as seen from the boat, seemed to be a plate of burnished gold let down from the celestial realms.

We are drawing nearer to the glory of the latter day. I have thought of that vision often. I thought of it then as representing what might be conceived of the entrance into heaven. I have thought of it as I

have stood by the bed of the dying and seen their faces flush and flash in a radiance that I could not apprehend. I think of it still. The lights are brightening along the coast ; the darkness is disappearing ; the harbor is not far off ; the Sun of Righteousness is to arise in all the earth, and the golden glory of the New Jerusalem is to be established here.

—REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D.

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COME out from the gloom,  
And open your heart to the light  
That is flooding God's world with delight,  
And unfolding its bloom.

His kingdom of grace  
Is symbolized in all that we see,  
In budding and leafing of tree,  
And fruit in its place.

—EMILY J. BUGBEE.

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*THE NEW JERUSALEM.*

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,  
Itself a sun-born gem,  
Fair gleams the glorious city,  
The New Jerusalem !  
City fairest,  
Splendor rarest,  
Let me gaze on thee !

Calm in her queenly glory,  
She sits all joy and light;  
Pure in her bridal beauty,  
Her raiment festal-white!  
Home of gladness,  
Free from sadness,  
Let me dwell in thee!

Shading her golden pavement,  
The tree of life is seen,  
Its fruit-rich branches waving,  
Celestial evergreen.  
Tree of wonder,  
Let me under  
Thee forever rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,  
Bright in its crystal gleam,  
Bursts out the living fountain,  
Swells on the living stream.  
Blessed river,  
Let me ever,  
Feast my eye on thee!

Streams of true life and gladness,  
Spring of all health and peace;  
No harps by thee hang silent,  
Nor happy voices cease.  
Tranquil river,  
Let me ever  
Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,  
Not now afar, but near ;  
My soul, to thy still waters,  
Hastes in its thirstings here.  
Holy river,  
Let me ever  
Drink of only thee !

—HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

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*THERE'S LIGHT ABOVE US.*

WHEN the light of day departing  
Draws the curtain of the skies,  
And the gloomy clouds of autumn  
Hide the star-light from our eyes ;  
Then, in sympathy with creature  
Oft our hearts grow gloomy too,  
Till some angel *lifts the curtain*,  
And the light comes pouring through.

So, in times of deep bereavement,  
When our household sun has set,  
Oft our spirits mourn in darkness  
O'er the joys we can't forget,  
Till an angel *lifts the curtain*  
That enshrouds our hearts in gloom ;  
Then we raise our eyes in wonder,  
For there's light above the tomb.



Yes, oh yes, there's light above us,  
And the clouds that check our view  
Shall be *gilt with golden edges*  
When that glorious light comes through ;  
And the bright and radiant faces  
Of the "loved ones gone before,"  
Will be sweetly smiling on us  
From the banks of yonder shore.

Upward, therefore, ever upward  
Let us lift our hopeful eyes,  
And we oft shall catch sweet glimpses  
Of the upper paradise ;  
And our dear ones, looking downward  
From the fragrant fields above,  
Oft shall drop us flowers of Eden  
As mementoes of their love.

Yes, and when our pilgrim footsteps  
Shall approach the final goal ;  
And the shades of death shall gather  
Like a mist around the soul ;  
Then, on angel-pinions flying,  
They shall meet us on our way,  
And conduct us safely homeward  
To the blessed realms of day.

—FROM TRUTH.

*MINISTERING SPIRITS.*

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Therefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went toward the gate.

Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds, they, therefore, went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining men was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. "There," said they, is "the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect." You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and,

when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the kings even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as when you were in the lower region, upon the earth, to wit: sorrow, sickness, affliction and death; "for the former things are passed away." You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, "What must we do in the holy place?" To whom it was answered: "You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One: for there you shall see Him as He is. There also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you, and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory."

—FROM BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

*A BEULAH SONG.*

"For the Lord, Thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills."—DEUT. viii. 7.

