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GUARDIAN ANGEL.

....The....

# LIFE BEYOND

OR

# LIGHT

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## On the Dark Valley

AND

## The Life Eternal

...as seen in...

The Best Thoughts of Over Three Hundred of the  
World's Leading Authors and Scholars

By

*James Henry*  
J. H. POTTS, D. D.

Editor "Christian Advocate," Detroit. Author of "Pastor  
and People," "The Golden Way," &c.

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DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

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THE MILLENNIUM AND SECOND ADVENT.

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RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

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PUNISHMENT AND REWARD.

(i)



“We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.”—Bulwer.

“Death, judgment, heaven, hell, eternity, God—these are the realities. To ignore them is the supreme folly of man. For *a man*, with the capacities and destiny of human nature in him, to ignore these truths, is as unscientific as it would be for a geologist to ignore granite; or an astronomer, gravitation.”—Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D.



## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

---

**H**ERE is no question of more absorbing interest to humanity than that of ultimate destination. Living in a world where the sad memorials of death are ever passing and repassing before the eye, the inquiry often recurs to the mind, "What shall become of me when I die? Where shall I be when they put my form in the grave? For there is a voice within me which says I will not be put in the grave; my body shall be put there, but what shall become of *me*—where shall *I* be?" Happily we are not left in darkness and uncertainty upon this point. Where Nature is silent, God speaks; where Reason fails, Revelation is at hand, confirming the hopes and beliefs of godly souls, and pointing upwards to the glories of heaven's unclouded light, a ray of which is sent to cheer the pilgrim on his weary way.

The first great point of man's future is death. This is the point where scientific knowledge ends, and where faith and reason begin. When the spirit leaves the body, its material medium of communication, it can no longer testify to us, and, with the burial rites, our observation ceases. Death, therefore, is a centre around which clusters a great variety of opinion, belief, fact, truth, error, and even of superstition. To this important subject is devoted considerable space in the following pages. The thoughts presented will be of great value, not only to those who mourn and those who comfort mourners, but to all who think, and all who want help to think further upon the vital question—the question upon which all others pertaining to the future turn—whether indeed death ends all, or whether it be only the first momentous step out upon a deathless life.

If it is shown conclusively that death is but the entry to a new phase of sentient existence—a necessary darkening before a brighter day—then *endlessness* of being becomes an assured fact, and the sublime destiny of humanity is a solved problem; for, none can suc-

cessfully deny that if we die only to live, that future life will be forever. Once admitted that a mysterious something in man escapes the awful destruction of the temple of clay and the mournful desolation of the vacated earthly sphere, it is easy, in joyous assurance, to follow that incorruptible part to its proper state and station before the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. Upon these, and kindred questions, the matter of the following pages is brought to bear, with what degree of success will be best ascertained by a thorough reading.

In the compilation of these thoughts the Editor has trusted his own pen only when, after considerable research, a sufficiently concise statement from the pen of another has failed to appear. He has acted upon the belief that a paragraph or page over an honored name is more readily trusted than the most thorough remodelling of the same matter by an humbler pen. The reader wants the truth, the light, the best learning of his question; and he wants to see it in the very shape in which he would have read it had he himself investigated the authorities.

In roaming through the fields of literature, the Editor has been astonished to find how little progress has been made for a century past either in raising objections to the great doctrines of Eschatology, or in successfully answering them. In this department of theology, at least, old truth is ever new, and new error is ever old.

Obligations are hereby acknowledged to Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D., Bishop W. X. Ninde, D. D., and Rev. Alfred Brunson, D. D., for thoughtful papers, and to many others who have placed original matter at the author's disposal for the selection of briefer paragraphs.

It remains further to say only that little space has been allowed herein to the *processes* of logic. Conclusions themselves, which often form the thread of an argument in a whole sermon, essay, lecture, or even a printed book, are all that could be given. Those further interested can follow up their investigations in other channels, while those whose opportunities will not admit of more extended research, will be glad to possess this receptacle of keys to those doctrines which hold the faith of many of the world's greatest scholars.

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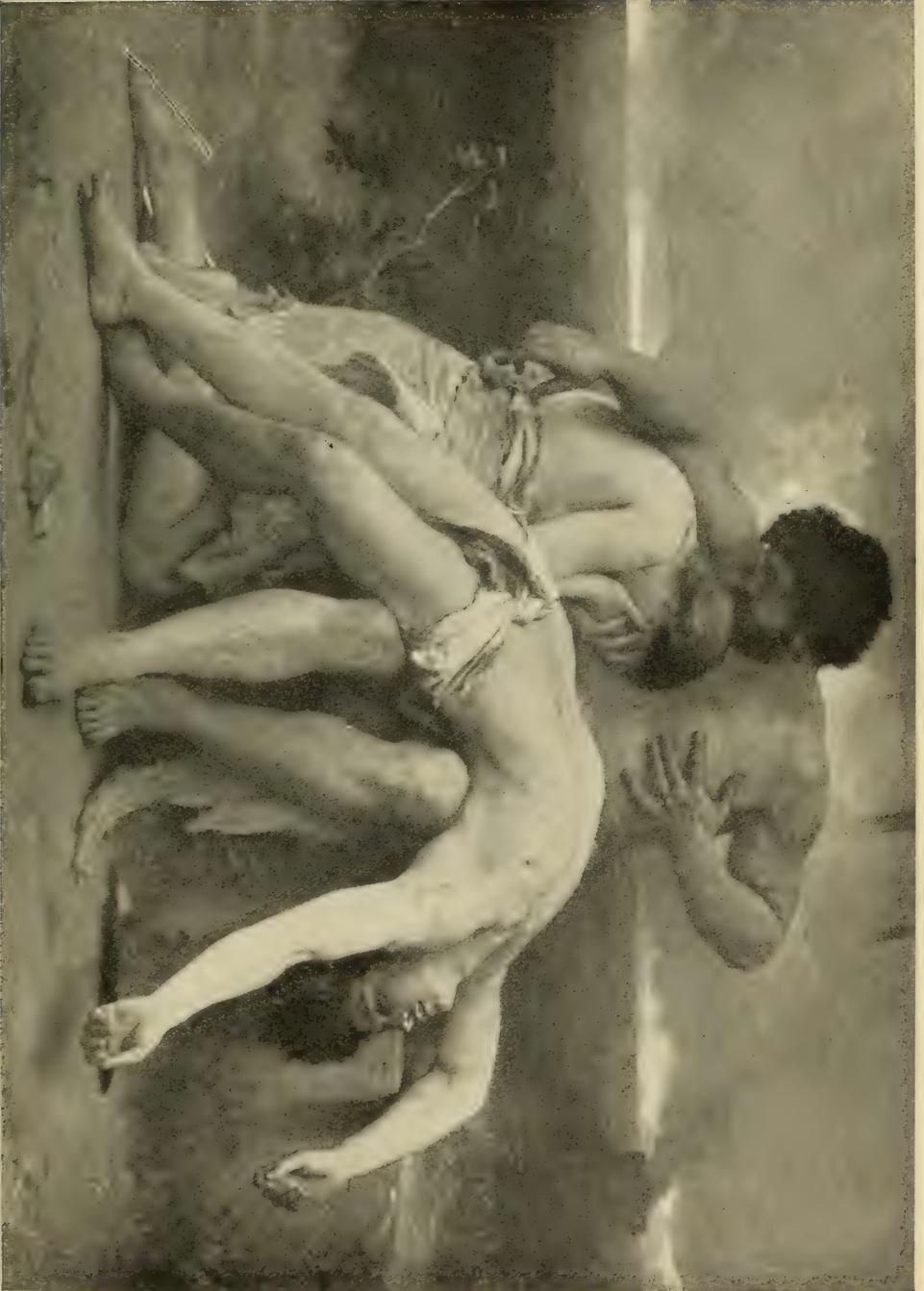
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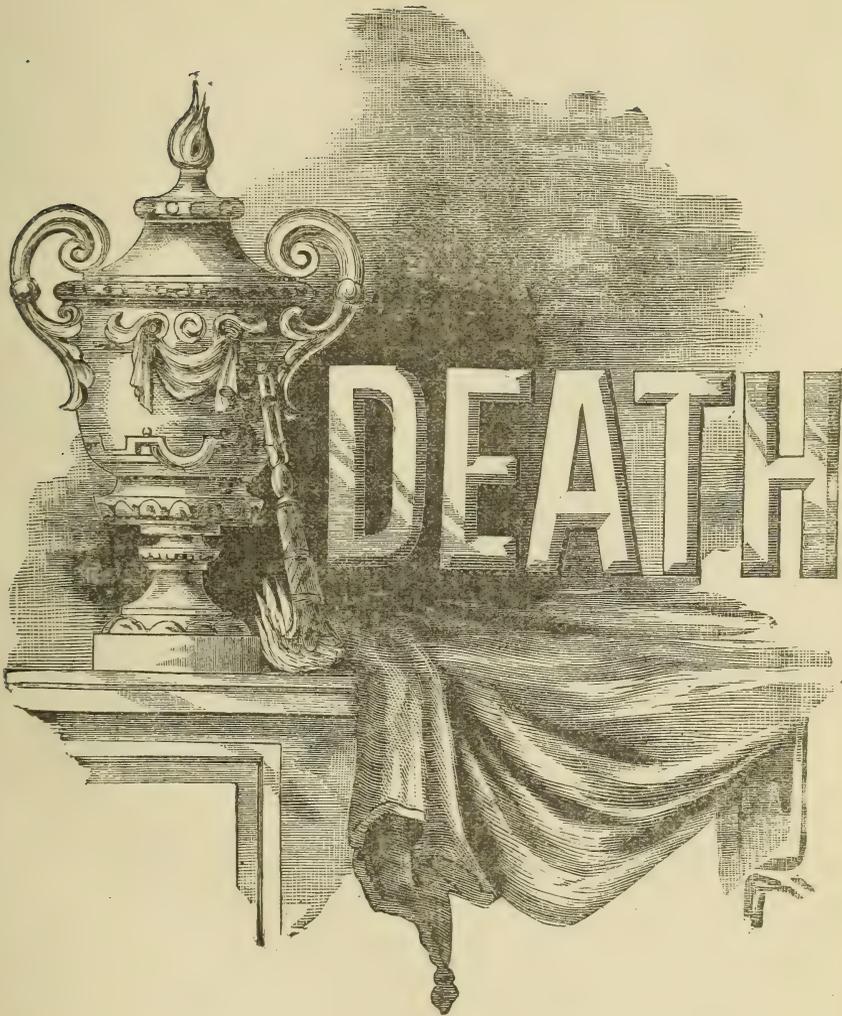
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A presentation of various scientific, psychological, physiological, theological, poetical, and practical aspects of the event of death, in which it is clearly demonstrated that

“TIS NOT THE WHOLE OF LIFE TO LIVE,  
NOR ALL OF DEATH TO DIE.”

“And death by sin; and so death passed upon all men,  
for that all have sinned.”—Rom. v. 12.

“What is death? Oh! what is death?  
’Tis the snapping of the chain;  
’Tis the breaking of the bowl;  
’Tis relief from every pain;  
’Tis freedom to the soul;  
’Tis the setting of the sun,  
To rise again to-morrow—  
A brighter course to run,  
Nor sink again to sorrow.  
Such is death! yes, such is death!”

# THE LIFE BEYOND.

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## CHAPTER I.—LIFE.

### WHAT IS LIFE ?

**C**ORRECTLY defined, life in physical organisms is *the power which co-ordinates the movements of germinal matter.*

Why not say that life in physical organisms is the power which co-ordinates the movements of the bioplasts? Because there are individual animalcules which have life, and yet consist apparently not of many bioplasts, but of a single naked throbbing mass of this germinal matter. When such an animal wishes to digest its food, it sometimes thrusts the nutriment into its side, making a stomach there, which absorbs the pabulum; and then the *débris* is removed, and the animal is whole again. This procedure evidently involves a co-ordination of movements; and we say that the action by which such an animalcule digests its food is not the result of chemical and mechanical forces merely, but of life which directs them, or of a power which co-ordinates the throbbing of that single mass of bioplasm of which the animalcule may consist. There is a co-ordination there such that a process essential to the preservation of the animal is carried through triumphantly; and the chemical and physical forces do not account for that co-ordination. Something must account for it; and that something we call life. The power is there, for we see its effects. But when we rise to the more complex organisms, the fact of co-ordination stands out before us with blazing vividness. We have co-ordination upon co-ordination, wheel within wheel; and the cause of co-ordination we call life.—*Joseph Cook.*

### PSYCHOLOGICAL DEFINITION OF LIFE.

Our physiological brethren are greatly puzzled to find a definition of life. To us it seems odd that they never look to the world of *mind*, nor ever recognize such a thing as intelligence in their pursuit after a definition. As a psychologist, at any rate, we have, or imagine we have, no difficulty—so far, at least, as psychology is concerned. Life we define as that state of organic matter which is necessary to its becoming the basis of intelligence. Or, more briefly, Life is the organic condition of thought. This, indeed, defines animal life alone; and rightly, for animal life is a different thing from vegetable life, and so the same description ought not to suit both. Vegetable *life*, if *life* it is to be called, is the organic condition of *the true growth process*. The animal shares the same *organic* life as the vegetable, with a higher thought-conditioning life; so that both animals and vegetables *grow*, and nothing else *does grow*. Neither a rolling snow-ball nor a crystal *grows*, but animals and plants alone do grow. Vegetable life, therefore, is *the organic condition of growth*, while animal life is the *organic condition of thought*.

How does a microscopist decide that a scarce visible animal-cular particle is alive? In no other way than by its movements resembling those produced by volitions in larger animals. So that manifested volition after all is with him the *test* of life. But even the first faint gleam of sensation in a material particle would imply life. And this enables a psychologist, at any rate, to draw *in thought* the real distinction between animals and plants, which in their lowest orders become undistinguishable to the eye of the physiologist. The animal belongs, however dimly enlightened, to the intelligent world. And between intelligence and absolute unintelligence the difference is infinite. The faintest possible spark of sensation in the lowest animal being is *in nature* one with the highest intelligence, and belongs to the universe of mind overlying the universe of matter.—*D. D. Whedon, LL. D.*

### WHENCE CAME LIFE?

The origin of life has been the subject of much speculation among scientists, who have essayed to account for the existence

of life other than by the direct creation of God. When they have together settled upon any unscriptural theory which is not only plausible but provable, and demonstrated its truth by substantial and irrefutable evidence, it will be time for theologians to cast about for a co-ordination of the essential faith of Christianity with the indubitable finality of science.

Whatever verification the doctrine of the derivative descent of animal and vegetable forms has thus far received—certainly no satisfactory solution has yet been given to the problem, Whence came the earliest and lowest form of life? Darwin with his "Natural Selection," Huxley with his "Protoplasm," Spencer with his "Universal Evolution," and the long train of philosophers from Aristotle to Bastian, with their variously modified theories of "Spontaneous Generation," have all alike failed to account for the first existence of that "power which co-ordinates the movements of germinal matter." Futile has been every effort to penetrate into the mysterious temple of life in order to lay bare its principle, and the greatest philosopher approaches no nearer than the crowd. That eminent physiologist, Professor Lionel S. Beale, of King's College, London, in his recent work on "The Mystery of Life," says: "Notwithstanding all that has been asserted to the contrary, not one vital action has yet been accounted for by physics and chemistry. The assertion that life is correlated force rests upon assertion alone, and we are just as far from an explanation of vital phenomena by force-hypothesis as we were before the discovery of the doctrine of the correlation of forces." And he adds that each additional year's labor, in this field of investigation, "only confirms him more strongly than ever in the opinion that the *physical doctrine of life cannot be sustained.*"

We take our stand on the broad, safe, and scriptural platform, that Omnipotence alone is adequate to produce life. *Spontaneous Generation*, like perpetual motion, is a thing unknown. The scientist who searches for the one is equally vain with the philosopher who labors for the other. Let it be affirmed, with the great and good Agassiz, that "it is necessary that we recur to a *cause* more exalted, and recognize influences more powerful,

exercising over all nature an action more direct, if we would not move eternally in a vicious circle." Every existing living organism has come from a parent, and every original parent came forth at God's command, accordingly as he said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind, and it was so."

In a very recent work, entitled "Life, its True Genesis," by Judge R. W. Wright, the author has sought to establish the vital point that the primordial germs (meaning germinal principles of life) of all living things, man alone excepted, are in themselves upon the earth, and that they severally make their appearance, each after its kind, whenever and wherever the necessary environing conditions exist. The foundation of this emphatic formula is laid in Genesis, first chapter and eleventh verse, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so." The phrase, "whose seed is in itself," the author translates, "whose germinal principle of life, each in itself after its kind, is upon the earth." This is more like the Septuagint translation than that of our common English version of the Old Testament. As for the origin of this germinal principle of life which is bringing forth each living thing, at least in the vegetal world, after its kind, the author goes on to show that the distinct and separate commands given to the earth to *bring forth* would never have been given, had the earth "not first received its baptism of life from God—in other words, derived the animating principle of life from the source of all life."

By the phrase, *after his kind*, we are to understand not only that the different species of animals were given a distinct and separate existence, but that that existence was to be characteristically perpetuated throughout all succeeding generations. It is in virtue of this law that the hypothesis of the *transmutation of species* is rendered untenable, since not a single instance of such transmutation has ever been verified. Every beast, bird, fish, insect, and plant, brings forth "after its kind," or according to its species, and has always done so. That eminent British

geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, affirms that "each and every species was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organs by which it is now distinguished." From Cuvier down, all practical naturalists maintain this law.

Life, then, original and essential life is from God. As St. John declares concerning the divine Logos, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." He is the source of life, the fountain of life, and had he not imparted from his fullness to the now fruitful earth, no living, visible form would ever have appeared.

Be it noted that we have not here outlined the *process* of creation, nor have we set bounds to the creational period. We have simply maintained that every species of vegetal and animal life, owes its origin to God, whether worked up to higher and still higher degree of symmetry and perfection through vast pre-Adamite periods, or spoken into full-orbed being in a day.

The Bible account of the creation of man is more definite and complete than that of the lower orders of life. While skeptical science insists that man has been climbing up from protoplasmic matter, through a thousand other and lower organisms, until he finally leaped from an anthropoid ape into himself, the Scriptures represent him as coming direct from the hand of God, who made him in his own image, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, so that he became a *living soul*; all this, too, after God had commanded the waters and the earth to bring forth abundantly of every living creature. The scientific genesis would make him little higher than the apes; the Bible Genesis, "little lower than the angels." Certain it is, that if man is considered a part of the animal pyramid, he is the crown and summit of it. He is the master-piece of the Creator's handiwork on earth. He not only combines in himself the excellencies of all the lower order of animal organizations, but these excellencies in a higher degree. He is the lord of creation as well as the heir of God. He has always been the object of special divine attention, and is promised a destiny as far exalted above his present life, as his present life is exalted above the existence of the ascidian worm.—*Editor.*

## THE OBJECT OF THE MOSAIC RECORD.

1. The first great object of that "book of origins" which we have in Genesis, is to assure us of the reality of creation, and of God as the great First Cause. The one utterance, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," if received in faith, is subversive of atheism, materialism, pantheism, agnosticism, and a hundred other false doctrines which have afflicted humanity. The author of Genesis does not attempt to prove this great truth, but a moment's consideration suffices to show that it needs no proof. The universe exists with all its wondrous and complex machinery. Either it must have existed eternally, which is inconceivable, or it must have been produced. If produced, then it had a beginning, and could not have produced itself. But before it began, there must have been a power capable of planning and producing it, and that power must have been God. The Hebrew writer calls him *Elohim*, a plural name, —not merely a plural of dignity, but implying that plurality of person and action which he himself recognizes in the word of God and the Spirit of God, and implying also that all true godhead, by whatever names recognized in different tongues, is the one God, the creator.

2. The next object of the record of creation is to show us that all the details of nature are the work of one God, and parts of one plan. The heathen nations recognized many local and partial gods, and they deified heavenly bodies, mountains, rivers, trees and animals. The writer of Genesis grasps the whole of this material of ancient idolatry, and shows that it is the work of one God. Thus no room is left for polytheistic views of nature, nor for that superstition which regards natural phenomena as the work of malignant beings. Here, again, he lays down a principle which commends itself at once to common sense, and which all science tends to support. Nothing can be a more assured result of scientific study than the unity of plan and operation in all nature, and the folly of these superstitions which refer natural events either to chance or to the conflict of subordinate deities or demons. Thus the first chapter of Genesis, wherever received and believed, gives the death-blow to idolatry and superstition.





LIFE'S ADVENT.

3. Another great use of the record of creation is the assertion of the truth that man is the child of God, created in his image and likeness. The first question in some of our catechisms for children, "Who made you?" points to this first and primitive doctrine of religion, on which the whole relation of man to God as a moral and responsible being is built. Here, again, Genesis is in accord with the best science and philosophy. It is true that there are theorists in our time who profess to believe that the human will and reason have in some way developed themselves from the instincts of lower animals. But these men cannot but feel that they are maintaining a most improbable conclusion, for it is not in accordance with natural analogy that anything should rise above its own level, that any motive-power can put forth more or other than the energy that is in it. Thus an intelligence like man cannot flow upward from lower sources, but must have relation to some higher creative intelligence.—*Principal F. W. Dawson, LL. D., in S. S. Times.*

#### THE FACT OF CREATION UNCHANGED BY THEORIES.

Whatever may have been the method or process of Creation, it is Creation still. If it were proved to-morrow that the first man was "born" from some pre-existing form of life, it would still be true that such a birth must have been, in every sense of the word, a new Creation. It would still be as true that God formed him "out of the dust of the earth," as it is true that he has so formed every child who is now called to answer the first question of all theologies. And we must remember that the language of Scripture nowhere draws, or seems even conscious of, the distinction which modern philosophy draws so sharply between the natural and the supernatural. All the operations of nature are spoken of as operations of the divine mind. Creation is the outward embodiment of a divine idea. It is in this sense, apparently, that the narration of Genesis speaks of every plant being formed "before it grew." But the same language is held, not less decidedly, of every ordinary birth. "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect. In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet

there were none of them." And these words, spoken of the individual birth, have been applied not less truly to the modern idea of the Genesis of all organic life. . . . No possible theory, whether true or false, in respect to the physical means employed to preserve the correspondence of parts which runs through all Creation, can affect the certainty of that mental plan and purpose which alone makes such correspondence intelligible to us, and in which alone it may be said to exist.—*Duke of Argyll.*

### MANIFESTATIONS OF LIFE.

No less than six times is this passage, or its equivalent, given us by the Evangelists: "For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it." This indicates its deep significance and central position in the Christian system. The subject spoken of is life.

Thirty years ago I said in a public discourse that "the principle of life is one of the great principles of nature," and "when we see it acting with the same uniformity, and at times with the same apparent blindness as the other powers of nature, we can neither doubt that it is to be ranked as one of those powers, nor that it is among the greatest and most striking of them." It is the highest of those powers, and subordinates all others to itself. It breaks up strong cohesions; it picks the lock of chemical affinity, it mocks at gravitation as it lifts the top of its pine three hundred feet into the air. It is an artist, a Præ-Raphælite. It gives the shell in the deep sea its voluted form, and its polish. It snatches colors from the faint light and ingrains them in lines and patterns of beauty. It scallops the edge of the leaf and paints the coral of the tulip; it brings from the shapeless mass of the egg the bird that is perfect in beauty, it builds up the huge form of the elephant, and chisels the lineaments of him who is made in the image of God. Still it has all the characteristics of a purely natural force. If not as wholly blind as the lower forms of force, it is never more than instinctive, or somnambulant in its ways, and will work at a wen as readily as at an eye. Except as we supply it with material it is wholly inde-

pendent of our will, and builds up and takes down its structures in its own way.

Like other natural forces, this of life is manifested only in connection with a particular kind of matter. This has always been known, but a sensation has been created of late, by discovering what kind of matter this is, and calling it *protoplasm*. This amounts to just as much as it does to analyze the matter of a crystal and call it carbonate of lime, and no more. Here, as in the crystal, analysis gives us only the corpse. Of the *formative force* we know nothing in either case; but that it must be different here is clear from the difference of the result. Before we had a crystal; now we have an organization. This is a new thing, embodying the new idea of a whole made up of parts that are mutually means and ends; and also of the perpetuation of the species while the individual perishes. Here is a radical difference, and the attempt to slur it is vain. So, also, is there a radical difference between the two divisions of that force which we call life. Under one, nutriment is taken directly from inorganic matter, and we have the vegetable; under the other, it is taken from food prepared by vegetables, and we have the animal. In each of these cases we have not only a new mode of working, but a new idea and product, and these must be from something new in the cause. In that cause, whatever it is, is our life. Working in the blind way of a natural force, it builds up and takes down our bodies. In connection with it we come to the knowledge of ourselves. In connection with it we live this earthly life. It thus becomes *our* life—the life of our bodies—and this is the life that we are to lose, if need be, for Christ's sake.

But what is the better life for the sake of which we are to lose the life of the body?

We here reach the phenomena to which the scalpel, the microscope, and the chemical test have no relation. We reach the life of self-consciousness, of the personality, of that in every man which he calls *I*, and which is, in truth, the man himself. Of this life the phenomena are known immediately, as they are in themselves, and with a certainty greater than facts of obser-

vation. Here we find unity. There is no unity in matter. It divides itself endlessly into molecules and atoms. But we are one. We know ourselves to be one being. Here, too, we find permanence. This we do not find in the matter of the body—we call it the same, as we do a river, but its particles flow like those of a river. I hold myself to be the same being I was thirty-four years ago, when I became president of this college. If I know anything, I know this. But the protoplasm is not the same. That has changed many times. How then can the protoplasm of to-day remember what happened to that of thirty-four years ago? It would almost seem as if God had anchored this consciousness of permanence in a flowing stream of matter, to show that it could not be the product of that matter.

In connection with this one, permanent, self-conscious being, we find thought, feeling, love, hate, will. We find the idea of God, of eternity, of moral law, of retribution. We find a power of comprehending ends, of freedom in choosing between them, and of acting, not blindly, or instinctively, but with a wisdom and adaptation in emergencies of which no natural power knows anything. In connection with this prerogative of freedom, we know ourselves as having the power of originating motion, of a true causation, of which we not only see no trace in nature, but the very conception of which is opposed to the definition of nature. We are, moreover, able to overlook and comprehend, as they are related to ourselves, all natural forces and to make them our servants.

Through these powers it is, and their corresponding objects, that we find ourselves capable of living a permanent life of thought and of increasing knowledge; a life of emotion, as of admiration, wonder, joy; a life of the social affections, and of rational love in the appreciation of all that has value or worthiness, and a life of voluntary activity in the pursuit of chosen ends. This life, endowed by the beneficence, and irradiated by the smile of God, we feel that we are capable of living forever; and this is the life for the sake of which we are to lose the life of the body.—*President Mark Hopkins, D. D., LL. D.*

**THE LAW OF GROWTH, DECAY AND DEATH.**

Were we for the first time to look out upon life, and study its phenomena, we would find one of these to be growth; that under a law ceaseless and silent there is an accretion of elements about the germinal principle; and that the life-forms, both vegetable and animal, increase in size—some with more, some with less rapidity, some through a longer and some through a shorter period. Had we never seen anything of the kind before, the fact would at once fix our attention, and we should wonder to see the plant lift up its stem and throw out its branches, and the branches throw out their leaves and flowers. Had we never seen such things before, these facts would be called interesting and extraordinary. And so, were it not so common that it ceases to attract notice, it would be called wonderful to see a human being take on additional size, additional height, and breadth and weight, till the child has grown to be a man. If we still keep our minds on the phenomena of life, we find that another peculiarity is that the things which grow reach the point of maturity, where they cease to grow. . . . If we watch the life-forces beyond the point of growth, we would find that there appeared in the plant, in the tree, and in the animal, evidences of what we call decay, premonitions of the wasting of vitality. There would come upon the leaf, the plant and the flower the seared edge, the changeful hue; on the top-most boughs of the great tree the stems would begin to wither; on the faces of our friends the lines of time are borne, and the silver hair takes the place of the once golden or auburn locks. Had we not witnessed this before, it would set us to asking: What is this? What is that which grew, that which held its growth in mature life, and now begins to go down? And here we would stand upon the threshold of the first great land-mark of destiny. The first point in destiny is death.

We would not be satisfied with reaching this first point. Our inquisitive minds will keep going back and going deeper, and asking why this is so—whence came death? And now, as I study death both in the lower and the higher realms of life, I am compelled to believe that the presence of death here is as

natural as the presence of life. It seems to be a part of the constitution of things, and not the result of any outcome of man's sinning. For I must feel, I must know, that death was present in our world ages before man's advent. We cannot turn the pages of geology without standing in the presence of overwhelming evidence that death was upon our planet long before man came. Therefore it surely cannot be attributed to his sinning. There was a time when the life-forces teemed in the marshy lowlands and in the hot, humid atmosphere, where the life-forms that now exist could not have lived for a moment. Even before man came upon the earth, whole species of animal life had lived their day, filled their mission, and passed away. . . .

Now we come to look at death in reference to man, and the question arises: Would he have been subject to this law of death, had there been no sinning? We might be led, from our studies of the nature of man, to think it would be probable that he might be an exception to the general rule. He is an exception in many respects. He differs from every other product of nature in form, in feature and in the fact of his mental and spiritual endowments. Were we studying this subject as a speculation, and had we found that the law of death had dominion over every form of life below man, we might reach the conclusion that man would be an exception to this law. The reasoning from causation would be in favor of the fact that he, having a divine nature, something related to God, would be an exception, and we should be justified in thinking that death came to the human family as a consequence of sin, or the violation of the law of his higher nature.—*H. W. Thomas, D. D.*

#### FRAILTY OF LIFE.

We know that time is short, but none of us know how short. We know that it will not go beyond a certain limit of years, but none of us know how small the number of years, or months, or days may be. For death is at work upon all ages. The fever of a few days may hurry the likeliest of us all from this land of mortality. The cold of a few weeks may settle into some lingering but irrecoverable disease. In one instant the blood of

him who has the promise of many years may cease its circulation. Accident may assail us. A slight fall may precipitate us into eternity. An exposure to rain may lay us on the bed of our last sickness, from which we are never more to rise. A little spark may kindle the midnight conflagration, which lays a house and its inhabitants in ashes. A stroke of lightning may arrest the current of life in a twinkling. A gust of wind may overturn the vessel, and lay the unwary passenger in a watery grave. A thousand dangers beset us on the slippery path of this world; and no age is exempted from them—and from the infant that hangs on its mother's bosom, to the old man who sinks under the decrepitude of years, we see death in all its woeful and affecting varieties.—*Thomas Chalmers.*

#### AVERAGE AGE OF MAN.

Accurate approximations may be made from life insurance tables as to the average age of man. Of 100,000 persons, ten years of age, 90,000 will reach the age of 23, 70,000 the age of 50, 50,000 of 65, 40,000 of 70, 10,000 of 82, 1,000 of 90, 100 of 93, 10 of 95, and a solitary one of 100. Thus it appears that a child ten years old in fair health, has one chance in two of reaching the age of 65, two chances in five of reaching the age of 70, one in 100 of reaching the age of 90, and one in 100,000 of rounding out a century.

#### EXTREME AGE OF MAN.

The great physiologist, Flourin, concluded that the natural extreme age of man is 100 years; and his conclusions have been adopted by Faraday and others. The duration of life is measured by the time of growth, which in man is twenty years. The natural termination of life is five removes from this point; that is to say, man being twenty years in growing lives five times twenty, or one hundred years. The man who does not die of sickness, lives, everywhere, from eighty to one hundred years; and it is only because he inherits or engenders disease by prodigality and excesses that he does not enjoy the full century of life that Providence has given him. Professor Flourin divides human life into infancy, youth, virility and age. Infancy extends to the

twentieth year, youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues are firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five, old age commences.

#### LONGEVITY BEFORE THE FLOOD.

The Bible, which contains the only reliable history which has come down to us of the earliest times, records the ages of only ten persons who lived before the flood. They are as follows: Adam, 930 years; Seth, 912; Enos, 905; Cainan, 910; Mahalaleel, 895; Jared, 962; Enoch, 365; Methuselah, 969; Lamech, 777; Noah, 950. If Enoch, whose life on earth terminated, not by death, but by translation, be excepted, the average of the life of the remaining nine was 912 years. The reason why the ages of these are given may be found in the fact that through them the genealogy of the Jews and of the Messiah was traced to their first parents. Others may have enjoyed an equal, or even greater length of days. Indeed there is no intimation in the sacred record that there was anything exceptional or extraordinary in their marvelous length of life. . . . After a few generations subsequent to the flood, the age of man reached, in its gradual decline, the present general limits—limits which have not materially varied for the last 3,500 years.

*W. H. De Puy, D. D.*

#### INCREASING LONGEVITY.

Throughout the civilized world, the duration of human life has increased, and is steadily increasing with the advancement and diffusion of medical science. In the city of Geneva, in the sixteenth century, 1 individual in 25 died annually. For the eighteenth century, 1 in 34; at the present time 1 in 46. With us the mortality is greater. It is estimated at 1 in 40, the proportion of childhood being larger, and childhood being the period of the greatest mortality. In the British navy, among adults the mortality is only about 1 in 100. Ninety years ago it was 1 in every 10. In 1808, 1 in 30; 1836, 13.8 among 1,000, a diminution to less than a seventh of the rate in 1770. In the

American army, on its peace-footing, with a corps of medical officers not excelled by that of any other country, the mortality has been little over 1 in 300 per annum. In London, the mortality in the middle of the last century was 1 in 32. In the year 1838, the mortality was 1 in 36, as shown by the annual report of the registrar-general. Within the last forty years the mortality of Russia has been 1 in 27; Prussia, 1 in 36; France, 1 in 39.07; Holland, 1 in 39; Belgium, 1 in 43.01; England, 1 in 53.07; Sicily, 1 in 32; Greece, 1 in 30; Philadelphia, 1 in 42.03; Boston, 1 in 45; New York, including emigrants, 1 in 37.83.

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## CHAPTER II.—PHYSICAL DEATH.

### PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

**D**EATH occurs when the cause of life is removed. Life is not synonymous with spirit, but is peculiar spiritual influence on matter; the result of the union of created spirits and elemental matter. When the spiritual essence ceases to act upon the matter of the organism we say the body is dead, and then disintegration and chemical decomposition succeed. There is a two-fold death—the death of the organism as a whole, called somatic, or bodily death, and molecular death, or the loss of vital activity in the molecules of the body. Life begins in a single molecule of bioplasm, and is propagated as a force more or less modified from molecule to molecule, or from cell to cell, as flame proceeds from one combustible substance to another, or as magnetism is disseminated by the action of a single magnet through one bar of steel after another.

Molecular death is a continual phenomenon of life during its activity. It is arrested in dormant life, and is far from being so constant an attendant upon all the actions of the body as some have taught, yet it goes on with great rapidity and uniformity.

The bioplasts, or living particles, of each tissue in the body are changed into formed material, and then pass into decay, while other bioplasts take their places and keep up the active dance of life. When the spiritual cause, or origin, of vital phenomena is removed, the molecular activities of the body do not all cease at once, but gradually. Hair will continue to grow on a corpse, and the secretion of rattle-snake poison, or of other glands, continues for a short time after death. Indeed, the circulation of blood has been witnessed in a section of mouse's kidney some time after it had been removed from the body. Yet, uninfluenced by the energizing spirit, the vital activities gradually cease, and decomposition ensues.—*Dr. J. H. Wythe.*

#### SOLEMNITY OF DEATH.

(Written expressly for this volume.)

Nothing is more commonplace than death—nothing more solemn. Its solemnity arises from these considerations:

1. Death is certain—as a fact. “It is appointed unto men once to die.” “The living know that they shall die.”

2. Death is uncertain—as to the time of its occurrence. There is “a time to die;” but when it is to come, no mortal knows. The determined suicide may have his intention frustrated, as in the case of Cowper; the condemned prisoner may have his reprieve posted to him at the supreme moment. Purposes and plans for longevity may burst like bubbles in a moment. So uncertain is the time of our leaving this earthly scene.

3. Death is universal. “For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person.” Death knocks alike at the rich man's palace and the poor man's cot.

4. Death is irreversible. Two of our race—as well as the representative of our race, the Son of man—had the sentence reversed, so that though in a sense Enoch and Elijah may have died, and Christ certainly did die, yet the former in a moment, and the latter in a short time, were restored to bodily life, and

invested with immortality. We know of no other exceptions—unless we take into account those who shall be alive at the Second Advent of Christ, and who shall “be changed in a moment,” as were Enoch and Elijah. Those who were resuscitated by miracle soon died again—their revivification was a miraculous event, designed to subserve special ends—in which is not included any communication concerning the mysteries of the other world, into which they were not probably initiated, the return to their earthly existence being of course known to the Lord, the Life-giver.

“Behold a man raised up by Christ.  
The rest remaineth unrevealed:  
He told it not, or something sealed  
The lips of that Evangelist.”

5. Death is penal. “By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” “The body is dead because of sin.” “The last *enemy* that shall be destroyed is death.” Infants die—not as the young of the inferior animals die—by a law of nature; but because they belong to a sinning race. Neither Adam nor his descendants would have died but for sin. The glorious fact that the curse is transmuted into a blessing by the redemption of the Second Adam “who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel,” does not disprove the point in question, but rather confirms it. If “grim death hath lost his sting,” and “wears an angel’s face,” it is only toward infants who have never personally sinned, and believers, who have secured an interest in the inheritance of eternal life beyond the grave, procured for them by Him who is the Conqueror of death, and who is the Resurrection and the Life.—*T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

#### THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights—

such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart—the pent-up, hidden secrets of many years—poured forth by the unconscious, helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which has driven the boldest man away.—*Charles Dickens.*

#### SYMPTOMS OF DYING.

If the patient lies on his back, his arms stretched out, and his legs hanging down, it is a sign of great weakness; when he slides down into the bed it denotes death; if, in a burning fever, he is continually feeling about with his hands and his fingers, and moves them up before his face and eyes, as if he were going to take away something before them, or on his bed covering, as if he were picking or searching for little straws, or taking away some speck, or drawing out little flocks of wool, all this is a sign that he is delirious, and that he will die. When his lips hang relaxed and cold; when he cannot bear the light; when he sheds tears involuntarily; when in dozing some part of the white of the eye is seen, unless he usually sleeps in that manner, these signs prognosticate danger. When his eyes are sparkling, fierce, and fixed, he is delirious, or soon will be so; when they are deadened, as it were, with a mist spread over them, or their brightness lost, it presages death or great weakness. When the patient has his nose sharp, his eyes sunk, his temples hollow, his ears cold and contracted, the skin of his forehead tense and dry, and the color of his face tending to a pale green or leaden tint, one may give out for certain that death is near, unless the strength of the patient has been exhausted all at once by long watchings, or by looseness, or being a long time without eating.—*Hippocrates.*

**PROCESS OF DYING.**

The system of animal life dies before that of the organic. Of the former, the sensory functions fail first, voluntary motion next, and the power of muscular contraction under great stimulus still feebly continues. The blood, in gradual death, first ceases to reach the extremities, its pulsations becoming less and less energetic, so that, failing to gain the periphery, it passes but a little way from the heart; the feet and the hands become cold as the circulating fluid leaves them, the decline of temperature gradually invading the interior. Some of the organic functions often continue for a time, particularly the secretion and the development of heat.—*Prof. Draper.*

**ACT OF DYING.**

Startling likenesses to relations and the self of former days are sometimes revealed when the wasting of the flesh has given prominence to the framework of the face. The cold of death seizes upon the extremities, and continues to spread. The very breath strikes chill; the skin is clammy; the voice falters and loses its own familiar tones—grows sharp and thin, or faint and murmuring, or comes with an unearthly, muffled sound. The pulse, sometimes previously deceitful, breaks down—is first feeble, then slow; the beats are fitful and broken by pauses; the intervals increase in frequency and duration, and at length it falls to rise no more. The respiration, whether languid or labored, becomes slow at the close; the death-rattle is heard at every expulsion of air; the lungs, like the pulse, become intermittent in their action; a minute or two may elapse between the effort to breathe, and then one expiration, which has made “to expire” synonymous with “to die,” and the conflict with the body is over.

**VERIFICATION OF DEATH.**

How can it be determined to a certainty, without waiting for putrefaction, whether death has actually taken place? The question is of much importance, and has led to practical scientific investigation with satisfactory results. The *Canada Lancel*, for April, 1880, affirms that electricity is one valuable agent in

this direction. Two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart, the muscular system completely loses its electric excitability. If this agent be applied, therefore, say five or six hours after supposed death, and it produces no contraction of the muscles, death may be announced as certain, for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractility. But electric apparatus is not always readily accessible, and simpler methods may be in requisition. Five thousand francs were once placed at the disposal of the French Academy of Medicine, to be awarded as a prize to the discoverer of a simple and easy process to determine, infallibly, the event of death. Four competitors shared in the award. Three of the methods may be named. 1. If a piece of burning charcoal be brought in contact with the skin, in case of actual death, a blister will be raised, filled with vapor, and having no serosity nor appearance of reaction. 2. If a light be held to the top of a finger at a moderate distance, a blister will be formed; if this contain serosity, there is life in the body. 3. If a portion of the body be rubbed briskly with a coarse, wet towel, or with the back of a knife, and then be left exposed to the air, in the course of a few hours the skin will have become transparent and like parchment, if death has really occurred. The occasion for applying these tests may not be frequent, but when it does occur, they are worth remembering.—*Editor.*

#### REVIVIFICATION.

Medical journals occasionally inform us of wonderful resuscitations from apparent death brought about by the persistent use of artificial respiration. Dr. Fort, a French professor of anatomy, recently reported two cases to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. One of these was that of a drowned man, who had been under water for twelve minutes before the body was recovered. An hour afterwards artificial respiration was commenced. In the course of hours the man showed signs of life, and was finally completely restored. Such instances may serve to impress us with the importance, when apparent death occurs from asphyxia, of persevering in any effort we may make to restore signs of life.

But people have wondered whether there were not really many cases of natural revivication. The very thought that a dead body should suddenly wake to life after burial is enough to make one to shudder. Even the mind of the great Washington is said to have been troubled, in dying, lest he should be buried alive, and his last expression, "It is well," refers to the pledge of an attendant that the matter should receive attention. In removing bodies from old grave-yards, changes of position have been remarked. This proves nothing except awkward handling, or tedious jolting, between the house and the grave. In Munich, where all the dead are required by law to be kept "twice twenty-four hours," not "a single case of revival," observes Dr. Hall, "has occurred in three hundred years." Any mind disturbed with such fears may be at rest. The dead will not live again until Gabriel's trumpet blows the resurrection.—

*Editor.*

#### PAINLESSNESS OF DEATH.

Whether dissolution causes suffering to the body, no one is able to tell. The spasmodic twitching of the muscles (which in many cases indeed does not take place) is distressing to behold, but is painless as a sensation. With the exception of falling asleep, nothing is so similar to the passing away in death as the sinking of a person into a swoon; yet he who faints experiences little or no suffering before unconsciousness ensues. Perhaps, if artificial stimulants were not applied to restore to his nervous system the power of serving the soul, he would pass from the swoon into death without any further sensation. Such also is the condition of all those who, reduced to unconsciousness by excessive cold, are eventually restored to life. Their limbs are benumbed, their blood flows slower and slower, and finally the body stiffens as in death. The only sensation they experience is unconquerable drowsiness, and desire to lie down and rest; and though they may be perfectly conscious that sleep is likely to end in death, they nevertheless brave it that they may enjoy the delight of sleep. It is thus established that the moment of dissolution has in it nothing that is terrible, that very few per-

sons are clearly conscious of it, and that it is the imagination of survivors that invests it with horrors.—*Zschokke*.

The darkness of death is like the evening twilight; it makes all objects appear more lovely to the dying.—*Richter*.