"And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope ; and she shall sing there."—HOS. ii. 15.

God has given me a song,  
A song of trust ;  
And I sing it all day long,  
For sing I must :  
Every hour it sweeter grows,  
Keeps my soul in blest repose,  
Just how restful no one knows  
But those who trust.

Oh, I sing it on the mountain,  
In the light ;  
Where the radiance of God's sunshine  
Makes all bright ;  
All my path seems bright and clear,  
Heavenly land seems very near,  
And I almost do appear  
To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley,  
Dark and low ;  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,  
Pain and woe ;  
Then the shadows flee away  
Like the night when dawns the day ;  
Trust in God brings light alway,  
I find it so.

When I sing it in the desert,  
Parched and dry,  
Living streams begin to flow  
A rich supply;  
Verdure in abundance grows,  
Deserts blossom like a rose,  
And my heart with gladness glows,  
At God's reply.

For I've crossed the River Jordan,  
And I stand  
In the blessed land of promise—  
Beulah land!  
Trusting is like breathing here,  
Just as easy; doubt and fear  
Vanish in this atmosphere,  
And life is grand.

—INDIA WESLEYAN WATCHMAN.

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*THE OTHER SIDE.*

WE dwell this side of Jordan's stream,  
Yet oft there comes a shining beam  
Across from yonder shore;  
While visions of a holy throng,  
And sound of harp and seraph song,  
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The Other Side, ah! there's the place  
Where saints in joy past times retrace  
And think of trials gone;

The veil withdrawn they clearly see  
That all on earth had need to be,  
To bring them safely home.

The Other Side! no sin is there  
To stain the robes that blest ones wear,  
Made white in Jesus' blood;  
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,  
To mar the peace their spirits know,  
There constant peace with God.

The Other Side! its shore so bright  
Is radiant with the golden light  
Of Zion's city fair;  
And many dear ones gone before  
Already tread the happy shore;  
I seem to see them there.

The Other Side! oh, charming sight!  
Upon its banks arrayed in white,  
For me a loved one waits.  
Over the stream he calls to me,  
"Fear not, I am thy guide to be  
Up to the pearly gates."

The Other Side! his well known voice  
And dear bright face will me rejoice;  
We'll meet in fond embrace.  
He'll lead me on until we stand,  
Each with a palm branch in our hand,  
Before the Saviour's face.

The Other Side! The Other Side!  
Who would not brave the swelling tide  
Of earthly toil and care;  
To wake one day when life is past,  
Over the stream and home at last,  
With all the blest ones there?

—ANON.

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*A GLIMPSE ACROSS THE STREAM.*

I CAUGHT a radiant glimpse to-night  
Of the golden city out of sight,  
Throned on the purple hills of light—  
Over the river.

I saw the dazzling sea of glass,  
And shining shapes that o'er it pass,  
I saw their golden cymbals flash,  
Over the river.

I saw them there, that martyr band,  
Whom patriotic fires had fanned,  
To perish for their native land,—  
Over the river.

There phalanxed 'mid the sons of light,  
In stainless uniform of white,  
They stood in armor dazzling bright,—  
Over the river.

I heard the roll-call, loud and clear,  
And each new angel answered, here,  
Then triumph pæans swept my ear,—  
Over the river.

Oh! the rarest country ever known,  
In any clime or any zone—  
Native to angel feet alone,—  
Over the river.

You have lotus vales, where the weary rest,  
You have isles of balm for the distrest,  
And groves of spice for the early blest,—  
Over the river.

I saw my fair dead mother go,  
Through fields where milk-white roses blow,  
And strike her golden cymbal low,—  
Over the river.

My heart beat wild, but tenderly,  
She fixed her mild blue eye on me,  
And drew me in sweet ecstasy,  
Over the river.

I walked the gardens of the blest,  
My weary head upon her breast,  
And felt the touch of her caress,—  
Over the river.

Oh! groves of spice, oh! isles of balm,  
Oh! soul-life passing grand and calm,  
As the flowing of an organ-psalm,  
Over the river.

—LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.



*THE SOUL SET FREE.*

HAPPY is that soul which, freed from its earthly prison, at liberty, seeks the sky ; which sees Thee, its Lord, face to face ; which is touched by no fear of death, but rejoices in the incorruption of eternal glory. At rest and secure, it no longer dreads death and the enemy. Now, O Lord, it possesses Thee, whom it has long sought and always loved. Now it is joined to the company of those who sing to Thy praise ; and forever it sings to Thy glory the sweet sounds of never-ending blessedness. For of the fatness of Thy house, and the rivers of Thy pleasure Thou givest it to drink. Happy is the band of the heavenly citizens, and glorious the solemnity of all who are coming back to Thee from the sad toil of this our pilgrimage to the joy of beauty, and the loveliness of universal splendor, and the majesty of all grace. There shall the eyes of Thy people see Thee face to face ; there nothing at all that can trouble the mind is permitted to the ears.

Oh, how blessed shall I be if ever I hear those sweet choirs of Thy citizens, those mellifluous songs ascribing the honor that is due to the Holy Trinity. But, oh ! how exceedingly blessed shall I be if I shall be found among those who sing to our Lord Jesus Christ the sweet songs of Zion !

—ST. AUGUSTINE'S "MANUAL OF DEVOTION."

*HEAVEN AT LAST.*

WHAT a city ! what a glory !  
Far beyond the brightest story  
Of the ages old and hoary.  
Ah ! 'tis heaven at last !

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,  
Not a pleasure ever palleth ;  
Song to song forever calleth,  
Ah ! 'tis heaven at last !

Christ Himself the living Splendor,  
Christ the sunlight mild and tender ;  
Praises to the Lamb we render.  
Ah ! 'tis heaven at last !

Now at length the veil is rended,  
Now the pilgrimage is ended,  
And the saints their thrones ascended.  
Ah ! 'tis heaven at last !

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,  
Life and victory around us ;  
Christ the King Himself hath crowned us.  
Ah ! 'tis heaven at last !

—REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

*MY HOME ABOVE.*

THOUGH earth has full many a beautiful spot,  
As painter and poet may show,  
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,  
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,  
Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the  
throne,  
Flows on, and forever will flow :  
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,  
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,  
In the land which no mortal may know.

Oh ! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,  
From its clouds and its shadows to go,  
To walk in the light of the glory above,  
And to share in the peace and the joy and the love  
Of the land which no mortal may know ?

—SELECTED.

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*A VIEW FROM BEULAH LAND.*

WERE I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks the happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me ; its breezes fan me ; its odors are wafted to me ; its sounds strike upon my

ears ; and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun ; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants ; I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion. But why do I speak of myself and my feeling ? Why not speak only of our God and Redeemer ? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of Him my words are all swallowed up.

—DR. EDWARD PAYSON, IN A LETTER TO HIS  
SISTER WHEN ON HIS DEATH-BED.

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### *WE SHALL SEE HIM.*

THERE are thousands on thousands of men who walk the earth, and many thousands more who sleep within its bosom, in whose hearts have burned a desire to see their Saviour's face. For centuries Christians have loved an unseen Saviour, followed an unseen Leader,

trusted in an unseen Deliverer, worshipped an unseen Lord. "Whom having not seen, ye love; and in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." They have not believed because they have seen, but they have that blessing which is pronounced on those who have not seen and yet have believed.

They have scanned with strange curiosity the records of their Saviour's life and death, but among all the particulars there laid down they have not been able to find one hint or token that would inform them concerning the personal appearance of Him who is dearest to their hearts. Thus they know Him not after the flesh, but He images to them the glory of the invisible God.