#### THE EXQUISITE SENSATIONS OF DYING.

No case is remembered where persons have returned to life, after they were believed to have been dead, that the testimony has not been given to the effect that in the very act of departure the last remembered sensations were not merely pleasurable but exquisite. A titled lady exclaimed, "Why did you bring me back to earth!" A drowned man passed away with strains of the most delightful music striking upon his ears. The man cut down from the gallows had a vision of entering Paradise, surrounded with all its glories. And now a lady, struck dead by lightning, as was supposed, says, "I feel quite sure that death by lightning must be absolutely painless, for I had a feeling of gently dying, dying away into darkness." Surely we do ourselves a great wrong, and the Merciful One who made death, also, to cherish the idea that it is "dreadful,"—for a correct and substantiated physiology has demonstrated that in the hour and article of death from disease, for several minutes, and sometimes for hours before departure, the feeling of pain is an absolute impossibility; there may be an appearance of it, but it is a manifest, unfelt muscular disturbance.—*W. W. Hall, A. M., M. D.*

#### CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

Almost all the truths of religion have been attacked by its enemies, but none of them has dared to say: "I shall not die;" or if—what is possible—any one should say so, he would be convicted of falsehood by the experience of six thousand years, in every country of the globe; he would be treated as a fool by every one, and very far from feeling certain of what he said, he would be afraid, and with reason, that death might strike him on the instant, and punish him for his daring rashness.

Yes, we shall all die, great and lowly, rich and poor, none can avoid it. Samson with his strength, Solomon with his



"ALL MY POSSESSIONS FOR A MOMENT OF TIME."—*Queen Elizabeth.*



wisdom, Alexander with his victories, Cæsar with his triumphs, Cræsus with his riches, have not been able to avoid it; it has respected none, and will respect none. What has become of so many men that have peopled this earth since the beginning of time? They are reduced to dust. They are dead. What has become of those lovers of the world, those rich and powerful men of earth who seemed to be established here forever? They are dead. History tells us, for she always closes the recital of personal deeds by mentioning the period of their death.

What has become of those relations and friends with whom we ourselves have lived? They are dead.

And all from their graves cry out and repeat unceasingly—Yesterday for us, to-morrow for you. We have undergone the sentence passed upon guilty man, soon you too shall undergo it as well as we.

“I die daily,” says Paul. Let us say so with him. Every day we are dying, till the last of our days comes, when we cease to die. We feel that we are advancing to that inevitable goal; that we are descending with a swiftness, ever increasing, towards the abyss, yawning for us at the close of our career.

*Philippe.*

#### NO SECURITY FROM DEATH.

It is no security to wicked men for one moment, that there are no visible means of death at hand. It is no security to a natural man, that he is now in health, and that he does not see which way he should now immediately go out of the world by any accident, and that there is no visible danger in any respect in his circumstances. The manifold and continual experience of the world in all ages, shows that this is no evidence that a man is not on the very brink of eternity, and that the next step will not be into another world. The unseen, the unthought of ways and means of persons going suddenly out of the world are innumerable and inconceivable. Unconverted men walk over the pit of hell on a rotten covering, and there are innumerable places in this covering so weak that they will not bear their weight, and these places are not seen. The arrows of death fly unseen at noon-day; the sharpest sight cannot discern them.

God has so many different, unsearchable ways of taking wicked men out of the world and sending them to hell, that there is nothing to make it appear that God had need to be at the expense of a miracle, or go out of the ordinary course of his Providence to destroy any wicked man, at any moment. All the means that there are of sinners going out of the world, are so in God's hand, and so absolutely subject to his power and determination, that it does not depend at all less on the mere will of God, whether sinners shall at any moment go to hell, than if means were never made use of, or at all concerned in the case.

Natural men's prudence and care to preserve their own lives, or the care of others to preserve them, do not secure them a moment. This divine providence and universal experience do also bear testimony to. There is this clear evidence, that men's own wisdom is no security to them from death; that if it were otherwise we should see some difference between the wise and politic men of the world, and others, with regard to their liability to early and unexpected death; but how is it in fact? "How dieth the wise man? As the fool."

*President Jonathan Edwards.*

#### MAN'S PERSUASION OF THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

The human mind never conceives, as a probability, the thought of exemption from mortality. True, "all men think all men mortal but themselves," yet this has reference to prolonged life, not to ultimate death. Since the confusion of Babel humanity has built no towers, hoping thereby to evade dissolution. Death was the only divinity to which the ancients never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. Even the translation of Enoch and Elijah furnishes to no living mortal a ground of hope for immunity from the common lot of man. "There is no discharge in that war."

"How strange is Death to Life! and yet how sure  
The law which dooms all living things to die!  
Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,  
And all that lasts, eludes the subtlest eye."

The living know that they shall die. The knowledge comes from life-long observation, from alarming experiences, if not from an innate consciousness of subjection to physical death. Job, the earliest Old Testament writer, gathers up the deep and abiding conviction of every rational mind when he declares, "For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." This persuasion of mortality is intimately connected with the intuition of immortality; for it would seem that if man were conscious that death ends all, his whole existence would be shrouded in gloom. He would fear to lie down to sleep lest he should never awake to consciousness again. He would tremble to go out into the world lest exposure to accident and disease should end his existence forever. But now, the immediate perception of endless being tempers the apprehension of early limited life, so that man goes about his work in the spirit of David when he prayed, "Preserve thou those that are appointed to die."—*Editor.*

#### UNCERTAINTIES OF DEATH.

Not only is death uncertain as to the hour of its arrival, it is equally uncertain as to the place, time and circumstances in which we must undergo it.

Where shall I die? Will it be in my bed? Will it be in the exercise of duty? Will it be where I now live, or in some other house or country? In truth, I know not. All is uncertain.

Such a one was slain by the sword; another was drowned, one fell from a height and was crushed; this one died at table, this other while gaming; one perished by the pestilence, and another by the hands of robbers. Thus death comes in many forms, and no one can know for certain in what way it will come to him.—*Philippe.*

#### INEXORABILITY OF DEATH.

Oh! eloquent, just and mighty death! Whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none have dared thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-

fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

#### INSATIABILITY OF DEATH.

“Why should man’s high aspiring mind  
 Burn in him with so proud a breath;  
 When all his haughty views can find  
 In this world lead to death;  
 The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,  
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small,  
 Are each but worms’ anatomies,  
 To strew his quiet hall.”—*Marvel.*

#### DEATH THE CHIEF OF CALAMITIES.

Death is spoken of in Scripture as the chief of calamities, the most extreme and terrible of all those natural evils, which come on mankind in this world. *Deadly destruction* is spoken of as the most terrible destruction, I Sam. v. 11; *deadly sorrow* as the most extreme sorrow, Isa. xvii. 11; Matt. xxvi. 38, and *deadly enemies* as the most bitter and terrible enemies, Psa. xvii. 9. The extremity of Christ’s sufferings is represented by his suffering *unto death*, Phil. ii. 8, and other places. Hence the greatest testimonies of God’s anger for the sins of men in this world, have been by inflicting death: as on the sinners of the old world, on the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, on Onan, Pharaoh, and the Egyptians, Nadab and Abihu, Korah and his company, and the rest of the rebels in the wilderness, on the wicked inhabitants of Canaan, on Hophni and Phinehas, Ananias and Sapphira, the unbelieving Jews, upon whom wrath came to the uttermost, in the time of the last destruction of Jerusalem. This calamity is often spoken of as in a peculiar manner the fruit of the guilt of sin. Exod. xxviii. 43, “They that bear not iniquity and *die.*” Lev. xxii. 9, “Lest they bear sin for it and die.” So Numb. xviii. 22, compared with Lev. x. 1, 2. The very light of nature, or tradition from ancient revelation, led the heathen to conceive of death as in a peculiar manner an evidence of divine vengeance. Thus we have an

account, Acts xxviii. 4, that when the *barbarians* saw the venomous beast hang on Paul's hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the seas, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.

*President Edwards.*

#### PEOPLE DYING CONSTANTLY.

How thin is the partition between this world and another! How short the transition from time to eternity! The partition, nothing more than the breath in our nostrils; and the transition may be made in the twinkling of an eye. While I am recollecting, many, I question not, are experiencing the tragical vicissitude. The eyes of that sublime Being, who sits upon the circle of the earth, and views all its inhabitants with one comprehensive glance, even now beholds many tents in affliction—such affliction as overwhelmed the *Egyptians* in that fatal night when the destroying angel sheathed his arrows in all the pride of their strength:—some sinking to the floor in their *easy-chair*, and deaf even amidst the piercing shrieks of their distracted relations; some giving up the ghost, as they sit retired, or lie reclined under the *shady arbor*, to taste the sweets of the flowery scene; some, as they sail, associated with a *party of pleasure*, along the dancing stream, and through the laughing meads. Nor is the grim intruder mollified, though wine and music flow around; some *intercepted*, as they are returning home; and some *interrupted*, as they enter upon an important negotiation; some arrested with the gains of *injustice* in their hands; and some surprised, in the very act of *lewdness*, or the attempt of *cruelty*.—*Rev. James Hervey, A. M.*

“Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,  
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,  
And who so artful as to put it by!”—*Blair.*

## CHAPTER III.—DEATH IN RELATION TO THE EARTHLY LIFE.

### THE DISTANCE OF DEATH.


 OW far from any human being is death? This is not equivalent to asking when he will actually die. That may not be for years to come. But all that time how far off is death from him? Nor far, only a step. "There is but a step between me and death." Death is always at just the same distance from every man, though all do not die at the same time, and some live to a much greater age than others. Death is as contiguous to childhood and youth as to manhood and old age. Facts are every day proving it. From no subject of human life, and from no point or period of it, is death even at a greater distance than can be measured by a step. David said what I have quoted of himself. It is just as true of all men, unless some are protected, as Hezekiah was, by a promise of God that he should live a number of years. David said it in a moment of panic. He might have said it in his calmest hour. It is no piece of extravagance; it is a sober reality. It is plain matter of fact, that all we who live, live at precisely this little distance from death and no more. David said it in view of a particular danger. But there are a thousand dangers besetting every man, any one of which could justify the language. We sometimes *seem* to be nearer death than at other times; and we are actually sometimes nearer dying. Every hour brings us nearer dying, but not nearer death. That is always close at our side—our companion through life. We are not merely tending *towards* a brink, over which ultimately we are to plunge, but we are all the time travelling on that brink. Our danger does not commence before we actually die, but it attends us all the way of life. There is not a point in the

path which has not been so dangerous as to prove fatal to some travellers.—*Rev. W. Nevins, D. D.*

#### SMALL SPACE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

That is said of the mariner, in respect to his ship, that he always sails within four inches of death; that may be said of the soul, in relation to the body, that it is always within four inches of eternity. If the ship splits, then the sailor sinks; if our earthen vessels break, the soul is gone, plunged forever into the bottomless sea, and bankless ocean of eternity. This is the soul therefore that I desire to weep over, that shall preposterously launch into the deep, before he knows whether he shall sink or swim.—*Divine Breathings.*

#### DYING BEFORE WE BEGIN TO LIVE.

It was a sad speech of a dying king, *Non dum cœpi vivere, jam cogor vivendi finem facere*, I must now die before I begin to live. It is the sad condition of many a dying man, that their work is to do when their hour is come; when the enemy is in the gate, their weapons are to look for; when death is at the door, their graces are to look for; when the bridegroom is come, their oil is to buy; the pursuer of blood is upon them, and the city of refuge is not so much as thought of by them. In a word, the seven years of plenty are wasted, and no provision for the years of famine. Time is spent, and nothing laid up for eternity. I will therefore now finish the work I have to do, that to die may be the last work I have to finish.—*Divine Breathings.*

“Of death and judgment, heaven and hell  
Who oft do think, must needs die well.”

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

#### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

“Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

“Day is for mortal care,  
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,  
 But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

“The Banquet hath its hour,  
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;  
 There comes a day for Grief’s o’erwhelming power,  
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

“Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

“We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When Autumn’s hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

“Is it when Spring’s first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—  
 They have one season—all are ours to die!

“Thou art where billows foam;  
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home;  
 And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

“Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.”

*Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

### DEATH A BREAK IN THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

As long as we live in the body we pass imperceptibly from one stage of existence to another. Death separates by an abrupt break this life from the next. The dissolution of the tie which united body and soul severs also the thousand threads which bound us to the possessions and employments of this visible world. We are separated from the world and cast upon ourselves. This life belongs to work; but the night cometh when no man can work. This life calls us to things without;

that night of rest leads us within. This life belongs to the duties and things of this world; after death we belong to ourselves alone, and our world is our inmost self and our reminiscences. Work is a benefit, but it is also a temptation. We flee from ourselves, not merely by surrendering ourselves to the distractions of pleasure, but by rushing into the turmoil of work. Death casts us back upon ourselves, and makes us tarry in our own presence. This world of the senses casts about our mind a motley veil in which we hide from ourselves. Death rends asunder this veil of the senses, and presents us unveiled to ourselves. Here the manifold voices of this world surge around us, and too often drown the voice of truth within us. Death leads into the world of voiceless silence, into which none of the sounds of this earthly life can penetrate, and in which we can hear nothing but the voice of our own heart and the accusations of our own memory. And who will be able to endure this? They only who, even while in the body, have lived a spiritual life; who, in this deceptive world of sense, have submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of truth; who, in this perishing world, have lived as natives of the eternal world.—*Chr. Ernst Luthardt.*

#### DEATH THE SEPARATION OF SOUL AND BODY.

Death is properly the separation of the soul from the body. Of this we are certain. But we are not certain (at least in many cases) of the time when the separation is made. Is it when respiration ceases? according to the well-known maxim, *Nullus spiritus, nulla vita*: "Where there is no breath, there is no life." Nay, we cannot absolutely affirm this; for many instances have been known, of those whose breath was totally lost, and yet their lives have been recovered. Is it when the heart no longer beats? or, when the circulation of the blood ceases? Not so. For the heart may beat anew; and the circulation of the blood, after it is quite interrupted, may begin again. Is the soul separated from the body when the whole body is stiff and cold as a piece of ice? But there have been several instances lately, of persons who were thus cold and stiff, and had no symptoms of life remaining, who, nevertheless, upon proper application, re-

covered both life and health. Therefore we can say no more, than that death is the separation of the soul and body; but in many cases God only can tell the moment of that separation.—*John Wesley.*

Every one might then readily imagine the state into which the dissolution of the body must plunge him, by conceiving of himself as stripped of all faculties and all emotions, but those that belong to the moral sentiments, and as so confronted with the unsullied brightness of the Divine Majesty. To die, is to come—denuded of all but conscience, into the open presence of the Holy One.—*Isaac Taylor.*

#### THE PANG OF SEPARATION.

Whoever left the precincts of mortality without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyments even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections and we delight to indulge them; we have hearts and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power to charm the mind and make us cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart to think of parting forever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree, under whose shadow we have often sat; the fields, where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends! How great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to

bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part forever with all that is dear below the sun.—*John Logan, F. R. S.*

We spend our years with sighing; it is a valley of tears: but death is the funeral of all our sorrows.—*Watson.*

#### THE FIRST DEATH.

What a dark shadow spreads over the household when death for the first time has entered it! How must Adam and Eve have felt when they ascertained that Abel was dead, was slain—slain by a brother! No doubt the first home had a grief which never left it. Then, when the first aged man died, how sad the household! Living so many hundred years and then passing away, what a loss! But exceedingly painful it must have been when the tidings spread around that an *infant* had died. Nothing of this kind had happened before. All persons had lived to old age. Now for the first time a little child has breathed its last. What surprise must have seized the minds of friends and others! Doubtless they tried to ascertain the cause of such a strange event; doubtless they speculated as to whether such a thing would ever likely occur again. Time settled the question. Infants died. The first death in any family is saddening. A new event has appeared in our history; a new wound has been received in the heart; a new consciousness characterizes the soul. If the *first* and *only* child has died, the grief will be exceedingly painful. The one flower that bloomed beside our door is cut down; the solitary light that burned in our dwelling is extinguished; the immortal that tarried with us for an hour has gone away.—*Rev. John Reid.*

#### AN ENEMY'S DEATH.

Is there a man who, if he were admitted to stand by the death-bed of his bitterest enemy, and behold him enduring that conflict which human nature must suffer at the last, would not be inclined to stretch for the hand of friendship, to utter the voice of forgiveness, and to wish for perfect reconciliation with

him before he left the world? Who is there that, when he beholds the remains of his adversary deposited in the dust, feels not, in that moment, some relencings at the remembrance of those past animosities which mutually embittered their life?—"There lies the man with whom I contended so long, silent and mute forever. He is fallen, and I am about to follow him. How poor is the advantage which I now enjoy! Where are the fruits of all our contests? In a short time we shall be laid together; and no remembrance remain of either of us under the sun. How many mistakes may there have been between us? Had not he his virtues and good qualities as well as I? When we both shall appear before the judgment-seat of God, shall I be found innocent and free of blame, for all the enmity I have borne him?" My friends, let the anticipation of such sentiments serve now to correct the inveteracy of prejudice, to cool the heat of anger, to allay the fierceness of resentment. How unnatural is it for animosities so lasting to possess the hearts of mortal men, that nothing can extinguish them but the cold hand of death. Is there not a sufficient proportion of evils in the short span of human life, that we seek to increase their number, by rushing into unnecessary contests with one another? When a few more suns have rolled over our heads, friends and foes shall have retreated together; and their love and their hatred be equally buried. Let our few days, then, be spent in peace.

*Hugh Blair.*

"The grave! it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment—From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!"—*Irving.*

#### THE STRANGER'S DEATH.

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,  
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."—*Pope.*

## THE DOMINION OF DEATH.

Witnesses to the dominion of death surround us on all sides. A constant dying, which touches the feelings of all, is ever taking place throughout the realm of nature. Those religions of the ancient world, which were deifications of nature, held funeral lamentations when the glories of spring disappeared, over the deceased favorite of the gods and of men. What was it but dying nature that they mourned?

Our feelings on this subject are not so vivid as theirs were in those days of old; yet we are not able wholly to banish the feelings of melancholy from our minds; and the poets of our own times are ever singing dirges on the perishableness of earthly things: "*Vergänglichkeit wie rauschen deine Wellen!*" ("Perishableness, how do thy waves roar!")

But it is not the realm of nature alone which is subject to this law of death. We see it bearing rule also over that of *history*. What now remains of the magnificent works of man in past ages? A few ruins, a little dust, the sport of the winds. It is amidst the rubbish-heaps of the desert that the researches of scholars into the history of the great empires of antiquity have to be carried on. We are everywhere treading upon the dust of the past.

And ourselves, however prosperous and happy our lives may have been, however long they may have lasted—an instant, and they are extinct. And what remains even of the most fortunate? A handful of dust, moistened with a few tears. Such is our end. We, too, are passing away. Our life is a continual dying. —*From the German of Luthardt, translated by Sophia Taylor.*

## THE DEAD HUSBAND.

Oh! how earnestly I wished to go with him! I was for the time insensible to my own loss; my soul pursued him into the invisible world; and for the time I cordially rejoiced with the Spirit. I thought I saw the angel band ready to receive him, among whom stood my dear mother, the first to bid him welcome to the regions of bliss. I was desired to leave the room, which I

did, saying: "My doctor is gone. I have accompanied him to the gates of heaven; he is safely landed." I went into the parlor. Some friends came in to see me. My composure they could not account for. Our sincere and tender regard for each other was too well known to allow them to impute it to indifference. In the evening I returned to the bed-chamber, to take a last farewell of the dear remains. The countenance was so very pleasant, I thought there was even something heavenly, and couldn't help saying: "You smile upon me, my love. Surely the delightful prospect, opening on the departing soul, left that benign smile on its companion, the body." I thought I could have stood and gazed forever; but for fear of relapsing into immoderate grief, I withdrew after a parting embrace. I went to bed purely to get alone, for I had little expectation of sleep. But I was mistaken; nature was fairly overcome with watching and fatigue. I dropped asleep, and for a few hours forgot my woes; but, oh! the pangs I felt on first awakening! I could not for some time believe it true that I was, indeed, a widow, and that I had lost my heart's treasure; my all I held dear on earth. It was long before day. I was in no danger of closing my eyes again, for I was at that time abandoned to despair, till recollection and the same considerations which at first supported me brought me a little to myself. I considered that I wept for one that wept no more; that all my fears for his eternal happiness were now over, and he beyond the reach of being lost; neither was he lost to me, but added to my heavenly treasure more securely mine than ever.—*Isabella Graham.*

#### THE DEAD SON.

He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling.

Nothing remains but that with humble confidence we resign ourselves to Almighty goodness, and fall down without irreverent murmurs before the Sovereign Distributor of good and evil, with hope that though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the morning.

I have known you, madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for submission to the Supreme Will; nor can my consolation have any effect but that of showing that I wish to comfort you. What can be done, you must do for yourself. Remember first that your child is happy; and then that he is safe, not only from the ills of this world, but from those more formidable dangers which extend their mischief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being; have seen him happy during the little life that has been granted to him, and can have no doubt that he is happy now.

When you have obtained by prayer such tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accustomed duties and accustomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you must not therefore think less on those whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he has gone.—*Samuel Johnson, LL.D., to a bereaved mother.*

#### THE DEAD SON.

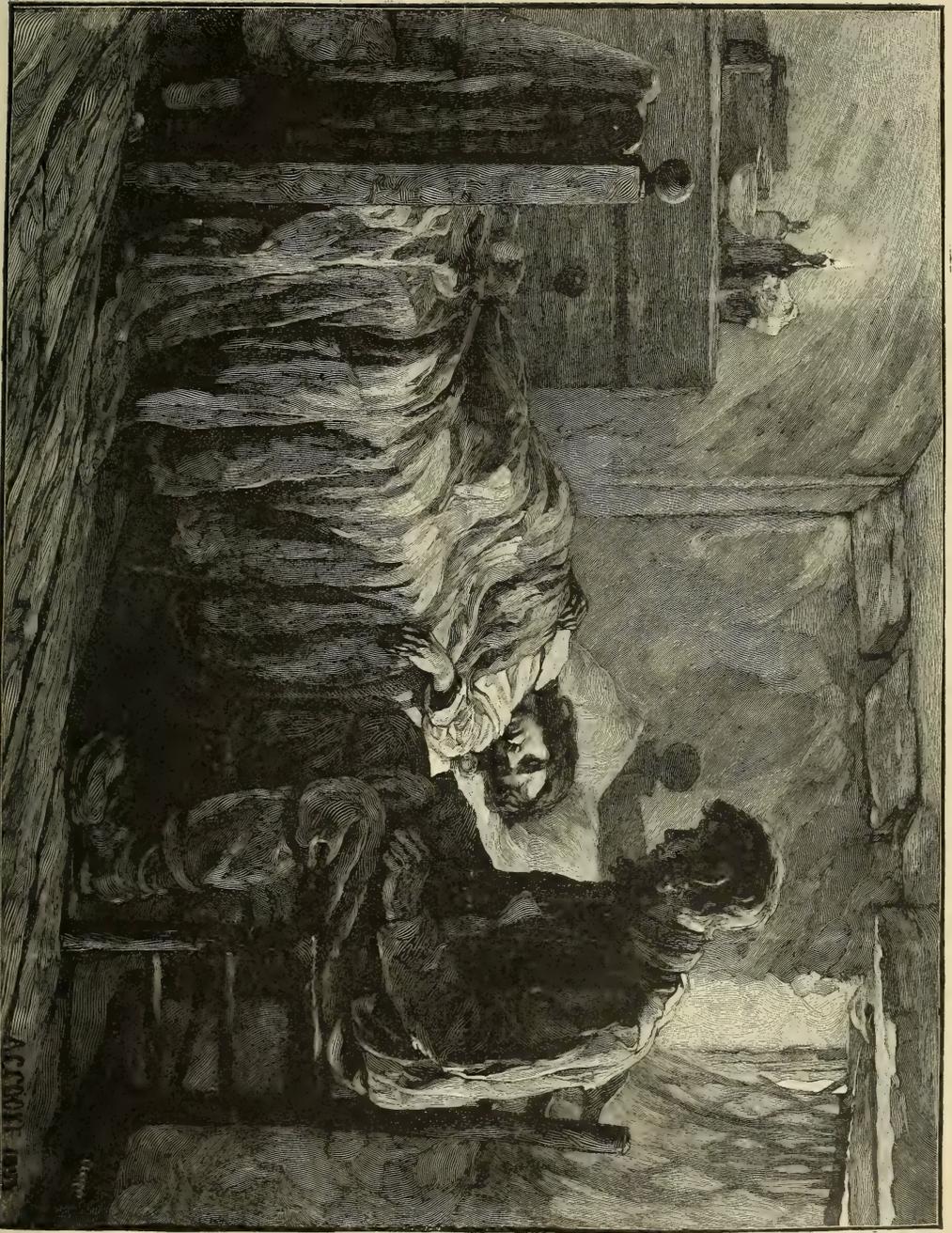
I sincerely sympathize with you, my friend, in the loss of your only son. I have drunk deep of the same cup; of *nine sons*, only one survives. From what I repeatedly felt, I can form an idea what you must feel. I cannot, I dare not say, weep not. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and surely he allows you to weep. But, oh! let hope and joy mitigate your heaviness. I know not how this shall work for your good; but it is enough that God knows. He that said, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," excepts not from this promise the sorest trial. You devoted your son to God; you cannot doubt that he accepted the surrender. If he has been hid in the chamber of the grave from the evil of sin and from the evil of suffering, let not your eye be evil, when God is good. What you chiefly wished for him, and prayed on this behalf, was spiritual and heavenly blessings. If the greatest thing you wished for is accomplished, at the season and in the manner Infinite Wisdom saw best, refuse not to be comforted. You know not what work and what joy have been waiting for him in that other world.—*Dr. Erskine to a bereaved father.*

## THE DEAD DAUGHTER.

There is a better world, of which I have thought too little. To that world she has gone, and thither my affections have followed her. This was Heaven's design. I see and feel it as distinctly as if an angel had revealed it. I often imagine that I can see her beckoning me to the happy world to which she has gone. I want only my blessed Saviour's assurance of pardon and acceptance to be at peace. I wish to find no rest short of rest in him. Let us both look up to that heaven where our Saviour dwells, and from which he is showing us the attractive face of our blessed and happy child, bidding us prepare to come to her, since she can no more visibly come to us.—*William Wirt.*

## THE FATHER'S DEATH.

“The last day of my earthly pilgrimage was closing,  
 And the end was peace. . . . My children knelt  
 Around my bed—our latest family prayer.  
 Listen—it is eleven striking. Then  
 I whispered to my wife, ‘The time is short;  
 I hear the Spirit and the Bride say, “Come,”  
 And Jesus answering, “I come quickly.” Listen.’  
 And as she wiped the death-dews from my brow,  
 She faltered, ‘He is very near,’ and I  
 Could only faintly say, ‘Amen, amen!’  
 And then my power of utterance was gone:  
 I beckon’d and was speechless: I was more  
 Than ankle deep in Jordan’s icy stream.  
 My children stood upon its utmost verge,  
 Gazing imploringly, persuasively,  
 While the words, ‘Dear, dear father,’ now and then  
 Would drop, like dew, from their unconscious lips.  
 My gentle wife, with love stronger than death,  
 Was leaning over those cold, gliding waves.  
 I heard them speaking, but could make no sign;  
 I saw them weeping, but could shed no tear;  
 I felt their touch upon my flickering pulse,  
 Their breath upon my cheek, but I could give  
 No answering pressure to the fond hands press’d  
 In mine. So rapidly the river-bed  
 Shelved downward, I had pass’d or almost pass’d  
 Beyond the interchange of loving signs  
 Into the very world of love itself.



THE DYING CHILD.



The waters were above my knees; they wash'd  
 My loins; and still they deepen'd. Unawares  
 I saw, I listen'd—who is he who speaks?—  
 A Presence and a Voice. That Presence moved  
 Beside me like a cloud of glory; and  
 That Voice was like a silver trumpet, saying,  
 'Be of good comfort. It is I. Fear not!'  
 And whether now the waters were less deep  
 Or I was borne upon invisible arms,  
 I know not; but methought my mortal robes  
 Now only brush'd the smoothly gliding stream,  
 And like the edges of a sun-set cloud  
 The beatific land before me lay.  
 One long, last look behind me; gradually  
 The figures faded on the shore of time,  
 And, as the bell of midnight struck,  
 One sob, one effort, and my spirit was free."

*Edward Henry Bickersteth, M. A.*

#### THE YOUNG MOTHER'S DEATH.

"We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees  
 In fervent supplication to the Throne  
 Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs  
 Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks  
 Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay  
 An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe  
 For heaven; and Mercy, in her love, refused:  
 Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!  
 Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!  
 The room I well remember, and the bed  
 On which she lay, and all the faces, too,  
 That crowded dark and mournfully around.  
 Her father there, and mother, bending, stood;  
 And down their aged cheeks fell many drops  
 Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,  
 And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,  
 Did weep and sorrow, comfortless; and I  
 Too wept, though not to weeping given: and all  
 Within the house was dolorous and sad.  
 This I remember well; but better still  
 I do remember, and will ne'er forget,  
 The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,  
 And brighter grew as nearer death approached:  
 As I have seen the gentle little flower  
 Look fairest in the silver beam which fell  
 Reflected from the thunder cloud, that soon

Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far  
 And wide its loveliness. She made a sign  
 To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed.  
 She looked upon its face, that neither smiled  
 Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon 't; and laid  
 Her hand upon its little breast, and sought  
 For it, with look that seemed to penetrate  
 The heavens, unutterable blessings, such  
 As God to dying parents only granted,  
 For infants left behind them in the world.  
 'God keep my child!' we heard her say, and heard  
 No more. The Angel of the Covenant  
 Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood  
 Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.  
 And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,  
 Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused  
 With many tears, and closed without a cloud.  
 They set, as sets the morning star, which goes  
 Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
 Obscured among the tempests of the sky,  
 But melts away into the light of heaven."—*Robert Pollok.*

#### DEATH IN LIFE'S MORNING.

In his moral tillage, God cultivates many flowers seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance. For when bathed in soft sunshine they have burst into blossom, then the Divine hand gathers them from the earthly fields to be kept in crystal vases in the deathless mansions above. Thus little children die—some in the sweet bud, some in the fuller blossom; but never too early to make heaven fairer and sweeter with their immortal bloom.

Verily, to the eye of Faith, nothing is fairer than the death of young children. Sight and sense, indeed, recoil from it. The flower that, like a breathing rose, filled heart and home with an exquisite delight, alas! we are stricken with sore anguish to find its stem broken and the blossom gone. But unto Faith, eagle-eyed beyond mental vision, and winged to mount like a singing lark over the fading rainbow unto the blue heaven, even this is touchingly lovely.

The child's earthly ministry was well done, for the rose does its work as grandly in blossom as the vine with its fruit. And

having helped to sanctify and lift heavenward the very hearts that broke at its farewell, it has gone from this troublesome sphere—ere the winds chilled or the rains stained it, leaving the world it blessed and the skies through which it passed still sweet with its lingering fragrance—to its glory as an ever-unfolding flower in the blessed garden of God. Surely, prolonged life on earth hath no boon like this! For such mortal loveliness to put on immortality—to rise from the carnal with so little memory of earth that the mother's cradle seemed to have been rocked in the house of many mansions—to have no experience of a wearied mind and chilled affections, but from a child's joyous heart growing up in the power of an archangelic intellect—to be raptured as a blessed babe through the gates of Paradise—ah! this is better than to watch as an old prophet for the car of fire in the valley of Jordan.—*Charles Wadsworth, D.D.*

#### DEATH AT LIFE'S HIGH NOON.

Ripe old age is the natural time to die, and continuous and protracted sickness accomplishes for its subjects much the same results; and by a kindly law of our nature, with which grace may also co-operate, the fear of death is usually dissipated as that solemn transition is thus neared by steady and irreversible approaches. But the case is quite otherwise when at life's high noon, with its present activities and its purposes for the future, with laudable ambitions looking out into coming years, that seem to be burdened with promised successes. Then, indeed, is the announcement of death's near approach doubly terrible. The best of men have a strong, natural and instinctive love of life, which wasting sickness may destroy or the natural decadence of years wear out; but while occupied in life's duties and interested in the enterprises of life, death is practically removed to the distant future; and if then it comes suddenly and unawares, it is always more than unwelcome. The crushing out of such high hopes, and present hasty preparations of the mind for a speedy exit from all present cares and concerns, constitute the severest possible test of one's faith.—*Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D.*

## DEATH AT LIFE'S EVENING HOUR.

The aged disciple of Jesus—why should we wish to detain him? His work is done. Why desire to hold him back from the grave? It is through the gate and grave of death that he passes to his inheritance above. Why be inconsolable at his departure? He is not lost, neither is the light of his mind or heart extinguished. Why mourn as those who have no hope, beside his tombstone? He shall not lie there long. He is planted there in the likeness of Christ's death, that he may rise with Christ to the resurrection of eternal life. Not many days shall roll over you ere you and they shall all rise again; "they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." Rejoice, rather, when one you love, who is full of days and full of grace, sets like a sun behind the horizon of life. Rejoice, for he shall rise again; and when that morning of the resurrection dawns, it will usher in a day that has no clouds, a day that has no sunset, and a day that is followed by no night of sorrow or of death.—*W. B. Stevens.*

"Why weep ye then for him, who having won  
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,  
Serenely to his final rest has passed;  
While the soft memory of his virtues yet  
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?"—*Anon.*

"When he is forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,  
What can an old man do but die?"—*Thomas Hood.*

## THE GENERATIONS OF MEN.

The word generation reminds us that human existence is not like that of some other objects that come within our knowledge. Not, for instance, like the sun or stars, that shine on the same century after century; not like an old mountain, that holds itself up age after age much the same; nor even like a river that goes on running in perpetual flow while the years are counted round. Generation! It suggests the idea of coming, passing

along, passing away, being succeeded, and so a perpetual succession kept up. We are very apt to attach to the word various ideas, and some of them very vague. For instance, one of our most ordinary sayings is that the lifetime of a generation is about thirty years. Of course in the usage of the word it does not answer to anything. There is no external object that really answers to the mental idea of the word "generation," as so used. All that it means is that if you take the people born at a certain time, and mark when they die, including the child of one day old and the man of a hundred years, the average will be somewhere about thirty. That abstraction of the mind it calls generation. Another view of the term "generation" would be to take all the people born at a given time. In that sense, when a man has reached, say, twenty years of age, he would find that the greater part of his own generation was buried. If he lived to be fifty, he would find that the survivors of his generation were a small minority. If he lives to three-score years and ten, he finds that when he looks out for those who were born at the same time as he, they are nearly all in the church-yard, and wherever he can find one of them above ground he looks upon an old man with white hair going down toward the grave.

Another view, and perhaps the one that we generally entertain when we speak of "generation," is the people that are living at the same time as we are; they are our generation.

Such generations continually come and continually go. We are very apt greatly to exaggerate the number of them that we can really count upon the earth. Nothing is more common than for us to speak of a hundred generations, and you will even hear people in rhetoric talk of a thousand generations. So it seems to us when we look back at that great cloud of human beings that have passed before us on the stage of earthly existence. But, after all, it is not so. When we begin by historical steps to trace back mankind to any ascertainable point, we find that we very soon reach the limits of our actual knowledge, and that all beyond is imagination and conjecture; and we find that when we do come up to those first well-ascertained men, there are some things very remarkable in the comparison between them

and us. When we look at the matters that require organization, co-operation, and organized society, and so on, we are immensely superior to them; they could not make gas, they could not speak across the world by telegraph, they could not make an iron machine run for them forty miles an hour, and carry them while it is running; they could not do a thousand things of this kind. But the superiority all lies there in matters requiring the experience of ages and the organization of multitudes. When you come to the individual man to measure him by the works either of his hand or his mind, take the pyramid that he builds, or the tower, or the temple, or the palace, and you will find that in physical power the individual was equal to you in every respect; and as to the power of his intellect in the very first productions that you can trace to the borders of time, lying close upon the ocean, the first that you can discover, David, Moses, Homer, no man will rise and say that individually mind is greater now than as it was developed in them. The man, as a person, mentally or physically, appears, in our first knowledge of him, with all the human powers, and with those powers, whether mental or physical, in their grandest possible examples. But whatsoever is necessary for society and organization, gradually develops as the world grows older. And yet, after all, it is not old. David—why we seem to think of him as a being dwelling away in the remote clouds of a distance that our thought can hardly reach; yet, after all, he is not so far away. At this moment there are many men living upon the world a hundred years old; there have always been men of that age; so that if the boy belonging to Jesse of Bethlehem had gone out upon his father's farm, and following his father's sheep had begun to sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd," the lips of thirty-eight men might have handed that psalm down to your lips from his; and if they were set along the street, and you clasped hands, thirty-eight hands might join yours with that of the king that reigned in Zion, and struck the harp that has echoed so long. He served his generation—that generation in that day; and we are standing in our generation, a good way down the stream of time from his point, and yet receiving the influences of what he did.

*William Arthur, M. A.*

“ Me let the tender office long engage  
 To rock the cradle of reposing age ;  
 With lenient art extend a mother’s breath,  
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky.”—*Pope.*

#### TO WHOM DEATH ARRIVES GRACIOUSLY.

Death arrives graciously only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons ; to the poor Christian that sits bound in the galley ; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners and deposed kings ; to them whose fortune runs back, and whose spirits mutiny ; unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest.

These wait upon the shore of death, and wait unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place, wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour.—*Lord Bacon.*

#### TO WHOM DEATH IS ODIOUS.

It was no mean apprehension of Lucian, who says of Menippus, that in his travels through hell he knew not the kings of the earth from other men, but only by their louder cryings and tears : which was fostered in them through the remorseful memory of the good days they had seen, and the fruitful leavings which they so unwillingly left behind them ; he that was well-seated, looked back at his portion, and was loath to forsake his farm ; and others, either minding marriages, pleasures, profit, or preferment, desired to be excused from death’s banquet : they had made an appointment with earth, looking at the blessings, not the hand that enlarged them, forgetting how unclothedly they came hither, or with what naked ornaments they were arrayed.—*Lord Bacon.*

Death finds not a worse friend than an alderman, to whose door I never knew him welcome ; but he is an importunate guest and will not say nay.

## DEATH A RELIEF.

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,  
 The kindest and the best!  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee to rest.  
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn;  
 But O, a blest relief to those  
 That weary—laden, mourn.”—*Robert Burns.*

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## CHAPTER IV.—DEATH VARIOUSLY DESCRIBED.

## DEATH BUT A POINT OF LIFE.

**D**EATH has for ages reigned on earth as king of terrors. The skull and cross-bones, ghastly insignia of his power, are as familiar to every eye as the crown and sceptre of earthly monarchs. The kingdom of Christ has been proclaimed eighteen hundred years, with its assurance of eternal life; but the blind eyes of mankind have failed to open to its meaning; the captives to the bondage of fear have been unable to comprehend the liberty freely offered to their acceptance. If the kingdom of Christ had come in its power into the hearts of all, the terrible king would have been dethroned long ago, and his crown and sceptre shattered and crumbled to dust.

To those who live in the bondage of this fear, death seems the end of life. So shadowy and obscure to them is all beyond the grave, that it has no definite existence to their minds; and imagination shapes only phantoms. . . . Yet, in reality, death is but a single point of life; and that part of life which is beyond death is incomparably more vivid, more varied, more full of interest, than that which is now around us.—*Mary G. Ware.*

In order to complete our perfect blessedness, nothing is further

wanting than to die. The certainty of death completes our assurance of heaven. Our greatest enemies cannot keep us from dying, and, therefore, keep us from Thee. Paul was right: "To die is gain."—*John Howe.*

### THE STREAM OF DEATH.

"There is a stream, whose narrow tide  
The known and unknown worlds divide,  
Where all must go;  
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,  
'Mid sullen silence, downward sweep,  
With moanless flow.

"I saw where, at that dreary flood,  
A smiling infant prattling stood,  
Whose hour was come.  
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,  
Sunk as to cradled rest, and died,  
Like going home.

"Followed with languid eye anon,  
A youth diseased, and pale, and wan;  
And there alone  
He gazed upon the leaden stream,  
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,  
And he was gone.

"And then a form in manhood's strength  
Came bustling on, 'till there at length  
He saw life's bound.  
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer  
Too late—his shriek of wild despair  
The waters drowned.

"Next stood upon that surgeless shore,  
A being bowed with many a score  
Of toilsome years.  
Earth-bound and sad, he left the bank,  
Back turned his dimming eye and sank,  
Ah! full of fears.

"How bitter must thy waters be  
O Death! How hard a thing, ah me!

It is to die!  
**I** mused—when to that stream **again**  
**A**nother child of mortal man  
 With smiles drew nigh.

“ ‘Tis the last pang,’ he calmly said—  
 ‘To me, O Death! thou hast no dread;  
 Saviour, I come!  
 Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—  
 I see! Ye waters bear me o’er,  
 There is my home.’ ”

#### DEATH THE TERMINATION OF A VOYAGE.

Among the tombs that have been uncovered in the long-hidden city of Pompeii, there is one which has carved upon it a vessel just anchored, and the seamen furling the sails. It would be difficult to find a truer image whereby to represent the Christian idea of what we call death. The voyage of this world’s life over, the soul is anchoring in the heavenly home. Home to the homeless, rest to the weary, peace to the sorrowful, are all implied in the word “death;” and yet we shroud it with gloom, and typify it with the revolting representations of fleshless bones. True, there are wrecks on life’s ocean, voyages that terminate in despair; but, as a general rule, it is the termination of the happiest voyage of life that we look upon most tearfully, while we are easily reconciled to the close of one that is worthless. There is, apparently, as little just appreciation of the relations and the value of life and death, in the minds of most persons, as there would be of voyages in one who should weep at seeing a noble ship come home in safety, and smile when a wreck was dashed upon the shore.—*Mary G. Ware.*

“Death is the veil which those who live call life;  
 We sleep and it is lifted.”—*Anonymous.*

#### DEATH A HORIZON.

Death is nothing else than the limit of human gazing. To man, living upon the low surface of the earth, the sun goes down and disappears; but this comes to pass from the fact that man’s horizon is a small circle fringed by a range of mountains or a

sea. But could man dwell in the upper ether he would perceive that the sun does not go down, but pours forth an ocean of light forever. Thus death is a human horizon, where the soul seems to go down to the gaze of mortals. Dark mountains and a vale of shadows intervene; but to God, far above us, looking upon all his stars, and all his angels, and the children of men, the horizon which we call death disappears, and the soul shines always. "Unto him all live."—*Prof. David Swing.*

#### DEATH A DARK ENTRY.

Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his Father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. Oh, may the rays and splendors of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam, as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through.—*Watts.*

#### DEATH A DARKENING AND A DAWNING.

Death, after all, is a darkening and a disappearance of those we love, and we must be content to take it so. It is only a question, of more or less, where the darkness shall begin and what it shall eclipse first. To the others who have loved the dying and have gone before him, it is not a darkening but a dawning. Perhaps to them it is the brightest dawn, when it has been the most opaque and colorless sunset on the side of earth.—*F. W. Faber.*

#### DEATH NOT WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE.

It might be obvious even to us, that what we call death can not be in its experience what it seems to be to those who look on. You watch a friend departing from your door, and every step he takes transforms him upon your sight. Now he lengthens his shadow like a tree; now he shrinks and curls to a point. Anon he expands into visibility again, and his outlines grow distinct as he shifts his position, as if he had changed his mind and were returning. . . . At length he dwindles into

one point, and that point seems stationary. Then it flickers for a little, and at last goes out as by an explosion of the distance. This is your view. But it is not his experience. . . .

So to a departing spirit, the room grows dark, while to you the lovely eyeballs fix and set themselves in straining blindness. The soul is passing from before those window-panes where you watched it in your courtings, where you caught its glance, and you say it has gone out. But to the soul the shutter has been closed, and *you* seem to have retired from before that window. It glides into another room. The dying asks you, dreamily, why you put out the light. You look to see whether the pupils are expanded. You feel his clammy hand. Your hand feels cold to him. You are dying as you sit and sob. The world is dying to him as it rattles on, but he—he is alive as much as ever. It is for this reason that eternal truth has such a sovereign supremacy at that crises' hour. If the departing were really changing to themselves as they change on your yearning gaze, Eternity would never seem so impossible, and celestial truth never so unsubstantial and so futile. The article of death itself would inspire that infidelity which now it neutralizes, and would paralyze the soul into that very idiocy of thought from which now it shocks and startles at. But life finds lives beyond, and living creatures everywhere alive to the living God.

*Hugh Smith Carpenter.*

#### NON-EXISTENCE OF DEATH.

“There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine forevermore.