It is not a vain curiosity that leads Christians to desire to see their Lord. Their loving gratitude causes them to long to behold the face that was marred and spit upon, the brow that was wreathed with thorns, the form that was pierced and torn and mangled for their sins. And they have a strong assurance that at last their desire shall be granted. "They shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." They shall be like Him, for they "shall see Him as He is." Their "eyes shall see the King in His beauty;" they shall behold Him whom their souls have loved with unuttered and unutterable desire.

And when that beatific vision shall salute our eyes we shall have looked our last look on sorrows, and afflictions, and foes; we shall have witnessed the last

parting, and shall have beheld the last death-bed scene ; we shall have gazed on the last grave, and have read the last monumental inscription. Henceforth our eyes shall be turned to brighter scenes ; in gazing on Him in His glory we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is, and shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness.

“There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin :  
There from the rivers of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.”

—H. L. HASTINGS.

### THE BEATIFIC VISION.

“The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it.”—REV. xxi. 24.

“Not the glitter and glory ; not the diamond and topaz ; no, *it is God ; He is all in all.*”—RICHARD WATSON.

“WALK in that light !”—oh ! who are they  
Whose feet shall tread that shining way ?  
Whose sight, undazzled, shall behold  
That pavement of transparent gold ?  
By angels welcomed, who, oh ! who  
Shall pass those pearly portals through,  
And brighten in the glorious blaze  
Of that gemm'd city's sparkling rays ?  
There walk the saved ; but not in light  
Of suns in sevenfold lustre bright ;  
Nor peerless moonbeams' silent sheen,  
Reposing soft, on velvet green ;

No ! where the hallowed radiance spreads  
From golden lamps, o'er sainted heads,  
Within the temple ceaseless found,  
While walk the *hours* their silent round.

There walk the saved ; yes ! they who bore,  
While traversing life's stormy shore,  
Through tears of blood, the hallowed cross ;  
Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,  
Received the Saviour's form impressed ;  
Whose signet, on each hallowed breast,  
Enstamped the mystic name, unknown  
To all but those around the throne.

Who, calm 'midst earth's tumultuous strife,  
Drew from himself that inward life  
Which spirits breathe, from sense apart ;  
While deep in each devoted heart,  
The formless glory dwelt serene,  
Of old, in cherub splendor seen,  
Preludes of bliss reserved above,  
In perfect light for perfect love.

Now, all is heaven ! no temple there  
Unfolds its gates, no voice of prayer  
From that bright multitude ascends ;  
But holy rapture, reverent, bends  
Before the mediatorial throne ;  
Before the Lamb ! whose beams alone  
Irradiate that eternal sky ;  
The bursting blaze of Deity !

Soft is the voice of golden lutes ;  
Soft bloom heaven's ambrosial fruits ;  
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed  
From radiant gems in order spread,  
From golden streets, from emerald floors,  
From crystal floods, and pearly doors,  
From rainbow tints, from angels' wings,  
And all unuttered glorious things.

Yet, not that city's dazzling glow,  
Nor limped waters' crystal flow,  
Nor dulcet harmony that springs  
From golden lyres, nor angels' wings,  
Though glistening with intensest dyes,  
Reflected from immortal skies,  
Completes the palmy bliss of those  
On whom heaven's pearly portals close.

No ! 'tis with unflin'd eyes to see  
The once incarnate Deity ;  
Who still, in lamb-like meekness, bears,  
Imprinted deep, those glorious scars,  
Whence issued wide that crimson flow,  
In which their robes were washed below,  
Which bought that crown, whose splendor bright,  
Now spheres them in a world of light.

No ! 'tis not all that heaven can show  
Of great, or fair, unglimps'd below,  
Nor converse deep with spirits high,  
Who saw these volleyed lightnings fly,



Which scathed their bright compeers in bliss,  
 And hurled them down to hell's abyss ;  
 Who marked creation rise sublime,  
 And hymned the early birth of time.

No ! not with minds like these to blend,  
 And feel each angel form a friend ;  
 But God, their fount, to know and see ;  
 From all-pervading *Deity*,  
 To catch the nearer burst of light ;  
 To gain the beatific sight ;  
 Entranced in glory's peerless blaze,  
 Conformed to *Him*, on *Him* to gaze.

—MRS. BULMER.

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“ *THEY SHALL SEE GOD.* ”

“ *THEY* shall see God.” O heaven's benediction !  
 Falling like music from the upper spheres ;  
 To you it comes, laden with sin's affliction—  
 Promise of joy for sorrow, songs for tears.

Sometimes our hearts are dull, our eyes are holden,  
 Earth's shadows press around and dim our sight ;  
 It seems so far away, that city golden,  
 We see it not, frail children of the night.

But “ blessed are the pure ; ” with vision clearer  
 They gaze on things eternal, things unseen ;  
 The land far off comes ever near and nearer,  
 Until there seems but little left between.

Earth wears for them the ever-bright reflection,  
The softened glory of the tearless land ;  
While all the treasures of a pure affection,  
They daily pour within the nail-pierced hand.

No longer is it Chance that smites them blindly,  
Or drives them here and there in wanton play ;  
'Tis He, Eternal Love, who smites them kindly,  
And leads them by a right, though winding way.

Far out upon the desert hot and burning,  
They see the common bushes all aflame ;  
And from the flocks a little moment turning,  
A voice speaks forth the unutterable Name.

The changing seasons, ever coming, going,  
Like four evangelists, His praise record ;  
Nature herself is but a verger, showing  
The silent, glorious temple of the Lord.

And when the heavenly life on earth is ended,  
And Death shall touch the lingering film away—  
Thrice blessed now, by angel-guards attended,  
“ They shall see God,” through one eternal day.

—REV. HENRY BURTON, B.A.

*GLORIOUS CULMINATIONS.*

THE whole order and society of heaven will be adjusted for the social comfort and complete development of all the glorified spirits who shall compose it. Whatever separates will be taken down and abolished forever, and perfect love and friendship reign to all eternity. Blessed state! Let us not doubt that in measure more than we can conceive, and an order of felicity greater than we can imagine, all glorified souls will forever progress along the enlarging and ascending experiences of immortal life. All that was useless in acquirement in their inferior earthly life, or only useful for the earth, will perish with the earthly; all needless and false learnings; all imperfect and unworthy ideas and affections; all that were arrangements for physical production and growth and discipline; all impediments and hindrances: and those things only will be retained that ennoble and aggrandize our existence. Unalloyed life will remain—the life of perfect love; the life of ceaseless acquisition of knowledge; the life of joyous and happy freedom in noble activities; the life of useful and helpful ministries; the life of fellowship with God—eternal life. As we look up into those glorious culminations, how grand life becomes! To be forever with the Lord, and forever changing into His likeness, and, still more, forever deepening in the companionship of His thought and bliss, “from glory to glory,” could we desire more?

—BISHOP R. S. FOSTER, D.D.

*THE "FULNESS OF JOY."*

"The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,  
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence divine !  
The saints in His presence receive  
Their great and eternal reward ;  
In Jesus, in heaven they live ;  
They reign in the smile of their Lord ;  
The flame of angelical love  
Is kindled at Jesus's face ;  
And all the enjoyment above  
Consists in the rapturous gaze."

WHAT is the great attraction of heaven ? It is not the thought of its pomp and splendor—of the beauty of cherubim, seraphim, angels and saints, and of the enjoyment arising from its society, that makes heaven attractive to the Christian. It is not merely the thought of its freedom from sin and sorrow, toil and trial ; or even the dearly cherished hope of meeting our loved ones, and hearing their voices, and grasping their hands while they give us a loving welcome to glory. It is not with these things that our souls will be enamored when we reach heaven. No ! the central thought of heaven's blessedness is the presence of Christ. He is the light, the joy, and the glory of that heavenly home. "His presence makes our paradise ; and where He is, is heaven." Christ is the chief attraction. When this becomes the dominating thought then only are we most qualified for heaven ; and can

say with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." As we draw nearer, and become more fitted for heaven; and as we begin to catch the radiance from thence, the most entrancing thought will be that we shall see Him "who loved us, and gave Himself for us," seated on His throne in all the glory and majesty of both His divine and human nature. "The soul which once discerns and knows Him feels that greater, or brighter, there is none; and that the only possibility of ever beholding more glory is by drawing nearer."