“There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain of mellow-fruit,  
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

“The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

“There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

“There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them ‘dead.’

“He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

“The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Amid the trees of life.

“And where he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in paradise.

“Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

“And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless Universe  
Is life—there are no dead!”—*Lord Lytton.*

“And after all came life, and lastly death;  
Death with most grim and grisley visage seene,  
Yet he is naught but parting of the breath,  
He ought to see, but like a shape to weene  
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene.”—*Spenser.*

### THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place: the prophet Jere-

miah thus describes it : A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death, a land that no man, "but a Christian, passeth through, and where no man dwelt." Jer. ii. 6.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land, Numb. xiii. 32, making haste to go back ; to whom Christian spake as follows :

Whither are you going ?

They said, Back, back ; and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Why, what's the matter ? said Christian.

Matter ? said they, we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst ; and indeed we were almost past coming back, for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

But what have you met with ? said Christian.

Why we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it, Psa. xlv. 19 ; cvii. 10.

But what have you seen ? said Christian.

Seen ? why the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch ; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit ; we heard also in the valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons ; and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion ; death also does always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order, Job iii. 5 ; x. 22.

Then, said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven, Psa. xlv. 18, 19 ; Jer. ii. 6.

Be it thy way, we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

*John Bunyan.*

## THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

What is death? 'Tis to be free,  
 No more to love, or hope, or fear,  
 To join the great equality;  
 All, all alike are humbled there.  
 The mighty grave  
 Wraps lord and slave;  
 Nor pride, nor poverty, dares come  
 Within that refuge house—the tomb.

\* Spirit of the drooping wing,  
 And the ever-weeping eye,  
 Thou of all earth's kings art king:  
 Empires at thy footstool lie,  
 Beneath thee strewed,  
 Their multitude  
 Sink like waves upon the shore—  
 Storms shall never rouse them more

“What's the grandeur of the earth  
 To the grandeur of thy throne?  
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
 To thy kingdom all have gone.  
 Before thee stand  
 The wondrous band—  
 Bards, heroes, side by side,  
 Who darkened nations when they died.

“Earth hath hosts, but thou canst show  
 Many a million for her one:  
 Through thy gate the mortal flow  
 Has for countless years rolled on.  
 Back from the tomb  
 No step has come;  
 There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound  
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.”—*George Crolly.*

Pale death approaches with an equal step, and knocks indiscriminately at the door of the cottage, and the portals of the palace.—*Horace.*

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes.—*Donne.*

### THE TIRELESS REAPER.

"All flesh is grass." So wrote Isaiah, and David before him said of men, "They shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb." Death is the great Reaper. He thrusts in his sickle, and, before his gigantic strokes, the human stalks go down. His sickle never dulls and his arm never falters. We have seen the reapers in the harvest-field wipe the sweat from their brows, and, sitting down upon the prostrate sheaves, rest awhile. But who ever saw Death rest? Who ever saw this grim Reaper sitting down on the fresh hillocks of the grave to recruit his jaded strength? He faints not, neither is weary. —*Editor.*

### THE LAST WELCOME OF FRIENDS.

Some time that last welcome of friends invades our dwelling, to assure us how embosomed in divinity are our human affections and how imperishable. Who shall speak words more impressive than silence at such times, or, if speaking beside the dear dust, open the glorious hope of immortality? "I am the resurrection and the life." Surely the centuries intervening since these quickening words were pronounced should have certified to every soul ere this its latent immortality. Ah! when shall breathing men cease inquiring whether they breathe or not? —*A. Bronson Alcott.*

### A VISION OF DEATH AND ITS RESULT.

There was once a German nobleman who led a foolish and dissipated life; drinking, gambling and neglecting his vassals, his family and his affairs. He had a dream, one night, which vividly impressed him. He saw a figure, looking at him with serious face, and pointing to a dial, where the hands marked the hour of four. The figure looked at him sadly, and said these words: "After four!" and disappeared. The nobleman awoke in great terror, and thought that vision foreboded his speedy death. What could it mean? It must mean that he was to die after *four days*, so he determined to "set his house in order." He sent for the priest, confessed his sins and received





MOTHERLESS.

absolution. He sent for his family, and begged their forgiveness for his offences against them. He sent for his man of business, and arranged his affairs as well as he could. He then waited for death. The four days passed, and he did not die. He then thought that perhaps the vision meant that he was to die after four weeks. He had a longer time for preparation; so he devoted these four weeks to making atonement for all the evil he had done in the world, and doing all the good he could. The four weeks passed, and he was still alive. Then he thought it meant four months, and so he spent these four months in a more thorough repentance; he did all the good he could in that time on his estates; he found out all the poor and the sufferers, and helped them. The four months passed, and he did not die. Then he said, "It is plain that the vision meant *four years*." So during that four years, he gave all his thoughts and time to others; did all he could for his neighbors, his vassals, the poor; and also took useful and honorable part in public affairs. At the end of four years, instead of dying, he was chosen Emperor of Germany, and became one of the best emperors that ever was elected. The expectation of death had taught him how to live. It was natural that it should do so.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

#### ESTATE OF A MAN AT DEATH.

As the tree falleth, so it lieth; and where death strikes down, there God lays out, either for mercy or misery; so that I may compare it to the Red Sea. If I go in an *Israelite*, my landing shall be in glory, and my rejoicing in triumph, to see all my enemies dead upon the sea-shore; but if I go in an Egyptian, if I be on this side the cloud, on this side the covenant, and yet go in hardened among the troops of Pharaoh, justice shall return in its full strength, and an inundation of judgment shall overflow my soul forever. Or else, I may compare it to the sleep of the ten virgins, of whom it is said, "*They all slumbered and slept;*" we shall all fall into this sleep. Now, if I lie down with the wise, I shall go in with the bridegroom; but if I sleep with the foolish, without oil in my lamp, without grace in my soul, I have closed the gates of mercy upon my soul forever. I see then this life is

the time wherein I must go forth to meet the Lord; this is the hour wherein I must do my work, and that the day wherein I must be judged according to my works. I know not how soon I may fall into this sleep; therefore, Lord, grant that I live every day in thy sight, as I desire to appear the last day in thy presence.

Small space there is 'twixt life and death, we see;  
Yet on it hangs a double eternity.

*Divine Breathings.*

#### THE SLEEP OF DEATH:

“ His young bride stood beside his bed,  
Her weeping watch to keep;  
Hush! hush! he stirred not—was he dead,  
Or did he only sleep?

“ His brow was calm, no change was there,  
No sigh had filled his breath;  
O, did he wear that smile so fair  
In slumber or in death?

“ ‘Reach down his harp,’ she wildly cried,  
‘And if one spark remain,  
Let him but hear “Loch Erroch’s Side”  
He’ll kindle at the strain.

“ ‘That tune e’er held his soul in thrall;  
It never breathed in vain;  
He’ll waken as its echoes fall,  
Or never wake again.’

“ The strings were swept. ’Twas sad to hear  
Sweet music floating there;  
For every note called forth a tear  
Of anguish and despair.

“ ‘See! see!’ she cried, ‘the tune is o’er—  
No opening eye, no breath;  
Hang up his harp; he’ll wake no more;  
He sleeps the sleep of death.’”—*Eliza Cook.*

It is said of all mariners, that they always sail within four inches of death. Every one lives much nearer to death, and as six feet of air sustains us while living, so six feet of earth will contain us when dead.

## DEATH A CONQUEROR.

If I were to call on you to give the names of the world's great conquerors, you would say, Cæsar, Alexander, Philip, and the First Napoleon. You have missed the greatest. The men whose names have just been mentioned were not worthy of the name of corporal when compared with him. He rode on the black horse that crossed the fields of Waterloo and Atlanta, and his bloody hoofs have been set on the crushed hearts of the race. He has conquered every land and besieged every city; and to-day Paris, London, St. Petersburg, New York, and Brooklyn are going down under his fierce and long-continued assault.

That conqueror is DEATH. He carries a black flag and takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with carcasses. Had not God kept creating new men, the world, fifty times over, would have swung lifeless through the air; not a foot stirring in the cities, not a heart beating—a depopulated world—a ship without a helmsman at the wheel, or a captain on deck, or crew in the rigging. Herod of old slew only those of two years old and under; but this monster strikes all ages. Genghis Khan sent five millions into the dust; but this, hundreds of thousands of millions. Other kings sometimes fall back and surrender territory once gained; but this king has kept all he won, save Lazarus and Christ. The last one escaped by Omnipotent power; while Lazarus was again captured and went into the dust. What a cruel conqueror! What a bloody king! His palace is a huge sepulchre; his flowers the faded garlands that lie on coffin-lids; his music the cry of desolated households; the chalice of his banquet a skull; his pleasure-fountains the falling tears of a world.—*Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

## A TERRIBLE INVADER.

Ah! *Death!*—thou unsparing foe!—terrible invader!—Severer of the firmest of earthly bonds—causing, from the hour of the fall, one loud wail of suffering to arise from the households thou has swept—converting the world itself into one vast sepulchre—its teeming millions a long burial procession to the one

long home!—every heart beating its own “funeral march to the grave!”—*J. R. McDuff, D. D.*

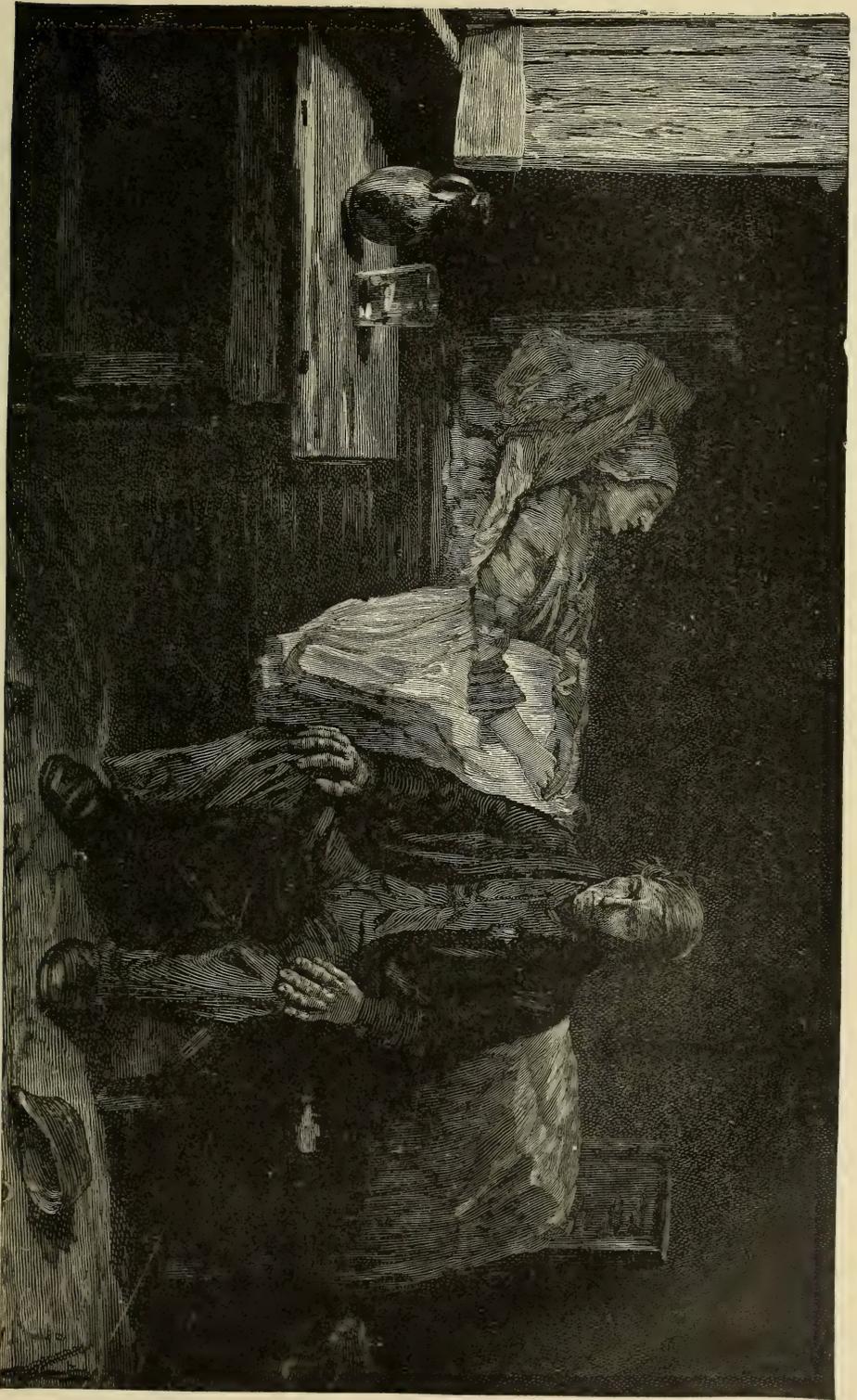
#### THE DEAD WIFE.

There is no sorrow so crushing, so overwhelming, so utterly irremediable as that for the dear dead wife,—the wife of your first love, of your buoyant, hopeful youth, with all its new experiences, its sweet revelations, its early struggles, its mutual aims, its hopes, its labors, and its fruitions. For long years together you worked side by side, hand in hand. She shared your troubles, and kissed away half their severity. She doubled your gladness by the pleasure it gave her to see you happy. And when in the lapse of time you had arrived at a position which enabled you to take life easy, and enjoy it as you had never done before, a heavenly hand takes her from your side, and transports her into the paradise of God, where you may not follow her now. You want to tell her how sweetly she died. How her friends gathered around her funeral bier, and in their affection strewed white flowers upon her bosom; how lovingly and long they gazed on the dear familiar face, so beautifully calm in death, a heavenly sweetness so pervading every lineament as to give to it an angel seeming. You want to tell her, too, how the last, long, fond kiss almost broke your heart, and how you wanted to die when they covered her face from your sight forever. And then, as the weary weeks pass on, how busy memory brings up the forgotten past with its long array of loving acts, of spontaneous tenderness, of self-abnegation, of sleepless vigilance, of instinctive solicitude; how you would give your life away for one short interview. But it cannot be. She is an angel now, and in her heavenly purity waits in patient affection for the time when it shall be the Master's will to bring you to His feet and make of you an angel too.—*W. W. Hall, M. D.*

#### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

(These verses are said to have “chilled the heart” of Oliver Cromwell.)

“The glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things;  
 There is no armor against fate,—  
 Death lays his icy hands on kings;



ALONE.

From the painting by Josef Israels



Sceptre and crown  
 Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

“Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,—  
 They tame but one another still;  
     Early or late,  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

“The garlands wither on your brow,—  
     Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
 Upon death’s purple altar, now,  
     See where the victor victim bleeds!  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold tomb,—  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”—*James Shirley.*

### THE WEAPONS OF DEATH.

Legions, legions of disasters, such as no prudence can foresee, and no care prevent, lie in wait to accomplish our doom. A *starting horse* may throw his rider, and fling his soul into the eternal world. A *stack of chimneys* may tumble into the street, and crush the unwary passenger under the ruins. So frail, so very attenuated is the thread of life, that it not only bursts before the *storm*, but breaks even at a *breeze*. The most common occurrences, those from which we suspect not the least harm, may prove the weapons of our destruction. A grape-stone, a despicable fly, may be more mortal than Goliath with his formidable armor. Nay, if God command, our very *comforts* become *killing*. The air we breathe is our bane; and the food we eat the vehicle of death. That last enemy has unnumbered avenues for his approach; yea, lies intrenched in our very bosom, and holds his fortress in the seat of life. The crimson fluid, which *distributes health*, is impregnated with the seeds of death. Heat may inflame it, or toil oppress it, and make it destroy the

parts it was designed to cherish. Some unseen impediment may obstruct its passage, or some unknown violence may divert its course; in either of which cases, it acts the part of a poisonous draught or a deadly stab.

“Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!  
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
 The hardest frame! Of indolence, of toil  
 We die; of want, of superfluity.  
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air  
 Is big with death.”—*Rev. James Hervey, A. M.*

#### DEATH IS ABRUPT.

We put far away the evil day; and therefore we are not duly impressed by the thought. But fourscore years are soon cut off, and we fly away; and how uncertain is our reaching that lonely verge of life, where the flowery meadows and the golden corn-fields slope gradually down into the bare and stony beach that fringes the eternal sea. The coast of death to most is an abrupt precipice; we are cut off in the midst of our days.—*Macmillan.*

#### THE TIME OF EACH IS DRAWING NEAR.

One spot there is now on the earth somewhere, waiting for us; one pathetic little reach of land, six feet by two, which is to grow solemn with the charge of our dust lying in it in expectation of the final judgment. One moment there is drawing near on the dial which is to be awful with the weight of our solitary experience, when it is to bear away the last breath from our nostrils.—*Chas. S. Robinson, D. D.*

#### DEATH IS IMPUDENT.

It would not seem so bold if it went into that fisherman's hut and took a life. But here it comes stumbling along, not stopping to look at the full barns, or to examine the olives, or to count the herds. It does not even knock. It goes in, as though it owned the whole place, and says, “Come; you must go with me!” Death is the roughest of all constables, and makes an arrest without an explanation. The man says, “Wait until I get that new barn done.” “No!” “Wait until I settle with

my men." "No!" "Wait until I can sell out, and get my estate in better trim." "No!" "Wait until I make my will." "No!" "Wait until I can get prepared." "No!" Death says, "I wait for nothing. I shall touch you twice, and then you will be mine; once on the heart and then on the lungs. There! the pulsation is quiet. There! the breath is gone." "What shall we do with him?" ask the neighbors. "I don't care what you do with him," says Death; "I have done my work; now you can do yours."

Dr. Johnson, having ridden around the park of his friend, said to him, "Ah, my friend, these are things that make it so hard to die."

What then? Is elegance of surrounding no defence? Cannot a man hide in his full barns or in his rich wardrobe? No! "They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches—none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him that he should live forever and not see corruption." Prince Albert breathes his last in Windsor Castle; and Charles Dickens falls back senseless at his table at Gadshill; and Albert Barnes expires in a Philadelphia parlor; and Willie Lincoln falls asleep in the White House; and the successful man of this text has his soul required of him in the night time.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

#### DEATH UNSUSPECTED.

The king of terrors comes with noiseless step, shod with wool, stealthily, silently, with bated breath; he is not seen, he is not heard, he is not suspected; till all at once his cold shadow falls upon us, and his dark form stands between us and the light of the living world. We bear the seal of death ere we are conscious of it; and we become aware of our doom only when the gradual, secret fading of the bloom on the cheek, and the brightness in the eye, and the vigor in the frame, has reached its final palpable stage. No awful hand-writing appears on the wall, telling us in the midst of our rejoicings, as it told Belshazzar, its "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin;" no solemn message from the unseen world comes to us, as it once came to Hezekiah;

“Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.” Before the work of death begins, we know not which of our friends and acquaintances will pass away soonest. It may be the old and gray-haired, who have nothing left to live and hope for in the world; it may be the sick who have lingered long on the perilous edge of death, and whose life has been endurance, not enjoyment; or it may be the young and healthy, to whom death is a far-off cloud, no bigger than a man’s hand, casting no shadow on their sunny horizon. It may be the fragrant rose or the thorny weed, the fruitful vine or the barren fig-tree, the heavenly-minded Christian or the worldly-hearted professor. Who is to be the first to receive the message to pass hence? We know not; an awful uncertainty rests upon that.—*Macmillan.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.—*Heber.*

#### DEATH IS MARKING HIS VICTIMS.

There is not far from you that hidden certainty of death. I am speaking to some that I shall never speak to again. You are marked. You are going away, and my eye shall never rest on you again. There are some of you within a hand-breadth of the grave, and yet it doth not appear who it is. If I were to say that some sharp-shooter, hidden, would launch the fatal bullet into the midst of this assembly, with what terror would the whole of you rise? and yet death stands with bow drawn back to the uttermost, and that arrow is just on the string that will speed to some of you.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

#### DEATH LEVELS EARTHLY DISTINCTIONS.

We will grant that were this life eternal, prudence and self-love, well understood, would require some indulgence of passion. In this case there would be an immense distance between the rich and the poor, and riches should be acquired; there would be an immense distance between the high and the low, and elevation should be sought; there would be an immense distance

between him who mortified his senses and him who gratified them, and sensual pleasures would be requisite.

But death renders all these things alike; at least it makes so little difference between the one and the other, that it is hardly discernible. The most sensible motive therefore to abate the passions is death. The tomb is the best course of morality. Study avarice in the coffin of the miser; this is the man who accumulated heap upon heap, riches upon riches. See, a few boards enclose him and a few square inches of earth contain him. Study ambition in the grave of that enterprising man; see his noble designs, his extensive projects, his boundless expedients, all are shattered and sunk in this fatal gulf of human projects. Approach the tomb of the proud man, and there investigate pride; see the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions condemned to eternal silence; the piercing eyes that convulsed the world with fear covered with a midnight gloom; the formidable arm, that distributed the destinies of mankind, without motion and life. Go to the tomb of the nobleman, and there study quality; behold his magnificent titles, his royal ancestors, his flattering inscriptions, his learned genealogies, are all gone, or going to be lost with himself in the same dust. Study voluptuousness at the grave of the voluptuous; see, his senses are destroyed, his organs broken to pieces, his bones scattered at the grave's mouth, and the whole temple of sensual pleasure subverted from its foundation.—*Faques Saurin.*

#### ORIGIN OF THE SKELETON AS THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

When the Christian religion spread over Europe, the world changed! the certainty of a future state of existence, by the artifices of wicked, worldly men, terrified instead of consoling human nature; and in the resurrection the ignorant multitude seemed rather to have dreaded retribution, than to have hoped for remuneration. The Founder of Christianity everywhere breathes the blessedness of social feelings. It is "Our Father!" whom he addresses. The horrors with which Christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of Christianity among those insane ascetics, who, misinterpreting "the Word

of Life," trampled on nature; and imagined that to secure an existence in the other world it was necessary not to exist in the one in which God had placed them. The dominion of mankind fell into the usurping hands of those imperious monks whose artifices trafficked with the terrors of ignorant and hypochondriac "Kaisers and kings." The scene was darkened by penances and by pilgrimages, by midnight vigils, by miraculous shrines, and bloody flagellations; spectres started up amidst their *ténèbres*; millions of masses increased their supernatural influence. Amidst this general gloom of Europe, their troubled imaginations were frequently predicting the end of the world.

It was at this period that they first beheld the grave yawn, and Death, in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy, parading through the universe! The people were frightened, as they viewed everywhere hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their "pale cloisters," the most revolting emblems of death. They started the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table and chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rings, while the illuminator shaded the bony phantom in the margins of their "*Horæ*," their primers, and their breviaries. Their barbarous taste perceived no absurdity in giving action to a heap of dry bones, which could only keep together in a state of immovability and repose; nor that it was burlesquing the awful idea of the resurrection, by exhibiting the incorruptible spirit under the unnatural and ludicrous figure of mortality drawn out of the corruption of the grave.—*Isaac Disraeli*.

#### THE HEATHEN SYMBOLS OF DEATH.

Though the heathen did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy.

If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses and a dawn

of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp, held up by the messenger of the gods, intently gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul; Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice: all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections.—*Isaac Disraeli.*

To speak of death as a sleep is an image common to all languages and nations. Thereby the reality of death is not denied, but only the fact implicitly assumed, that death will be followed by a resurrection, as sleep is by an awakening.

*Archbishop Trench.*

What is death, but ceasing to be what we were before? We are kindled, and put out, we die daily; nature that begot us expels us, and a better and safer place is provided for us.

*Seneca.*

#### HEATHEN PERSONIFICATIONS OF DEATH.

The ancient artists have so rarely attempted to personify Death, that we have not discovered a single revolting image of this nature in all the works of antiquity. To conceal its deformity to the eye, as well as to elude its suggestion to the mind, seems to have been an universal feeling, and it accorded with a fundamental principle of ancient art—that of never permitting violent passion to produce in its representation distortion of form. This may be observed in the Laocoon, where the mouth only opens sufficiently to indicate the suppressed agony of superior humanity, without expressing the loud cry of vulgar suffering. Pausanias considered as a personification of death a female figure, whose teeth and nails, long and crooked, were

engraven on a coffin of cedar, which enclosed the body of Cypselus; this female was unquestionably only one of the *Parcœ*, or the Fates, "watchful to cut the thread of life." Hesiod describes *Atropos* indeed as having sharp teeth, and long nails, waiting to tear and devour the dead; but this image was of a barbarous era. *Catullus* ventured to personify the Sister Destinies as three *Crones*; "but in general," *Winkelmann* observes, "they are portrayed as beautiful virgins, with winged heads, one of whom is always in the attitude of writing on a scroll." Death was a nonentity to the ancient artist. Could he exhibit what represents nothing? Could he animate into action what lies in a state of eternal tranquillity? Elegant images of repose and tender sorrow were all he could invent to indicate the state of death. Even the terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial-place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying-ground by the soothing term of *Cœmeterian*, or, "the sleeping-place;" the Jews, who had no horrors of the grave, by *Beth-haim*, or, "the house of the living;" the Germans, with religious simplicity, "God's field." The Scriptures had only noticed that celestial being "the Angel of Death,"—graceful, solemn, and sacred.

#### DEATH BY DROWNING.

It is believed that the rapidity and painlessness of death by drowning are due chiefly to the speedy obstruction of the circulation of the blood through the lungs. In ordinary asphyxia, by the simple deprivation of air, the blood throughout the body becomes charged with carbonic acid, and the arteries, as well as the veins, become filled with venous blood; now, venous blood does not pass readily through the capillary vessels, and, when the accumulation of impurities has become so great as to prevent its passing at all, the circulation comes to a standstill. But the dreadful distress of suffocation comes on long before this point is reached. Now, when cold water is sucked into the lungs and comes in contact with their delicate and sensitive mucous membrane, it must cause an instant and powerful contraction of the capillaries, and obstruct the current of blood from





OPHELIA.

From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais.

the right side of the heart, thus indirectly damming back the venous blood in the brain. This state of things brings on unconsciousness rapidly, preceded by the pleasurable tingling sensations, rapid succession of ideas, and flashes of light and color, so often described by persons who have been rescued from drowning.

Drowning persons, then, die in different ways :

1. By syncope, and asphyxia while unconscious. Some of these die instantly.
2. By apoplexy (usually congestive), common in plethoric and aged persons, followed by asphyxia while unconscious.
3. By asphyxia pure and simple.

Deaths which come under the first two heads are rapid and painless, constituting probably a half, and, according to Taylor, three-quarters of all deaths by drowning.

Deaths which come under the third heading we presume are not accompanied by physical suffering, for these reasons :

1. Persons who have been resuscitated, after having become unconscious, declare that they have felt no pain whatever.
2. Death is speedy.
3. Persons who lose their presence of mind are so occupied with their struggles and mental agony that a slight degree of physical pain would be unnoticed.
4. Swimmers, and persons who do not lose their wits, become so exhausted and chilled, that, when the final act comes, their powers make but a feeble resistance. And, in both cases, the passage of water into the lungs tends to bring on insensibility by obstructing the circulation before it is time for the agony of asphyxia to be felt.

So that, in drowning, we have reason to believe, contrary to Taylor's opinion, that pure, uncomplicated asphyxia never occurs.

If death by drowning be inevitable, as in a shipwreck, the easiest way to die would be to suck water into the lungs by a powerful inspiration, as soon as one went beneath the surface. A person who had the courage to do this would probably become almost immediately unconscious, and never rise to the

surface. As soon as the fluid filled his lungs, all feelings of chilliness and pains would cease, the indescribable semi-delirium that accompanies anæsthesia would come on, with ringing in the ears and delightful visions of color and light, while he would seem to himself to be gently sinking to rest on the softest of beds and with the most delightful of dreams.—*R. S. Tracy, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.*

#### DEATH BY CRUCIFIXION.

Death by the cross was the most terrible and the most dreaded and shameful punishment of antiquity—a punishment, the very name of which, Cicero tells us, should never come near the thoughts, the eyes, or ears, of a Roman citizen, far less his person. It was of Eastern origin, and had been in use among the Persians and Carthaginians, long before its employment in Western countries. Alexander the Great adopted it in Palestine, from the Phenicians, after the defence of Tyre, which he punished by crucifying two thousand citizens, when the place surrendered. Crassus signalized its introduction into Roman use by lining the road from Capua to Rome with crucified slaves, captured in the revolt of Spartacus, and Augustus finally inaugurated its general use, by crucifying six thousand slaves at once, in Sicily, in his suppression of the war raised by Sextus Pompeius.

It was not a Jewish punishment, but the punishment inflicted by heathenism, which knew no compassion or reverence for man as man—on the worst criminals, on highway robbers, rebels and slaves. . . .

The cross used at Calvary consisted of a strong post, which was carried beforehand to the place of execution, and of two cross-pieces, borne to the spot by the victim, and afterwards nailed to the upright so that they slanted forward, and let the sufferer lean on his stretched-out hands, and thus relieve the pressure of his body downwards. A stout, rough, wooden pin, in the middle of the upright post, supplied a seat of fitting agony, for the weight of the body would otherwise have torn it from the cross.—*Cunningham Geikie, D.D.*

## SUICIDE.

If death were nothing, and naught after death;  
 If when men died at once they ceased to be,  
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
 Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee  
 Untrembling mouthe the heavens; then might the drunkard  
 Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drained  
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
 At the poor bugbear Death; then might the wretch  
 That's weary of the world, and tired of life,  
 At once give each inquietude the slip,  
 By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,  
 And by what way, by hemp or steel:—  
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force  
 The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,  
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well  
 That helps himself as timely as he can,  
 When able. But, if there's an hereafter—  
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced  
 And suffered to speak out, tells every man—  
 Then it must be an awful thing to die;  
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand,  
 Self-murder! Name it not; our nature's shame.  
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,  
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?  
 Forbid it, Heaven! Let not, upon disgust,  
 The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er  
 With blood of its own lord! Dreadful attempt,  
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage  
 To rush into the presence of our Judge!  
 As if we challenged him to do his worst  
 And mattered not his wrath. Unheard tortures  
 Must be reserved for such: these herd together;  
 The common damn'd shun their society,  
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.  
 Our Time is Fixed, and all our days are numbered!  
 How long, how short, we know not; this we know:  
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:  
 Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,  
 And wait the appointed hour till they 're relieved.  
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,  
 And keep it to the last. To run away  
 Is but a coward's trick. To run away  
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst

Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves  
 By boldly venturing on a world unknown,  
 And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad!  
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.—*Robert Blair.*

### SUDDEN DEATH.

Death itself, the falling asleep, has no bitterness. It is not a suffering, it cannot be so, for *it is the end of all suffering*, in which pain must already have ceased. It is the sickness alone which is distressing; but sickness is not death, it only slowly introduces the latter. He whom God calls suddenly from this world is even spared the trials of a bed of illness. He dies without having tasted of death. Between his earthly and his heavenly life scarce a moment intervenes. Without care, without fear, without pain, he passes from this life into a better and higher existence, like one who passes from dreaming to waking. He knows nothing of the struggle between death and the instinctive love of life; in him there is no longing to remain with his loved ones; no repining for what he is about to leave; no anxious looking forward to what awaits him.

No, I do not look upon sudden death as a punishment from God, but as one of his sweetest boons.—*From the German of Zschokke.*

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
 That innumerable caravan that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry slave at night  
 Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and sooth'd  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
 Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*W. C. Bryant.*

### ALL DEATHS ARE SUDDEN.

Now, for the most part, we discriminate what are called sudden deaths from what is called death by course of nature. But, in point of fact, all death is sudden. It is the course of nature coming to a halt. However sluggishly the works, the wheels of that timepiece within your breast, be moving, at last hours—

they still move. However low and weak and dying you may be—you still live. Death is a simultaneous check, and obstinate stiffness of refusal. There is a jerk and jar in the idea, as when a train of cars is forced to stop, and in proportion to the length of the train is the jarring shock. And it is just as hard to get out of the idea of life while you are alive, as to get out of a car while it runs. Death is a surprise to every man, and every man dies suddenly.—*H. S. Carpenter.*

#### DEATH COMES AS A THIEF.

That awful, that tremendous day,  
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief  
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace  
Through night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit,  
And rudely carol these incondite lays,  
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth  
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er  
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;  
But find me wrapt in meditations high,  
Hymning my great Creator.—*Hodgson.*

#### UNCONSCIOUS DEATH.

A man may be translated from this world into the next in a state of profound unconsciousness. As I have seen a mother approach the cradle and gently lift up the sleeping babe to take it to her own bed and bosom, so death, muffled in the cloud of night, and moving with noiseless step, has stolen on the sleeper, and borne him off to awake in heaven, and open his astonished eyes on the glories of the upper sanctuary; and when his children, wondering what detains their father from the morning meal, enter his chamber, the spirit is fled, and his lifeless form, like that of one who had done his work, lies in a posture of calm repose. Such a sudden transition brings an awful arrestment to a life of sin; the sinner being like some wretched criminal, tracked to his hiding-place asleep in the arms of guilt, the fugitive is roused by rough hands, loud voices, and the flash of lanterns; starting up, he stares wildly around, and turns pale to see his bed beset, door and window guarded—the officers of justice are come to drag him to prison. But to die

and not to know it, not even to taste death, to be spared the bitter cup, to be saved the mortal struggle, to be borne across the deep, cold waters asleep in Jesus' arms, to be awakened out of nature's slumbers by the music of heavenly harps and the blaze of glory—what a happy close to a holy life!—*Thomas Guthrie, D. D.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in our grave.—*Bishop Hall.*

### THE MYSTERY BEFORE US.

See before us in our journey broods a mist upon the ground;  
 Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound.  
 Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen,  
 Those who once have passed within it, nevermore on earth are seen.  
 Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers,  
 Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with summer green and flowers.  
 Yet it blots the way forever; there our journey ends at last;  
 Into that dark cloud we enter and are gathered to the past.  
 Thou who in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger land,  
 Passeth down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand,  
 Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim Unknown,  
 Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?  
 Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white with fear,  
 And thou clingest to my side as the dark mist comes sweeping near.  
 "Here," thou say'st, "the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound the feet,  
 But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet's song is sweet.  
 Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;  
 Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down.  
 Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies,  
 From the things I know and love, and from the sight of loving eyes."  
 So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see, we tread a rougher way;  
 Fainter grow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark rocks play;  
 Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er which we pass;  
 Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts of withered grass.  
 Yet upon the mists before us fix thine eyes with closer view,  
 See beneath its sullen skirts the rosy morning glimmers through.  
 One, whose feet the thorns have wounded, entered thither and came back  
 With a glory on his footsteps lighting yet the dreary track.  
 Boldly enter where he entered: all that seems but darkness here,  
 When thou once hast passed beyond it, haply shall be crystal clear;  
 Seen from that serener realm the walks of human life may lie  
 Like the page of some familiar volume open to mine eye.  
 Haply from the o'erhanging shadow thou may'st stretch an unseen hand  
 To support the wavering steps that print with blood the rugged land.

Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim all-unweeting thou art near,  
 Thou may'st whisper words of warning and of comfort in his ear,  
 Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery bars the sight,  
 Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee in peace and light.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

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## CHAPTER V.—VARIOUS SENTIMENTS RESPECTING DEATH.

### AVERSION FOR DEATH.

**T**HE very thoughts of death disturb one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise as neither to hate nor to fear it; but for my part I have an aversion for it; and with reason, for it is a rash, inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for; always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life. This dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid; and it is that which makes it so terrible to me; for were it uncertain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I *must* die, and that I may die every moment, and that, too, a thousand several ways, I am in such a fright as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where, perhaps, there never were any. I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible. It is best to submit to God, but some people cannot do it as they would; and though they are not destitute of reason but perceive they are to blame, yet at the same time that their reason condemns them, their imagination makes their hearts feel what it pleases.—*Lady Gethin.*

And thou art terrible—the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.—*Halleck.*

#### DEATH IS APPALLING.

Its dread attendants make it terrible—the cold death-sweat the quivering, failing pulse, the darkened vision, the dying agony, and the utter stillness, helplessness, and rapid decay of the body from which life has departed, never fail to inspire dread. Death is appalling when viewed only as the separation of the soul from the body. This mysterious blending of our physical and spiritual natures, this union of matter and mind, seems here to constitute our very being. All we have enjoyed of life, our intercourse with the world, all the social intimacies, relationships, and endearments of life have come to us through and by virtue of this mysterious union. The separation of these elements, the bursting asunder of this bond of our being, leaving the body a lifeless wreck, a despoiled and wasted ruin, while the spirit departs to regions and to scenes unknown, cannot be realized without a pang. No darkness of superstition, no gloom of skepticism, can so cloud the very instinct of our being but that a tremendous anxiety will be awakened by an occasion so momentous; while we behold the one element of our nature a “blackened ruin,” stricken down in the dust, the other, a trembling, flying fugitive, seems to be escaping away from us, we know not whither.

But death is appalling, also, when looked upon as sundering the ties of human life, and breaking us off from all the scenes and interests of the present world. To think of bidding an everlasting farewell to earthly friends; to think of mingling no more in the social scenes of life—of closing the eye forever upon the light of day, upon the glory of the earth, the grandeur of the heavens; of listening no more to the sweet accents of affection, or the sweet melodies of nature; nay, to look upon ourselves as the silent, lonely tenants of the grave—the gloom of our habitation cheered by no companionships save such as make the grave terrible; its darkness relieved by no ray of light; its

solemn silence broken by no sound ; to think of its gloomy solitude, its festering corruption, the rioting of worms in the dark caverns of the dead ; to think of its chilling, freezing cold, from which no protection is given, the cold rain dripping down through the loosened earth above us, making damp the dismal bed where we slumber ! Alas ! these are the things that make death and the grave terrible. The scenes of life will go on in their accustomed course ; childhood and youth, joyous and happy, shall sport along the streets and gambol over the fields, treading upon the very dust above us, unconscious of our doom. The festive board shall witness the gathering of friends, but we shall no more be numbered among them ; the current of human affairs will roll onward, but we shall be unmoved by the contending emotions, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows now felt by the living mass. What a gloomy, appalling spectacle does the grave present ! It is truly "the land of darkness and the shadow of death ; a land of darkness, as darkness itself ; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness."—*Bishop D. W. Clark, D. D.*

### THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and the passage to another world is holy and religious ; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes a mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his fingers' ends pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved ; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb ; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "The pomp of death is more feared than death itself." Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible.

It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief dieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it; nay, we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. . . .

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and, therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."—*Lord Bacon.*

#### TO DIE, AND GO WE KNOW NOT WHERE.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where  
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.—*Shakespeare.*

#### THE DARKENING OF DEATH'S NIGHT.

Black Horror! speed we to the bed of death  
 Where one, who wide and far  
 Hath sent abroad the myriad plagues of war,  
 Struggles with his last breath:  
 Then to his wildly staring eyes  
 The spectres of the slaughtered rise;

Then on his frenzied ear  
 Their calls for vengeance, and the demon's yell,  
 In one heart-maddening chorus swell:  
 Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,  
 And night eternal darkens on his view.—*Robert Southey.*

He that lives ill, fear follows him.—*Rev. George Herbert, A. M.*

### THE TERROR OF DEATH AN INTELLECTUAL NOTION.

It may be well to remember that death influences our human lot only as an intellectual notion. There is nothing in it which strikes back upon the fibre and substance of our existence. It is not like a blot of ink fallen in an open book, that it should stain the previous pages closed carelessly upon it; it bears on the future alone. If we could and would keep it out of mind, it would not render us unhappy. The animals all around us die, just as we do; but they give no evidences of being affected by the melancholy prospect.

A lamb goes dumb to the slaughter, because it has no sense of apprehension. It is our idea of death which brings us our horror. The imagination invests it with its dreadful gloom.

The Romans had thirty epithets for death; and all of them were full of deepest dejection. "The iron slumber," "the eternal night," "the mower with his scythe," "the hunter with his snares," "the demon bearing cup of poison," "the merciless destroying angel," "the inexorable jailer with keys," "the king of terrors treading down empires." Some of them were these, the bitterness of which is indescribable.

*Charles S. Robinson, D. D.*

The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a *body*, and death itself is not formidable in what we do know of it, but in what we do *not*

*Colton.*

Death is less than death's continual fear.—*Alleine.*

### IN WHAT SEASON IS DEATH MOST AFFECTING?

I have had occasion to remark at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (other things being equal) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads, are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearance of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and thirdly (which is the main reason), exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonistic thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season.

*De Quincey.*

### PREFERENCE FOR TIME OF DEATH.

(The author of this poem had his wish fulfilled—he died in the month of June.—*Editor.*)

I gazed upon the glorious sky,  
 And the green mountains round,  
 And thought that when I came to lie  
 At rest within the ground,  
 'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,  
 When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
 And groves a joyful sound,  
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
 The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,  
 A coffin borne through sleet,  
 And icy clods above it rolled,  
 While fierce the tempests beat—

Away!—I will not think of these,  
 Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,  
     Earth green beneath the feet,  
 And be the damp mould gently pressed  
 Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,  
     The golden light should lie,  
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
     Stand in their beauty by,  
 The oriole should build and tell  
 His love-tale close beside my cell ;  
     The idle butterfly  
 Should rest him there, and there be heard  
 The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon  
     Come from the village sent,  
 Or song of maids beneath the moon  
     With fairy laughter blent ?  
 And what if, in the evening light,  
 Betrothed lovers walk in sight  
     Of my low monument ?  
 I would the lovely scene around  
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see  
     The season's glorious show,  
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
     Nor its wild music flow ;  
 But if, around my place of sleep,  
 The friends I love should come to weep,  
     They might not haste to go.  
 Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom  
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear  
     The thought of what has been,  
 And speak of one who cannot share  
     The gladness of the scene ;  
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills  
 The circuit of the summer hills,  
     Is that his grave is green ;  
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
 To hear again his living voice.—*W. C. Bryant.*

**PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.**

It is related of the nonconformist writer, Isaac Ambrose, that he had such a striking internal intimation of his approaching death, that he went round to all his friends to bid them farewell. When the day arrived which his presentiments indicated as the day of his dissolution, he shut himself up in his room and died. It is stated of Pendergrast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, that he had a strong foreboding that he would be killed on a certain day. He mentioned his conviction to others, and even made a written memorandum in relation to it. And the event was such as he had foretold it would be. Henry IV., of France, for some weeks previous to his being assassinated by Ravailac, had a distinct presentiment, which he mentioned to Sully and other men of his time, that some great calamity was about to befall him.—*Francis F. Upham, D. D.*

**REVIVAL OF MEMORIES BY DEATH.**

It is not strange that that early love of the heart should come back, as it so often does when the dim eye is brightening with its last light. It is not strange that the freshest fountains the heart has ever known in its wastes should bubble up anew when the life-blood is growing stagnant. It is not strange that a bright memory should come to a dying old man, as the sunshine breaks across the hills at the close of a stormy day, nor that in the light of that ray the very clouds that made the day dark should grow gloriously beautiful.—*Hawthorne.*

**SOLITUDE OF DEATH.**

Even of the lowliest among us, it is true that we live alone; but we become more conscious of the solitude as death approaches: for we must meet that, as far as human fellowship is concerned, by ourselves. No one can pass within the veil along with us; and no mortal can give us of his help while we make the transition. Our friends may wipe the damp from our brow, and ease our pillow, and whisper to us words of consolation. They may pray for us too, and beseech that God may "shield us in the last alarms;" but they cannot give us their faith, or

animate us with their hope, or inspire us with their courage. But when friends are powerless, God may be at our side, and he will be there, if in our lives we have served him, and in our deaths we cling to him. Oh, my hearers, will you think of this? Your friends have done much for you, and been much with you in the past, but they cannot die for you, and they cannot die with you. That is an experience through which you must go without them; and there is only One whose aid will be available in that supreme moment. He is the Alpha and Omega, who knows what death is, and who will come to meet you from the other side, when weeping children must part from you on this.

“Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes!  
 Shine through the gloom! and light me to the skies!  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.  
 In life! in death! O Lord, abide with me!”

*William M. Taylor, D. D.*

#### USE OF DEATH.

Were we allowed to have a glimpse of the bliss of future worlds, our impatience to attain it would imbitter our life upon earth. How soon and how easily may not the barriers of life be overleapt! How many thousand sufferers would not in moments of impatience, forgetful of their duties, determine to leave this world.