"'Tis heaven's greatest bliss to see  
The once incarnate Deity;  
To catch the nearer burst of light,  
To gain the beatific sight,  
Entranced in glory's peerless blaze,  
Conformed to Him on Him to gaze."

It has ever been the highest aspiration of the believing soul to see God in all His glory. Patriarchs, prophets, and saints in all ages of the world have yearned for the beatific vision. It was this which Moses longed to behold when in the mount with God. On that occasion he was favored with a prolonged season of blessed communion with God; and was emboldened to pray, with the earnestness of a devout soul longing for more of the hallowed bliss of God's presence: "I beseech Thee show me Thy glory." But even Moses, favored as he was above all men with intimate communion with God, could not be permitted

to have any more than a partial glimpse of the ineffable glory. The Lord answered, saying: "There shall no man see My face and live." The sight of the awfully glorious, and ineffably bright effulgence of the Divine Being could not be endured by any mortal man. As mortal eye could not endure the sight of that great glory, so mortal mind cannot grasp the fulness of the idea. Human language is inadequate to describe what even the angels before the throne could not suitably express. But if the words at our command do impress us with the greatness and the glory of God; oh, how sublime the description, how great the impression! if we could hear, and understand the description which one of the shining seraphim could give of it in the language of heaven:

"Oh, speak ye happy spirits! Ye alone can tell  
The wonders of the beatific sight,  
When from the bright unclouded face of God  
Ye drink full draughts of bliss and endless joy,  
And plunge yourselves in life's immortal fount."

It is only by the help of comparisons, drawn from the allusions to it in the Word of God, that we can have any idea of God's glory. "The heavens declare the glory of God." The number, the magnitude, and the immense distances from each other of those shining orbs which hang in space declare the goodness, wisdom and power of God; but their dazzling lustre also illustrates our theme. If the works of His hands are so glorious, what must their great Creator be? It is related of Sir Wm. Herschell, that, "when he first

examined the nearest fixed star Sirius, with his great telescope, the whole heavens about it were lit up with the splendor of our sky at sunset; and when the star fairly entered the field of vision the brightness was so overpowering that he was forced to protect his eye with a colored glass." If God has given to created objects like our sun, and many greater ones which twinkle in the immense distance like little stars, such dazzling splendor as to be overwhelming to the sight and mind of man, oh! what must be the glory of that uncreated Presence before which angels veil their faces? When Moses came down from the mount, after having seen the Divine glory partially revealed, the skin of his face shone so that he had to cover it with a veil while he addressed the people, as they could not bear the sight. If such was the appearance of his face, what must the glory be of which that was only a faint reflection? And, if the visible manifestation of God in the inner sanctuary was glorious, that must be an infinitely more magnificent display of the Divine Majesty which enraptures the Church triumphant in heaven. Oh! what must it be to stand in the majestic presence of the King of kings, the Lord of glory! Isaiah says of it, "Thine eye shall see the King in His beauty." John describes it thus: "His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." This open and effulgent display of Himself is the

greatest glory of heaven ; and this every child of God shall see, and enjoy when the present life is ended. O blessed thought ! O glorious hope !

“ We shall be near and like our God,  
Him eye to eye we there shall see,  
Our face like His shall shine.”

This is the blessedness above all other bliss promised in that most sublime of all the beatitudes, “ Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” This sight we shall be enabled to endure when we are changed into His perfect image before the presence of His glory. To see God is to enjoy Him, and to be partakers of His glory ; not merely to be spectators, but participators with Him. This is the utmost that even the Lord of glory desires for His own. In that memorable prayer He says, “ The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one. Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.” How vast the glory of Christ ! “ I and My Father are one.” His essential glory is described by Paul, as being “ the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His person.” “ He is equal with the Father in power and glory.” Oh, what an honor ! what blessedness ! To be with Christ, one in Him, and to see His glory ! Oh, what glory ! If the sight of His glory on the mount of Transfiguration was ineffably grand, what must be its full effulgence in heaven ? It must have been



partially obscured to enable the disciples to bear the sight, as they were not then like Him. But in heaven "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," in all the splendor of His infinite Majesty, "without a dimming veil between."

The reigning joy of heaven is in the fact that Christ is there enthroned in glory, and enriching heaven with the richest profusion of His love. It consists in beholding the adorable displays of His perfections, the manifestations of His goodness and love, and of standing approved and accepted in the presence of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—the triune God whom we adore. "In His presence is fulness of joy; and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore." It is the fountain-head of bliss! oh, this is glory! this is bliss ineffable! to share the plenitude, the infinitude, and boundlessness of divine love; to enjoy sweet satisfying and incessant communion with Him the great source of life and beatitude; to have immediate, uninterrupted, direct and joyful intercourse with Him, and carried on to the full extent of communicable glory. Oh! who can describe the blessedness of the presence of the Lord! A seraph's tongue could not do it justice. "It is the joy of angels, the bliss of heaven, the brightness of immortality; and constitutes the sweetest, purest, most satisfying and transcendent happiness which any created being can enjoy." The presence of God is everything. The holiest and best of men in all ages have regarded it as the very highest enjoyment which they could ever possibly hope to have.

"Oh, the safety ! oh, the comfort ! oh, the repose ! and the satisfaction of being forever with the Lord, in whose blood we have already washed our robes ; to be fed by Him, led by Him, will be indeed the consummation of the joy of heaven." Let us in contemplation anticipate that superlative blessedness and become more heavenly minded, and ready for it. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then we shall see Him face to face." We shall be so changed that we can bear the look of His pure eye, and see His smile of heavenly love. By our heavenly resemblance to Him we shall see the effulgence of His glory, and catch the reflections of His eternal beams. We shall gaze upon the ineffable beauty and brightness of His countenance, and be "transported at the sight to all eternity." Transfigured by Him, the fashion of our countenances shall be altered and shining like His. We shall see more fully then "the wonderful richness of His character, its tenderness and grandeur, its purity and holiness, its glory and beauty. We shall comprehend more entirely what it was that He did for us, when He so loved us as to give Himself for us, and what the sufferings and the sin were from which His sinless suffering saved us ; we shall be made like Him, fashioned into that mysterious and most excellent living image."

Oh, the soul-pleasing prospect ; it makes the heart sing  
With a sweetness to many unknown ;  
We shall see our dear Saviour as heaven's great King,  
And eternally dwell near the throne.

To be with Christ where He is, to see Him as He is, in His beauty forever; to know as we are known, with clearer sight, with closer and more actual communion, and to have larger receptions of His Spirit; oh! this will be heaven indeed! this will be glory and bliss.

“Forever with the Lord!”

Amen! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word,

’Tis immortality!

—EDITOR.

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*THE PARADISE OF GOD.*

OH, what hath Jesus bought for me!

Before my ravished eyes,

Rivers of life divine I see,

And trees of paradise:

They flourish in perpetual bloom,

Fruit every month they give,

And to the healing leaves who come,

Eternally shall live.

I see a world of spirits bright,

Who reap the pleasures there;

They all are robed in purest white,

And conquering palms they bear.

Adorned by their Redeemer’s grace,

They close pursue the Lamb;

And every shining front displays

The unutterable name.

They drink the vivifying stream,  
They pluck the ambrosial fruit;  
And each records the praise of Him  
Who tuned his golden lute;  
At once they strike the harmonious wire,  
And hymn the great Three-One;  
He hears, He smiles, and all the choir  
Fall down before His throne.

—C. WESLEY.



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