But it is God's will that we should work out our destination on earth, as far as it is to be fulfilled here; that we should not voluntarily and capriciously put an end to our earthly career, but that we should pursue it to its furthest goal.

Therefore, he placed as guardians before the closed gates of eternity fear and anxious doubt, and the awful stillness of death, and impenetrable darkness. These guardians drive back the human race, that it may pursue to the end its appointed path on earth.

In spite of all the discomforts of life, in spite of our impatient longing to be reunited with the friends who have gone before us to our eternal home, the terrors that surround the portals of eternity repel us, and we continue our earthly journey with calmer spirits.—*Zschokke.*

O God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood:—  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln, convulsive motion.—*Byron.*

#### CHOOSING DEATH.

My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom when the head of a house died? how he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words, as it is in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves; your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gayly, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast, crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow low before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets, build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' head all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death angel? Would the meanest among you take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life whose heart is setting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only.—*John Ruskin.*

## MAKING LIGHT OF DEATH.

While it may be possible to cherish a too gloomy view of death; to court too fondly those moods:

“ When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; ”

Yet, on the other hand, to treat the subject with levity, or an assumed unconcern, is not only unbecoming, but in the highest degree unnatural and unchristian. Death, in every view, is an important event. It is the most solemn crisis of human existence. No man has a right to treat it with ostentatious indifference.

To a lady afflicted with the dread of dying, Voltaire once wrote, “All things considered, I am of the opinion that one ought never to think of death. This thought is of no use whatever, save to embitter life. Death is a mere nothing. Those people who solemnly proclaim it are enemies of the human race; one must endeavor always to keep them off.” But Voltaire comes to the dying hour himself, and what then? His physician testifies: “It was my lot that this man should die under my hands. . . . As soon as he saw that all the means he had employed to increase his strength had just the opposite effect, *death was constantly before his eyes*. From this moment *madness took possession of his soul*. Think of the ravings of Orestes. He expired under the torments of the furies.” It is further declared that he who beforehand declared the “thought of death to be of no use whatever,” so convulsively clung to life that he offered literal fortunes to have its moments extended to him. “Living mockery and dying despair” are intimately connected; not less so are *living reverence* and *dying hope*. Make light of Death, and Death will make light of you. As the very essence of insignificance he will toss you into eternity. “The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death.”—*Editor*.

**MAN'S STRANGE CONDUCT IN RESPECT TO DEATH.**

Were any other event of far superior moment ascertained by evidence which made but a distant approach to that which attests the certainty of a life to come,—had we equal assurance that after a very limited, though uncertain period, we should be called to migrate into a distant land whence we were never to return,—the intelligence would fill every breast with solicitude; it would become the theme of every tongue; and we should avail ourselves with the utmost eagerness of all the means of information respecting the prospects which awaited us in that unknown country. Much of our attention would be occupied in preparing for our departure; we should cease to regard the place we now inhabit as our home, and nothing would be considered of moment but as it bore upon our future destination. How strange is it then that, with the certainty we all possess of shortly entering into another world, we avert our eyes as much as possible from the prospect; that we seldom permit it to penetrate us; and that the moment the recollection recurs we hasten to dismiss it as an unwelcome intrusion. Is it not surprising that the volume we profess to recognize as the record of immortality, and the sole depository of whatever information it is possible to obtain respecting the portion which awaits us, should be consigned to neglect, and rarely, if ever, consulted with the serious intention of ascertaining our future condition?—*Robert Hall.*

**THE INQUIRY OF THE SOUL.**

On every side we are surrounded by that great mystery, death. Multitudes whom we once knew, some of them dearer to us than life, have disappeared from this scene of action. Where, what are they now? To-morrow, we too must enter upon that interminable existence. Where, what shall it be? Compared with these questions all other inquiries and all other investigations are perfectly insignificant. We learn to know something of the life beyond the grave; but the senses, reason, science, experience, afford not a single glimpse of the unseen world. Is it incredible that the eternal Father should vouchsafe us the knowledge which so unspeakably concerns us, and for

which he has implanted in our souls such inextinguishable desires?—*Richard Fuller, D. D.*

#### HEATHENS SEEKING TO FORGET DEATH.

I have read of a tribe of savages who bury their dead in secret, by the hands of unconcerned officials. No grassy mound nor stone guides the poor mother's steps to the corner where her infant lies. The grave is levelled with the soil; and afterwards, as some to forget their loss drive the world and its pleasures over their hearts, a herd of cattle is driven over the ground, till their hoofs have obliterated every trace of the burial. Seeking to forget death and its inconsolable griefs, these heathen resent any allusion to the dead. You may not speak of them; name her lost one in a mother's hearing, nor recall a dead father to the memory of his son. There is no injury they feel more deeply. Their hearts recoil from the thought of the dead.

How strange, and unnatural! No, not unnatural. Benighted pagans, their grief has none of the alleviations which are balm to our wounds; none of the hopes which sustain us under a weight of sorrows. Their dead are flowers withered, never to revive—joys gone, never to return. To remember them is only to keep open a rankling wound, and preserve the memory of a loss which brought sore grief to the living, and no gain to the dead. [But most heathen nations have had glimmerings of immortality.—*Editor.*] To me, says Paul, to live is Christ, and to die is gain—they know nothing of this; nor of the faith which associates the dead in Christ with a sinless world, and sunny skies, and shining angels, and songs seraphic, and crowns of glory, and harps of gold. Memory is but a curse, from which they seek relief by removing the picture from the chambers of their imagery, or turning its face to the wall.—*Thomas Guthrie.*

#### SEARCHING QUESTIONS CONCERNING DEATH.

If I were doomed to die this instant, could I lay my head on my death-bed pillow with the consciousness that I leave no one behind me in the world who has reason to repent of having been connected with me in any way? Is there no one who, by

word, deed, or example, I have led into sin? No one who needs blush in secret when remembering me? Is there no one whom I have injured in the estimation of his fellow-citizens by envious gossip, by rash judgment, or by reckless sarcasm? Is there no one who is vexed when he hears my name, because I have maliciously injured his good repute through love of disparagement? Is there no one from whom I have unjustly taken, and perhaps still keep back, what was his by right? who has perhaps failed to demand it of me, because I have so cunningly managed that he did not know who was his despoiler? Shall I leave to my heirs property so unrighteously acquired, and to which no blessing can attach? Is there no one whose life I have embittered by my caprices, by my discontented, quarrelsome, domineering disposition? Is there no one who may one day lament that I have not attended more carefully to his education? Is there no one whom I have offended, and whose forgiveness I ought to seek? Is there no one who has injured me, and whom I still hate, or with whom I am still at variance? —*German of Zschokke.*

#### MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Very soon all will be over with you here; consider, then, your state before God. To-day man is, and to-morrow he is gone.

But when he is taken out of sight he quickly passes also out of mind.

In every thought and act you ought so to hold yourself as if you were going to die this very day.

If you had a good conscience you would not much fear death.

It would be more to the purpose to shun sin than to flee from death.

What profit is it for us to live long, when we make such a poor use of our time?

Many reckon how many years it is since their conversion, yet often there is but small fruit of their amendment.

If it is fearful to die, perhaps to live long will be more dangerous.

Blessed is he who has always before his eyes the hour of death, and daily disposes himself for death.

If you have seen any one die, remember that you will pass through the same ordeal.

When it is morning, think that you may not see the evening; and when it is evening, do not venture to make certain of reaching another morning.

Always then be ready, and so live that death may not find you unprepared. Many die suddenly and unexpectedly —“For the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.”

When that last hour shall have come, you will begin to feel very differently about all your past life, and to grieve greatly at your negligence and remissness.

Oh, how happy and wise is he who now endeavors to become in life such as he would wish to be found at the hour of death!

Perfect contempt of the world, fervent desire of advancing in virtues, love of discipline, labor of penitence, readiness of obedience, denial of self, and endurance of any adversity for the love of Christ, will produce in us great confidence that we shall die happily.

When you are well you are able to do many good works, but I do not know what you can do when you are ill.

Few are made better and reformed by sickness; so those who are always moving from place to place seldom become holy.

The time will come when you will desire one day or one hour in which to amend, and I know not whether it will be granted you.

Oh, dearest friend, from what peril may you deliver yourself, from what terror may you rescue yourself by having at all times a due fear and anticipation of death?

Strive now so to live that you may be able in the hour of death to rejoice rather than to fear.

Learn now to die to the world that you may then begin to live with Christ.—*Thomas A' Kempis.*

## CONTEMPLATING DEATH.

Yes, 'tis the hand  
 Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,  
 Slow sapping the warm current of existence.  
 My moments now are few—the sand of life  
 Ebbs fastly to its finish. Yet a little,  
 And the last fleeting particle will fall  
 Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.  
 Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,  
 While meditate we may. We have now  
 But a small portion of what men call time  
 To hold communion; for even now the knife,  
 The separating knife, I feel divide  
 The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.  
 Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;  
 And though to me has life been dark and dreary,  
 Though hope for me has smiled but to deceive,  
 And disappointment still pursued her blandishments,  
 Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me  
 As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,  
 The shuddering void, the awful blank—futuraity.  
 Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme  
 Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,  
 And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard  
 To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,  
 Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,  
 And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,  
 Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.  
 Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?  
 Oh! none; another busy brood of beings  
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none  
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink  
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets  
 Of busy London! Some short bustles caused,  
 A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,  
 And all's forgotten.—*Henry Kirke White.*

## PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

A state of preparation for death implies much; which, however, is soon told. It presupposes a thorough conviction and hearty repentance of sin; a clear sense of the divine favor received through faith in the blood of Christ, accompanied by the direct witness of the Holy Spirit; the present enjoyment of this evidence, to the exclusion of unbelief, the dominion of sin, of all

angry or bitter feelings, the wilful neglect of any known duty, and, in a word, whatever is contrary to the love of God and man.—*Bishop T. A. Morris.*

#### EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON IT.

In regard to the termination of life, that which should concern us most is to be prepared for it. Whether we sink under slowly wasting disease, or break with sickness in a day—whether we die at home, surrounded with family and friends, or abroad, amidst strangers, or entirely alone, is not material; but everything depends on dying in Christ, and being saved with the power of an endless life. A few years ago a young man in the city of New Orleans, whose friends had assembled to witness his departure from this world, and catch the last whispers that might fall from his quivering lips, on reviewing the countless dangers through which he had passed, and surveying the crown of life, then full in view, amidst the agonies of death, exclaimed, "I am safe!" That young man was a Christian, and knew whom he had believed. Jesus has vanquished death. All that trust in Him are safe.—*Bishop T. A. Morris.*

#### READY FOR DEATH.

The Christian at his death should not be like the child who is forced by the rod to quit his play, but like the one who is wearied of it, and willing to go to bed. Neither ought he to be like the mariner, whose vessel, by the violence of the tempest, is drifted from the shore, tossed to and fro upon the ocean, and at last suffers wreck and destruction, but like one who is ready for the voyage, and the moment the wind is favorable, cheerfully weighs anchor, and, full of hope and joy, launches forth into the deep. The pious monk, Staupitz, says, "Die as Christ did, and then, beyond all doubt, your death will be good and blessed." But how, then, did Christ die? "No man," he himself says, "taketh my life from me, but I lay it down of myself." And St. Luke tells us that "when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem;" that is, he took the way to it with a confident and

cheerful heart and an intrepid look. Let us follow this great forerunner; and that we may do it with alacrity and confidence, and be at all times ready, let us so order our affairs that when we come to die, we may have nothing else to do.—*Christian Scriver*

He that always waits upon God, is ready whensoever he calls. Neglect not to set your accounts even; he is a happy man who so lives as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.—*Feltham.*

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,  
And words of peace the spirit cheer,  
And visioned glories half appear,  
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

## CHAPTER VI.—SIN AND DEATH.

### DEATH TO MAN IS A PENALTY FOR SIN.

(Written expressly for this volume.)

**D**EATH is the common lot of humanity; the translations of Enoch and Elijah are the only exceptions. It was introduced by the sin of our first parents: “by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.” From that time “it was appointed unto men once to die; but after this the judgment.”

The skeptic assumes that death is a physical necessity: because, 1. Vegetation dies at maturity; 2. Because some animals are carnivorous—made to live on flesh; and 3. Because what man or beast eats must die. From this it is inferred that the Scripture account of death is not true.

In this they ignore the fact that vegetables and the lower animals were designed for food; and that the death alluded to here is that of *man*, not for food, but as a *penalty* for sin. Man only could sin, he being the only moral and responsible being

on earth. The law given him to keep allowed him to eat of every tree in the garden but one. Of that one it was said, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Man came into existence with very different powers and faculties and for very different purposes than vegetation or the lower animals. Of these it is said, "Let the *water* bring forth abundantly the living creature that hath life;" "Let the *earth* bring forth grass and herb, and the living creature after his kind." And these being designed for man's use, must of necessity die. But of man it is said, "The Lord God formed man (his body) out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul;" "and to have *dominion* over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the cattle, and over all the earth." This implies a sovereign control and use, none of which is said of any other creature.

Man was also made "in the image and likeness of God," an intellectual, intelligent being, and as such a free moral agent, responsible to God, his Creator. He was sovereign over the other creatures upon the earth; they were his subjects. He was responsible to God; they were not. He was capable of sinning; they were not. Death to him was a *penalty*; not so to them. Their death was natural, or necessary to the objects of their being; to him it was a *penalty* for sin. If death was a physical necessity to man, to make it a penalty was but a farce, for he must die whether he sinned or not.

The mission of Christ to our world proves that death, in the human body, was a penalty for sin. He came "to destroy the works of the devil;" to undo, counteract those works, and restore man from the effects of sin. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive" from the dead. The stress St. Paul lays upon this one fact, the resurrection of the dead, shows that if this one effect of sin remained not counteracted, the mission of Christ was a failure; "then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain."

If death had not been introduced, the race must have lived to the end of the world; and multiplied just fast enough to fill it with people by that time. But the introduction of death would

prevent this unless an increase of population were provided for. This was done. After the atonement was promised in the "seed of the woman," and Adam was to live and people the world as was originally designed, God said to her "I will *greatly multiply* thy conception." What other reason can be assigned for this increase of population?

It seems clear to me that this world, when created, was designed to continue a given period, symbolized by the first division of time, seven days. And though Adam's sin deranged the moral world, it did not change the duration of the physical world. Each of the first seven days of time symbolizing a thousand years: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." If the word thousand here is merely a figure of God's eternity, the word billion or trillion would have been more appropriate. There must have been a design in using the word thousand by divine inspiration. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand" in the tents of wickedness. So it is better than a trillion or an eternity. All symbols used by *divine* direction are based on some literal fact or truth.

The millennium, or thousand years of rest to the church, at or near the end of the world, is accepted as a literal thousand, symbolized by the day of rest after the creation. The other six days being of the same length, from evening to evening, and each symbolizing a thousand years, the duration of this world will be seven thousand years.

God said to Adam, "in the *day* thou eatest thereof (the forbidden fruit) thou shalt surely die," and though through the atonement of Christ he was spared to people the world, neither he nor any of his posterity lived to be a thousand years old: they all died within the symbolized day.

If Adam had never sinned, and at the end of the world and the final judgment had been approved by God, and admitted into heaven, would his body have been like as his resurrected body will be? Of this we are not informed. The Bible was written for man in his *fallen*, not his *un-fallen* state. There is but one case in the divine record that indicates that a change would have

occurred in this event before entering heaven. Adam had a wife, and was commanded to "multiply and replenish the earth." The generative powers in both man and beast evidently were given to populate *this* world, not the next; and when their mission is fulfilled, they must cease to exist. Enoch and Elijah were translated, equivalent to death and a resurrection. But as they were of our fallen race, the change that occurred in them can give us no light as to what would occur with an *un-fallen* race.

Our race is doomed to die, but how or by what means is not defined. The earth was cursed for man's sake, and from it a malaria rises with the seeds of death, and floats in the air we breathe, and produces disease and death in various forms, and is incorporated in what we eat and drink. Death may come from the violence of man or beast, which could not have occurred, if man had not sinned. It may come from casualties, or the hand of justice, "for he that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The magistrate is God's minister in such a case. But if none of these occur, we must die of age. Die we must, unless such as are alive at the end of time, who "shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye."

Death is said to be "the king of terrors, and the terror of kings." But through the atonement of Christ, the Christian triumphs over it. Sin was the cause of its advent to man, and is its sting; when sin is pardoned, the sting is taken away. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Rev. Alfred Brunson, A. M., D. D.*

#### DEATH THE WAGES OF SIN.

Adam and Eve saw death strike down Abel, their best beloved son; a little later, and they saw it approach to strike themselves. So it is with all men. Death reigns as sovereign over them. Sin has placed in his hands a sceptre of iron, to which everything that breathes is subject.

Ah! who will not then hate sin which is the cause of so great misery! We weep over the ravages of death, over the ruin it has accomplished; let us weep still more over that which intro-

duced it into the world, and gave it its power. Let us hate sin with all the horror it should inspire us with.

Oh! let us be persuaded that sin is death: the death of the soul, and the source of death to the body: the death of individuals, and the death of societies. If it reigns in a community, a city, a state, all there is confusion, all is destruction: soon nothing will be left but ruins. Is not this the teaching of history in all times, and among all nations? Is it not a fact of universal experience?

Yes, we shall all die, all of us who are the children of a guilty father; and the day is perhaps not far distant when it shall be said of us, as of so many others—"he is dead, he has closed the career which he was destined to run here below; he has entered upon his eternity: he is dead."

Yes, we shall die because we have all sinned in Adam, and in ourselves. We shall die because we all have within us sin, which is the cause of death; and to each of us, as to our first parents, was it said: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." We shall die because the poison of sin which is within us is a deadly poison, which must necessarily produce its fatal consequences. We shall die because we are sinners, and because, as St. Paul teaches—"the wages of sin is death."

*Philippe.*

#### DEATH THE COMPANION OF SIN.

The ancients called death the brother of sleep, and as such they often depicted it. This was, however, but an attempt to veil its terrors under a poetic figure, for the mind is not really delivered from them by any such means. Schelling, in his beautiful Dialogue "Clara," represents death as the liberation of a higher germ of life which lies hidden in man. It is true that we have an immortal guest in the perishing tabernacle of the body. But the breaking up of this tabernacle is the most violent and painful act of life, and every one feels that this way of deliverance is an unnatural one. Our nature would not so struggle against it in the agonies of death, if it were in agreement therewith. Death is a rupture running through our whole being and dissolving the harmony of our life. And does not the whole

realm of nature which is external to us exhibit the same image of a destroyed harmony? Our feelings involuntarily associate this sway of death with sin. The testimony of conscience bids us seek the reason of this discord of life in the discord existing in the moral world. It is God's justice that has made death the companion of sin. It is the moral laws of nature that have connected the one with the other. The reason why the discords of creation around us touch us so powerfully is, that we feel them to be images of our moral condition. And it is the consciousness of this connection which gives to suffering its full poignancy.—*Chr. Ernst Luthardt.*

But we in the church know that the first and principal cause of human woe is this, that on account of sin, man is made subject to death and other calamity.—*Philip Melancthon.*

#### THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN.

The meaning of these words is, that, to a man conscious of unpardoned and unpurged sin, death is armed with a peculiar pungency of dread and horror. They refer, not so much to that natural dread of suffering and death, which all may occasionally feel, as to that which is produced by a sense of guilt, and a painful apprehension of punishment. This is an important distinction. Could we suppose a perfectly innocent being liable to death, as we are, and without any apprehensions as to the future; yet, to be liable to sudden interruption in his plans, to a separation from beloved friends and relations, to the pangs of disease, and the pains of dissolution, must necessarily invest death with characters repulsive, ghastly, and fearful. Here, however, would be no "sting," no inward biting of remorse, no rankling anticipations of evil beyond, no sense of the frown of God. These constitute what the apostle calls death's "sting." It is felt, more or less, by every sinful man; and it is felt most by him who is most aware of the sad truth and reality of his condition. If men succeed in blunting its point, that is but through a delusion which makes their case the more hopeless; and it is but temporary. There is a sharp and envenomed sting in

death, to every man who, having judgment and conscience, is yet surprised by it without preparation; for sin is the sting of death.—*Richard Watson.*

When our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all the scutcheons on our tomb, or silken banners over us.—*J. Shirley.*

#### UNTIMELY DEATH MAY BE THE RESULT OF SPECIAL SIN.

Untimely death may be the result of special sin. We can all understand how this can be the case when even a good man, moved by a zeal which is not tempered with discretion, forgets the laws of health, and works in such a way as to bring upon himself premature disease of brain or heart, by which he is prostrated long before he reaches the limit of threescore years and ten. This is especially the temptation of the times in which we live. Amidst the hurry and rush of our modern business, with our railroads, and telegraphs, and steam-navigation, we are all too apt to be borne along with the current; and ever anon we are startled by the hopeless breakdown of some able and energetic leader in the very mid-time of his days; while, in the church as in the world, men of influence and energy burn themselves out by the intensity of their devotion to their work. Now and then, indeed, a word of warning will be uttered by loving friends and earnest fellow-laborers, but it is silenced by the assertion, "It is better to wear out than rust out;" and the issue, as might have been foreseen, is a sudden collapse, or a premature grave. Such self-consuming toil is not only unnecessary, but it is positively sinful. We have no right to kill ourselves, and call it zeal; and, perhaps, if we were to get at the root of the evil in such a case, we should find it not in public spirit, but in personal ambition. Such a prodigality of vitality is not sacrifice but suicide; and it ought to be distinctly understood that overwork is wickedness, the guilt of which will keep us forever on the eastern side of our Jordan.

So, it is possible that for personal sin, not in the physical but in the moral sphere, a man may die before his time. We recog-

nize the truth of this assertion in the case of the ungodly, but it holds also in those who must be described as servants of the Lord; and if we could see below the surface, we might discover that those deaths which are so often described by us as mysterious dispensations of Providence, have no more of mystery about them than the death of Moses, but have occurred when they did because of some sin with which the individuals were chargeable. This is a somewhat awful thought, and the mere enunciation of it is all that is required to point the warning which it suggests. David was not permitted to build the temple, because he had been a man of war from his youth; and the disappointments which have clouded many death-beds may have been similarly connected with the characters of the antecedent lives. In any case, it may be well for us to remember that our sins may shorten our lives, and shut us out of the earthly Canaan which we so much wish to possess:—*William M. Taylor, D. D.*

#### THE DISORGANIZING EFFECT OF SIN IN THE BODY.

It is important also, considering the moral reactions of the body, and especially the great fact of a propagation of the species, to notice the disorganizing effect of sin in the body. Body and soul, as long as they subsist in their organized state, are a strict unity. The abuses of one are abuses also of the other. The disturbances and diseases of one disturb and disease the other. The fortunes of the body must, in this way, follow the fortunes of the soul, whose organ it is. Sin has all its working too in the working of the brain. To think an evil thought, indulge a wicked purpose or passion, will, in this view, be much as if the sin had brought in a grain of sand and lodged it in the tissues of the brain. What then must be the effect, when every path in its curious network of intelligence is traveled, year by year, by the insulting myriads of sinning thought, hardened by the tramp of their feet, and dusted by their smoky trail?

But we are speaking theoretically. If we turn to practical evidences, or matters of fact, we shall see plainly enough that what should follow, in the effects of sin upon the body, actually

do follow. How the vices of the appetites and passions terminate in diseases and a final disorganization of the body, is well understood. The false conjunction made by intemperate drink, deluging the tissues of the body with its liquid poisons, and reducing the body to a loathsome wreck, is not peculiar to that vice. The condition of sin is a condition of general intemperance. It takes away the power of self-government, loosens the passions, and makes even the natural appetite for food an instigator of excess. Indeed, how many of the sufferings and infirmities, even of persons called virtuous, are known by all intelligent physicians to be only the groaning of the body under loads habitually imposed, by the untempered and really diseased voracity of their appetites! And if we could trace all the secret actions of causes, how faithfully would the fevers, the rheumatisms, the neuralgic and hypochondriacal torments, all the grim-looking woes of dyspepsia, be seen to follow the unregulated license of this kind of sin! Nor is anything better understood than that whatever vice of the mind—wounded pride, unregulated ambition, hatred, covetousness, fear, inordinate care—throws the mind out of rest, throws the body out of rest also. Thus it is that sin, in all its forms, becomes a power of bodily disturbance, shattering the nerves, inflaming the tissues, distempering the secretions, and brewing a general ferment of disease. In one view, the body is a kind of perpetual crystallization, and the crystal of true health cannot form itself under sin, because the body has, within, a perpetual agitating cause, which forbids the process. If, then, looking round upon the great field of humanity, and noting the almost universal working of disease, in so many forms and varieties that they cannot be named or counted, we sometimes exclaim, with a sigh, what a hospital the world is! We must be dull spectators if we stop at this, and do not also connect the remembrance that sin is in the world; a gangrene of the mind, poisoning all the roots of health and making visible its woes, by so many woes of bodily disease and death.

The particular question, whether bodily mortality has entered the world by sin, we will not discuss. That is principally a

Scripture question, and the word of Scripture is not to be assumed in my argument. There obviously might have been a mode of translation to the second life, that should have none of the painful and revolting incidents which constitute the essential reality of death. We do moreover know that a very considerable share of the diseases and deaths of our race are the natural effects of sin or wrong-doing. There is a great reason also to suspect, so devastating is the power of moral evil, that the infections and deadly plagues of the world are somehow generated by this cause. They seem to have their spring in some new virus of death, and this new virus must have been somewhere and somehow distilled, or generated. We cannot refer them to mineral causes, or vegetable, or animal, which are nearly invariable, and they seem, as they begin their spread at some given locality, to have a humanly personal origin. That the virus of a poisonous and deadly contagion has been generated by human vices, we know, as a familiar fact of history, which makes it the more probable that other pestilential contagions have been generated in the deteriorated populations and sweltering vices of the East, whence our plagues are mostly derived. On this point we assert nothing as a truth positively discovered; we only design by these references, to suggest the possible (and, to us, probable) extent and power of that ferment, brewed by the instigations of sin, in the diseased populations of the world. What we suggest respecting the virus of the world's plagues may be true, or it may not; this at least is shown beyond all question, that sin is a wide-spreading, dreadful power of bodily distemper and disorganization, which is the point of principal consequence.

*Horace Bushnell, D. D.*

#### **MISERY OF MAN RESULTING FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF SIN AND DEATH.**

Who shall describe the misery of fallen man! His days though few are full of evil. Trouble and sorrow press him forward to the tomb. All the world except Noah and his family are drowning in the deluge. A storm of fire and brimstone is fallen from heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah. The earth is

opening her mouth to swallow up alive Korah, Dathan and Abiram. Wrath is coming upon "the Beloved City," even "wrath unto the uttermost." The tender and delicate mother is devouring her darling infant. The sword of men is executing the vengeance of God. The earth is emptying its inhabitants into the bottomless pit. On every hand are "confused noises and garments rolled in blood." Fire and sword fill the land with consternation and dismay. Amid the universal devastation, wild shrieks and despairing groans fill the air. God of mercy! is Thy ear heavy, that Thou canst not hear? or Thy arm shortened that Thou canst not save? The heavens above are brass, and the earth beneath is iron; for Jehovah pours His indignation upon his adversaries, and He will not pity or spare.

Verily "the misery of man is great upon him." Behold the wretched, fallen creature! The pestilence pursues him. The leprosy cleaves to him. Consumption is wasting him. Inflammation is devouring his vitals. Burning fever has seized upon the very springs of life. The destroying angel has overtaken the sinner in his sins. The hand of God is upon him. The fires of wrath are kindling about him, drying up every well of comfort, and scorching all his hopes to ashes. Conscience is chastening him with scorpions. See how he writhes! Hear how he shrieks for help! Mark what agony and terror are in his soul, and on his brow! Death stares him in the face, and shakes at him his iron spear. He trembles, he turns pale, as a culprit at the bar, as a convict on the scaffold. He is condemned already. Conscience has pronounced the sentence. Anguish has taken hold upon him. Terrors gather in battle-array about him. He looks back, and the storms of Sinai pursue him; forward, and hell is moved to meet him; above, and the heavens are on fire; beneath, and the world is burning. He listens, and the judgment trump is calling; again, and the brazen chariots of vengeance are thundering from afar; yet again, and the sentence penetrates his soul with anguish unspeakable—"Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

Thus, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by

sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." They are "dead in trespasses and sins;" spiritually dead, and legally dead; dead by the mortal power of sin, and dead by the condemnatory sentence of the law; and helpless as sheep to the slaughter, they are driven fiercely on by the ministers of wrath to the all-devouring grave, and the lake of fire. . . .

Suppose a vast graveyard, surrounded by a lofty wall, with only one entrance, which is by a massive iron gate, and that is fast bolted. Within are thousands and millions of human beings, of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave. The graves yawn to swallow them, and they must all perish. There is no balm to relieve, no physician there. Such is the condition of man as a sinner. All have sinned; and it is written, "The soul that sinneth shall die."—*Christmas Evans, D. D.*

#### THE MISERABLE END OF WICKED MEN.

Mark the wicked man, though his *Intrat* may be comical, his *Exit* is always tragical. Belshazzar in his first scene is revelling out his time in sin and pleasure, feasting and carousing with his concubines in the vessels of the Lord; but view him in the catastrophe, and you shall find the handwriting and him trembling, Darius rending away his kingdom, and death snatching away his life. If you look upon the entrance of a wicked man, his gates are riches, his seats honor, his paths pleasures; he goes delicately, fares deliciously every day, he hath more than heart can wish: but wait his going out, and see a sad conclusion, in a moment he goes down to hell. The man is cast out from God as an everlasting curse: destruction closes her mouth upon him, and his place beholds him no more; his body is wrapt in the dust, his soul is buried in the flames, and his name is covered with darkness. But now, behold the perfect man: it may be thou mayest see a few tragical scenes, the world hating, mocking, persecuting him; but *the end of that man is peace*. Though he may come forth weeping, yet he goes off rejoicing; though he came forth combating, yet he goes out triumphing, so that the saints and angels clap their hands for joy. When I therefore judge of a happy man, I'll wait his end. I care not for his entrance.—*Divine Breathings*.

**THE DYING SINNER.**

What a frightful state is that of the sinner on his bed of death, and how can we contemplate it without shuddering!

If the unhappy man has lost his consciousness, repentance is impossible, and he falls, without perceiving it, into the abyss of fire that is about to close over him. His soul in that state of consciousness finds itself unexpectedly in the presence of its Sovereign Judge, and the first words it hears will be its own sentence to endless misery.

But, suppose the dying sinner has the use of his faculties, what impressions must his past life, the present moment, and the awful future make upon him.

Up till then such matters have given him no concern. Buried in a sort of drowsiness and insensibility, he heard of God, sin, death, judgment, heaven, hell, eternity, without experiencing any emotion, or any sentiment capable of arousing him and making him enter into a care for his soul. But all is now changed. The hour has come in which he must look these truths in the face, and acknowledge that he was not created only for time, but much more, for eternity. Then it is at the approach of death that faith awakens within him, and that he appreciates things according to their just value.

"I am going to die," says this man; "it is all over with me. I must quit forever all that I loved on earth, and enter an eternity for which I am unprepared."

O my God, who can picture how lamentable is his condition, one that might well chill our hearts with terror!—*Philippe.*

**DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.**

The possibility of death-bed repentance we do not deny; the frequency of its occurrence we seriously doubt. Many impenitent men, however, are delaying the hour of repentance with the intention of offering a few prayers for pardon just before the breath leaves the body. A little reflection ought to convince such of the folly of their conduct. Do they consider how rare a combination of circumstances must exist in order that their hopes may be fulfilled? The man who thus delays makes most foolish assumptions, and runs most fearful risks.





HIS DYING CONFESSION.

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton.

He usually pictures to himself a death-bed with friends around, and he himself praying for pardon. But how many never have a death-bed! Every day men are cut down suddenly by disease or by accident. He also assumes that he will have consciousness, and especially that he will know that he is about to die. He forgets how many are unconscious for hours, and sometimes for days, before death, and that many who retain consciousness are not aware that they are near their end. The physician himself is not always able to tell, and when the fact is known, friends dread to divulge the secret to the dying man.

But it is also assumed that being on his dying bed, and knowing that his dying hour has come, he will have a favorable time and opportunity to repent. How strange that any man who has ever seen a death-bed should consider it a good place for repentance! Business matters are often to be attended to, for the dying must not forget the living; pain is sometimes so intense that mental effort is very difficult; the mind often wanders and the thoughts refuse to be controlled. Are these the circumstances under which sinners are to review their lives and seek for pardon? Surely the worst possible hour to begin a religious life is the hour of death.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Whatever stress some may lay upon it, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all on.—*Sterne*.

Since repentance is a duty of so great and giant-like bulk, let no man crowd it into so narrow room as that it is strangled in its birth for want of time, and air to breathe in.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

#### THE PAULINE CONCEPTION OF DEATH.

Sin brings death, just because it is wrought in opposition to the command of the law. Necessarily it is now imputed, as well on this side as on the other side of the grave. The sinner comes short of the glory of God, *i. e.*, of the honor which he would have had with God, had he not sinned and become exposed to the righteous judgment which concentrates itself in death (Rom. vi. 21). The Pauline idea of death is not easy to define in its whole

fulness. We are just as little entitled to restrict it to the idea of physical death alone, as we are entirely to exclude this idea. In every case the idea of spiritual death is included (see Eph. ii. 1, 5; Col. ii. 13); and we cannot overlook the fact that death is, in the full sense, the wages of sin, inasmuch as it ends in everlasting perdition. That Paul had also this latter in mind, is clear from the antithesis of death and the gracious gift of everlasting life (Rom. vi. 23). In the idea of death there is united, consequently, that of the greatest temporal and everlasting wretchedness; and, in the language of the apostle, greater or less prominence. Spiritual death leads to temporal, and this passes over into eternal death.—*J. J. Van Oosterzee, D. D.*

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## CHAPTER VII.—CHRISTIANITY AND DEATH.

### THE FACT OF DEATH UNCHANGED BY GRACE.

**C**HRISTIANITY does not exempt from death; it only insures triumph over it. Moses died, Paul died, Jesus died, and Christians all must die. There is no other way of entrance into our Father's house. Elijah was translated that he should not see death, but Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, twice tasted its bitterness. These unusual cases prove that death is subject to the divine mandate, but that only in the rarest instances is it appointed unto man more or less than "once to die."—*Editor.*

### DEATH NEEDS ALL THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

Without the hope of a better world, and apart from mercy, pardon, grace and glory, through the blood of Jesus, what were death to us but an object of unutterable gloom? I shrink from seeing it. Even with the consolations of the gospel, what sight so bitter as to see a loved one dying; our sweet flower withering day by day on its drooping stalk; the cold shadow as of an eclipse

creeping over the whole horizon of our being, till, one hope after another disappearing in the deepening gloom, we are left, but for the light of God's Spirit and truth, to blank despair. As we hang over dying couch or cradle, how it wrings the heart to see the imploring look turned on us, and we can minister no relief; to hear the low moanings, and we cannot still them; and when the struggle is long protracted, to be forced to pray that God would come in mercy to close this dreadful scene. There is no event so terrible as death; no sound so awful as that last sigh; no coldness so chill to the touch as the brow or face of the dead. And when, in place of one full of light, and life, and love, our arms embrace a pale, clay-cold corpse; when, for childhood's smiling face, pattering feet, prattling tongue, sparkling eye and merry laughter, we have nothing but that solemn countenance, that rigid form, that marble brow, that cold, clammy hand, that silent tenant of a lonesome room, death, indeed, needs all the consolations of religion.

Apart from the hopes of a better and brighter world, to one's self also death is an unutterable evil. What weary hours, and days, and nights, often usher in the closing scene! And that scene! what terrible sufferings may we have to endure, and others have to witness, in our dying chamber?—such as we have seen where the dying seemed to be struggling with an invisible enemy fixed on his throat, and whom he vainly tried to throw off? Steps he into a palace or a hovel, Death is the King of Terrors. In the ghastly countenance, the filmy eyes, the restless head, the wild tossing of the arms, the hands that, as if they sought something to cling to, clutch the bed-clothes, the muttering lips, the wandering mind, the deep insensibility, the heavy breathing, the awful pauses, and that long-drawn, shivering sigh, which closes the scene, and seems to say, as the departing spirit casts one last look on all that is past and gone, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," death has the look of a tremendous curse.

Solomon pronounces a living dog to be better than a dead lion; and I say, better be a living beggar than a dead king. I love to live—to walk abroad, to see the sunshine, to hear the

birds sing, to wander by rippling stream, or sit on banks where sweet flowers grow; I love the homes where I look on happy faces, receive welcome greeting, and hear kind voices speak. To be shut out from these, nailed up in a narrow coffin, buried in the dull earth, to moulder into dust and be forgotten, and, when fires are cheerily blazing on our hearth, and songs and laughter by their merry ring tell of broken hearts healed again, to be lying cold, and lonely, and joyless in the tomb, are not things we love to dwell on. Our Lord himself shrank from death, and fell at his Father's feet to cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." None but the wretched court it; wish to die; to lie down among the naked skulls and grim, unsocial tenants of the grave. Faith herself, standing on the edge of the grave, turns her eye upward; and, leaving the poor body to worms and dust, wings her flight heavenward; follows the spirit to the realms of bliss, and loves to think of the dead as living—as not dead, but standing before the Lamb with crowns of glory, and bending on us looks of love and kindness from their celestial seats. Yes; death needs all the comforts which religion can summon to our aid.

Nor are we left comfortless. By his life and death and resurrection Christ has fulfilled the expectations of prophets; nor, though bold and grand, is the language too lofty which Hosea puts into his mouth, "O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." The Death of Death, the Life of the grave, and, greatest of all its tenants, he has conquered this conqueror of kings; broken the prison; bound the jailer; and seized the keys to set all his captive people free, in the fullness of time. They are "prisoners of hope." He "will bring back his banished." He has entered into glory as their forerunner.—  
*Thomas Guthrie.*

#### CHRISTIANITY SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF DEATH.

The earliest and most urgent intellectual want of human nature is the knowledge of its origin, its duty, and its destiny. "Whence am I, what am I, and what is before me?" This is the cry of the human soul, so soon as it raises its contemplation above visible, material things.

When an intellectual being finds himself on this earth, as soon as the faculties of reason operate, one of the first inquiries of his mind is, "Shall I be here always?" "Shall I live here forever?" And reasoning from what he sees daily occurring to others, he learns to a certainty that his state of being must one day be changed. I do not mean to deny, that it may be true that he is created with this consciousness; but whether it be consciousness, or the result of his reasoning faculties, man soon learns that he must die. And of all sentient beings, he alone, so far as we can judge, attains to this knowledge. His Maker has made him capable of learning this. Before he knows his origin and destiny, he knows that he is to die. Then comes that most urgent and solemn demand for light that ever proceeded, or can proceed, from the profound and anxious broodings of the human soul. "If a man die, shall he live again?" And that question nothing but God and the religion of God can solve. Religion does solve it, and teaches every man that he is to live again, and that the duties of this life have reference to the life which is to come. And hence, since the introduction of Christianity, it has been the duty, as it has been the effort, of the great and the good, to sanctify human knowledge, to bring it to the fount, and to baptize learning into Christianity; to gather up all its productions, its earliest and its latest, its blossoms and its fruits, and lay them all upon the altar of religion and virtue.—*Daniel Webster.*

#### THE VOICE OF REASON IN RESPECT TO DEATH.

After this manner Reason may be supposed to address mankind, in order to reconcile them to their fate.—Children of men! it is well known to you, that you are a mortal race. Death is the law of your nature, the tribute of your being, the debt which all are bound to pay. On these terms you received life, that you should be ready to give it up when Providence calls you to make room for others, who, in like manner, when their time is come, shall follow you. He who is unwilling to submit to death when heaven decrees it, deserves not to have lived. You might as reasonably complain that you did not live before

the time appointed for your coming into the world, as lament that you are not to live longer, when the period of your quitting it has arrived. What Divine Providence hath made necessary, human prudence ought to comply with cheerfully. Submit, at any rate, you must; and is it not much better to follow, of your own accord, than to be dragged reluctantly, and by force? What privilege have you to plead, or what reason to urge, why you should possess an exemption from the common doom? All things around you are mortal and perishing. Cities, states, and empires, have their period set. The proudest monuments of human art moulder into dust. Even the works of nature wax old and decay. In the midst of this universal tendency to change, could you expect that to your frame alone a permanent duration should be given? All who have gone before you have submitted to the stroke of death. All who are to come after you shall undergo the same fate. The great and the good, the prince and the peasant, the renowned and the obscure, travel alike the road which leads to the grave. At the moment when you expire, thousands throughout the world shall, together with you, be yielding up their breath. Can that be held a great calamity which is common to you with everything that lives on earth, which is an event as much according to the course of nature as it is that leaves should fall in autumn, or that fruit should drop from the tree when it is fully ripe?

The pain of death cannot be very long, and is probably less severe than what you have at other times experienced. The **pomp** of death is more terrifying than death itself. It is to the weakness of imagination that it owes its chief power of dejecting your spirits; for, when the force of the mind is roused, there is almost no passion in our nature but what has shown itself able to overcome the fear of death. Honor has defied death; love has despised it; shame has rushed upon it; revenge has disregarded it; grief a thousand times has wished for its approach. Is it not strange that reason and virtue cannot give you strength to surmount that fear, which even in feeble minds so many passions have conquered? What inconsistency is there in complaining so much of the evils of life, and being at the same

time so afraid of what is to terminate them all! Who can tell whether his future life might not teem with disasters and miseries, as yet unknown, were it to be prolonged according to his wish! At any rate, is it desirable to draw life out to the last drags, and to wait till old age pour upon you its whole store of diseases and sorrows? You lament that you are to die; but, did you view your situation properly, you would have much greater cause to lament, if you were chained to this life for two or three hundred years, without possibility of release. Expect, therefore, calmly, that which is natural in itself, and which must be fit, because it is the appointment of Heaven. Perform your duty as a good subject of the Deity, during the time allotted you, and rejoice that a period is fixed for your dismissal from the present warfare. Remember, that a slavish dread of death destroys all the comfort of that life which you seek to preserve. Better to undergo the stroke of death at once, than to live in perpetual misery from the fear of dying.

—*Hugh Blair.*

#### CONTENTMENT IN DEATH.

We spoke of death. Dr. Johnson on this subject observed that the boastings of some men as to dying easily were idle talk, proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden's "Cypress-grove," where it is said that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators. "Yes," said Johnson, "if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for, however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ." This short sermon, delivered with

an earnest tone in a boat upon the sea, which was perfectly calm, on a day appropriated to religious worship, while every one listened with an air of satisfaction, had a most pleasing effect upon my mind.—*Boswell.*

#### THE BIBLE OUR ONLY SOLACE IN DEATH.

To real mourners there is left only a single comfort that will prove satisfactory. We may reason and argue, but all in vain. No assurance about its being better for the friends we have lost to be where they are: no chilly philosophy as to manly fortitude or womanly endurance: no professions of sincere sympathy counselling courage—nothing is sufficient for our terrible bereavements, except the calm declaration: “Thy brother shall rise again.” We insist upon the certainty that some time we must be reunited to the hearts we regret and remember with our tears.

Just here the Scripture meets us positively: “For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” We cannot take away death, but we can take the sting out of death. We must enter the conflict with the last enemy: “But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” At last there comes something authoritative. The moment we read a verse of inspiration like these we are studying, we feel as we do when we see a great meteoric stone—we say this is a piece of another planet.—*Charles S. Robinson, D. D.*

When, in the solemn hour of death,  
I wait thy just decree,  
Saviour, with my last parting breath,  
I'll cry, “Remember me!”—*Dr. Thomas Harveys.*

#### DEATH VANQUISHED.

The Israelites must first pass over Jordan before they land in Canaan; but no sooner did the feet of the priests that bear the Ark of the Covenant rest in the water, but the proud waves saw it and fled, and the swelling streams were driven back, and laid in heaps, to make them pass over safe and well; so every

child of God is like an Israelite in the wilderness of this world, travelling to the land of promise: death is that Jordan that runs between this wilderness and our Canaan; it is that swelling stream that overflows the banks of every mortal creature; it is that last river which must be passed over: but this is the happiness of a child of God, that Jesus Christ, our High Priest, that bears the everlasting covenant on his shoulders, hath already dipped his feet in the brims of this water, insomuch that the streams of bitterness are diverted, the sting of death plucked out, the water of the salt sea is dried up, and the power of the curse cut off, so that death is but a sure step unto glory. Why then am I afraid to die? The channel is dry, and I see the footsteps of my Saviour in the bottom, and heaven and happiness on the other side; so that the waters shall not go over my soul; they may go over my sins, they may go over my miseries, they may go over my troubles, but my soul shall go over to its rest. Lord, therefore fit and sanctify me for my removal, and then take down my tent: I cannot be too soon with thee.—  
*Divine Breathings.*

#### CHRIST WILL MEET THE BELIEVER AT DEATH.

“I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

Now surely it is enough to counterbalance all real or fanciful thoughts about the gloom of death, and to invest it with a very different aspect, if we see it but as that moment in our history when Jesus Christ comes himself for us, and to take us to himself. We picture Death as a hideous figure coming to destroy; let us rather picture Jesus Christ in glory coming to save. We think of death ending; let us think rather of life beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as a voice whispers, “You must go,” let us hear the voice of the good Shepherd saying, “I will come.”

If Jesus comes for us at death, we shall never see the grave or the church-yard; they may keep our bodies for a time, but we

ourselves shall never die. We go with Jesus. If Jesus comes for us at death, we do not go forth into a world of mystery and darkness, knowing not where nor how far. We simply go with and to Jesus.—*Norman Macleod.*

On Calvary death itself hung gasping, with its sting pulled out, and all its terrors quelled; his death having prevented ours and induced immortality.—*Isaac Barrow, D. D.*

#### ASSISTANCE IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Firmness and strength of mind are peculiarly requisite for the support of nature in its last extremity; and that strength is supplied by religion. The testimony of a good conscience, and the remembrance of a virtuous life, a well-grounded trust in the divine acceptance, and a firm hope of future felicity, are principles sufficient to give composure and fortitude to the heart, even in the midst of agony. In what a high degree they can suspend or alleviate the feelings of pain, has been fully demonstrated by the magnanimous behavior of such as have suffered death in the cause of conscience and religion. How often has the world beheld them advancing to meet that supposed king of terrors, not with calmness only, but with joy; raised by divine prospects and hopes into an entire neglect and contempt of bodily suffering.

It is not without reason that a peculiar assistance from heaven is looked for by good men at the hour of death. As they are taught to believe that, in all the emergencies of their life, divine goodness has watched over them, they have ground to conclude that at the last it will not forsake them; but at the season when its aid is most needed it shall be most liberally communicated. Accordingly, a persuasion so congruous to the benignity and compassion of the Father of mercies, has been the comfort of pious men in every age. "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart;" "In the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." When the *rod and staff* of this Shepherd of Israel are held forth to his expiring servants, declining nature needs no other support. The

secret influence of his reviving Spirit is sufficient for their consolation and strength while the painful struggle with mortality lasts; till at length, when the moment arrives when the silver cord must be loosed and the golden bowl be broken, their Almighty Protector carries off the immortal spirit, unhurt by the fall of its earthly tabernacle, and places it in a better mansion. How respectable and happy is such a conclusion of human life!

*Hugh Blair.*

#### THE PEACE OF MIND OF THE JUST MAN AT DEATH.

We are assured that death is a gain to the true servants of God, and that they have nothing to fear at its approach, under whatever shape it may present itself. Ah, how many times has this saying been verified! How many people of every condition of life have beheld their last hour approach, with resignation, tranquillity, and even with joy!

Had they not every motive for this? They reposed on the Divine mercy; grace filled their hearts, and spread through their souls its sweet and consoling unction; religion lent them its helps, which a life of piety confirmed to be efficacious; eternity met their gaze, but they saw nothing there but what they loved and longed for; they knew they were going to appear before the most tender of fathers, who wished to make them sharers of his infinite happiness.

What a beautiful sight is that of a good man about to finish his career!

He is tranquil, and on his countenance is the impress of that sweetness, that serenity which is a prelude to the unalterable peace he will soon enjoy in heaven. No sigh of bitterness escapes from his lips; his words, though uttered with pain, express only his confidence and submission to the divine will; his eyes, though almost closed, shoot forth no rays of light, but such as beam with a holy and innocent hope.

On the point of crossing the threshold that separates him from eternity, he looks back without pain upon the past; he thinks of his struggles, and combats, and victories, and blesses the Author of every good and perfect gift who has brought him

safely through, and to whom he now surrenders his soul as into the hands of his Creator.—*Philippe*.

#### FAITH THE SECRET OF COMPOSURE.

Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hour of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick-chamber without a hope that my last end might be like theirs.—*Sir Henry Halford*.

#### FAITH SEES THE RESURRECTION.

(The following lines were written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his execution.)

E'en such is time; which takes on trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust;  
 Which, in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days;  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

#### FAITH BREAKS THE BONDAGE TO THE FEAR OF DEATH.

It is right and profitable to let our thoughts run forward to the life that is to come; but our main business is preparation for that life by forming our characters after the image of the heavenly. By looking forward to the glorious society and the sinless services of heaven, we may be stimulated to greater diligence in the work of preparation.

Preparation for heaven is preparation for death. If we are Christians, preparation for death has already been made. We are accounted, in view of the law, as righteous for Christ's sake,

and have the promise of being with Christ when we depart hence. Some one may say, "I must have a better preparation for death. I must lead a better life." No doubt every one who is not perfectly holy ought to lead a better life. But will a better life prepare one for death? Are we to avoid sin because we must die? or because the love of Christ constraineth us? The most holy man on earth cannot trust to his own righteousness; he must rely on the perfect righteousness of Christ.

Christians are not to be in bondage through fear of death. Some distress themselves by the anticipation of that solemn hour. They dwell upon the physical accompaniments of death, and the consequences which follow to those who are not saved. They cannot look upon the change without fear.

This bondage can be broken by trusting in Christ. We are to rely upon him for grace for his daily service, and for grace in a dying hour. If we can trust him now, we can trust him then. —*Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D.*

#### TERRORS OF DEATH BANISHED.

Here we are, we poor waifs upon the earth,—here with our fragments of existence,—here with the mystery of our beginning, and the half-understood purpose of our being here at all; and dark, clear, inevitable before all of us there is looming up the mighty wall of death. In through its narrow door every one of the millions who have lived has passed. Up to that same door every one of us is walking. Each throbbing second is a footfall that brings us up a little nearer. And beyond? Not one of those we have seen enter has come back to tell us what there is beyond, to tell us that there really is any such beyond as that at which our resolute, unreasonable vitality guesses and hopes in spite of all the darkness. This is man's life. Just think of it. And then, as you sit thinking of his fragmentariness, his certainty of death, his doubt about a future, let this voice come to you, a voice clear with personality, and sweet and strong with love: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and am alive forevermore." (Rev. i. 18.) "He that liveth!" And at once your fragment of life falls into its place in the eternity of

life that is bridged by his being. "He that was dead!" And at once death changes from the terrible end of life into a most mysterious but no longer terrible experience of life. "He that is alive forevermore!" And not merely there is a future beyond the grave, but it is inhabited by One who speaks to us, who went there by the way that we must go, who sees us and can help us as we make our way along, and will receive us when we come there. Is not all changed? The devils of discontent, despair, selfishness, sensuality, how they are scattered before that voice of the risen and everlasting Christ.—*Bishop Phillips Brooks.*

### THE STING OF DEATH REMOVED.

They who accept the offers of mercy, and who fly for refuge to the hope set before them, are taken into favor; their sins are forgiven, and their names are written in the book of life. Over them death has no power. The King of Terrors is transformed into an angel of peace, to waft them to their native country where they long to be.

This, O Christian! the death of thy Redeemer, is thy strong consolation; thy effectual remedy against the fear of death. What evil can come nigh to him for whom Jesus died? Does the law which thou hast broken denounce vengeance against thee? Behold that law fulfilled in the meritorious death of thy Redeemer. Does the sentence of wrath pronounced against the posterity of Adam sound in thine ears? Behold that sentence blotted out, that *handwriting*, as the Apostle calls it, cancelled, nailed to thy Saviour's cross, and left there as a trophy of his victory. Art thou afraid that the cry of thy offenses may rise to heaven and reach the ear of justice? There is no place for it there; in room of it ascends the voice of that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. Does the enemy of mankind accuse thee at the judgment-seat? He is put to silence by thy Advocate and Intercessor at the right hand of the Father. Does death appear to thee in a form of terror, and hold out his sting to alarm thy mind? His terror is removed, and his sting pulled out by that hand, which, on Mount Calvary, was fixed to the accursed tree. Art thou afraid that

the arrows of Divine wrath, which smite the guilty, may be aimed at thy head? Before they can touch thee, they must pierce that body, which, in the symbols of Divine institution, is held forth crucified among you, and which, at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, is forever presented in behalf of the redeemed. Well, then, may ye join in the triumphant song of the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—*John Logan, F. R. S.*

### DEATH IS DEFEATED.

"O grave, where is thy victory?"—1 Cor. xv. 55.

If some one had visited the once irresistible Bonaparte, in his exile at St. Helena, and taunted him with his impotence and overthrow, how could the crushed monarch have answered the cruel words? But had some one entered the Tuileries; when Napoleon was resting in confident ease after Austerlitz or Jena, and exulted in prospect of his downfall, he would have been treated as a madman. Yet here is Paul, in the midst of the triumphs of the great Destroyer, rejoicing over death's defeat. Paul was like the supposed madman. To the eye of mere human sense, the great destructive force we call death has gone unhindered on until Paul seems utterly at his mercy. But to the eye of faith the defeat of death is of as certain accomplishment as the great Emperor's overthrow and exile are accomplished historical facts.—*C. M. F.*

### THE POSSESSION OF DEATH.

Death is yours. This is not to be associated with the pall, the shroud, the grave, but to be looked upon as a white-robed angel who undoes the bands which tether us, and opens the gate of glory. I never saw a Christian die without feeling in my heart that it would be gain to me to die. "It will be well with you soon," said one to a dying believer. With reproving emphasis he exclaimed, "It is well with me *now!*" Another who had been haunted with dread, said, as he passed away, "This is the brightest and best hour of my life; I am swimming in glory." Yes, death is yours.—*A. E. Dickenson, D. D.*

**CHRIST THE ARBITER OF DEATH.**

He holds the key of death. It rests with him to say when we shall pass the gate; our times are in his hand. It rests with him to determine how and where we shall go. The earthquake supplies one door to the unseen world. At Lisbon, a century ago, in the course of six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The fortress and the battle-field are gates of death. At Arbela, three hundred thousand men marched through at one time. A few years since, Lombardy became one grand entrance to Hades. Another door is through the sea. "Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea, or hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Have the gates of death been opened unto thee, or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?" No, thou hast not; yet tens of thousands have passed through that lower gate into the invisible world.

The more usual entrance, however, is found within each man's own dwelling. It is through disease that, slowly or rapidly, Christ opens the door for millions every year; and when he points the way, who may hesitate, who can withstand? The wounded Marshal Lannes, the hero of many a battle, when told he must die, and that nothing could save him, "Not save a Marshal!" he exclaimed, "and a Duke of Montebello?" No, Marshal; an order has come from one higher than the Emperor, from the Prince of the kings of the earth. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war." In the grave, in the world of disembodied spirits, the rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all.—*Rev. A. C. Thompson, D. D.*

**BEAUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.**

There is no endowment of genius, no lofty and impassioned utterance of human speech, which will make the close of life so beautiful, so glorious, as it will seem to you when you stand by the bedside of your dying friend, and see him bear all his sufferings without a murmuring word, surrender all earthly attachments without regret, calmly, trustingly, commend him-



DEATH OF MARSHAL LANNES.



self to the redeeming mercy, and so fall asleep in Jesus. The Christian family, whose members are thus going, one by one, in peace and triumph, from the earthly house to the house of many mansions on high, feel that heaven and earth are but a little way apart, and that they have friends and familiar acquaintances in both. And every time the close of a human life in this world is adorned with the beauty of peace and the glory of faith, death is disarmed of its sting, the victory is won from the grave, the blessed life is brought so near that the living own its worth and feel its power.

We are all moving on in the same great procession to that unseen land from which none return. And it is not necessary for us to go like unwilling captives, bound to the chariot-wheel of all-conquering death. There is no occasion for us to lift up our voices in wailing and terror when the messenger comes to call us away. If we trust in Christ who giveth us the victory, our departure will be a triumphal march and the close of life will be a coronation. Oh, who would not wish to have the last stages of his earthly journey adorned with the surpassing grace and glory of Christian hope? Who would not choose to pass away in light and joy as the leaves put on their loveliest hues when about to die—as the morning star melts into the superior glory of the coming sun—as the rosy dawn brightens into the full day? Who would not wish, in dying, to take away the terror of death from the living, and to leave others to say, "Let my last end be like his?"

All this every one can do. The most glorious victory—the victory over death—is not one which conquerors and mighty captains alone can gain. The hand of a little child can strike the crown from the head of the king of terrors. The gifts of the divine love, which will fill our hearts with peace and clothe our countenances with light in the final hour, are freely offered to all. If we live unto God, we shall find it easy to die unto him. A peaceful and happy death is the natural close of a life well spent. If we walk with Christ, and delight ourselves with his company while the pleasures and temptations of the world are around us, he will not forsake us when the world has lost

its charm. He will clothe us with the robes of righteousness and we shall find ourselves at home among the princes of heaven.—*Daniel March.*

For the death of the righteous is like the descending of ripe and wholesome fruits from a pleasant and florid tree. Our senses entire, our limbs unbroken, without horrid tortures; after provision made for our children, with a blessing entailed upon posterity, in the presence of our friends, our dearest relatives closing our eyes and binding our feet, leaving a good name behind us.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

For good men but *see* death; the wicked taste it.—*Johnson.*

#### DEATH A FRIEND.

I have two friends in the world, Christ and death. Christ is my best friend; death is my second.—*Dr. Gouge.*

Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.—*Lord Bacon.*

#### TRIUMPH IN DEATH AN EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Many a pastor called to the dying bed of saints, has had rich experience of the evidences of Christianity furnished there. Not only is he ready to declare, "*Mors janua vitæ*"—death is the gateway of life—but he is reminded of Rev. iv. 1: "I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven!" The chamber of the departing saint becomes the very vestibule of paradise, a place where new revelations are granted of the reality and verity of things unseen and eternal.

Oftentimes the physical nature seems to become so refined of all coarseness and grossness by the discipline of disease, that it becomes translucent, almost transparent, and the holy thoughts, emotions, affections, that burn and glow in the soul within, shine through the attenuated veil of flesh, and illuminate and irradiate the face, and transfigure the whole person. One has a glimpse of the possible meaning of those words, "*as He prayed*, the fashion of his countenance was altered," "his face did shine as

the sun," and "his raiment was white and glistening;" and as Moses and Elias *talked* with him of his decease, they were also transfigured. Perhaps the body of departing saints gives at such times hints of the possible delicacy and facility with which the resurrection body will express and transmit the emotions of the redeemed spirit.—*Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.*

The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
 Is privileged beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
 Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,  
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance  
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease:  
 If unrestored by this, despair your cure;  
 For here restless demonstration dwells.  
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart!  
 Here tired Dissimulation drops her mask,  
 Through Life's grimace that mistress of the scene!  
 Here real and apparent are the same.  
 You see the man, you see his hold on heaven,  
 If sound his virtue, as Philander's sound,  
 Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends  
 On this side death, and points them out to men;  
 A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!  
 To Vice confusion, and to Virtue peace.—*Edward Young.*

#### CAUSES OF THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH.

The Christian's triumph results, first, from the removal of those causes which render death terrible. "The sting of death is sin." Never was truer sentence uttered. Sin pollutes the soul, brings guilt and condemnation, robs us of our faith, and then leaves us a prey to remorse, stricken with the terrors of coming retribution. Restore to us our moral and spiritual purity, bring back our lost faith in the Redeemer, and then to lie down in death would be attended with as few terrors as when we lie down to a night's repose. "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Again, the Christian's triumph results from the conviction that no harm can come to him while passing through the dark valley. He rests upon the promises of his God, and they, firm as the

eternal rock, are the unfailling support of his soul. "Thou art with me!" The Christian goes not alone. His Divine Shepherd, with his friendly crook and his spear of defence, attends him, and hides him from the evil. I wonder not that with his expiring breath he cries out, "I will fear no evil!"

Again, the Christian triumphs in death, because he looks upon it as the termination of present trials and sorrows, and the gateway to endless joy. Here ends the weary pilgrimage; now are past all conflicts, dangers, and struggles; uncertainty about destiny now ceases; heaven is sure, and God is sure; and while "the everlasting doors are lifted up," the ransomed spirit enters its blissful abode—joins the angelic throng amid the welcomes of glorified spirits, flames in robes of living light, seizes the golden harp and strikes up the eternal anthem, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us in his own blood, to him be majesty and dominion, honor and glory, forever and ever!"

And still another reason for the Christian's triumph is that dying grace is given for the dying hour. It is the almost universal experience of the righteous, that as death draws near, much as it may have been dreaded before, it loses much of the gloom which makes it terrible to the living. This triumph is no result of natural constitution, of established habit, nor even of strenuous effort; for those who possess least of constitutional courage or philosophical firmness, often pass through the final ordeal with the most complete triumph over all their past fears and misgivings. No doubt the mind is divinely prepared, the Holy Ghost more abundantly infused, and a clearer consciousness given of the presence and favor of Christ. And, finally, who shall deny that ministering spirits are sent down from heaven to watch around the dying couch of the Christian, and to convey his ransomed spirit home to God? When are ministering spirits more needed than when we walk through the dark valley? They gathered around the dying Lazarus, and carried him to rest in Abraham's bosom; and so do they hover around the dying Christian, unseen by mortal eyes, unheard by mortal ears, breathing heavenly influence, shedding holy light upon the scene.—*Bishop Davis W. Clark, D. D.*

(If the reader will refer to the death-bed scene of Bishop Clark, given elsewhere, it will be seen that the closing words of the above paragraph found literal fulfilment in the visions of his dying hour.—*Editor.*)

### TRIUMPH NOT ALWAYS RAPTURE.

It is a Christian's privilege to have victory over the fear of death. And here it is exceedingly easy to paint what, after all, is only the image picture of a dying hour. It is the easiest thing to represent the dying Christian as a man who always sinks into the grave full of hope, full of triumph, in the certain hope of a blessed resurrection. Brethren, we must paint things in the sober colors of truth; not as they might be supposed to be, but as they are. Often that is only a picture. Either very few death-beds are Christian ones, or else triumph is a very different thing from what the term generally implies. Solemn, subdued, full of awe, and full of solemnity is the dying hour generally of the holiest men; sometimes almost darkness. Rapture is a rare thing, except in looks and scenes. . . . Oh! it is not only in these passionate effusions in which the ancient martyrs spoke sometimes of panting for the crushing of their limbs by the lions in the amphitheatre, or of holding out their arms to embrace the flames that were to curl around them; it is not then only that Christ has stood by his servants and made them more than conquerors: there may be something of earthly excitement in all that. Every day his servants are dying modestly and peacefully, not a word of victory on their lips; but Christ's deep triumph in their hearts, watching the slow progress of their own decay, and yet so far emancipated from personal anxiety that they are still able to think and plan for others, not knowing that they are doing any great thing. They die and the world hears nothing of them; and yet theirs was the completest victory. They come to the battle-field, the field which they had been looking for all their lives, and the enemy was not to be found. There was no foe to fight with!—*F. W. Robertson.*

**DEATH CANNOT HARM THE GOOD.**

Oh! cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal.—*Dickens.*

**DEATH CANNOT BREAK UP FRIENDSHIP.**

It is a hasty conclusion, and one which marks an inadequate apprehension of the nature of friendship, to say that we *lose* a friend when he dies. Death is not only unable to quench the genuine sense of friendship between the living and the dead; it is also unable to prevent the going forth of a real feeling of friendship for the dead whom we have, it may be, never known at all. Goldwin Smith, in his new biography of Cowper, says of that poet: "There is something about him so attractive, his voice has such a silver tone, he retains, even in his ashes, such a faculty of *winning friends*, that his biographer and critic may be easily beguiled into giving him too high a place." Have we not an added help toward a kindly life in the thought that we may win new friends when our bodies are laid in the dust?—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

**WHY DO THE JUSTIFIED DIE?**

Justification changes the entire federal relation of its subject to the law, and raises him forever above all the penal consequences of sin. Death, therefore, while remaining a part of the penalty of the unsatisfied law in relation to the unjust, is like all other afflictions changed, in relation to the justified, into an element of improving discipline. It is made necessary for them from the present constitution of the body, while it is to both body and soul the gateway of heaven. They are made free from its sting and fear: 1 Cor. xv. 55, 57; Heb. ii. 15. They

are now "blessed" in death because they "die in the Lord," Rev. xiv. 13, and they shall at last be completely delivered from its power when the last enemy shall be destroyed, 1 Cor. xv. 26.—*Prof. A. A. Hodge, D. D.*

Methinks I hear some pitying mother say,  
 Why snatch a helpless infant thus away?  
 Why turn to clay that cheek on which was spread  
 The lily's whiteness with the rose's red?  
 Why close those ruby lips—those deep-fringed eyes?  
 Why seize so young, so innocent a prize?  
 Hold! hold! nor murmur at the wise decree  
 That set a lovely earth-born seraph free,  
 And gave it bliss and immortality.

*D. Lambden Flemming, M. D*

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## CHAPTER VIII.—DEATH IN RELATION TO MAN'S HIGHER NATURE.

### DEATH NOT ANNIHILATION.

**N**OW although the continued existence of any creature must depend simply upon the will of its Creator, that will may either be made known by direct revelation, or inferred in any particular instance by analogical reasoning from what is known of his doings in other cases.

As far as this argument from analogy goes it decidedly confirms the belief that a spiritual substance is, as such, immortal. The entire range of human experience fails to make us acquainted with a single instance of the annihilation of an atom of matter, *i. e.*, of matter as such. Material *bodies*, organized or chemically compounded, or mere mechanical aggregations, we observe constantly coming into existence, and in turn passing away, yet never through the annihilation of their elementary constituents or component parts, but simply from the dissolution of that relation which these parts had temporarily sustained to each

other. Spirit, however, is essentially simple and single, and therefore incapable of that dissolution of parts to which material bodies are subject. We infer, therefore, that spirits are immortal since they cannot be subject to that only form of death of which we have any knowledge.—*Prof. A. A. Hodge, D. D.*

#### DEATH NOT DESTRUCTION.

We cannot argue from the reason of the thing, that death is the destruction of living agents, because we know not at all what death is in itself; but only some of its effects, such as the dissolution of flesh, skin, and bones. And these effects do in no wise appear to imply the destruction of a living agent. And besides, as we are greatly in the dark upon what the exercise of our living powers depends, so we are wholly ignorant what the powers themselves depend upon; the powers themselves, as distinguished not only from their actual exercise, but also from the present capacity of exercising them; and as opposed to their destruction; for sleep, or, however, a swoon, shows us not only that these powers exist when they are not exercised, as the passive power of motion does in inanimate matter, but shows also that they exist when there is no present capacity of exercising them; or that the capacity of exercising them for the present, as well as the actual exercise of them, may be suspended, and yet the powers themselves remain undestroyed. Since, then, we know not at all upon what the existence of our living powers depends, this shows further, there can no probability be collected from the reason of the thing, that death will be their destruction; because their existence may depend upon somewhat in no degree affected by death.

Nor can we find anything throughout the whole analogy of Nature to afford us even the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers; much less, if it were possible, that they lose them by death; for we have no faculties wherewith to trace any beyond or through it, so as to see what becomes of them. This event removes them from our view.—*Bishop Butler, LL. D.*

**THE SOUL SURVIVES DEATH.**

Time and eternity are the same to God. But they are likewise so to me. Why make this distinction? There is but *one* Eternal. After death I shall be in eternity, but I am already in it. After death I shall be with God; but here below already I live and move, and have my being in God.

However with that intensified vital action, which we call death, an active process of separation and renewed combination takes place in all my component parts. As in Autumn the vital force leaves the withering plant, so in death the spiritual part of my being withdraws from the earthly part. That within me, which I call my real self, and which is capable of conceiving God, enters into combination with other substances and things in the life-teeming universe. But my discarded body, which returns to dust, also continues in God's universe, and enters into other combinations. And I, the God-conscious I, the conceiving and perceiving spirit, I also, like the dust of my body, shall continue through all eternity.

Am I a different being to-day to what I was yesterday, because I have put on other garments? No; for though I may yesterday have worn an inferior dress, and to-day a better one, I am nevertheless the same being. And as little as the raiment which I wear forms part of myself, as little does the body form part of the spirit, which in death puts it off. But the same as I have been while clad in the body, the same shall I be after having entered into other combinations. For I am and remain the same spirit, in like manner as my body remains the same dust. Consequently from the brief space of time which we call earthly life, I pass over into the higher or lower, happier or unhappier relations into which I may hereafter enter, a worthy or unworthy spirit, according as I may have proved myself in this world.—*Zschokke*.

**THE SOUL'S PROGRESS UNCHECKED BY DEATH.**

While it is true that there is an unexplored border-land between body and mind, it is also true that no rational explanation can be given of the origin of mental phenomena on the principles

of materialism ; while the doctrine of man's dual nature explains all the facts of his being. As, therefore, we see man manifesting two classes of phenomena, we conclude that he is a composite being and belongs to two worlds, the external and internal, the sensuous and supersensuous, whose centre is God. And when the psychical attributes of our nature find their true relation to God and man, to the visible and invisible worlds, and are sanctified by divine grace, regulated by God's law and guided by the Divine Spirit, the verdict of consciousness concerning the capability of the soul to exist apart from the body will be clear and strong.

We are told that Goethe stood one day with Eckerman, on the Weimar road, at a point from which the outlook was majestic. Together they gazed in wrapt attention at the setting sun. The great poet and philosopher tremulously exclaimed : " Setting, nevertheless the sun is always the same sun. I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity." Thus Goethe correctly interpreted the great facts of man's being. The soul may set—it may go down into the unseen realm, nevertheless it is always the same soul. So that while it may be true that we have no experience of the continuance of conscious existence beyond the grave, it is also true that we have no experience of death, and yet we are led by an irresistible induction to the conclusion that we shall die. By precisely the same logic we conclude that thought, consciousness, and will, are residents of an indestructible nature. Man is conscious of using his body as he would use a machine. His will is the great moving power. Yet his body is in a state of flux ; it is constantly changing. But the mind remains the same. The law of change, to which the body is subject, does not break the unity, or destroy the identity of the *Ego*, as that unity and identity are not residents of the body, but in the essence of consciousness. Here, then, is a palpable fact, the soul asserting its indestructibility amid the changes of the body, and demonstrating its supremacy over physical laws, thus furnishing ground for a strong inference that death cannot stop its progress.

*Rev. Thomas Stalker.*

**DEATH NOT A SUSPENSION OF LIVING POWERS.**

There appears so little connection between our bodily powers of sensation and our present powers of reflection, that there is no reason to conclude that death, which destroys the former, does so much as suspend the exercise of the latter, or interrupt our *continuing* to exist in the like state of reflection which we do now. For suspension of reason, memory, and the affections which they excite, is no part of the idea of death, nor is implied in our notion of it. And our daily experiencing these powers to be exercised, without any assistance, that we know of, from those bodies which will be dissolved by death; and are finding often that the exercise of them is so lively to the last; these things afford a sensible apprehension that death may not, perhaps, be so much as a discontinuance of the exercise of these powers, nor of the enjoyments and sufferings which it implies; so that our posthumous life, whatever there may be in it additional to our present, yet may not be entirely beginning anew, but going on. Death may, in some sort, and in some respects, answer to our birth, which is not a suspension of the faculties which we had before it, or a total change of the state of life in which we existed when in the womb, but a continuation of both, with such and such great alterations. Nay, for aught we know of ourselves—of our present life, and of death—death may immediately, in the natural course of things, put us into a higher and more enlarged state of life, as our birth does; a state in which our capacities and sphere of perception and of action may be much greater than at present.—*Bishop Joseph Butler, LL. D.*

**THE POWERS OF LIFE INTENSIFIED AT DEATH.**

If a future change in our condition be of a very extensive and important kind, we are very apt to suppose that, even if our consciousness of identity be not impaired by the event, our ordinary modes of feeling, and our characteristic sentiments and tastes, will none of them remain the same. From previously entertaining these delusive expectations it happens, when we come actually to pass through some such important revolution of personal condition, that our first emotions are not so much those

of surprise at the greatness of the change as of disappointment at the small extent to which it has affected our usual sensations, and at finding how little customary personal consciousness has been disturbed. We feel ourselves possessed of the same familiar self—of the same peculiarities of taste, and that the very same moral and mental habits have passed on within us, through the hour of transition, from one condition of life to another; nor can we say that this transition, in itself, has made us more wise or virtuous, or that it has enhanced, by so much as a particle, our personal merits; although it may have enlarged our range of action, and perhaps have added to our means of enjoyment.

Now we may reasonably imagine that it will be precisely thus in the moment of our passage from the present to another mode of existence. The several powers of life shall have become more intense in their activity, our consciousness of being will have been expanded; the faculties will no longer labor and faint at their tasks, or relapse exhausted; life will burn clear and steady, and will need no replenishing; but yet the inner man—the individual—the moral personality, will be untouched: the remembrance of yesterday and its little history will be distinct and familiar, and we shall come to an instantaneous conviction of the momentous practical truth, that the physical and the moral nature are so thoroughly independent, one of the other, as that the greatest imaginable revolution passing upon the former, shall leave the latter simply what it was.—*Isaac Taylor.*

#### THE MEMORY IN DEATH.

In the quickened action of the soul, in death, the memory seems to retrace its past history in the inverse order of the actual occurrence of its events. Taking the present as the point of its departure, it goes back through all the gradations of life to childhood and infancy.

The celebrated Dr. Rush mentions the case of an Italian gentleman who died of yellow fever in the city of New York. At first he spoke English; as his disease progressed he spoke only French; but on the day of his death the attendants were compelled to converse with him in Italian—the language of his

childhood. The same gentleman also states that a Lutheran clergyman of Philadelphia informed him that Germans and Swedes, of whom he had considerable numbers in his congregation, when near death, always prayed in their native languages, though some of them had not spoken these languages for fifty or sixty years.

With another class of persons, dying moments are not unfrequently the occasion for the resurrection of abused privileges and perverted blessings. To the guilty conscience

“It is the busy, meddling fiend  
That will not let it rest.”

From the burial-places of memory these recollections stalk forth to foreshadow his doom, and to strike deep into the soul the conviction that it is just.

Others again, calmly dying, have spoken of the incidents of their lives as being all simultaneously presented before them as in a magic mirror—every line as if fixed upon a tablet by the light, with all the exactitude and distinctness of present reality.

These manifestations of intellectual and spiritual perception, in the hour of death, seem to be but the first movement of that mighty expanding of intellectual power which shall characterize our transition from time to eternity. These facts, therefore, make it highly probable that thought is absolutely imperishable; and that *whatever is written once upon the memory lives there forever.*—*Bishop Davis W. Clark, D. D.*

#### THE IMAGINATION IN DEATH.

The certainty of an immediate separation from all our human sympathies may, even on a death-bed, disorder the imagination. The great physician of our times told me of a general, who had often faced the cannon's mouth, dropping down in terror when informed by him that his disease was rapid and fatal. Some have died of the strong imagination of death. There is a print of a knight brought on the scaffold to suffer; he viewed the headsman; he was blinded, and knelt down to receive the stroke. Having passed through the whole ceremony of a crimi-

nal execution, accompanied by all its disgrace, it was ordered that his life should be spared. Instead of the stroke from the sword, they poured cold water over his neck. After this operation the knight remained motionless; they discovered that he had expired in the very imagination of death. Such are among the many causes which may affect the mind in the hour of its last trial.—*Isaac Disraeli.*

If I must die, I'll snatch at everything  
 That may but mind me of my latest breath;  
 Death's heads, graves, knells, blacks, tombs, all these shall bring  
 Into my soul such useful thoughts of death,  
 That this sable king of fears  
 Shall not catch me unawares.—*Quarles.*

Death itself is less painful when it comes upon us unawares than the bare contemplation of it, even when danger is far distant.—*Pascal.*

#### THE SPIRITUAL FACULTIES QUICKENED.

From the nature of the soul, the spirit of faith, and the specific teachings of revelation, we are constrained to believe that death here is birth into the spiritual world with advanced conditions of being and intensified consciousness. Our conviction on this point finds support, not more in the common belief of its truth by Christians than in the almost universal experiences of saints in the article of death. The soul seems to acquire strange and marvelous strength about the time of its departure. As the spiritual world approaches, the spiritual consciousness is singularly quickened. At the moment when, from physical weakness and prospect of quitting earth and familiar forms and loved friends, and of passing into unknown conditions, in every way filling the imagination with dread, we would expect doubt and dismay, the soul becomes suddenly filled with preternatural strength; the life that has been all along clouded with fear and uncertainty culminates in the very moment of its overthrow in triumphant assurance; death, that was always dreaded, is hailed with shouts of welcome; the last moments are not unfrequently spent in exultant and rapturous statements of the revelation of

hitherto unseen glories, and of the coming and presence, not unfrequently, of well-known and most beloved friends. To children, and saintly women, and gifted sages, the vision of Stephen is repeated in wondrous variety and fulness. Even before they enter through the veil the life beyond envelops them in its lustre, and words of farewell are lost in speeches and looks addressed to the unseen (by us) multitudes who have come to welcome them home.—*Bishop R. S. Foster, D. D., LL. D.*

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## CHAPTER IX.—DEATH IN RELATION TO THE FUTURE LIFE.

### WHAT DEATH INTRODUCES TO.

**T**HE soul when it leaves the body will find itself in a moment in the presence of the great Sun of the universe, whose beams, like a torrent, pervade immensity and eternity. Sun, moon, and stars will all have vanished. Earth and its objects will appear to have been suddenly annihilated, and God, God alone, will rush in upon the mind and fill every faculty, occupy every thought. Above and below, behind and before, wherever the mind can turn itself or whithersoever roam, it will still find itself in the immediate presence of God; nor, if I may so express it, can the eyelids of the soul ever close for an instant to shut out the dazzling refulgence of his glory. As companions in admiring, or in shrinking with despair from, these glories, the soul will perceive itself to be surrounded by myriads of created spirits of opposite characters, and will quickly find that the same God who to holy spirits is refreshing, animating light, is to the unholy a consuming fire; that what is heaven to the one, is hell to the other.—*Edward Payson, D. D.*

**THE GREAT CHANGE.**

Your bodies must be changed. In a few years, of all the bodies which now fill this house, nothing but a few handfuls of dust will remain. Your mode of existence will be changed. Your disembodied, but still living, spirits will pass into a new and untried state of being. Your place of residence will be changed. The places which now know you will soon know you no more. Another assembly will fill this house. Other inhabitants will dwell in your habitations. Other names will glitter over the marts of business, and yours will be transferred to the tombstone. And when this world has lost you, another will have received you. After you are dead and forgotten here, you will be alive, and capable of exquisite happiness or misery elsewhere. After you are removed from all the objects which now affect you, a new world, new objects, new beings will rise upon you, and affect you in a manner far more powerful than you are or can be now affected. Above all, when this world and all that it contains sink from your view, God, that Being of whom you have heard so much, and, perhaps, thought so little—that Being who formed and now invisibly surrounds and upholds you will burst in upon and fill your mind, fill it with delight inconceivable or agony unutterable, according to the state of your moral character. And as it affects you the moment after death, so it will continue to affect you forever; for neither his character nor yours will ever change. Long after all remembrance of you shall have been blotted from the earth, during all the remaining centuries which the sun may measure out to succeeding generations of mortals, you will still be bathing with delight or writhing in agony in the beams of Jehovah's presence.—*Edward Payson, D. D.*

**NEARNESS OF THE INVISIBLE.**

How strange is this feeling of a spiritual world, an invisible realm, that gathers so closely around the Christian heart near the hour of death? All along through life we are in the midst of the invisible, stepping on its very verge. Bright forms are around us unseen; ministering angels guard our footsteps. But

when the eye is clear, the ear is quick, the limbs are strong, the heart beats regularly, and the nerves are trained for intense action, the visible fills our thoughts, commands our time and energies. But when the charms of earth fade, the system loses its power, the hour of action has gone, how sweetly steals over the soul thoughts of the presence of unseen forms, and how near may man feel to the throne of God! When the work of Stephen was ended, though in the active hours of his strength, yet he saw the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. Paul, in his prison hours, had glimpses of the glorious crown of righteousness reserved for him. Dying saints, in all ages, have felt a nearness to a glorious realm. But as we read of such scenes cheering the martyrs or the apostles, or the leading minds of earth, we may possibly fancy that such greetings do not meet the Christian in the ordinary walks of life; but when in our own families or in our own circle of friends, we see the lovely, the frail, the delicate, as they pass away grow strong in faith and love, and hope, as they listen to voices calling from the spirit land; as bright visions of the future rise before them, heaven seems to draw near to earth, and we almost feel that we, too, have friends in light who may be hovering around us. To those of us who know the deep pang of parting with loved ones of our family, who know the shadow which grief casts over the household, and feel a loneliness because the voice of a loved one is no longer heard, what a consolation to think of the associations of heaven!—*Bishop Simpson.*

Death is the crown of life!  
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain:  
 Were death denied, to live would not be life:  
 Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.  
 Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!  
 Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,  
 Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.  
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.  
 This King of terrors is the Prince of Peace.  
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?  
 When shall I die?—when shall I live forever?

*Edward Young*

**DEATH CONNECTS TIME AND ETERNITY.**

Death is a mystery when we look at it as simply the termination of life. We cannot answer a thousand questions that gather round us, that shadow our minds and our hearts when we come into the presence of death. Why was one so endowed to be cut down? Why at such a time, and under such circumstances? Why amid such pain, and agony, and suffering? Why to leave smitten hearts and loved ones? O, how many questions press upon us when we think of Death and his works! But Christianity presents death as a sleep; not as the French philosophers call it, an eternal sleep. "We shall not all sleep; we shall all be changed." It is said that they who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. This sleep in Jesus is the Christian's sleep—sleep in the faith of Jesus as our Saviour—in the faith that he is our resurrection and life. He who dies thus with faith in Christ hath a sure hope of eternal life, and of a glorious immortality at God's right hand. I never seem to myself to have eternity and time so joined—as if I were standing right on the line—as I do when taking the hand of a loved one, and seeing the light of the eye go out, and the mind, which shortly before was as acute as ever, suddenly beclouded, and he is gone. How is it that this step is taken? I cannot believe that there is any lack of consciousness; I cannot believe there is any failure of memory; I cannot believe there is any lack of interest in what is beautiful, and lovely, and glorious in the past; I cannot believe that scenes and ministries of earth have died from that heart which is still, or that feelings, were it possible, would not have utterance, though the lips are mute. To me, as I grow older, the other world seems nearer. More and more of my friends are crossing; more and more of the loved ones are passing over the river. So many that took you and me by the hand have just gone beyond the current; but I believe they are not very far from us.—*Bishop Simpson.*

Death is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time.—*Goethe.*

**DEATH A LIFTING UP.**

I love to think that what seems to be the mystery of the silence of death, which envelops so many that we loved on earth, is not really a mystery. Our friends are separated from us because they are lifted higher than our faculties can go. Our child dies. It is the last that we can see of him here. He is lifted so far above us that we cannot follow him. He was our child; he was cradled in our arms; he clambered upon our knees. But instantly in the twinkling of an eye, God took him, and lifted him up into his own sphere. And we see him not. But it is because we are not yet developed enough. We can not see things spiritual with carnal eyes. But they who have walked with us here, who have gone beyond us, and whom we cannot see, are still ours. They are more ours than they ever were before. We cannot commune with them as we once could because they are infinitely lifted above those conditions in which we are able to commune. We remain here, and are subject to the laws of this realm. They have gone where they speak a higher language, and live in a higher sphere. But this silence is not the silence of vacuity, and this mystery is not the mystery of darkness and death. Theirs is the glory; ours is the waiting for it. Theirs is the realization; ours is the hoping for it. Theirs is the perfection; ours is the immaturity striving to be ripe. And when the day comes that we shall disappear from these earthly scenes, we shall be joined to them again; not as we were—for we shall not then be as we were—but as they are, with God. We shall be like them and him.—*Beecher.*

Death is another life.—*Bailey.*

**DEATH A BIRTH.**

It seems to me, if we get a correct view of death, that it is only another form of birth—a kind of upward movement instead of downward. Before we came into this world we had our life in connection with the life of our mothers; we drew our life from our mothers. And after reaching a point, where it was possible to live independent of our mothers, we came into this world,

and found ourselves here in bodies, which are only a kind of walking matrix, in which the higher life is being developed. Separated from our maternal life, there is another umbilicus, the air, that seems to bind us to the great life we are now living. We enter upon this higher and wider life by breathing; we hold it by breathing, and we live in this walking matrix, receiving strength from our vaster mother, nature, and we seem to develop until it is severed, and we are born up into a higher life. So it looks to me as I contemplate this strange mystery of life. It seems to me that when this life goes out, we are born into some condition of being that is higher. If we take this view of the subject, it relieves what we call dying of much of the unnecessary darkness and gloom that has been thrown about it. It reminds me of a beautiful allegory I have somewhere read. It is related that a tree heard one of its leaves crying, and coming to the leaf, asked it what it was crying about. And the leaf said that the wind had told it that the time would come when it must be blown away. Then the tree told the branch, and the branch told the leaf to dry its tears; it should not die, but should continue to sport itself in the summer breeze and the summer sunshine. But after a while the leaf saw a silent change coming over its fellow-leaves. They gradually put off their modest green, and were decked in hues of purple and gold. It looked upon this dress of beauty, and upon its own familiar green, and it began to cry again, and the branch told the tree that the leaf was crying, and the tree came again to see about what the leaf was crying. And the leaf said: "The other leaves are dressed in garments of beauty, while I keep on my old garment of green, and I cry." Then the tree told the leaf that this change of dress would be put off to-morrow, and that it might now, if it wished, put on these garments. And thus the leaf was permitted to put on the golden hues, and the winds of autumn came, and soon it was borne away.

So, my friends, much as we dread the autumn and winter of death, we might well weep if we had forever to stay down in these lower worlds, in these feeble bodily conditions, down at the bottom of this ocean of atmosphere, when the worlds of

beauty roll on forever in immensity, and souls are rising and casting off their garments of dust, and passing away. Let us rather rejoice that, having had a birth that brought us into this state, and a development as far as possible, we may welcome the approach of the hosts of joy, dressed in garments woven by angel fingers; welcome the lines that time brings about the eye; welcome the weight of years that begins to press us down; welcome the weakness of age, the decay of strength, the dimness of sight, the dulness of hearing; and even let the cold winds of winter and the hot suns of summer hasten the process, for it is only the wearing out of the body, the putting on of garments for the evening, the getting ready for the morning; and then will come the whisper by and by: "You have travelled long enough, you have toiled long enough; now lay down the burden, gather up your feet, and go to the vaster realm above and beyond."—*H. W. Thomas, D. D.*

#### **BELIEVERS CATCH GLIMPSES OF GLORY IN DEATH.**

I have often thought, not from the indulgence of a vagrant fancy, but from what I have myself witnessed at a dying bed, that sometimes, before the soul of the believer is disengaged from the body, the glories of Paradise are partially disclosed to his view, and that the distant tones of its hymns of sweetest melody burst upon his ravished ear; that, hovering as it were midway between earth and heaven, he catches a glimpse of the spiritual world before he leaves the material. Thus it is, as it were, on the summit of Mount Nebo where the believer's last battle is to be fought, when he is already within hearing of the songs of Zion. Faint not, suffering believer, the promised land is full in view before thee. Hearest thou not those heavenly voices which are cheering thee on to victory? Be assured, this is no transient view, which is but set before thee, and then snatched away forever. Thou wilt soon be permitted to descend into the goodly land beyond Jordan, and enter the New Jerusalem with songs, and everlasting joy upon thy head.—*Rev. W. B. Clark.*

Though a believer may have his darkness, doubts and fears, and many conflicts of soul while on his dying bed, yet usually these are all over and gone before his last moment comes. From the gracious promises of God to be with his people even unto death, and from the observations I have made through the course of my life, I am of opinion that generally the people of God die comfortably, their spiritual enemies being made to be as still as a stone while they pass through Jordan.

*John Gill, D. D.*

#### DEATH AS VIEWED BY THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

The primitive Christian's view of death, as shown by the inscriptions in the Roman Catacombs, is always in striking contrast to the sullen resignation or blank despair of paganism—full of cheerfulness and hope. The grave is considered merely as a temporary resting-place of the body, while the freed spirit is regarded as already rejoicing in the presence of God, in a broader day and brighter light and fairer fields than those of earth. The following translations will illustrate the pious orthodoxy of those early Christian epitaphs:

"She departed, desiring to ascend to the ethereal light of heaven," A. D. 383. "Eutuchius, wise, pious and kind, believing in Christ, entered the portals of death, and has the reward of the light of heaven," A. D. 393. "Here sleeps in the sleep of peace the sweet and innocent Severianus, whose spirit is received into the light of God." "Refrain from tears, my sweet daughters and husband, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for me who lives with God," A. D. 472. "Here lies Urbria, ever agreeable and modest, she lived a speaker of truth; she rests free from care throughout endless time," A. D. 397.

We find also such expressions as: "He sleeps but lives;" "He reposes in the Lord Jesus;" "He went to God;" "Called by God;" "Accepted with God;" "Thou didst not leave the sweet light, for thou hadst with thee him who knows not death"—literally, "the all deathless One;" "Agape, thou livest forever;" "The soul lives, unknowing of death, and consciously rejoices in the vision of Christ;" "Prima, thou livest in the

glory of God, and in the peace of Christ our Lord." Of the early Christians, Chrysostom writes: "They say not of the departed, 'he is dead,' but he is perfected."—*Homily in Matt.* 68.

The hope of the resurrection is often strongly expressed: "Here rests my flesh; but at the last day, through Christ, I believe it will be raised from the dead." "I believe, because my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day shall raise me from the earth, that in my flesh I shall see the Lord."

The very idea of death seems to have been repudiated by the early Christians. "*Non mortua sed data somno,*" sings Prudentius—"She is not dead but sleepeth." Hence the catacomb was designated the "*cœmeterium,*" or "place of sleeping."

*W. H. Withrow, M. A.*

#### NOT HUMILIATION, BUT EXALTATION.

When companions, friends and children die, the spiritual sense of their presence is more potent than before. We realize the purer spirituality of that friend. Memory and thought reconstruct our friends, and make them present to us in an ineffable perfection. The air is populated with our departed friends. I think more of my father than I did when he was alive, and think of his nobler part. Our friends have had leave to go up higher. As we grow in our various departments of labor and go up, so they have gone up to the heavenly state. All our tenderness and soul-groping after them is not for nothing. God not only raises up new friends, but makes those that are absent ministers, ministering to those who are heirs of salvation.

There are other thoughts of death—not those in relation to our losses, but in reference to our own dying. I would not have you think of death with gloomy, ignoble views of it. Of the dark room, the long sickness, coughing, coughing, taking porridge, sitting about in an arm-chair—all those things that belong to the decadence of human life are low and poor, and not to be cherished in your imagination or thought. Such thoughts are morbid—to think how one will look in the coffin. Such thoughts are barbarous, savage and heathenish.

I avow again, as I have before, may God give me a sudden death: I would rather have it instantaneous as lightning than like consumption, idiocy, or paralysis, although I hope I am willing to go to heaven through such a pass as that, but I would rather die with the harness on, in the midst of the battle. But as to the time, manner and place, that's God's will, not mine. Dying to me is not humiliation, but exaltation—emerging from that which is nothing but an egg, into the plenitude of power, into hope, into waves of affection and soul-loving, that shall satisfy the amplitude of yearning in that direction. The nightingale has not an idea that the whole neighborhood is charmed with its song. So the soul in heaven. Groups and bands of men can sing and intersphere with each other's joy. Death is not to be unclothed to get rid of this burden and trouble, or this or that sin, but is the culmination of grace in conferring love—manhood, God-like manhood, and grand manhood. It is not going through an alley soot-black and smutchy, nor through a gate with a grim jailer, who turns a rusty key in the door, but through Milton's pearly gate on golden hinges turned, it is the flight of a bird, every wing-beat higher and higher in a purer culture. It is like a bath to the soul. It shall mount up and be clear of the grime and dust of the world, and in a purer sky it can move joyfully to and fro.

As when we go where our friends are we are more tender and happy, so in your thoughts of dying: let men ask, "What makes you so happy?" "Why, I was thinking about dying." That's the Christian view of death. Do not let your thoughts of death be so gloomy that after them one would think it was a hole, a chimney-flue, you had been going through. I shall not die downward toward hell, but upward toward heaven. So let us shake the tree of life, that the leaves of it will drop down for the healing of the nations.—*Beecher*.

#### THE SPIRIT ACTIVE BEYOND DEATH.

When that which is immortal within us outstrips the earthly coil—when the thinking, freely willing, spontaneous power within us, which is subject to special laws of its own, and which

we call our spirit, our real self, takes leave of the body,—then the vital power ceases to perform its functions, and the body perishes.

But in the same manner as these forces and life-impulses always find new materials which they work into new forms, so also the noblest of all forces, the immortal spirit, called to freedom, to bliss, and to eternal endurance, doth clothe itself in a new vesture. It neither sleeps nor dies when the first body passes away; and it will not fail to find a new veil in which to shroud itself, when called, perhaps, to act more gloriously, more perfectly, in the sphere of eternal existence. It must be so,—for *naught perishes*. What is death? Nothing more than transformation. The dead flower is transformed into dust, which in time becomes parts of other flowers. And in like manner as the blind life-force, acting according to the eternal laws of God, continues without ceasing, so also the free spirit of man, when relieved of its earthly coil. Thus this world is to us a darkened mirror of eternity.—*Zschokke*.

#### THE SPIRIT RETAINS ITS HUMAN FORM.

The Scriptures most clearly recognized this grand truth; for wherever the dead are spoken of, or represented as making their appearance upon earth, they are uniformly referred to as being in their appropriate human form. Hence it is that recognition and identification take place. This idea has prevailed in all ages. The heathen poets and philosophers thought and wrote of the shades of their departed friends appearing as when tabernacled in the flesh. It is the universal conception of human nature. It is an unconscious element of that faith in the heart of the Christian which exults in the confident expectation of *seeing* the loved ones who have gone into eternity, when he also shall have crossed over the irremeable flood. So does the Bible represent Dives to have seen and recognized Abraham and Lazarus, and them also to have recognized him; so were seen Moses and Elias; and so the great multitude around the throne of God were seen by St. John. Their form, their words, their actions, all marked them as having been **once**

beings of earth, in spite of all the transformations of circumstance, and time, and place. They were disembodied; new scenes enchanted them; new glories blazed upon them; everything was wondrously new; but through all the human and personal were visibly and distinctly marked.

The demand of this sentiment is met when we come to the recognition of the departed. Identity is what we want; nature craves for identity, and Scripture gives back the response that assures us this identity shall remain. All the anticipated glories of a reunion with the departed are enhanced by this prospect. The form may be vastly improved, infinitely more glorious, but it will be the same. Our friends or our children, who have been absent from us a few years, sometimes become so changed that we do not at first recognize them, though their general form and identity are the same. So may it be with our friends in heaven. Our aged parents, who totter with halting step and wasting frame to the grave, may there be rejuvenated and glowing with celestial life. Our children, nipped like the buds of spring, may be so changed in the transition and by the rapid growth of heaven that it may be necessary for some attendant angel to point them out before we could recognize their beautiful forms. It shall gladden our eyes, as we emerge from the gloom of the dark valley, to behold how glorious they have become, and to receive their welcomes to the land of everlasting bliss.

“And ere thou art aware, the day may be  
When to those skies they’ll welcome thee.”

*Bishop D. W. Clark, D. D.*

#### THE SPIRIT RETAINS ALL DESIRABLE KNOWLEDGE OF EARTH.

Of all things, a departing soul has least cause to fear losing the knowledge of worldly affairs. If the sun gives light and heat to the earth, why should I think that blessed spirits have no acquaintance with earthly concerns? From the top of a hill I can see more than from below; and shall I know less of earth from heaven, than I do now? It is unlikely that my capacity will be so little; or that Christ and all the angels will be so strange to me, as to give me no notice of things so interesting

to my God and Redeemer, to the holy society of which I am a member, and to myself as a member of that society. Spirits are most active, and of quick and powerful communication. They need not send letters, nor write books, nor lift up a voice. And as activity, so unity is greatest, where there is most perfection. Their knowledge, love, and joy, will be one. My celestial advancement, therefore, will be no diminution, but an inconceivable increase of my desirable knowledge of things on earth.

If, indeed, I shall know less of things below, it will be because the knowledge of them is a part of vanity and vexation, which have no place in heaven. I need not be afraid to hear any more of bloody wars, desolated countries, dissipated churches, persecuted Christians, silenced preachers, party conflicts, contentious divines, censorious professors of religion, with the cries of the poor, or the endless complaints of the melancholy.—*Richard Baxter, D. D.*

#### THE MORAL CHARACTER UNCHANGED BY DEATH.

Is there anything in death to change the moral character? All we know of death is that it disorganizes the body; but sin is not in the body, but the soul. All changes analogous to death leave the soul unchanged; such are sleep, swoon, suspended animation. Let a man go to the very door of death and be brought back, he is the same in character as he was before the wheels of life were arrested. No dissolution or combination of the mere carbon and hydrogen of our bodies can alter the moral nature of the soul.

It is said that in the necropolis of ancient Egypt there have been found two kind of mummies—one from which the vital organs have been removed, the other complete. Dr. Gruselbach, an eminent Swedish chemist, professor of the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all bodies embalmed for death, but that some are the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them, at some future time, the process of which has become lost. The professor has been experimenting with a view to this lost art. For example, he

benumbed a snake, as if it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that had it dropped it would have broken to pieces. After keeping it in this state for years, he restored it to life. For fifteen years this animal under his hand has been undergoing a series of deaths and resurrections. He has petitioned the government for a criminal condemned to death, to be subjected to a similar process. Suppose the professor's theory to be correct, and the art of restoration be recovered, and applied to one of those mummies in the age of Pharaoh, would not the restored man, judging from all the analogies we have, be just such as he was when his life was suspended? The changes in the *world* would have wrought no changes in *him*; he would speak the language, maintain the principles, breathe the spirit with which he died.—*Bishop Edward Thompson, D. D., LL. D.*

#### CHARACTER CONTINUETH FOREVER.

Character is an edifice which every man is building for himself to live in forever. We are all building up ourselves. There is no escape from this sort of architecture. We must do it. We are doing it. The only question is how. We can build of "wood, hay, stubble," or of "gold, silver, precious stones." We can build a hovel or a palace. In our idleness and in our activity—in our reckless and in our thoughtful hours—all the while, the house we live in is rising. Nero built up himself as truly as did Paul. The houses of character we build we must live in. They are never "For Sale," nor "To Let." Each admits but two tenants, the one myself, the other—who? My best friend or my worst enemy, the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," or the "enemy of all righteousness." All through life a man's character is his one inseparable companion. He may cross the sea and leave at once his friends, his enemies and his country; he may leave his business and his pleasure, but himself he cannot leave. To all the eternity the same truth holds.

"He that is unjust let him be unjust still." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him, for he shall eat the fruit of his doings."

“Work out your own salvation” then, because it is your own. Do not forget that when the great decisive day is past, you shall, while God lives, be pierced with the remorseful self-consciousness. “Me miserable! Which way shall I fly? Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell!” or thrilled with the eternal and eternally increasing rapture of your redemption song: “Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever.”—*Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL.D.*

#### IDENTITY PRESERVED.

When we awake from the swoon or sleep of death, or emerge through the change of death into the realities, circumstances, and affinities of another life, we suppose our first feeling will be that of consciousness of our own identity. We will feel and be conscious that we are ourselves and not another. This we can only do in connection with our past history. It may be the work of an instant, but still it involves a process by which the mind connects itself with what is past, and recollects its previous existence. Thus, for instance, we spend a night in the house of a friend; we wake in the morning suddenly, and scarcely know where we are or who we are. The mind at once enters upon a process of discovery by self-recollection; to do this it goes back and calls up its past history, remembers the way in which it has come, and soon full consciousness of itself and its relations is restored. So in the other world, after the change of death, a consciousness of identity must in some way be preserved. Suppose, however, that in the case of the person just instanced, sleeping in the house of his friend, the room should be furnished in a certain way when he lay down to sleep, and the furniture should be entirely removed and changed while he slept, the difficulty of coming to a consciousness of his identity would be greatly increased. In that case it would become necessary for him to depend upon pure recollection of the past in the way of thought and memory. This must be the case with our souls in passing through the change of death; we will find ourselves in new relations, circumstances, and affinities,

and our consciousness of personal identity can continue only as it feels itself the living continuation of the past.—*Harbaugh.*

#### SPIRIT-CONSCIOUSNESS.

By spirit-consciousness we mean the self-consciousness of a disembodied spirit. This, like the self-consciousness of an embodied spirit, is purely intuitive. In it the mind operates in thinking, feeling, and willing. This must not be confounded with personal identity, which involves the additional exercise of memory. Personal identity is the conscious unity of past self and present self through the twofold exercise of personal self-apprehension and recollection.

Consciousness belongs to spirit. God is a self-conscious being, and "God is a spirit." Again, "He maketh his angels spirits." Were we to deny to God and angels a perfectly self-conscious existence we would argue them out of existence. So also St. Paul describes man as a "*spirit*, soul, and body" (1 Thess. v. 23), and St. James declares that "the body without the *spirit* is dead" (James ii. 26). Many texts might be quoted to show that man *is* a spirit, and that as such—not as a body—he was made in the "image and likeness of God."

But man's self-consciousness while in the body hardly affords a criterion by which to judge of the intensity and power of his self-consciousness when out of the body. For, though while in the body he is capable of purely spiritual operations, his mind is subject to physical limitations and conditions. Just as in sense-perception, or the operations of the mind through the five bodily senses, there are frequent interruptions arising from defective bodily conditions, so we may suppose the higher mental operations to be similarly influenced. Indeed, we know this to be true. So completely is the action of the mind subject to the powers of the body, that in some cases there are no manifestations of any intelligent exercises at all. Says Professor Upham (*Mental Philosophy*, p. 183): "It is well known that there is a connection existing between the mind and the body, and that a reciprocal influence is exercised. It is undoubtedly true, that the mental action is ordinarily increased or diminished according as the body is more or less affected."

Therefore, what self-consciousness, in all its fullness and power, is in a disembodied state remains to be experienced. That it will be in kind as the consciousness of the Great Spirit, and of angelic spirits, is altogether probable. That it will not be broken or circumscribed by the imperfect workings of a physical nature is evident.

“That which is born of spirit is spirit, and seems  
All ear, all eye, all feeling, and all heart;  
A crystal shrine of life.”

The great multitudes of redeemed souls which John saw while on Patmos were possessed of a glorious self-consciousness. Their exalted condition was an ever present theme, and the knowledge of their salvation prompted to loud and joyous ascriptions of praise to him who had redeemed them. Paul was once mid-way between the two conditions of being, on the boundary line, as it were, betwixt pure spirit consciousness and bodily self-consciousness, so far, at least, towards the glorified state that he was quite as ready to think himself a disembodied spirit as a tenant of the earthy tabernacle, and he says he “*heard* unspeakable things which it is not lawful for a man to utter.” If such be the impression made upon the spirit in catching a momentary glimpse of the splendors of the third heavens, what must be the thrilling realization of the soul when granted an abundant entrance into the glorious kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!—*J. H. Potts.*

#### HOW DIFFERENTLY DOES DEATH APPEAR.

Now what is it to die? It is generally said to be a passing into eternity; but here already we are dwelling in eternity. It is a transition from the finite earthly relations into a higher, more blissful, to us incomprehensible, state; it is a change into a new mansion of the Father of all; it is the exchange from a place in a cradle into a place on the bosom of the Father. How differently does not death now appear to us! It is not annihilation but completion; not cessation, but continuation. The

loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence ; they are living with me at this very time ; they are, like myself, dwelling in the great paternal mansion of God ; they still belong to me as I do to them. We are not separated. No time lies between us ; for I, like they, dwell in eternity, rest in the arms of God. As they are ever in my thoughts, so, perhaps, am I in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our reunion. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their society ? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now ? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far distant city, or in some higher world in the universe of God, what difference is there ? Are we not still in the same house of the Father, like loving brothers who inhabit separate rooms ? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers ?—*Zschokke.*

“ I bless thee, O God,” that I am capable of dying ; that I am appointed to die, and that the execution is drawing near.

*Adams.*

#### WHY NOT THINK BETTER OF DEATH ?

If we are reconciled to God through Jesus Christ, what reconciling views of death does this open up ? Why not think better and oftener of death ? No doubt his hand is rough, and his voice is gruff ; and, rudely seizing us by the throat, as if he were the officer and we the prisoners of justice, he shows none of the courtly manners of Eleazer when he went to fetch a bride to Isaac ; yet why should those things make us overlook the glittering crown he bears in his grisly hand, and the message he brings us—to come away home ? We should familiarize our minds with this event, and train ourselves to think of it more as glory than as death ; as returning to our Father and our Father’s house ; as going home to be with Jesus and the saints—or, if you will have death in, as the death of all sin and sorrow ; the death of Death. To a child of God, what are its pains but the pangs of birth ; its struggles, but the battle that precedes

the victory; its tossings but the swell and surf that beats on the shores of eternal life; its grave but a bed of peaceful rest, where the bodies of saints sleep out the night which precedes the glories of a resurrection morn? I know a church-yard where this is strikingly set forth in the rude sculpturing of a burial stone. Beneath an angel figure, that, with outstretched wings and trumpet, blows the resurrection, there lies a naked skull. Beneath him and beside this emblem of mortality, two forms stand; one is the tenant of the grave below, the other it is impossible to mistake—it is the skeleton figure of the King of Terrors. His dart lies broken on the ground, and the hand that has dropped it, is stretched out over the skull, and held in the grasp of the other figure. Enemies reconciled! the man bravely shakes hands with death—his whole air and port showing that they are sworn friends. As if he had just heard Jesus announcing, "I am the resurrection and the life," you seem to hear him say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

—*Thomas Guthrie.*

### THE DEATHLESS LIFE.

"This mortal shall put on immortality."

Clothed with immortality;  
 What will it be? What will it be?  
 A sudden shiver—  
 Then deathless ever.

Clothed with immortality;  
 How strange 'twill be! How strange 'twill be!  
 A sweet confusion,  
 Almost illusion!

Clothed with immortality;  
 How soon 'twill be! How soon 'twill be!  
 The eyelids fall  
 Has witnessed all!

Clothed with immortality;  
 When will it be? When will it be?  
 Haste, dear Lord Jesus;  
 From death release us.—*Watchword.*

## BEYOND.

BEYOND life's toils and cares,  
 Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,  
 Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,  
 Will be a long sweet life unmarked by years,  
 One bright unending morrow.

Beyond time's troubled stream,  
 Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river,  
 Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,  
 Its dark realities and brighter dreams,  
 A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,  
 No tear-dimmed eye, no form by sickness wasted  
 No cheek grown pale through penury or care,  
 No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,  
 No sighs for bliss untasted.

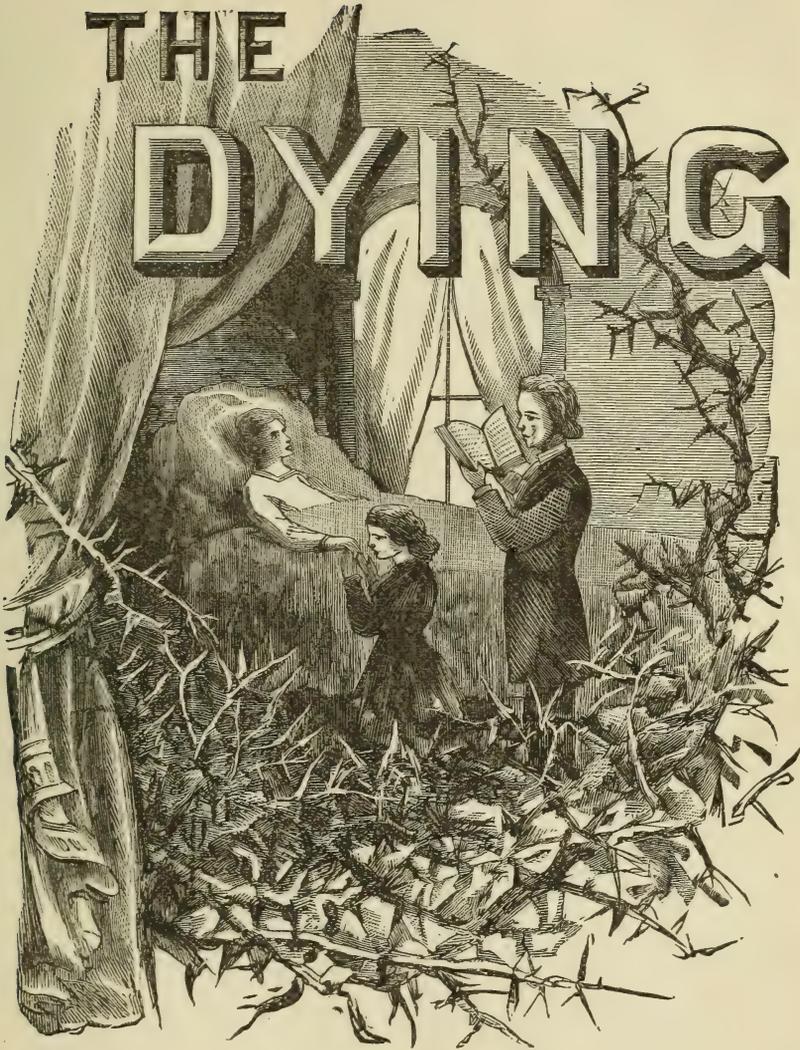
No sad farewell is heard,  
 No lonely wail for loving ones departed,  
 No dark remorse is there o'er memories stirred,  
 No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word  
 To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long, dark night is there,  
 Nor light from sun or silvery moon is given,  
 But Christ, the Lamb of God all bright and fair,  
 Illumes the city with effulgence rare,  
 The glorious light of heaven.

No mortal eye hath seen  
 The glories of that land beyond the river,  
 Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,  
 Its fadeless flowers and the unchanging sheen  
 Around the throne forever.

Ear hath not heard the songs  
 Of rapturous praise within that shining portal,  
 No heart of man hath dreamed what bliss belongs  
 To that redeemed and joyous blood-washed throng,  
 All glorious and immortal.—*Mrs. J. E. Aker.*

# THE DYING



A consideration of the last words and behavior of persons of all ages, countries, and conditions; dying in the palace, mansion, and cottage, at the stake, on the block, in the street, and under the influence of different beliefs.

“Death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets.”—Jeremiah ix. 21.

“The air is full of farewells to the dying.”

—H. W. Longfellow.





‘LET ME HEAR ONCE MORE THOSE NOTES SO LONG MY SOLACE AND DELIGHT.’—*Mozart.*

## CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

### THE DYING COMPARED WITH THOSE WHO ONLY THINK THEMSELVES DYING.

**W**HILE attending medical lectures at Philadelphia, I heard from the lady with whom I boarded an account of certain individuals who were dead, to all appearance, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, and yet recovered. The fact that they saw, or fancied they saw, things in the world of spirits, awakened my curiosity.

. . . After this I felt somewhat inclined to watch, when it became my business year after year to stand by the bed of death. . . . I was surprised to find that the condition of mind in the case of those who were dying, and of those who only thought themselves dying, differed very widely. I had supposed that the joy or the grief of death originated from the fancy of the patient, one supposing himself very near to great happiness, and the other expecting speedy suffering. My discoveries seemed to overturn this theory. Why should not the professor of religion who believes himself dying when he really is not, rejoice as readily as when he *is* departing, if his joy is the offspring of expectation? Why should not the alarm of the scoffer who believes himself dying and is not, be as uniform and as decisive as when he is in the river, if it comes of fancied evil or cowardly terrors? The same questions I asked myself again and again. I have no doubt that there is some strange reason connected with our natural disrelish for truth, which causes so many physicians, after seeing such facts so often, never to observe them. During twenty years of observation, I found the state of the soul belonging to the dying was uniformly and materially unlike that of those who only supposed themselves departing. This is best made plain by noting some cases which occurred.

1. There was a man who believed himself converted, and his friends, judging from his walk, hoped with him. He was seized with disease, and believed himself within a few paces of the gate of futurity. He felt no joy, his mind was dark, and his soul clouded. His exercises were painful, and the opposite of every enjoyment. He was not dying. He recovered. He had not been in the death-stream. After this he was taken again. He believed himself dying, and he was not mistaken. All was peace, serenity, hope, triumph.

2. There was a man who mocked at holy things. He became seriously diseased, and supposed himself sinking into the death-slumber. He was not frightened. His fortitude and composure were his pride and the boast of his friends. The undaunted firmness with which he could enter futurity was spoken of exultingly. It was a mistake. He was not in the condition of dissolution. His soul never had been on the line between two worlds. After this he was taken ill again. He supposed as before that he was entering the next state, and he really was; but his soul seemed to feel a different atmosphere. The horrors of these scenes have been often described, and are often seen. I need not attempt to picture such a departure here. The only difficulty in which I was thrown by such cases was, "Why was he not thus agonized before, when he thought himself departing? Can it be possible that we can stand so precisely on the dividing line, that the gale from both this and the coming world may blow upon our cheek? Can we have a taste of the exercises of the next territory before we enter it?" When I attempted to account for this on the simple ground of bravery and cowardice, I was met by the two following facts. First I have known those—the cases are not unfrequent—who were brave, who had stood unflinching in battle's whirlpool. They had resolved never to disgrace their system of unbelief by a trembling death. They had called to Christians in the tone of resolve, saying, "I can die as coolly as you can." I had seen those die from whom entire firmness might fairly be expected. I had heard groans, even if the teeth were clenched for fear of complaint, such as I never wish to hear again, and I had looked into countenances, such as I hope never to see again.

Again, I had seen cowards die. I had seen those depart who were naturally timid, who expected themselves to meet death with fright and alarm. I had heard such, as it were, sing before Jordan was half-forded. I had seen faces where, pallid as they were, I beheld more celestial triumph than I had ever witnessed anywhere else. In that voice there was a sweetness, and in that eye there was a glory, which I never could have fancied in the death-spasms, if I had not been near.

The condition of the soul, when the death-stream is entered, is not the same with that which it often becomes when it is almost passed. The brave man who steps upon the ladder across the dark ravine, with eye undaunted and haughty spirit, changes fearfully, in many cases, when he comes near enough to the curtain to lift it. The Christian who goes down the ladder pale and disconsolate, oftentimes starts with exultation, and tries to burst into a song when almost across. . . .

Many who enter the dark valley cheerless, begin to see something that transports; but some are too low to tell of it, and their friends think they departed under a cloud, when they really did not. It is at this stage of the journey that the enemy of God, who started with look of defiance and words of pride, seems to meet with that which alters his views and expectations; but he cannot tell it, for his tongue can no longer move.

*David Nelson, M. D.*

#### THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

It is a striking fact that the dying never weep. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony of the circle of friends around the death-bed, call forth no responsive tears from the dying. Is it because he is insensible, and stiff in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be, for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of his mother, sister, or brother, in still conscious affection. Just before expiring, he calls the loved ones, and, with quivering lips, says, "Kiss me!" showing that the love which he has ever borne in his heart is still fresh and warm. It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly sorrows, too

transcendent for weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier things, with the Father in heaven and his angels. There is no weeping in that blessed abode to which he is hastening.—*Anon.*

#### WHY DO THE DYING NEVER WEEP ?

Even a mother who is leaving a helpless family does not weep,—does not weep though the children are crying bitterly at her side. When friends are to be separated from each other for a long period they mutually shed tears; yet in the case before us, where there is to be a like separation, the dying shed no tears, though the living do. This explanation may be offered: The dying have their mind impressed at a different point from that of the living. The natural feelings are forced into the background, because now the higher emotions are compelled to act with reference to the great verities of existence. Fear, awe, perhaps an element of doubt, penitence, a sense of nothingness, a prayer travelling through the soul made up of many desires,—these holding the immortal spirit with a new power. The startling fact that I am to lose my life; that I am to enter an entirely new state—eternity; that I am to appear before a God of justice,—such pressing realities forming what seems like an original consciousness. The soul is waiting with trembling suspense the moment when it shall leave the body, and have its fate fixed forever; the mere natural sympathies therefore are kept down. A feeling of solitude hems in the trembling spirit, and it looks steadily at one point. The decaying body also affects the mind. Tears are not so natural as they once were. But with the living all is different. The soul and body have a degree of freshness. The thought of *life* is before the mind. The mighty experiment of entering upon the scene of future being is not to be made just now. The simple fact, therefore, that one we love is about to be taken away from us, arouses the *sympathetic nature*. The man who stands upon the scaffold to be hung will not shed tears, although his friends will. The awful realities that crowd about the mind of the criminal seem to petrify that mind; the friends are differently situated, and so they weep.

*Rev. John Reid.*

## FORCE OF DYING WORDS.

O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
 Enforce attention like deep harmony :  
 Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,  
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
 He that no more must say is listened more  
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;  
 More are men's ends marked than their lives before :  
 The setting sun and music at its close,  
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past :  
 Though Richard, my life's counsel would not hear,  
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.—*Shakespeare.*

Every man at time of death  
 Would fain set forth some saying that may live  
 After his death and better human kind ;  
 For death gives life's last words a power to live,  
 And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain  
 After the vanished voice and speak to men.—*Tennyson.*

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 CHAPTER II.—DYING TESTIMONIES AND  
 LAST WORDS.

## HOW DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE DIED.

**T**HE fame of Livingstone, Africa's great explorer, is imperishable. His bold, tireless, numerous, and resultful expeditions through the jungles of the Dark Continent make up a record of heroism, philanthropy, and sacrifice which can never be forgotten. A Scotland paper has the following tender account of the last hours of this great and good man : During the last days of April, 1873, he was very ill. He had plaintively said to his men : "*Build me a hut to die in. I am going home.*" In that hut at Ilala, on the night of the 30th of April, in great pain and weakness, he had been tenderly laid upon the couch by his faithful followers. About four in the morning, a negro, who was watching beside him,

called out to "Susi," who, with five more of his men, hastened into the hut. A candle, stuck by its own wax on the top of a box, gave light enough to see that Dr. Livingstone was not in the bed, but kneeling by the side of it, his body stretched forward, and his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him. He did not stir. There was no sign of breathing. Then one of them, *Matthew*, went softly to him, and laid his hands upon his cheek. Life had been gone some time. The body was almost cold. Dr. Livingstone was dead. On his knees at the throne of grace that noble spirit had ended his pilgrimage, and entered in through the gates into the city. His poor, shrivelled body, preserved in salt, was carried to the coast, a distance of more than a thousand miles, by his humble but affectionate body-guard of black men, *every one of whom was a liberated slave*. "A grander and more touching memorial," as was well said at the time, "than any tomb that can be raised to his honor in Westminster Abbey."

#### DYING UNBELIEVERS AND WORLDLY PERSONS.

It was an observation of Joseph Addison that "there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we must write of the deaths of eminent persons and of their behavior in that dreadful season." Dying words have all the legal force of sworn testimonies. Nay, more, the dying testimony of a witness, other things being equal, is held to have greater weight than any he may have rendered in a court of law. It is not presumable that a man will consciously equivocate with the chasm of eternity yawning at his feet and the sword of divine justice flashing before his dying eyes. In this light let us view the last words of some noted persons who have died without the consolations of religion. Cesare Borgia, an Italian prelate and soldier of the fifteenth century, whose career was marked by thorough worldliness, if not traced in havoc and blood, being sick unto death, sorrowfully said: "When I lived, I provided for everything but death; now I must die, I am unprovided to die." This was the dagger in his heart, as it is in the heart of all who feast their bodies but starve their

souls. Philip the Third, king of Spain, seriously reflecting upon the life he had led, cried out, in death: "Ah, how happy should I have been, had I spent in retirement those twenty-three years during which I have held my kingdom! My concern is not for my body, but for my soul." "Thou hast conquered me, O Galilean!" was the yielding outcry of Julian the Apostate. Cardinal Wolsey, one of the greatest ministers of state, poured forth his soul in these sad words: "Had I been so diligent in serving my God, as I have to please my king, he would not have forsaken me now in my gray hairs." "O my poor soul, whither wilt thou go?" was the humiliating inquiry to his own spirit of Cardinal Mazarin. "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark!" was the last despairing exclamation of the infidel Hobbes. Voltaire, also, who expended the energies of a great mind in attempts to overthrow the Christian religion, complained in dying that he was "abandoned by God and man." Frequently he would cry out: "O Christ! oh, Jesus Christ!" His physician withdrew in terror, as did also Marshal de Richelieu, and his nurse ever afterwards refused to wait upon the sick, for "fear of witnessing another such scene as the death of Voltaire." For nearly half a century Talleyrand figured prominently in the affairs of Europe, engrossing his mind with gigantic political questions which determined the boundaries of empires and the fate of mighty men. Just before his death, after an eventful life of fourscore years, a paper was found on his table containing such expressions as these: "Behold, eighty-three years passed away! What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What ill-will! What sad complications! *And all without results*, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past." Behold in yonder Roman palace the world-renowned Cardinal Antonelli wrestling with the agonies of death. Bound in the remorseless tyranny of an anti-Christian system, "without a drop of joy for his fevered lips, deadly pale and shivering with dismay, shrinking back with a great dread from the coming stroke of dissolution," he can do no other than cower at the feet of a pretentious hierarch, imploring the

poor comfort of a ceremonial absolution. Lord Gibbon said: "The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more, and my prospects of the future are dark and doubtful." When George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, a professed atheist, whose life was coursed in folly, drew near to the gates of death, he remarked to his physician: "You see, my dear doctor, the apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of their understanding. In my life, to purchase a smile from a blockhead, whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect, and sported with the holy name of Heaven. Now I am haunted by remorse, despised by my acquaintance, and, I fear, forsaken by my God." David Hume, who, by his writings, won a world-wide fame as a philosopher, and not less so as an infidel, died a death of the greatest stolidity, a fact which has been the boast of infidelity ever since. The fact is easily accounted for. The heart of David Hume was as hard as his principles could make it. Trained in early life by a Christian mother, he, in turn, became her anti-Christian instructor, and was the cause of her apostasy from the faith. While he was abroad, his mother was stricken down, and when it became evident she could not survive, she dispatched a letter to him saying that she found herself "without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that only source of comfort upon which, in all cases of affliction, she used to rely, and that now she found her mind sinking in despair; she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter containing such consolations as philosophy could afford to a dying mortal." Hume was greatly perplexed by this intelligence, and travelled night and day to reach her bedside, but before he arrived she was dead. To an unyielding heart, like Hume's, the natural tendency of such an experience was, as it proved, complete petrification.

The death of Altamont, as described by Dr. Young, and published in "Death-bed Scenes," is one of the most affecting ever witnessed. The lips of the dying man were constantly charged with the most denunciatory and remorseful expressions of his



ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.



own guilt and folly, and the frowning aspect of eternity before him. A friend at his bedside whom he loved, and whom he had ruined, was moved to tears at his deplorable condition, observing which, he said: "Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him: "No, stay, thou still mayest hope. Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! But look on my present state as a full answer to thee and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain: but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer. And *that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is, doubtless, immortal.* And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I now feel." Refusing to be interrupted, he continued: "My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins—in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future; worse dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flame: *that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.*" Before the understanding of this unhappy man failed, and his wretched spirit passed to God, he cried out in the very anguish of despair: "My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? O! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

Thus, by the rack of nature, is extorted even from the lips of infidels, the fundamental articles of the Christian's creed. And death cometh, soon or late, to every human being. Youth, beauty, strength, skill, power, courage, or wickedness, is no guard against his final conquest. And it is a momentous event, not so much in itself as in its issues. Heubner has remarked that what "makes death so dreadful is the consciousness of sin, and the fear of damnation."

In our youth we had access to books containing descriptions of terrifying death-scenes of unbelievers. The impression produced was that such experiences were connected with the long ago, that none were passing away at the present time in the manner therein depicted. But this impression proved to be erroneous. Our earliest experience in ministerial life dissipated the illusion. We were called to minister to Christless souls in agonies a thousand-fold more terrible than pen ever described. We shall not attempt here to describe what is indescribable.

“The pains, the groans, the dying strife”

of unsolaced souls in the bitterness of dissolution have frightened away thousands of attendants. Thomas Paine groaned day and night, so that his attendant could not snatch a moment of sleep. Being reminded of the fact, he said,—“I have no rest myself, nor shall you have.” Mr. Paine was a noted infidel, and the remark, therefore, was recorded, but people are dying every day in similar anguish.

“O sir,” pleaded one unconverted lady, “I am dying, dying unsaved! Help me! ask God to have mercy! Pray for me now! *I am going—unsaved—it is too late—but pray!*” We knelt at that bedside, whose occupant was an entire stranger, but had scarcely begun to open the case before the throne of grace, ere the stifled voice and gasping breath told that the terrified spirit was with its Maker. Some professed unbelievers, when in the last mortal agony, are not slow to retract the sentiments they advocated while in health and strength. In the village of Galesburg, Michigan, lived one Dr. Alfred, an avowed infidel, and a practising physician of considerable repute. His delight seemed to be in forcing religious discussions upon Christian ministers and others. He had once made a profession of religion and sought to enter the regular ministry, but for some reason was rejected. This embittered his heart, and he turned at once in the direction of open unbelief. His erudition was a source of dangerous strength. His boldness in the use of infidel methods of attack was an annoyance to the better class of his townsmen. He had selected a class of Scripture texts

which he wrested most mercilessly to the injury of religion and his own good name. But stout and bold as Dr. Alfred was, and familiar as he was with the scenes of the death-chamber, when the grim and terrible King knocked at his own door with the message, "Thou shalt die and not live," he was completely un-nerved. His pastor, Rev. David Engle, now of Muskegon, Michigan, sends us the particulars of the closing scene :

"I was pastor at Galesburg when Dr. Alfred died. He did retract his sentiments. The character of my relation to him, and the circumstances of his death are as follows: when I first became acquainted with him, he was a zealous advocate of infidel views. On almost every occasion of our meeting he sought to draw me into a discussion of some theological question. These discussions would sometimes close with a tinge of bitterness; and, finally, I said: 'Doctor, I will meet you as a friend and citizen, and will treat you as such, but will argue no more with you, because it is worse than profitless.' He never approached me again on the subject of religion until just before his death. When first taken sick he was very singularly affected. He lost the power of speech, and also, in some respects, his powers of mind; yet he was perfectly conscious of everything that transpired in his presence, or was said in his hearing. While in this condition I visited him a number of times, and spoke to him of his affliction, of his business, and of his friends, but did not feel at liberty to introduce the subject of religion. He always appeared glad to see me, and would frequently shed tears when I spoke to him. Subsequently his disease changed so that he recovered the power of speech. I continued my visits, talked with him freely, but never upon religious themes. Before he died I was attending a Sunday-school picnic about a mile from town. A messenger came in great haste saying, that Dr. Alfred was dying and wished to see me. I hurried to his bedside. He said: 'I am so glad to see you. I am going to die, and I want to talk with you before I go.' I replied, 'Anything I can do for you, doctor, I will do with great pleasure!' At his request, I was seated by his side. Three or four other persons were in the room. He began: 'You know how I have

lived, and how I have talked to you and to others.' 'Yes,' I replied, and expressed the opinion that he had not talked as he really believed. He responded, '*That is true* ; I have always believed that Jesus was the Saviour of the world, and that the Bible was the word of God!' After expressing great sorrow for his manner of life, he requested me to conduct the funeral services, charging me especially to tell the people that he died in the hope of Jesus, and in a firm belief in the word of God, and desired me to counteract as far as possible his influence while playing the part of an infidel. Fifteen hundred persons attended his funeral, and all within the sound of my voice will remember my statement of his confession and profession."

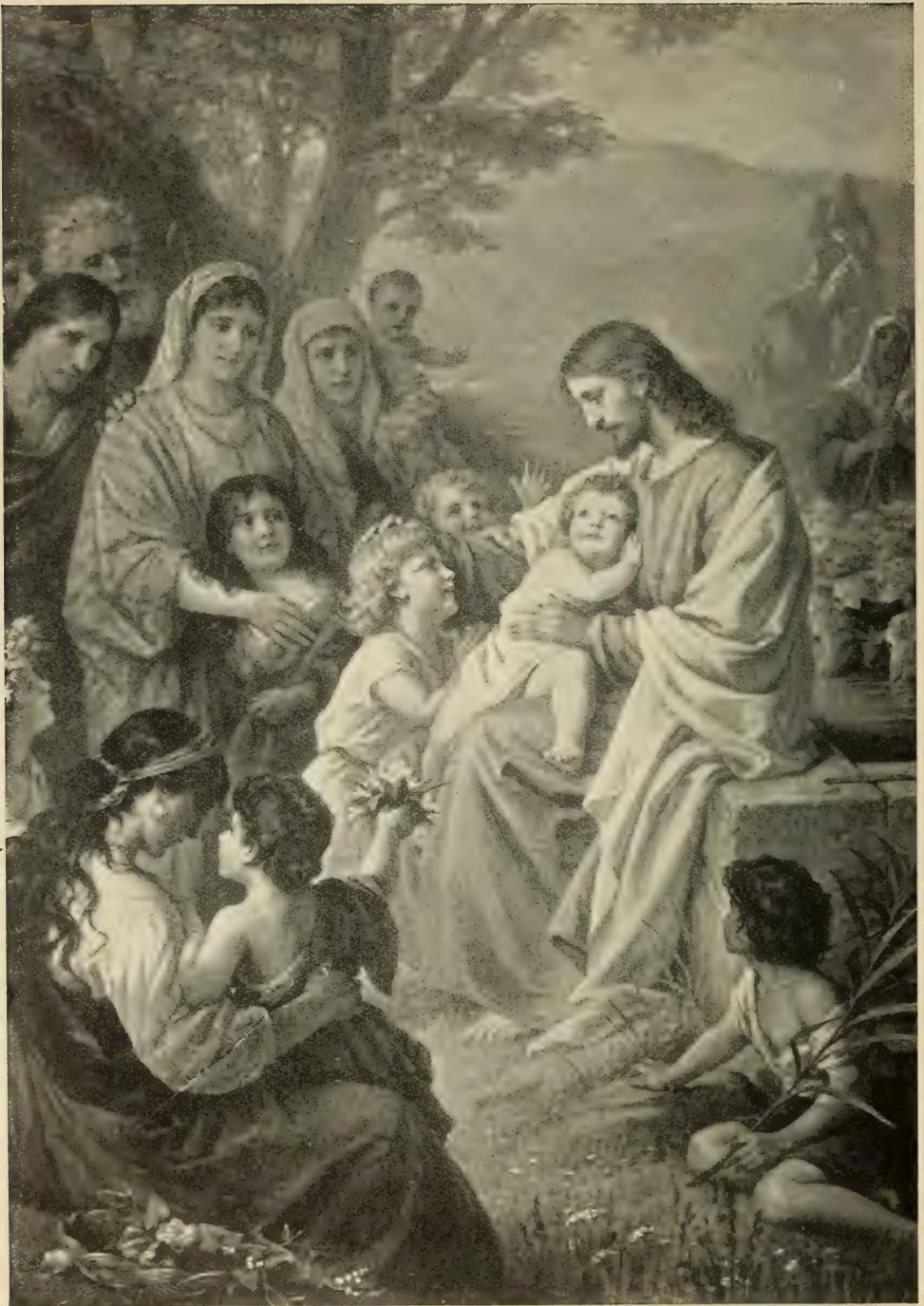
—*Editor.*

#### DYING CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

It is remarkable how early in life the human mind may be impressed with the solemnity of death and the realities of the future world. To a child nothing is more interesting than dear "mother stories" of God and heaven. Even a boy, up to twelve years of age, has been known to give tireless auditory to narrations respecting death and the great beyond. Very often, too, children will carry on their part in a decidedly interesting conversation upon these topics, asking questions beyond their years, and giving critical attention to all replies. This particular impressibility of the mind of a child argues strongly in support of an innate consciousness of immortality.

Deeply interesting is the study of the death-scenes of children. Many stricken households could furnish facts respecting the departure of precious little ones, quite equal to some that have had wide currency. How the memory cherishes the great child-words that fell from their dying lips! In the death of his only son, Richter received a blow to his health and spirits from which he never rallied. We are not surprised, therefore, to find among his pathetic utterances the story of a pale, delicate child, complaining that the dew-drops were not permitted to tarry through the day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow ; and the father pointed the child





“SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.”

upwards, saying, "See, there stand thy dew-drops, gloriously reset, a glittering jewelry in the heavens. Learn, my child, that what withers on earth, blooms again in heaven." The father knew not that he spoke prefiguring words, but soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his earthly wisdom, "was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven."

The comprehensive view of life, and life's associations, which many children have, is beautifully and touchingly illustrated in the sad story of little Benny Hawkins, nine years old, who died of hydrophobia in his father's home in Chicago. A Western newspaper says that he was playing with some companions in his father's yard, when a large Newfoundland bounded in, and jumped up on Benny's shoulders. He tried to push it off with his hand, and by chance struck it in the mouth. He had cut his fingers the day before, and it is supposed the saliva of the dog touched the wound. In the afternoon of the same day he was sent out for some water, but went back crying, "Mamma, I can't get the water. I can't see it. It hurts me." He complained of ear-ache and of being tired. He was put to bed, when he soon became very nervous and restless. The next day developed unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia. He begged his father and mother to go away from him, saying that he was afraid he would bite them. The least sound threw him into a paroxysm, and he would get up and run out of the room, crying out that that awful dog was after him. "Water hurts me," he moaned continually. Dr. Hall was called, and after his first visit he brought in consultation five other physicians, but their united skill was of no avail. Sunday evening the poor little lad asked his father to come to his side. "Sit down, papa," he said, "I'm going to die pretty soon, and I shan't ever see the big bright sun, or the green grass, or play with the other boys any more. I know I've been a naughty boy, sometimes, papa, but please forgive Benny, won't you, and pray to the dear Jesus to take care of your little son." As the heart-broken father knelt by the bedside, the tiny hands folded in supplication, the tired, worn features took on the expression that angels wear, and Benny passed the portal of suffering.

The grasp of the mind of childhood upon the great truths of religion is frequently felt most perceptibly when the little sufferers are near their end. When a boy we heard the narration of a three or four year old daughter of good parents living in the Southern country. She sickened, and medical skill proved unavailing to restore her. The tiny creature suspected the truth herself, and asked her father if the doctor had not said she must die. Being answered affirmatively, she was silent for a moment, and then said: "Papa, the grave is dark; oh, it is so dark! won't you go down with me into it?" The stricken parent explained the impossibility, whereupon she said: "Papa, let mamma go with me, then." All who stood around the little creature were in tears, and she began in her own simple way to pray to God. Before expiring her face brightened as she said: "Pa, the grave is not dark now. I know that you and mamma can't go with me, but Jesus will go with me into the grave."

"I went once," says Rev. C. H. Fowler, D. D., "to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father, she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poor-house, her couch a hospital-cot, and yet, as she had staggered in her weakness there, she had picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment, and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of such majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing. 'Oh, sir!' she said, 'God sends his angels. I have read in his word: "Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"' And when I am leaning in my cot, they stand about me on this floor; and when the heavy darkness comes, and this poor side aches so severely, he comes, for he says, "Lo, I am with you," and he slips his soft hand under my aching side, and I sleep, I rest."

The instances of heavenly ministries at the bedside of dying children are not rare. "Good-bye, papa; good-bye, mamma," said a sweet eight-year old, dying in Baltimore, "the angels have come to carry me to heaven!" and, sure enough, in a few moments the heavenly convoy were bearing his freed spirit upwards to the skies.

A contributor to the *National Era*, who was an eye-witness to the scene, narrates how a little girl—a lovely and intelligent child—who had lost her mother too early to fix the loved features in remembrance, began to fade away early. As she reclined on the lap of the friend who took a mother's care of her, she would throw her wasted arm around her neck and say, "Now tell me about mamma." And when the oft-told story had been repeated, she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused, and the affectionate sick child would lie for hours gazing on her mother's portrait. But the hour came at last, and weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. "Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close to her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if flashed from the throne, beamed upon the colorless face. The eyelids opened and the lips parted: the little hands were waved upwards, as, in the last impulsive effort, she looked piercingly into the far above. "*Mother!*" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath to her mother's bosom. Said a distinguished divine, who witnessed the scene: "If I had never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

Bearing upon the same point is the story which history brings of the little son of Maria Antoinette, nine years of age, who was fastened in a cell, and his "food thrust through a hole in the upper part of the door. Brought out after a year's confinement, during which period that door never once opened, he was brought out to die. 'O,' said he, 'the music, the music, how fine!' 'Where?' 'Why, up there, up there!' And again he repeated the exclamation, 'O the music, how fine! I wish my sister could hear it!' 'Music? Where?' again asked his attendants. 'Up there, up there!' said the dying dauphin. 'O how fine! I hear *my mother's voice* among them.' And, with these words, he went to join her, whom at that time he did *not know to be dead!*"—*Editor.*

## DYING BELIEVERS.

If Christianity were of no other service to humanity than to light up the pathway to the tomb it would be of inestimable value. The terror, despair, or insensibility of infidelity in the hour of death has often been remarked, while the complacency, hope, and joyous rapture of religion in that "dreadful season" is a matter of common observation. It is worthy of note that religious persons, when dying, never base their prospects or gladness upon their own works or deservings. "I have not time to add more," says Cowper, the poet, in a letter, "except just to say that if I am ever enabled to look forward to death with comfort, which, I thank God, is sometimes the case with me, I do not take my view of it from the top of my own works and deservings; though God is witness that the labor of my life is to keep a conscience void of offense toward him. Death is always formidable to me, but when I see him disarmed of his sting by having sheathed it in the body of Jesus Christ."

In the same spirit were the utterances of the great missionary-secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. R. L. Dashiell. He had undergone a critical surgical operation for a malady that proved fatal. In the exclusion from friends which followed, and while he was waiting the arrival of the messenger bidding him to rest from his arduous labors in the Paradise of God, he seemed to be in the closest communion with his heavenly Father. One experience he gave as the awakening from a dream. "In the dream he thought he had come down to the cold, dark river, and was looking for some means to cross it. The flood was rolling on, but there was no ferryman; not even a boat tied to the shore. He looked for a plank, but not one could be found; as he said, 'Not a chip as large as my finger-nail.' He was in despair for a moment, but looked off, and there was Jesus, who, answering to his cry, bridged the river, and he walked joyfully across. So he was wont to say, 'I sometimes think of my life, that I consecrated to Christ at the early age of fifteen years; but I find no hope there. I then think of my arduous labors; but there is no hope there. I then count over the number of souls

I have led to Christ; but even this does not help me. But when I settle down upon the atonement, I feel safe.'”

But Christians are not forgetful of duty amid the holy triumph of the closing scene. Reconciled to their lot, and exultant even in agony, they are yet thoughtful of what properly belongs to the termination of the earthly career. Property interests, if not previously adjusted, are calmly disposed of; mortuary directions are given; friends are bidden adieu, and all mundane affairs receive final attention. Then, as if cut loose for its flight, the soul begins to spread its wings. A beautiful illustration of this order of mind in the last moments of life is found in the case of Dr. J. R. Goodwin, a prominent Christian layman of Illinois, who was shot, in the very noon of life, by an insane brother. Calling his son to his side, he said: “You know how much I am attached to Asbury University. I have intended to give to it \$10,000. Will you see that my wishes are carried out?” When the son assured him that he would, he quietly said: “Now all is done, and I am ready.” And then he said, with a joyful look: “The cross! the cross! what would I do but for the cross! Oh, how sweet to lean on the cross of Christ! Nothing but the religion of Jesus Christ could comfort me so in such an hour!” He expressed a desire to see the brother that wounded him, and said he loved him, and freely forgave him, and then with joyful exclamations passed triumphantly home.

Nor does the good man's trust depart or wane as he nears the final moment. The faith, cherished in life, proves the stay in death. Religion would not be the comfort that it is if it failed in the time when most needed. Infidels have been known voluntarily to retract, and even to sue for mercy, in the face of dissolution. Not so with the followers of Christ:

“Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
Unfold to make his children way.”

When this writer stood by his own father in death, the thought occurred to solicit an expression of trust, in reference to the future, from one who had long professed the faith, and had also ministered to others in holy things. O how assuring and pre-

scious was the positive declaration which came promptly from the lips of the dying sufferer: "I have full confidence in the soul's immortality." Among the last words of the great and good Dr. Jeremiah B. Jeter, whose loss not Baptists alone have deplored, were these: "Conversing with one of his most loved and trusted friends, in response to the question, 'Well, doctor, what do you think of the future life?' he replied: 'In regard to many questions my opinions are not so fixed as when I was a young man; but of my trust in the Lord and his ability to save me I have no doubts.'"

In that interesting book, "The Night Lamp," written by the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, there is an account of the death of his mother. At the last moment of her life "her features, but now pale and languid, assumed an unearthly beauty. Her eye, but now dull and heavy, was lighted up as from some invisible glory. Her voice, but now scarcely audible, took on strength and distinctness of tone. . . . 'What do I see?' she exclaimed, 'O! what do I see?' They looked upward, as she did, but *they* saw nothing. 'Wings! wings! wings!' she added, with a most heavenly expression in every feature. They that were of the earth dared not yet speak. 'Fly! fly! fly!' said the expiring conqueror: 'O! why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?' 'Do you mean angels, Grace? Do you see them?' inquired Dr. Husband (her father). 'Yes,' she replied; 'angels to conduct me safely home!' Having thus spoken, *she was not*: for the Lord took her."

But the Christian's victory over death does not always take the form of triumphant exultation. The late Dr. T. E. Bond, when dying, asked of one who stood near: "What is the victory over death?" and to the answer given, he in a moment added his own, speaking slowly, and with an intense gaze, which gave peculiar emphasis to his words: "Is it not the victory over the dread of death? Is it not the victory of patience under the sufferings which precede death? Is it not the victory of resignation in the prospect of death? Is it not the victory of faith, which looks beyond death and trusts all to Christ? Is it not also the victory over the anxieties and cares of the world, and

the life which is left behind? This victory is won now in Christ Jesus, who is able to make us conquerors, through his love. I have no cares and anxieties now; I have laid them upon him. The fear of the physical pain of death is all that remains to be conquered. That fear still exists, but I think very little about it."

As evidence that this victory is the portion of dying believers, we have carefully collated, from many sources, the following dying testimonies. The list might have been indefinitely extended, but a sufficient number are presented to show how, in all countries, and under all circumstances, since the days of Christ on earth, Christians, when dying, have exulted in the presence and smile of God:

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.—*Simeon.*

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.—*St. Stephen.*

This soul in flames I offer, Christ, to thee.—*Ferome of Prague.*

I take God to witness, I preached none but his own pure doctrines, and what I taught I am ready to seal with my blood.—*John Huss.*

Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as will, I trust, by God's grace, never be put out.—*Bishop Latimer*, who was burned with Bishop Ridley at the stake.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.—*Archbishop Cranmer*, in the flames.

Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a happy supper with the Lord this night.—*John Bradford*, an English martyr.

This day let me see the Lord Jesus.—*Archbishop Jewell*, of *England.*

God be praised for everything.—*Chrysostom.*

I have not so lived among you as to be ashamed to live yet longer; but neither do I fear death, for we have a good Lord.—*Ambrose of Milan.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.—*Bede the Venerable.*

Into thy hands do I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord.—*Ansgar of Scandinavia.*

O Lord, I will go into thine house, I will offer my prayer in thine holy temple, and will glorify thy name.—*King Louis IX. of France.*

I know none now save Christ the crucified.—*John Wessel*, the Dutch reformer.

My Lord died for my sins; shall not I gladly give this poor life for him?—*Jerome Savonarola*, an Italian reformer and martyr.

They can slay only the body, not the soul.—*Zwingle of Zürich*, dying in battle under the thrusts of lances.

My friend, thou injurest me not. By thy deed I am delivered from a sore imprisonment.—*Antony Laborie*, of France, to his executioner.

The covenants, the covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving.—*James Guthrie*, a Scottish martyr.

I am going from weeping friends to congratulate angels and rejoicing saints in heaven.—*Risden Darracott*.

Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. I will die steadfast, clinging to Christ and to the doctrine I have so constantly preached.—*Martin Luther*.

Nothing but heaven.—*Philip Melancthon*.

Now it is come.—*John Knox*.

Lord, thou bruise me, but it is enough for me to know that it is thou.—*John Calvin*.

It is our joy that our names are written in the book of life.—*John Valentine Andrea*, a German author and clergyman.

I have summoned you that you may see with what tranquillity a Christian can die.—*Joseph Addison*, to his son-in-law.

Light breaks in! Halleluiah!—*Blumhardt*.

Tell those that are drawing down to the bed of death, from my experience, that it has no terrors; that in the hour when it is most wanted, there is mercy with the Most High, and that some change takes place which fits the soul to meet its God.—*Sir William Forbes*.

What glory! the angels are waiting for me.—*Dr. Bateman*, a distinguished physician.

I can now contemplate clearly the grand scene to which I am going.—*Dr. McLain*.

I have nothing to plead except my Jesus. I commend me to my faithful Creator, my well-known Redeemer, my tried Comforter, and desire nothing save to be justified in his presence.—*John Albert Bengel*, author of “*Bengel’s Gnomen*.”

And now I leave off to speak any more with creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations! Farewell the world and all delights! Farewell sun, moon and stars! Welcome God and Father! Welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant! Welcome blessed Spirit of grace, the God of all consolation! Welcome glory! Welcome eternal life! and *welcome death!* O Lord, into thine hand I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.—*Hugh MacKail*, a Scottish martyr.

I have pain; there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace, I have peace.—*Richard Baxter*.

From the chair to the throne.—*Dr. Wilbur Fisk*, when lifted from his bed into a chair to die.

I am going, going, going to glory! Farewell sin, farewell death!—*Robert Newton*.

We shall see strange sights to-day; not different, however, from what we might realize by faith; but it is not the glitter and glare, not the topaz and diamond; no, it is God I want to see; he is all and in all.—*Richard Watson*, author of “*Watson’s Theological Institutes*.”

You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men: this is mine—That a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in the present world.—*Matthew Henry*, the commentator.

The conflict is over. Precious salvation.—*James Hervey*.

Thy creatures, O Lord, have been my books, but thy Holy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields and gardens; but I have found thee, O God, in thy sanctuary, thy temples.—*Lord Bacon*.

Welcome cross of Christ; welcome everlasting life.—*Lawrence Saunders*.

O that glorious sun.—*Bishop Porteus*, of England.

Trust in God, and ye need not fear.—*President Jonathan Edwards*.

O let me be gone, I long to be at home.—*Samuel Spring, D. D.*

O the face of God! Glory, wonderful glory!—*Jeremiah Evarts*.

The conflict is over and past. I begin to feel an unspeakable fulness of love and peace divine. Lay my head upon my pillow, and be still.—*Philip William Otterbein*.

Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.—*Rev. Melville B. Cox*, first missionary to Africa.

Tell my friends, that whether for time or for eternity, all is well.—*Bishop William McKendree*.

Glory to God!—*Bishop Enoch George*.

Amen.—*Bishop Emory*.

The future looks bright.—*Bishop Thomas A. Morris*.

I am not disappointed.—*Bishop E. L. Fanes*.

All right.—*Bishop E. R. Ames*.

God is letting me down easily.—*Dr. Thomas Sewell*.

I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*Alfred Cookman*.

I feel that my race is nearly run. I have, indeed, tried to do my duty. I cannot accuse myself of having neglected any known obligation. Yet all this avails me nothing. I place no dependence upon anything but the righteousness and death of Jesus Christ.—*President Francis Wayland*.

One word, one word—*Jesus Christ!*—*President Eliphalet Nott*.

Is this dying? Is this all? Is this all that I feared when I prayed against a hard death? O, I can bear this! I can bear it! I can bear it!—*Cotton Mather*.

God's government is infinitely perfect.—*Dr. Samuel Stillman*.

I am weary; I will now go to sleep. Good-night!—*Dr. Augustus Neander*, the great historian.

O what triumphant truths!—*President Timothy Dwight*, concerning some passages of Scripture read to him.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Halleluia, halleluia!—*Rev. Freeborn Garretson*.

O how this soul of mine longs to be gone, like a bird out of his cage, to the realms of bliss.—*John Fletcher.*

I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet, when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. Death will never take me by surprise; do not be afraid of that, I feel so strong in Christ.—*Dr. Adoniram Judson*, the great missionary.

O, my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant.—*Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.*

I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but as a pure act of bounty. . . . Through the blood of the Lamb I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy; and that before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights; and while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of an immortal love.—*Last letter to a friend of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.*

I shall go to my Father this night.—*Countess of Huntingdon.*

Lord, what is it that I see? O the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me! that is before me.—*Lady Elizabeth Hastings.*

I am drawing near to glory.—*Mrs. Fletcher.*

Commend me to the King, and tell him he is constant in his course of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marquise; and from a marquise a queen; and now he hath left no higher degree of earthly honor, he hath made me a martyr.—*Queen Anne Boleyn*, preparing for the scaffold.

I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly.—*Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.*

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly—*He comes! He comes! He comes!*—*Mrs. Freeborn Garrettsen.*

I am so happy in Christ; not only my soul, but the room seems filled with his presence and glory.—*Mrs. Bishop Morris.*

**LAST WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS, CIVILIANS AND SOVEREIGNS.**

Head of the army.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

Cease now!—*John Locke*, to one who was reading a psalm.

Happy.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

Soul, thou hast served Christ these seventy years, and art thou afraid to die? Go out, soul, go out.—*Hilary*, A. D. 385.

O, I have consumed my days in laborious trifling.—*Grotius.*

I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms.—*Pope.*

Lord, make an end.—*Erasmus.*

Don't let that awkward squad fire over me.—*Robert Burns*, speaking of the militia.

It is a great consolation to me in my last hour that there is not a drop of blood on my hands.—*Frederick V.*, of Denmark.

My God, my Father and my Friend,

Do not forsake me in the end.

—*Earl of Roscommon.*

I feel calmer and calmer.—*Schiller.*

Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor.—*Lord Nelson.*

I feel better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me.—*Keats.*

And must I die? Will not all my riches save me? What, is there no bribing death?—*Cardinal Beaufort.*

I shall hear in heaven.—*Beethoven*, who was deaf.

All my possessions for a moment of time.—*Queen Elizabeth.*

I have loved God, my father and liberty.—*Madame de Stael.*

Precious salvation.—*Sir J. Stonehouse.*

In me behold the end of the world and all its vanities.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight.—*Mozart.*

O Lord, forgive me; specially my sins of omission.—*Archbishop Usher.*

My days are past as a shadow that returns not.—*Hooker.*

I can think no longer.—*Vinet.*

Open to me, O God, open to me.—*Lacordaire.*

I must sleep now.—*Lord Byron.*

Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—*Alfieri.*

I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying.—*Chancellor Thorlow.*

Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.—*Mirabeau.*

God preserve the Emperor.—*Hayden.*

I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow.—*Empress Josephine.*

The artery ceases to beat.—*Haller*, with his finger on his own pulse.

It is well.—*George Washington.*

Independence forever.—*John Adams.*

It is the last of earth.—*John Q. Adams.*

A dying man can do nothing easy.—*Franklin.*

Gentlemen, you will bear witness that I die with the firmness becoming a soldier.—*Major Andre.*

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—*Captain Nathan Hale.*

I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Don't give up the ship.—*Commodore Lawrence.*

Who run? the enemy? Then I die contented.—*General Wolfe.*

It is time I should go. Weep not, mourn not for me.—*Josiah Quincy.*

I feel now that I am dying; our care must now be to minimize the pain.—*Hon. Jeremy Bentham.*

I strike my flag.—*Commodore Hull.*

## CHAPTER III.—DEATH-SCENES.

## POISONING OF SOCRATES.

**T**HE hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying, "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest, and gentlest, and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison; indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me, for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then, bursting into tears, he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then, turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as he could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me! But we must do as he says. Crito, let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared; if not, let the attendant prepare some." "Yes," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and, after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights. Do not hasten, then; there is still time." Socrates said, "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later. I should be sparing and

saving a life that is already gone. I could only laugh at myself for this. Please, then, to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in and remained some time, and then returned with the jailer, carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered, "You have only to walk about till your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said, "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world. May this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me!" Then, holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank of the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now, when we saw him drinking, and saw, too, that he had finished the draught, we would no longer forbear, and, in spite of myself, I own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke into a loud cry that made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said; "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back according to the directions; and the

man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs, and, after a while, he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel, and he said, "No," and then his leg, and so upward and upward, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face (for he had covered himself up) and said (these were his last words), "Crito, I owe a cock to Æsculapius. Will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question, but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him. His eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth. Such was the end, Echeocrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, the justest, the best of all the men whom I have ever known.—*From the Greek of Plato—Fowett's translation.*

#### CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

Soon the procession reached the hill-top, and Christ was laid upon the ground, and his arms stretched along the timber he had carried, with the palms upturned, and through them spikes driven, fastening them to the wood. Methinks I hear the strokes of the hammer as it sends the iron, with blow after blow, through the quivering tendons, and behold the painful workings of that agony-wrung brow, and the convulsive heaving and swelling of that blessed bosom, which seemed striving to rend above the imprisoned heart.

At length he is lifted from the ground—his weight dragging on the spikes through his hands; and the cross-piece inserted into the mortice of the upright timber, and a heavy iron crushed through his feet, fastening them to the main post, and he is left to die. Why speak of his agony—of his words of comfort to the dying thief—of the multitude around him, or of the disgrace of that death! Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering of the victim. The gloom and terror that began to gather round the *soul*, as every aid, human and divine, withdrew itself, and it stood



THE CRUCIFIXION.



alone in the deserted, darkened universe, and shuddered, were all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his benevolent heart did not forget its friends. Looking down from the cross, he saw the mother that bore him gazing in tears upon his face, and with a feeble and tremulous voice he turned to John, who had so often lain in his bosom, and said, "Son, behold thy mother." Then turning to his mother, he said, "Behold thy Son."

His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature itself was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint—the mocking, the spitting upon, the cross, the nails and the agony—but now came a woe that broke his heart. *His Father's—his own Father's frown began to darken upon him.* Oh, who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight! It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing and shrill and wild that the universe shivered before it; and as the accents, "*My God, my God, why hast THOU forsaken me?*" fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm, the earth gave a groan, as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens; an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep, but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene. That was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Saviour, and he fell before it. *Christ was dead:* and, to all human appearance, the world was an orphan. . . .

Now all was sad, dark and despairing around Mount Calvary. The excitement which the slow murder had created, vanished. With none to resist, and none to be slain, a change came over the feelings of the multitude, and they began one by one to return to the city. The sudden darkness also that wrapped the heavens, and the throb of the earthquake, which made those three crosses reel to and fro like cedars in a tempest, had covered their feelings, and all but the soldiery were glad to be away from a scene that had ended with such supernatural exhibitions. Gradually the noise and confusion around the cross receded

down the slopes—the shades of evening began to creep over the landscape, throwing into still more ghastly relief those three white corpses stretched on high and streaked with blood—and all was over. No! not over, for the sepulchre was yet to open, and the slain Christ was yet to mount the heavens in his glorious ascension.—*J. T. Headley.*

#### THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

That any one should die so soon on the cross, especially one like Jesus, in the prime of life and unweakened by previous ill-health, and in such vigor to the last as to utter such a shriek as that with which he expired, appeared even to Christian antiquity to imply some supernatural cause. But the mingled flow of blood and water seems to point unmistakably to another explanation. The immediate cause of death appears, beyond question, to have been the rupture of his heart, brought about by mental agony. Excess of joy or grief is known to induce the bursting of some division of the heart, and the consequent flow of blood into the pericardium, or bag, filled with colorless serum, like water, in which the heart is suspended. In ordinary cases, only examination after death discovers the fact, but in that of our Lord the same end was answered by the thrust of the soldier's spear. In a death from heart rupture, "the hand is suddenly carried to the front of the chest, and a piercing shriek uttered." The hands of Jesus were nailed to the cross, but the appalling shriek is recorded. *Jesus died, literally, of a broken heart!*—*Cunningham Geikie, D. D.*

#### ANOTHER VIEW.

The suddenness of Christ's death is offered as a reason for supposing the rupture of the heart. But the intensity of his previous sufferings in the garden will account sufficiently for the sudden dissolution of the body of Jesus under the agony of the crucifixion; and that other more important fact, that he was active, and not passive, in the matter. This we learn from his own words, John x. 17, 18: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No

man taketh it from me; but I lay it down of myself." At the point where his sufferings were complete, when he had drank the cup to the dregs, he yielded up the ghost, uttering the ever-memorable words, "It is finished." . . . The degree of his sufferings before he was crucified may be inferred from his agonizing plaints in the garden: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, *even unto death*," Matt. xxv. 38. The separation of that pure and immaculate soul from that perfect body was surely effected under the joint influence of mental and physical sufferings; the sorrows of the soul and torture of the body. That body was perfect, and remained perfect, in all its organs and parts. It was no further broken than was effected by the nails, the thorns and the spear, which only separated the living tissues, but did not destroy them; no part could be subjected to disintegration or corruption. It was predicted that his body should be pierced, and this was done, and no more; the surrender of life was, nevertheless, a voluntary act. . . .

His death could not have been accidental, and at the same time by special appointment. He accomplished death; death had no necessary power over him, neither was it necessary to call in some of the accidental agencies of dissolution to assist in accomplishing death. He is the conqueror of death, but humbled himself to the condition of the dead for an end; and then by his own act resumed his life, tarried on earth a few days, to make the proof of his resurrection sure, then assumed immortality for his humanity, and carried it with him to heaven: not a fibre lost, nor a mark effaced that is necessary to make his person perfect, or the atonement complete.—*Robert Curran, M. D.*

#### NEVER MAN DIED LIKE THIS MAN.

By wonders in heaven, and wonders on earth, was the hour of Christ's death distinguished. All nature seemed to feel it; and the dead and the living bore witness of its importance. The veil of the temple was rent in twain. The earth shook. There was darkness over all the land. The graves were opened, and many who slept arose, and went into the holy city. Nor were these the only prodigies of this awful hour. The most hardened

hearts were subdued and changed. The judge who, in order to gratify the multitude, passed sentence against him, publicly attested his innocence. The Roman centurion who presided at the crucifixion glorified God, and acknowledged the sufferer to be more than man. After he saw the things which had passed, he said: "Certainly this was a righteous person;" "truly this was the Son of God." The Jewish malefactor who was crucified with him addressed him as a King, and implored his favor. Even the crowd of insensible spectators, who had come forth as to a common spectacle, and who began with clamors and insults, returned home *smiting their breasts*. Look back on the heroes, the philosophers, the legislators of old. View them in their last moments. Recall every circumstance which distinguished their departure from this world. Where can you find such an assemblage of high virtues, and of great events, as concurred at the death of Christ? Where so many testimonies given to the dignity of the dying person, by earth and by heaven?—*Hugh Blair*.

#### THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

All the apostles were assaulted by the enemies of their Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood, and nobly did they bear the trial. Schumacher says:

St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword at a distant city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in the classic land of Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterwards banished to Patmos.

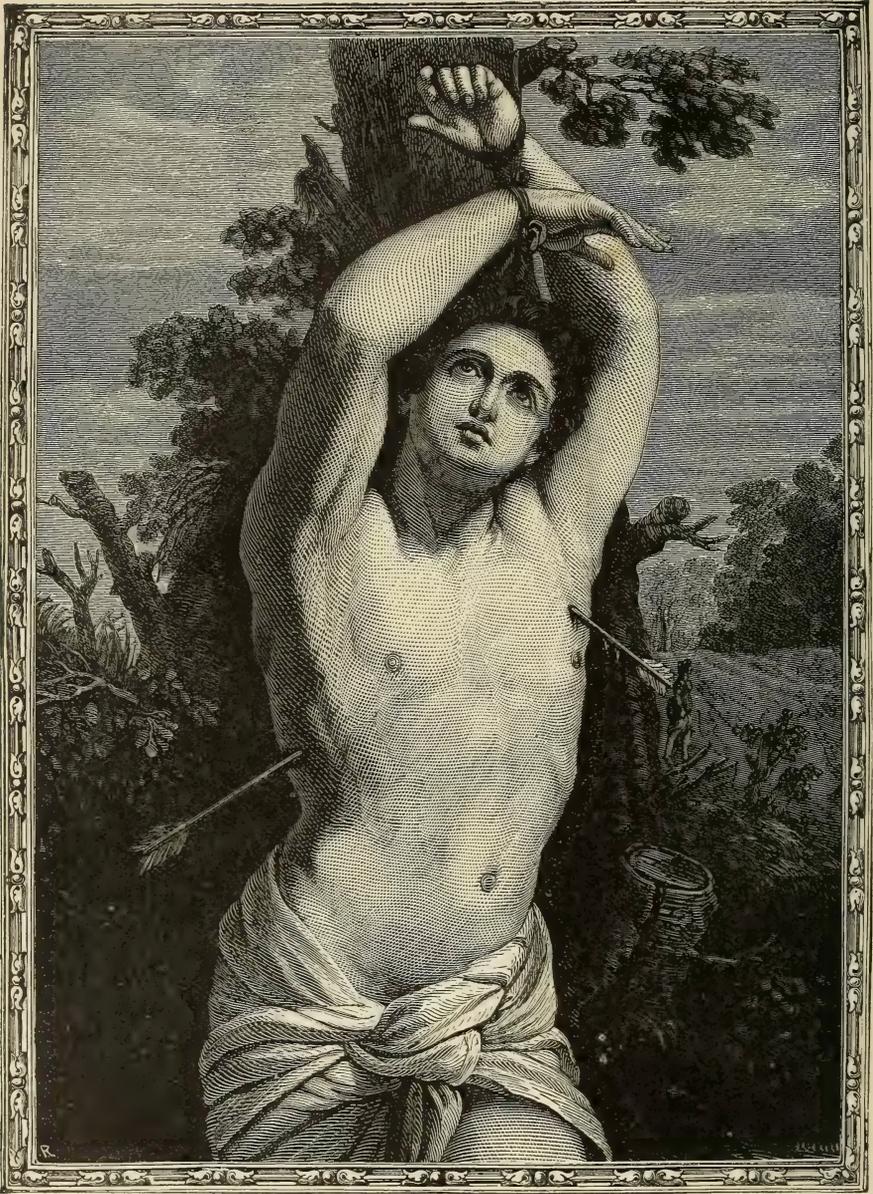
St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downward.

St. James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.





ST. SEBASTIEN.

From the painting by Guido Reni.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas, of the Gentiles, was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica.

St. Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Such was the fate of the apostles, according to traditional statements; and though we cannot authenticate them all, we at least know that the hatred of the world to these men and their teachings was sufficient to render the accounts not very improbable.

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From hence the lesson learn ye  
 To reckon no man happy till ye witness  
 The closing day; until he pass the border  
 Which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow.—*Sophocles.*

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#### NERO AND THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

Mythology was ransacked for bloody subjects to put on an awful stage. The pictures and statues were turned into ghastly tableaux vivants amid the yellings and applause of a brutalized public. Now it was Hercules burned in his Nessus shirt on Mount Cæta, or Orpheus or Dædalus devoured by beasts, while the god Mercury stepped lightly through the gorged arena and touched each body with his red-hot wand, to see if it still moved, or Pluto stalked forth to dispatch those yet alive with his mace, and drag them by the feet to his infernal kingdom. The most licentious myths of the old religions, as well as the cruelest legends, were freely exhausted, and thus by a grim, but unconscious, irony the Christian martyrs supplied, as representatives of the new religion, the ghastly apotheosis of the old. Meanwhile Nero, dressed up as a beast in a leopard's skin, committed in person the foulest excesses on the public stage. But the most novel part of this festivity was reserved for the even-

ings. Then might the whole of the population be seen pouring toward the spot now known as the square in front of St. Peter's at Rome. There, beyond the Tiber, was Nero's favorite circus. The illuminations were brilliant. The usual lamps and torches were varied by a new device worthy of Tiegellinus. Living men and women were immersed in barrels of oil or thickly covered with resinous materials and set on fire, until the crowded avenues reeked with the fumes of unguents and pitch, amid the glare of this unparalleled holocaust. Had the early Christians, had the writers of the New Testament no cause for hating a world that revelled in such spectacles as this? Could they do otherwise than wait in hope and patience for the "Lord" who should consume "that Wicked with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of his coming?" Yet were these scenes graced by tender and sublime episodes, bursting like flowers of immortal beauty and fragrance from the bloody and calcined soil of martyrdom. The pale, sweet Blandina, crucified but happy, and making happy with the memories of Christ; Potamiena and Felicity melting the brutal crowd by their quiet sweetness and modesty; Perpetua arranging her hair carefully as she goes to be torn by beasts, "because it is not right that a martyr should appear with her hair in disorder, as though what was really her glory should appear to be grief to her." One simple girl so touched by her sweet patience and beauty a young Roman that he openly pitied her. Seeing this she was moved, and gave him the handkerchief that was on her bosom. Overpowered with enthusiasm, he followed her into the arena, and shared her fate. Thus death seemed more lovely than life, and the love that could suffer proved stronger than the hate that could kill the body.—*Good Words*.

#### BURNING OF POLYCARP.

Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, and the last of those who had been taught by the apostles, was one of the earliest victims of primitive persecution. He might have escaped at the time of his arrest, and was urged to do so, but refused. After feeding the soldiers who came to seize him, he quietly and calmly

delivered himself into their hands. He asked only for one hour in which to pray, but continued two hours in rapt devotion, so that the heathen were greatly moved by it.

Seated on an ass, the bishop was conveyed to the city. The chief of police met him, took him up in his carriage, and said in a friendly way: "What harm can there be in saying: 'The Emperor, our Lord!' and in sacrificing?" Polycarp at first was silent, but when they urged him, he quietly answered, "I shall not do as you advise." Becoming enraged they thrust him violently out of the carriage, injuring one of his legs. He did not complain, but went cheerfully before the Proconsul, seated in the circus, and surrounded by an immense multitude who had been attracted by the news that Polycarp was in custody.

The Proconsul, struck with his great age, urged him to regard it, to swear by the fortunes of Cæsar, to join in the cry, "Away with the Atheists!" meaning the Christians. Polycarp looked upon the crowd, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "Away with the Atheists!" Then he was urged to swear by the emperor and renounce Christ. The venerable bishop answered: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me: and how can I blaspheme my God and King who hath saved me?" "I have wild beasts," said the Proconsul, "and will expose you to them unless you repent." "Call them," answered Polycarp. "*I will tame your spirit by fire!*" hissed through the teeth of the excited and enraged officer. "You threaten me," calmly replied the martyr, "with the fire which burns only for a moment, but are yourself ignorant of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly." He was then condemned to the flames. With the fire surging around him, he sung praises to God, and as the red, hot tongues licked up his breath, he blessed God that he was counted worthy to receive his portion in the number of the martyrs—in the cup of Christ.—*Editor.*

#### PERPETUA EXPOSED TO ENRAGED BEASTS.

No more pathetic episode is contained in the whole range of Martyrology than that of the youthful mother, Perpetua, who suffered at Carthage under Severus. Few can read unmoved

the acts of her martyrdom. Young—she was only twenty-two—beautiful, of noble family, and dearly loved, her heathen father entreated her to pity his gray hairs, her mother's tears, her helpless babe. But her faith proved triumphant over even the yearnings of natural affection; and wan and faint from recent child-birth pangs, she was led with Felicitas, her companion, into the crowded amphitheatre, and exposed to the cruel horns of infuriate beasts. Amid the agonies of death, more conscious of her wounded modesty than of her pain, with a gesture of dignity she drew her disheveled robe about her person. She seemed rapt in ecstasy till by a merciful stroke of the gladiator she was released from her sufferings, and exchanged the blood and dust of the arena, and the shouts of the ribald mob, for the songs of the redeemed, and the beatific vision of the Lord she loved.—*Withrow's Catacombs of Rome.*

Cease from your weeping, maidens. Over those for whom the night of death as blessing comes, we may not mourn.

*Sophocles.*

#### PERSECUTORS IN DEATH.

In the violent deaths or loathsome diseases of many of their persecutors, the Christians recognized the retributive judgments of the Almighty. Nero died ignominiously by his own hand. Domitian was assassinated. During the reign of Aurelius, war, famine, and pestilence wasted the land. Decius perished miserably in a marsh, and his body became the prey of the prowling jackal and unclean buzzard. Valerian, captured by the Persians, after having served as a footstool to his haughty foe, is said to have been flayed alive, and his skin stuffed with straw. Aurelian was slain by the hand of a trusted servant, and Carinus by the dagger of a husband whom he had irreparably wronged. Diocletian, having languished for years the prey of painful maladies, which even affected his reason, it is said committed suicide. Galerius, like those rivals in bloodshed and persecution, Herod and Philip II., became an object of loathing and abhorrence, being eaten of worms while yet alive. Maximian fell by the hand of the public executioner; and Maxentius in the





SLAUGHTER OF THE HUGUENOTS.



LADY JANE GREY GOING TO EXECUTION.



hour of defeat, was smothered in the ooze of the Tiber beneath the walls of his capital. Severus opened his own veins and bled to death. The first Maximin was murdered; the second, a fugitive and an exile, committed suicide by poison. Licinius, the last of the persecutors, was slain by his ferocious soldiery, and his name, by a decree of the senate, forever branded with infamy. Thus with indignities and tortures, often surpassing those they inflicted on their Christian subjects, perished the enemies of the Church of God, as if pursued by a divine retribution no less inexorable than the avenging Nemesis of the Pagan mythology.—*W. H. Withrow, M. A.*

### LADY JANE GREY.

(Born 1537—died 1554.)

Holding a book in her hand, from which she occasionally prayed, she ascended, with a firm step, the scaffold. From the platform she addressed a few words to those around, expressive of her resignation. She then commended herself to God. When the executioner would have assisted to disrobe her, she motioned him aside, and turned to her attendants, who, with many sobs, bared her beautiful throat. As they did so she said: "I pray you, dispatch me quickly;" and, kneeling, inquired, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" "No, madam," was the answer. Then tying the handkerchief over her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said: "Where is it?" One of the bystanders guided her thereto; and laying down her head, she resigned meekly, as she had fulfilled, her forfeited existence.—*A. Owen.*

### SLAUGHTER OF THE HUGUENOTS.

For the honor of humanity let us pass rapidly over the massacre of St. Bartholomew—that premeditated and most infamous atrocity. On the 24th of August, 1572, at the noon of night—fit time for deeds of blood—the queen mother and her two guilty sons were shivering in all the timidness of cruelty in the royal chamber. They maintained a sullen silence, for conscience had made cowards of them all. As they looked out uneasily into the oppressed and solitary night, a pistol-shot was heard.

Remorse seized upon the irresolute monarch, and he issued orders to arrest the tragedy. It was too late, for the royal tigress at his side, anticipating that his purpose might waver, had already commanded the signal, and even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain aux Auxerrois tolled, heavy and dooming, through the darkness. Forth issued the courtly butchers to their work of blood. At the onset the brave old admiral was massacred, and the Huguenots in the Louvre were dispatched by halberdiers, with the Court ladies looking on. Armed men, shouting, "For God and the King," traversed the streets, and forced the dwellings of the heretics. Sixty thousand assassins, wielding all the weapons of the brigand and the soldier, ran about on all sides, murdering without distinction of sex or age, or suffering, all of the ill-fated creed; the air was laden with a tumult of sounds, in which the roar of arquebus and the crash of hatchet, mingled with blaspheming taunt, and dying groan.

"For hideously, mid rape and sack,  
The murderer's laughter answered back  
His prey's convulsive laughter."

The populace, already inflamed by the sight of blood, followed in the track of slaughter, mutilating the corpses and dragging them through the kennels in derision. The leaders, the Dukes of Guise, Nevers and Montpensier, riding fiercely from street to street, like the demons of the storm, roused the passion into frenzy by their cries—"Kill, kill! Blood-letting is good in August. By the king's command. Death to the Huguenot! Kill!" On sped the murder, until city and palace were gorged. Men forgot their manhood, and women their tenderness. In worse than Circean transformation, the human was turned into the brutal, and there prowled about the streets a race of ghouls and vampires, consumed with an appetite for blood. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men, women and children—a new and appalling barricade. "The earth was covered thick with other clay, which her own clay did cover." Paris became one vast Red Sea, whose blood-waves had no reflux tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone, with its

clear kind light, upon thousands of dishonored and desolate homes; and the air, which should have been hushed from sound until the psalm of devotion woke it, carried upon its startled billows the yells of blasphemers, flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits, like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The massacre was renewed in the provinces. For seven long days Paris was a scene of pillage. Fifteen thousand in the capital, and one hundred thousand throughout the whole of France, are supposed to have perished, many by the edge of the sword, and many more by the protracted perils of flight and famine.—*William Morley Punshon, LL. D.*

#### MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(Born 1755—died 1793.)

It is four o'clock in the morning. The widowed Queen of France stands calm and resigned in her cell, listening with a melancholy smile to the tumult of the mob outside. A faint illumination announces the approach of day; it is the last she has to live. Seating herself at a table, she writes with hurried hand a last letter of ardent tenderness to the sister of her husband, the pious Madame Elizabeth, and to her children; and now she passionately presses the insensible paper to her lips, as the sole remaining link between those dear ones and herself. Immediately in the front of the palace of the Tuileries there rises a dark, ominous mass. Around is a sea of human faces; above, the cold frown of a winter's sky. With a firm step the victim ascends the stairs of the scaffold, her white garments wave in the chill breeze, a black ribbon, by which her cap is confined, beats to and fro against her pale cheeks. You may see that she is unmindful of her executioners—she glances, nay, almost smiles, at the sharp edge of the guillotine, and then, turning her eyes toward the temple, utters, in a few agitated words, her last earthly farewell to Louis and her children. There is a hush—a stillness of the grave—for the very headsmen trembles as the horrible blade falls: anon, a moment's

delay. And now, look! No! rather veil your eyes from the dreadful sight; close your ears from that fiendish shout, *Vive la République!* It is over! the sacrifice is accomplished! the weary spirit is at rest!—*A. Owen*, “*Heroines of History.*”

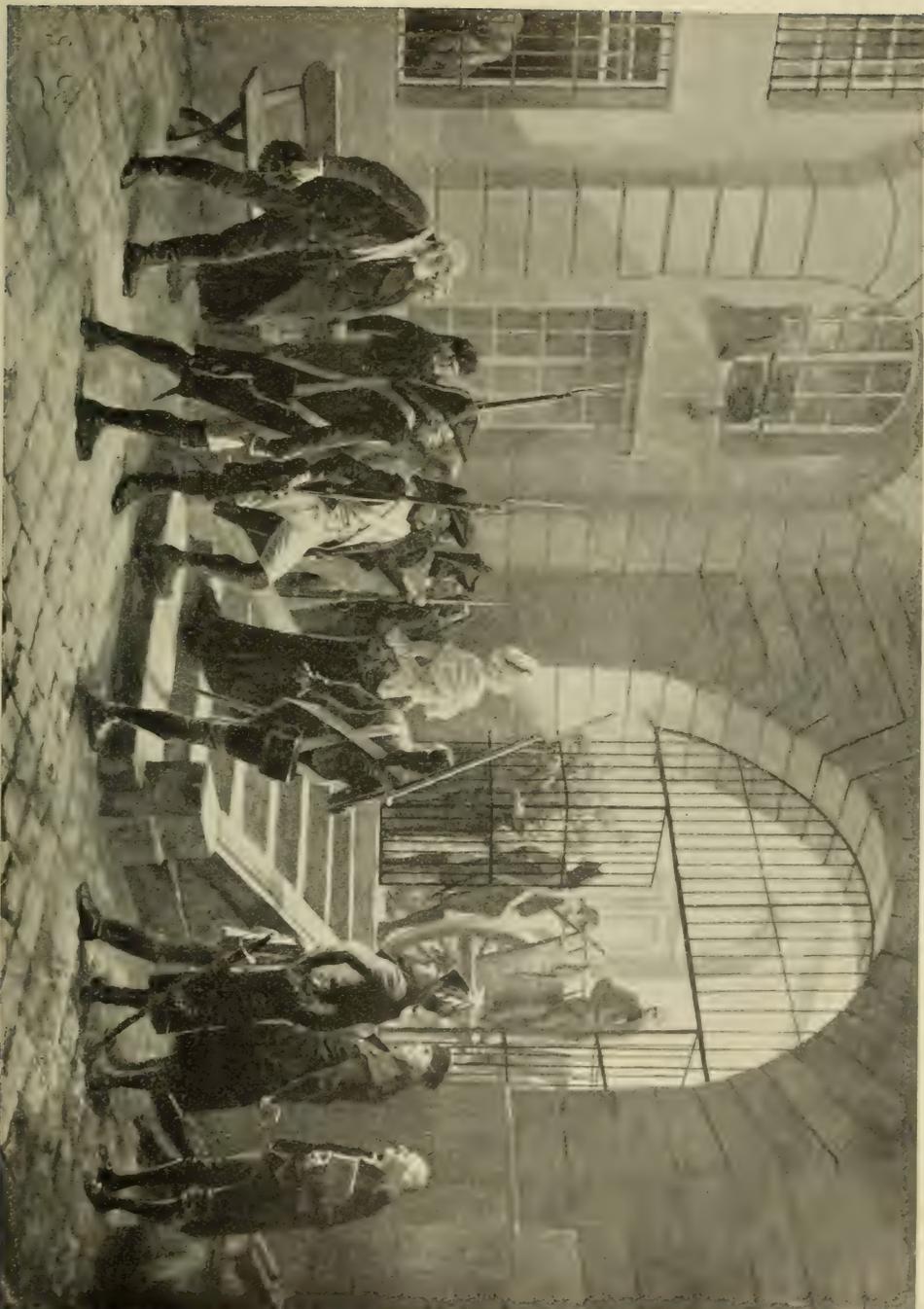
### MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Born 1542—died 1587.)

She concluded her prayer for peace to the world, constancy to all suffering persecution, and for grace and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit at this her last hour, with these words: “Like as thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were stretched out upon the cross, even so receive me within the stretched-out arms of thy mercy!” So fervid was her piety, so touching her effusions of feeling, so admirable her courage, that she drew tears from almost all who were present. Consistently with this spirit she prayed fervently for Queen Elizabeth. The last moments were spent in consoling her maids, and distributing her blessing and her pardon; then kneeling down, she bowed her neck to the executioner, exclaiming, “My God! I have hoped in thee—into thy hands I commit myself.” As her head-dress was removed, her hair was discovered prematurely silvered by care and grief. The axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of her head and wounded her—yet she made no movement nor uttered a word of complaint. Upon repeating the blow the executioner struck off her head, and, holding it up, exclaimed, “God save Queen Elizabeth!” to which Dr. Fletcher answered, “Thus may all her enemies perish.” “Amen!” answered the Earl of Kent alone; every other eye was dimmed with tears, every other voice was stifled in commiseration.

### JANE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

This excellent queen was the daughter of Henry II., King of Navarre, and of Margaret of Orleans, sister to Francis I., King of France. She was born in the year 1528. From her childhood she was carefully educated in the Protestant religion, to which she steadfastly adhered all her days. Bishop Burnet says of her, “That she both received the Reformation and



MARIE ANTOINETTE ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.



brought her subjects to it; that she not only reformed her court, but the whole principality, to such a degree that the golden age seemed to have returned under her, or, rather, Christianity appeared again with its primitive purity and lustre."

This illustrious queen, being invited to attend the nuptials of her son and the king of France's sister, fell a sacrifice to the cruel machinations of the French court against the Protestant religion. The religious fortitude and genuine piety with which she was endued did not, however, desert her in this great conflict and at the approach of death.

To some that were about her, near the conclusion of her time, she said: "I receive all this as from the hand of God, my most merciful Father; nor have I during my extremity feared to die, much less murmured against God for inflicting this chastisement upon me—knowing that whatsoever he does with me he so orders it, that, in the end, it shall turn to my everlasting good."

When she saw her ladies weeping about her bed, she blamed them, saying, "Weep not for me, I pray you. God, by this sickness, calls me hence to enjoy a better life; and now I shall enter into the desired haven, toward which this frail vessel of mine has been a long time steering."

She expressed some concern for her children, as they would be deprived of her in their tender years; but added, "I doubt not that God himself will be their Father and Protector, as he has ever been mine in my greatest afflictions. I therefore commit them wholly to his government and fatherly care. I believe that Christ is my only Mediator and Saviour; and I look for salvation from none other. O, my God, in thy good time deliver me from the troubles of this present life, that I may attain to the felicity which thou hast promised to bestow upon me."—*Bishop D. W. Clark.*

#### DEATH OF REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

(Born 1703—died 1791.)

On Tuesday evening, February 22d, 1791, he preached at City road; and on Wednesday he went to Leatherhead, and preached to a small company what proved to be his last sermon, from

“Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.” On Friday he became so alarmingly ill that Dr. Whitehead was sent for; but his skill proved unavailing. Mr. Wesley got rapidly worse, and felt that his end was drawing nigh. In this solemn crisis this eminent servant of God experienced the supporting influence of that religion which he had been the honored instrument of reviving in his own land, and in America, to so great an extent. Great as had been his labors in the cause of Christ, they were no more the foundation of his hope in death than they had been in life. Eight years before, when at Bristol, he had an alarming attack; and then, while contemplating his critical situation, he said to Mr. Bradford: “I have been reflecting on my past life; I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavoring in my poor way to do a little good to my fellow-creatures and now, it is probable, that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I done to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this:

“‘I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.’”

This was his language to the last. On Sunday, the 27th, he alluded to his views and feelings in that illness. He had been silent for some time, examining, as it appeared, the ground of his confidence, when he said: “There is no need of more; when at Bristol my words were,

“‘I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.’”

And on one asking, “Is this the present language of your heart, and do you feel now as you did then?” he answered, “Yes;” and afterwards added, in reference to Christ, “He is all! He is all!” The day following he reverted to the same subject, and said: “How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation!” and then quoted again his favorite stanza, expressive of the entire dependence of his soul on the sacrificial death

of Christ. And he strikingly proved how available is that plea. The most cheering manifestations of the divine presence were vouchsafed to him. On another occasion he had called for pen and ink, but when they were brought, being unable to write, one said to him, "Let me write for you, sir; tell me what you would say." He replied, "Nothing, but that God is with us;" and not long after he broke out in a manner which, considering his weakness, astonished all present, in singing,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

Shortly after he had sung this verse, he became evidently worse, and his voice failed in endeavoring to sing part of another hymn. Having rested a while, he desired those who were with him to "pray and praise." They kneeled down, and the room seemed to be filled with the divine presence. Having given directions respecting his funeral, he again begged they would pray and praise. Several friends who were in the house being called up, they all kneeled down again, and he joined with them in great fervor of spirit; but in particular parts of the prayer his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when one of the preachers prayed, that if God were about to take him away, he would still continue his work, Mr. Wesley responded, "Amen!" In the course of the day he repeated, several times, "The best of all is, God is with us," once raising his feeble arm in token of victory as he uttered with great emphasis the heart-reviving words. During the night following he frequently attempted to repeat the psalm, part of which he had before sung; but such was his weakness, he could only utter,

"I'll praise—I'll praise."

On Wednesday morning, March 2d, it was evident that the

closing scene drew near; and Mr. Bradford having prayed with him, he was heard to articulate, "Farewell!" This was the last word he uttered; and while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, he passed, without a groan or a struggle, into the joyful presence of his Lord.

—*Rev. John Beecham.*

#### AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

This well-known English minister, whose hymns,—“Rock of Ages,” and others,—have immortalized him, died of slow consumption at the early age of thirty-eight. His death was one of the most triumphant in the annals of Christian literature. He seemed literally to dwell on the borders of the glory land, and the constantly recurring visions of immortal life made him groan to depart to be with Christ. “The celestial city,” he observed, “rises full in sight; the sense of interest in the covenant of grace becomes clearer and brighter; the book of life is opened to the eye of assurance; the Holy Spirit more feelingly applies the blood of sprinkling, and warms the soul with that robe of righteousness which Jesus wrought. The once feeble believer is made to be as David. The once trembling hand is enabled to lay fast hold on the cross of Christ. The sun goes down without a cloud.”

As the hour of departure drew near, his conversation seemed more and more heavenly. “Oh!” he exclaimed, “how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest forever. O that some guardian angel might be commissioned; for I long to be absent from this body, and to be present with the Lord.”

“What a great thing it is to rejoice in death,” he observed, when yet nearer the final moment. “The love of Christ is unutterable. O what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven!”

At the last he called his friends and inquired whether they could give him up. Being answered affirmatively, he rejoiced and said, “It will not be long before God takes me; for no

mortal man can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." In a few moments his prediction was fulfilled, and his joyous spirit was with God.—*Editor.*

#### DEATH OF GOETHE.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died at Weimar, on the 22d of March, 1832. It was about eleven in the morning: "he expired," says the record, "without any apparent suffering, having a few minutes previously called for paper for the purpose of writing, and expressed his delight at the arrival of spring." A beautiful death; like that of a soldier found faithful at his post, and in the cold hand his arms still grasped! The poet's last words are a greeting of the new-awakened earth; his last movement is to work at his appointed task. Beautiful! what we might call a classic death; if it were not rather an Elijah translation—in a chariot, not of fire and terror, but of hope and soft vernal sunbeams. It was at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 28th of August, 1749, that this man entered the world—and now gently welcoming the birthday of his eighty-second spring, he closes his eyes and takes farewell.

So then, our greatest has departed. That melody of life, with its cunning tones, which took captive ear and heart, has gone silent; the heavenly force that dwelt here victorious over so much, is here no longer; thus far, not farther, by speech and by act, shall the wise man utter himself forth. The end! What solemn meaning in that sound, as it peals mournfully through the soul, when a living friend has passed away! All now is closed, irrevocable; the changing life-picture, growing daily into new coherence, under new touches and hues, has suddenly become completed and unchangeable; there, as it lay, it is dipped from this moment in the ether of the heavens, and shines transfigured, to endure even so—forever, time and time's empire; stern, wide, devouring, yet not without their grandeur! The week-day man, who was one of us, has put on the garment of eternity, and become radiant and triumphant; the present is all at once the past; hope is suddenly cut away, and only the backward vistas of memory remain, shone on by a light that proceeds not from this earthly sun.

Goethe reckoned Schiller happy that he died young, in the full vigor of his days; that he could "figure him as a youth forever." To himself a different, higher destiny was appointed. Through all the changes of man's life, onward to its extreme verge, he was to go; and through them all nobly. In youth, flatterings of fortune, uninterrupted outward prosperity cannot corrupt him; a wise observer must remark, "only a Goethe, at the sum of earthly happiness, can keep his phoenix-wings un-singed." Through manhood, in the most complex relation, as poet, courtier, politician, man of business, man of speculation; in the middle of revolutions and counter-revolutions, outward and spiritual; with the world loudly for him, with the world loudly or silently against him; in all seasons and situations, he holds equally on his way. Old age itself, which is called dark and feeble, he was to render lovely; who that looked upon him there, venerable in himself, and in the world's reverence, ever the clearer, the purer, but could have prayed that he too were such an old man? And did not the kind Heavens continue kind, and grant to a career so glorious the worthiest end?

Such was Goethe's life; such has his departure been—he sleeps now beside his Schiller and his Carl August; so had the Prince willed it, that between these two should be his own final rest. In life they were united, in death they are not divided. The unwearied workman now rests from his labors; the fruit of these is left growing and to grow. His earthly years have been numbered and ended; but of his activity (for it stood rooted in the eternal) there is no end. All that we mean by the higher literature of Germany, which is the higher literature of Europe, already gathers round this man as its creator; of which grand object, dawning mysteriously on a world that hoped not for it, who is there that can assume the significance and far-reaching influences? The literature of Europe will pass away; Europe itself, the earth itself, will pass away; this little life-boat of an earth, with its noisy crew of mankind, and all their troubled history, will one day have vanished, faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What then is man? What then is man? He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the

moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of TIME; that triumphs over time, and *is*, and will be, when time shall be no more.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

#### SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

What intelligent Christian is not familiar with the name of Samuel Rutherford! He is the author of some of the brightest religious thoughts that adorn the pages of literature. Scotland has produced many "burning and shining lights," but Rutherford's star of fame will be among the last to set. He was a college professor, and a glorious advocate of liberty, learning and religion. When parliament summoned him to answer for his "heresy," he was dying. "Tell the parliament," said he to the messenger, "that I have received a summons to a *higher bar*; I must needs answer that first; and when the day you name shall come, I shall be where few of you shall enter."

Grand soul! "Remember," he once wrote, "that your accounts are coming upon you as fast as time posteth!" This truth he kept in mind for himself, and his death could hardly be called a death; it was a new life. Ministers were around him, and with them he plead: "There is none like Christ. O, dear brethren, preach for Christ, pray for Christ, do all for Christ; feed the flock of God. And O, beware of men-pleasing." Rallying from a fainting spell, he said: "I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy, I rejoice, I feed on manna; my eyes shall see my Redeemer, and I shall be ever with him. And what would you more? I have been a sinful man; but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did. Christ is mine and I am his. Glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer forever. Glory shines in Immanuel's land. O for arms to embrace him! O for a well-tuned harp!" Thus he continued till death was swallowed up in victory, illustrating Blair's adage that a peaceful and happy death is, by the appointment of Heaven, connected with a holy and virtuous life.

—*Editor.*

## WHITFIELD'S DEATH.

The time came for Whitfield to die. The man had been immortal till his work was done. His path had been bright—and it grew brighter to the end, like that of the just.

"You had better be in bed, Mr. Whitfield," said his host, the day he preached his last sermon.

"True," said the dying evangelist, and, clasping his hands, cried: "I am weary in, not of, thy work, Lord Jesus."

He preached his last sermon at Newburyport. Pale and dying, he uttered therein one of the most pathetic sentences which ever came to his lips: "I go to my everlasting rest. My sun has risen, shone, and is setting—nay, it is about to rise and shine forever. I have not lived in vain. And though I could live to preach Christ a thousand years, I die to be with him—which is far better."

The shaft was leveled. That day he said: "I am dying!" He ran to the window; lavender drops were offered—but all help was vain—his work was done. The doctor said: "He is a dead man." And so he was, and died in silence. Christ required no dying testimony from one whose life had been a constant testimony.

Thus passed away, on September 30, 1770, one of the greatest spirits that ever inhabited a human tabernacle. The world has ever been an immeasurable gainer by his life. He had preached eighty thousand sermons, and they had but two keynotes: 1st. Man is guilty—he must be pardoned. 2d. Man is immortal—he must be happy or wretched forever. Weeping filled Newbury, flags floated half-mast, and the ships fired minute-guns.

"Mortals cried, a man is dead;  
Angels sang, a child is born."

Rev. Daniel Rodgers, remembering, in his prayer, that Whitfield had been his spiritual father, burst into tears, and cried: "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

## DEATH OF EDWARD PAYSON, D. D.

On Sabbath, October 21, 1827, his last agony commenced, attended with that labored breathing and rattling in the throat which rendered articulation extremely difficult. His daughter was summoned from the Sabbath-school, and received his dying kiss and "God bless you, my daughter!" He smiled on a group of his church-members, and exclaimed, with holy emphasis, "Peace, peace! victory!" He smiled on his wife and children, and said in the language of dying Joseph: "I am going, but God will surely be with you."

He rallied from the death conflict, and said to his physician, that although he had suffered the pangs of death, and got almost within the gates of Paradise, yet if it was God's will that he should come back and suffer still more, he was resigned. He passed through a similar scene in the afternoon and again revived.

On Monday morning his dying agonies returned in all their extremity. For three hours every breath was a groan. On being asked if his sufferings were greater than on the preceding Sunday night, he answered: "Incomparably greater." He said the greatest temporal blessing of which he could conceive would be one breath of air.

Mrs. Payson, fearing from the expression of suffering on his countenance that he was in mental distress, questioned him. He replied: "Faith and patience hold out." These were the last words of this dying Christian hero! Yet his eyes spoke after his tongue became motionless. He looked on Mrs. Payson, and then rested his eyes on his eldest son with an expression which said, and was so interpreted by all present: "Behold thy mother!"

He gradually sank away, till, about the going down of the sun, his chastened and purified spirit, all mantled with the glory of Christian triumph in life and death, ascended to share the everlasting glory of his Redeemer before the eternal throne.—

*Edwin L. Janes.*

## PRINCE ALBERT'S DEATH.

The words in which queen Victoria narrates the death of the prince are so simple and so pathetic that it is impossible not to be moved by them :

“The day,” her majesty writes, “was very fine and very bright. I asked whether I might go out for a breath of air. The doctor answered: ‘Yes, just close by, for a quarter of an hour.’ At about twelve I went out upon the terrace with Alice. The military band was playing at a distance, and I burst into tears and came home again. I hurried over at once. Dr. Watson was in the room. I asked him whether Albert was not better, as he seemed stronger, though he took very little notice, and he answered: ‘We are very much frightened, but don’t and won’t give up hope.’ They would not let Albert sit up to take his nourishment, as he wasted his strength by doing so. ‘The pulse keeps up,’ they said; ‘it is not worse.’ Every hour, every minute was a gain; and Sir James Clark was very hopeful—he had seen much worse cases. But the breathing was the alarming thing: it was so rapid. There was what they call a dusky hue about his face and hands, which I knew was not good. I made some observation about it to Dr. Jenner, and was alarmed by seeing he seemed to notice it. Albert folded his arms and began arranging his hair, just as he used to do when well and he was dressing. These were said to be bad signs. Strange! as though he were preparing for another and greater journey.

“So things went on, not really worse, but not better. It was thought necessary to change his bed, and he was even able to get out of bed and sit up. He tried to get into bed alone, but could not, and Lohlein and one of the pages of the back stairs helped to place him on the other bed. The digestion was perfect; but when I observed to Dr. Jenner that this was surely a good sign, he said: ‘Alas! with such breathing it is of no avail!’ The doctors said plenty of air passed through the lungs, and ‘so long as this was so there was still hope.’”

Mr. Theodore Martin adds: “The queen had retired for a little to the adjoining room, but hearing the prince’s breathing become worse she returned to the sick-chamber. She found

the prince bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. Bending over him she whispered: '*es ist kleines Frauchen!*' ('Tis your own little wife!') and he bowed his head and kissed her. At this time he seemed half dozing, quite calm, and only wishing to be left quiet and undisturbed, 'as he used to be when tired and not well.' Again, as the evening advanced, her majesty retired to give way to her grief in the adjoining room. She had not long been gone when a rapid change set in, and the princess Alice was requested by Sir James Clark to ask her majesty to return. The import of the summons was too plain. When the queen entered she took the prince's left hand, 'which was already cold, though the breathing was quite gentle,' and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the princess Alice, while at its foot knelt the prince of Wales and the princess Helena. Not far from the foot of the bed were prince Ernest Leiningen, the physicians, and the prince's valet, Lohlein. General the Hon. Robert Bruce knelt opposite to the queen, and the dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps, and General Grey were also in the room. In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as had rarely hallowed any death-bed. A great light, which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-man, was passing into the silent land, and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm, manly thought should be known among them no more. The castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form: the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long, but gentle, breaths were drawn, and that great soul had fled, to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where 'the spirits of the just are made perfect.'"

## KINGSLEY'S LAST DAYS.

There is nothing, even in the most pathetic history of fiction, more touching than the narrative of the last days of Charles Kingsley.

His wedded life had been supremely happy. He was wont to sum up its story in three Latin words that have been placed on his tombstone: "*Amavimus, amamus, amabimus*"—"We have loved, we love, we shall love." It was a love, on his part, of which his wife could say that for thirty-six years it had never stooped—in sickness or health, by day or night—from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act.

It had been his life-long hope and prayer that they might lay down their work on earth and go to heaven together. She had been in feeble health, when a sudden turn in her illness brought her near the gates of death. He could not believe there was danger till he was told there was no hope. He heard the words as his own death-warrant. But he rallied all his life-forces to give comfort, and care, and Christian cheer in the sick-room. He promised his wife to fight for life for the children's sake. But his heart was broken, and the unequal contest was a short one. Pneumonia laid severe hold of him. He had been warned that his recovery depended upon avoiding any change of temperature. But one day he leaped from his bed, ran into his wife's room, and, taking her by the hand, said: "This is heaven. Don't speak." A fit of coughing came on, and he could say no more. He lingered for some days, waiting for the summons that he supposed had already come for her, saying over and over again, "It is all right—all is as it should be," and finally passed away, leaving her to recover and tell us the story of his life, as no one else could have told it so well.

## WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

The long-desired hour of his departure arrived at last. In full possession of his senses, this holy man, about to enter the presence of the Highest, remembered "his character as a sinner," and remarked, sweetly:

"I have this morning been looking about for my sins, but I cannot find any of them. They are all gone."

Just before the end he requested his children to pray, and responded to their petitions with holy animation. As they arose from their knees, he exclaimed, "God bless you all!"

It was his parting benediction. An indescribable expression of joy and triumph then irradiated his countenance. He was evidently looking into heaven. To the surprise of all he then gave out the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," with a tone and vigor equal to his best days. To their still greater astonishment, he attempted to raise the tune. But before he had completed the strain his voice failed. Literally it was lost in death, for he "suddenly and sweetly slept in Jesus." Just as his breath was departing, some one remarked that dying Christians had sometimes signified their happiness, after losing the power of speech, by raising their hand. Instantly the venerable patriarch lifted his left arm, and then let it fall back gently upon the bed. When it ceased to move, the soul of Carvosso was "absent from the body and present with the Lord." His eighty-five years of life on earth were ended, and his life in eternal glory begun.—*Daniel Wise, D. D.*

#### TRIUMPHANT DEPARTURE OF BISHOP DAVIS WASGATT CLARK.

(Born in 1812—died 1871.)

For about ten days his life seemed to be trembling in the balance, when he again revived a little and ventured on the journey home to Cincinnati, which he reached on the 19th of April, 1871, announcing to his children and friends that he "had come home to die." So it proved, though he lingered amid the fluctuations of disease for a little more than a month longer. This was a precious month; its days and nights were filled in that sorrow-stricken household with beams of heavenly light, with visions of heavenly hope and joy. A few of these sacred scenes we must give to our readers, drawn from the record made by a loving and competent hand.

April 23d, the first Sabbath after his return to Cincinnati, he said, "To-day is Sunday, is it not? I never again expect to go

to church till I enter the church triumphant above. . . . How time delays, and yet it hurries fast enough! The summons don't trouble me—don't trouble me. If God would only come—and yet I don't know that I ought to ask for one pang less. It is all right—all right."

Later he repeated:

"When for eternal worlds we steer,  
And seas are calm and skies are clear;"

and, turning to his eldest daughter, he said, "Sing it." While she sang, he joined with a clear voice in the lines,

"I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day."

When reduced very low, he frequently said, "What a strange outcome of life this seems to me! And yet not stranger than it may be to all of you. God sees not as man seeth." And then he repeated many times: "The Lord is my refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Amen and Amen!"

On the 25th of April there was a decided change in the Bishop's condition, so that flattering hopes of his ultimate recovery were entertained. This favorable change continued for almost two weeks. One day his wife said to him, "Does it not seem a long way back to health and active life?" "Yes," he responded, "it would have been shorter and brighter the other way."

Most of the time his mind was perfectly clear on every point, and he conversed freely and with almost his wonted vigor. To one of the ministers, who watched with him one night, he repeated the greater part of a poem of Otway Curry—"The Great Hereafter"—always a favorite with him, telling the volume of the "Repository" in which it was to be found.

During these weeks many beautiful expressions fell from his lips—a precious treasure to those who heard them.

At one time he said to his wife, "I don't want you to be troubled about me, but rejoice and give thanks. It will all be well. If there are any indications that the end draws near, make no effort to detain me. Let me depart and be with Jesus, which is far better."

On Friday, May 19th, when sight and hearing were apparently gone, he put out his hand to the members of his family gathered around him, and, the tears rolling down his cheeks, imprinted a kiss upon the lips of each one; a mute but eloquent farewell. Just at twilight he suddenly roused, and though he had not spoken more than a sentence for nearly two days, he said, feebly but distinctly, "Tireless company! tireless song!" He paused for a moment, and then added, "The song of the angels is a glorious song. It thrills my ears even now." Pausing again, he spoke with renewed strength, "I am going to join the angels' song. Glorious God! blessed Saviour! bless the Lord, O my soul! bless the Lord, O my soul!" and sank into an unconscious state, from which he never roused till the glad messenger came and ushered him into the gates of heaven.

So fell asleep in Jesus one of the noblest men American Methodism has yet produced.—*Ladies' Repository*.

#### DR. EDDY'S CLOSING HOURS.

(*Note*.—Dr. T. M. Eddy was one of the most brilliant orators and tireless workers of the American ministry. Though comparatively young, he had filled some of the most important positions of his Church. At the time of his death he was one of the secretaries of the missionary society. His death-scene is described by General Clinton B. Fiske as follows:)

Sunday, midnight, October 4, Dr. Eddy's physicians advised me that he must die, and suggested to me that I should impart this information to the suffering saint. I performed the melancholy duty as best I could. He received the intelligence with great calmness, but said he thought his medical attendants must be mistaken. It did not seem possible to him that this was his fatal illness. His exact words were as follows:

"Clinton, it does not seem possible that this can be my fatal illness. There is too much work to be done that I should accomplish. I am just in the prime of life. I know how to work for Jesus, and I love to work for his cause. Does it not seem strange that I should be called home from the vineyard, when they are so many laggards in the field whitening for the harvest? Nevertheless, God's will be done. If I am to die now, there are certain items of business I must adjust. Sit down here with the family, and I will dictate my wishes."

With composure most marvelous he dictated his will, and gave advice to his executors respecting his every interest in this world; after which he dismissed all thought of his earthly affairs, and summoned us to prayer at his bedside, in which service he was himself the most fervent. He then, in the most touching manner, spoke to each member of his family present, and left messages of love, and earnest words of invitation to holy living, for absent ones. From this hour—2 A. M. on Monday morning—until daylight, the scene in the chamber of this good man was impressively solemn, and his golden words would make a volume. He left messages for his associate secretaries, for his conference (Baltimore), for the Missionary Society, and the Church at large. Speaking of his life-work, he said:

“I have no regret that my life has been spent in holding up Jesus to my fellow-men as their Saviour. Preaching Christ is the only work which brings sweet, perpetual contentment.

“Dying is a fact—that takes care of itself. Faith in the great hereafter through Christ is my strength.

“I am now in a most sweet state of mind, nearing the gates. Tarry not, O Lord, but come now.”

“Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon.  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home—sweet, sweet home,  
O how sweet it will be there to meet  
The dear ones, all at home.”

To Bishop Janes he said: “I am resting in Jesus, O so sweetly, a poor sinner saved by grace: *but saved*, God be thanked.”

For more than an hour of his last night he uninterruptedly spoke of the great needs of the Church, and the imperative demands upon our Missionary Society to take advanced ground. “Forward is the word—no falling back; we must take the world for Christ; say so to our people. God calls us; louder than thunder on the dome of the sky the Lord strikes the

hour. We must throw down our gold in the presence of God. Amen."

More than a score of times he called upon us, who stood beside him, to see to it that the Church be roused to its plain duty to possess the world for the Master. His face was beautiful as the light of the gates of the celestial city flashed upon him.

One very pleasing incident before losing power of speech was that of stretching his hands over the heads of his weeping family and pronouncing the benediction. How emphatic were the words,

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon, and abide with you evermore. Amen."

About one o'clock, on his last morning, he lifted his trembling hands, and endeavored to clasp them in ecstasy. He was so weak they passed each other, scarcely touching, but he clearly shouted:

"HALLELUIA! HALLELUIA! HALLELUIA!"

His last words were:

"SING AND PRAY—ETERNITY DAWNS!"

We gathered around the rejoicing, triumphant saint, and sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Dr. Tiffany led us in prayer.

We continued to sing for an hour, during which time he manifested exceeding joy; he was filled with glory, trying in vain to speak.

Just before his last moments I said to him: "Dr. Eddy, is the way still bright and joyous? Is Jesus very precious to you now? If you understand me and cannot speak, please raise your hand." He raised his hand as if voting at a conference, and held it up until the ebbing pulse grew fainter and fainter. In a few moments it was still, and the soul had rest in the bosom of the Saviour of mankind.

#### TRANSLATION OF BISHOP HAVEN.

On Saturday morning, January 3, 1880, in Malden, Massachusetts, Bishop Gilbert Haven's physician said that his last day had come, and that it would do him no harm to see his friends.

Many were near at hand. Others were summoned by telegram and by messenger, until groups gathered around that couch, touched with the light of immortal glory, to muse over the transition from death unto life. A physician who was present said: "I never saw a person die so before." A clergyman remarks, "To me it did not seem that I was in the presence of death. The whole atmosphere of the chamber was that of a joyous and festive hour. Only the tears of kindred and friends were suggestive of death. I felt that I was summoned to see a conquering hero crowned." We have preserved some of the Bishop's utterances to different persons, as they were reported in the public prints. As Dr. Daniel Steele entered his chamber, the Bishop lifted up his hand, exclaiming, in his familiar way, "O Dan, Dan, a thousand, thousand blessings on you. The Lord has been giving you great blessings, and me little ones, and now he has given me a great one. He has called me to heaven before you." "Do you find the words of Paul true, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" inquired Dr. Steele. "There is no death, there is no death," interrupted the Bishop; "I have been fighting death for six weeks, and to-day I find there is no death." Then he repeated again and again John viii. 51: "Shall never see death, glory! glory! glory!" In life he seldom, if ever, shouted; he certainly had a right to shout in death. "You have a great Saviour," was remarked to him. "Yes," he answered, "that is the whole of the gospel, the whole of it." With difficulty he repeated:

"Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb."

He had an immediate opportunity to preach Christ by witnessing to his saving power, for his counseling physician from Boston had come to bid him farewell. Said the dying man, as he took the doctor's hand, "I am satisfied with your attentions; you have done all that human skill can do to heal me. I die happy. *I believe in Jesus Christ.*" To Dr. Lindsay he also re-

marked: "Good-night, doctor. When we meet again it will be good-morning." To his old classmate, Dr. Newhall, he said: "I have got the start of you. I thought you would go first. Your mind has been clouded a little, but it is all light over there." When Dr. Mallalieu approached him he put his arms around his neck and drew him to his face and exclaimed: "My dear old friend, I am glad to see you. You and I would not have it so if we had our way, but God knows best. It is all right; all right! We have been living in great times, but there are greater times coming. You have been my true friend—you never failed me. You must stand by the colored man when I am gone. Stand by the colored man." Then he spoke of dying, and said: "Oh, but it is so beautiful, so pleasant, so delightful. I see no river of death. God lifts me up in his arms. There is no darkness; it is all light and brightness. I am gliding away into God, floating up into heaven." As the hour drew near, and death preyed upon him, his faith failed not. His right hand was dead, and black from mortification; but holding up his arm, and gazing at the perishing member for a moment, he said, with triumph, "*I believe in the resurrection of the body!*" Thus he trampled death under his feet, and Elijah-like, in a flaming chariot of glory, went shouting to his home in the skies.

—*Editor.*

#### SONG IN DYING.

I'm fading away to the land of the blest,  
 Like the last lingering hues of the even;  
 Reclining my head on my kind angel's breast,  
 I soar to my own native heaven.  
 My warfare is finished, the battle is won,  
 To a crown and a throne I aspire;  
 My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun;  
 I mount in a chariot of fire.

The world is fast sinking away from my sight,  
 A trifle appear all its treasures;  
 I see them from hence by eternity's light—  
 How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!  
 How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,  
 Rehearsing its soul-flattering story!  
 How tarnished the lustre of each noble name:  
 A meteor flash is its glory!

Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme  
 That illumines the heights of Elysian,  
 Shines down through the veil—there is life in each beam—  
 It renders immortal my vision.  
 The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;  
 Harmonious the cadence and measure;  
 'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;  
 Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,  
 The city on high and eternal!  
 See, there is the Eden—the river of God!  
 And the trees ever-bearing and vernal.  
 Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,  
 Let me join in that heavenly matin;  
 Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,  
 Triumphant o'er sin, death and Satan.—*William Hunter, D. D*

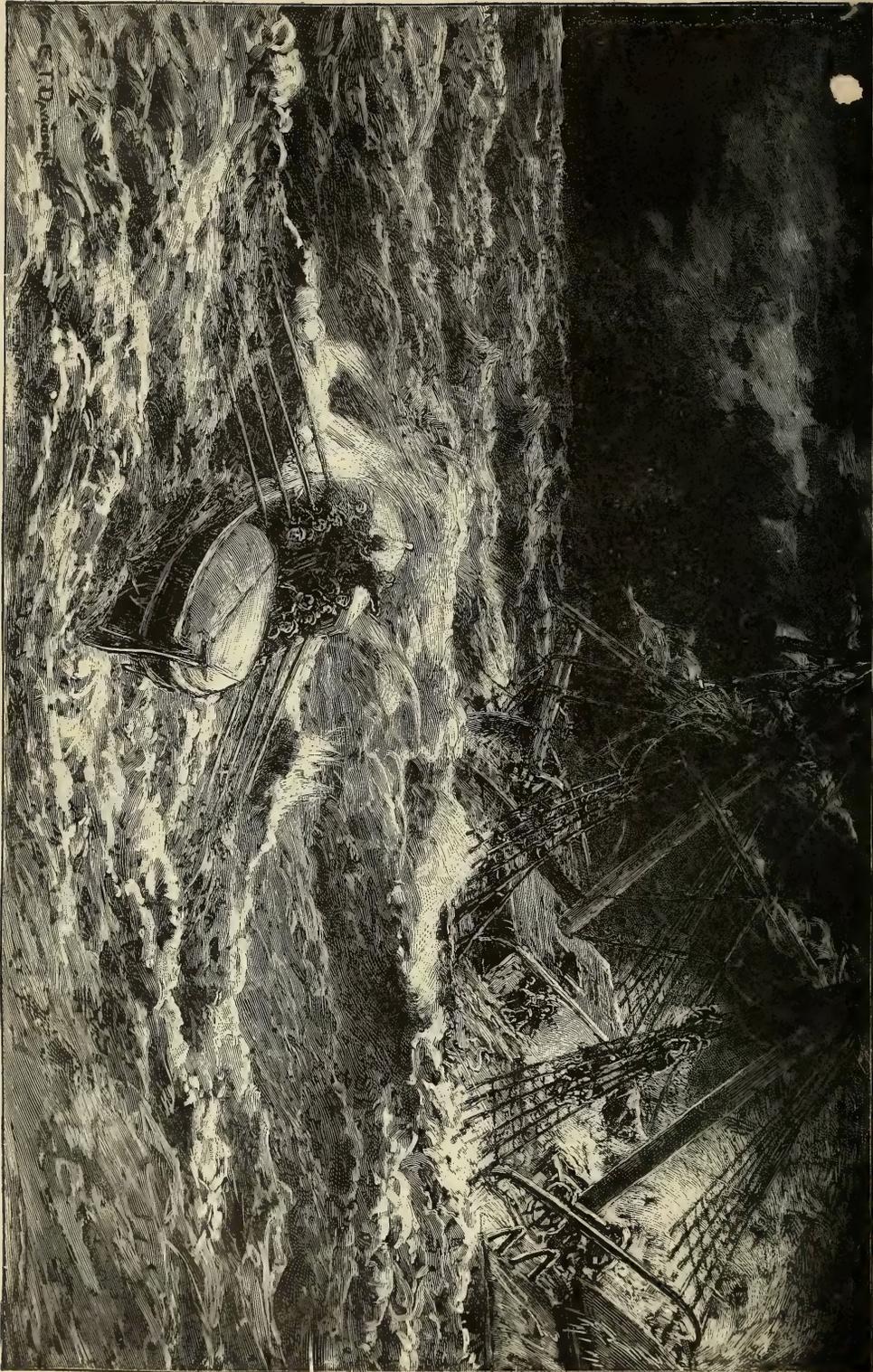
#### FIDELITY IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

True men are calm and faithful in the greatest trials and before the fiercest foes. Josephus records a case in point, the speech of Eleazar before the tyrant Antiochus. Said the intrepid martyr: "Old age has not so impaired my mind or enfeebled my body but, when religion and duty call upon me, I feel a youthful and vigorous soul. Does this declaration awaken your resentment? Prepare your instruments of torture, provoke the flames of the furnace to a fiercer rage; nothing shall induce me to save these silver locks by a violation of the ordinances of my country and my God. Thou holy law! from whom I derive my knowledge, I will never desert so excellent a master. Thou prime virtue, temperance! I will never abjure thee. August and sacred priesthood! I will never disgrace thee. I will bear it to my ancestors a pure and unsullied soul, as free from stain as I stand in this place devoid of fear, amid the parade of your threatening engines and implements of martyrdom."

—*E. L. Magoon.*

To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late;  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds,  
 For the ashes of his fathers  
 And the temples of his gods?—*Lord Macaulay.*





C. T. D. M. 1871

DEATH AT SEA.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.—*Shakespeare.*

#### FORTITUDE IN DEATH.

In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke d'Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after long silence, thus offered him consolation: "My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

At the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, the royal victim looking at the soldiers, who had pointed their fuses, said: "Grenadiers! lower your guns, otherwise you will miss, or only wound me." To two of them, who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said: "A loyal soldier, who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes and without fear."

After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir Charles Lucas, when murdered in nearly the same manner as Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the loyal hero, in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to miss him, nobly replied: "You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle."

When the governor of Cadiz, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of his murderers, who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned round and said: "Coward, to strike there! Come round—if you dare face—and destroy me."—*Dr. Sherwen.*

The pang of any violent death lies not in its mode, but in its cause. Innocence dignifies death. Guilt alone degrades the sufferer.—*Daniel Wise.*

#### COURAGE IN DEATH.

We must have faith in God, and live and endure all he says: "Come up higher." Do your work well; and when the frail

bark of your life goes down, go with it to the bottom as God shall will, with the heart anchored to the throne by the strong faith of the gospel, and it shall be well with you. Go to your life-work with zeal, prosecute it with energy, and meet death when it comes with courage and faith.

A beautiful illustration of manly courage, of Christian resignation and self-sacrifice, was that of the lamented Herndon, commander of the steamship "Central America," a few years ago. That noble vessel left Aspinwall for the port of New York with five hundred and seventy-five persons on board, including the crew. When some days out the ship sprung a leak, and all efforts to save her from sinking proved unavailing. The sea was heavy, the ship was crippled, every arm had worked at the pumps, and all this could not bring the vessel to land. Just then a small craft hove in sight. Signal-rockets went up every half hour, while the minute-guns sent their boomings of distress across the waters. The small vessel came to their aid as nearly as possible. Then the boats were lowered; and first the women and children were taken off, and then the old men, until the small vessel could positively contain no more, and it became inevitable that many must go down with the ship. The captain decided to perish with his crew. He went into his state-room, put on his naval uniform, removed the covering from the gold band of his cap, took his stand at the wheel-house, grasped the iron railing with his left hand, uncovered his head in solemn reverence before God, and thus went into eternity. Here was grandeur of moral character; here was worth before which the world may pause. Such an end is ennobling—it is inspiring. And such a close is but the concentration of a long life full of noble deeds into a few hours. Thus death brings out the meaning of life. It rounds our lives to a close, and is but the fragrance of cemented and compacted virtues.—*Rev. J. H. McCarty, D. D.*

#### WAITING FOR THE ANGELIC CONVOY.

Seldom is the serenely expectant spirit of the dying Christian more graphically portrayed than in the beautiful letter of

Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, written shortly before his death to J. De-witt Miller, and published in the New York *Methodist*. It bears date at Fair Haven, Conn., March 3, 1877, and reads as follows :

I am pillowed upon a sick and dying bed, with a little tablet in my hands. I can, without much difficulty, pencil lines to my friends. I suffer very little pain. My mind, it seems to me, was never more clear and joyous. The physicians assure me that I am liable at any moment to die. I am happy. I do not see how any one can be more happy out of heaven. I am expecting every hour that a group of loving angels will come and say to me : "Brother, God has sent us to convey you to heaven—the chariot is waiting." All the infirmities of flesh and sin will vanish from body and soul. I shall be the congenial companion with the angels in that most wonderful of all conceivable journeys from earth to heaven. I have several times taken the tour of Europe. And there was great joy in seeing the wonders of the old world. But there were sorrows too, the discomforts of travel, the need of economy ; the mind burdened with those earthly cares which never upon earth can be laid aside. But when the angelic summons comes, I shall be an "heir of God." He will provide the chariot and will meet all the expenses. All care, imperfection, pain will be gone. The escort will be glorious, angels loving me with a brother's love, and God will have made me worthy of their love. We shall pass Sirius, the Pleiades, Orion and firmaments, or, as Herschel calls them, other universes of unimaginable splendor. And then we shall enter heaven ! All its glories will burst upon our enraptured view. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, will gather around us with their congratulations. We shall see God, his throne, the splendor of his court, understand all the mysteries of his being, and enter upon blessings inconceivable, forever and forever !

All this I believe, my dear friend, as fully as I believe in my own existence. And I may enter upon this enjoyment before night shall darken around me. In the religion of the Son of God, and in the atonement he has made for my many sins, I

find all that my soul craves. I am indeed happy. But writing these lines has exhausted me. I hope to meet you in heaven. There we will clasp hands and lovingly refer to this correspondence. Yours, affectionately, JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

### ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying.—*Shakespeare.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
 And the dark Plutonian shadows  
 Gather on the evening blast.  
 Let thine arm, Oh! queen, support me,  
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,  
 Harken to the great heart secrets,  
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
 Bear their eagles high no more,  
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
 Though no glittering guards surround me,  
 Prompt to do their master's will,  
 I must perish like a Roman,  
 Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low;  
 'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,  
 'Twas his own that struck the blow;  
 Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,  
 Ere his star fades quite away,  
 Him who drunk with thy caresses,  
 Madly flung a world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble  
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
 Weeps within her widowed home,  
 Seek her, say the gods have told me,  
 Altars, augurs, circling wings,  
 That her blood with mine commingled,  
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!  
 Glorious Sorceress of the Nile,  
 Light the path to Stygian horrors  
 With the splendors of thy smile.  
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,  
 Let his brow the laurel twine,  
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying.  
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.  
 They are coming—quick, my falchion!  
 Let me front them ere I die.  
 Ah! no more amid the battle  
 Shall my heart exulting swell,  
 Isis and Osiris guard thee,  
 Cleopatra! Rome, farewell!—*Gen. Wm. H. Lytle.*

#### DYING IN DESPAIR.

The following certified incident from real life we select from correspondence of the Canada *Christian Advocate*: A man who had indulged the hope of final salvation, regardless of character, was on his death-bed. In the prime of life, his cup of pleasure drained to the dregs, and exhausted nature refused to recruit her wasted energies. Pale and wan, with an awful sense of an uncertain future, the horrors of remorse distracting his inmost soul, the bitter cup of despair persistently held to his lips by the unrelenting hand of an abused and now fully awakened conscience, his hope that all would finally be well with him was forever swept away. No hope; no trust in God; his bed was no bed of roses, although surrounded by every comfort wealth could furnish.

With the dread realities of eternity before his eyes, he cried: "Oh! I can't die; there is no mercy now for me; God can't forgive me now. Oh! how I wish I had lived differently; if I could only live, I would lead a different life." I encouraged him to hope in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and earnestly besought him to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart, and he should be saved. "Do you think that God will forgive me for Christ's sake, such a sinner as I have been?"

"Yes; oh! yes," said I; "he came to seek and save just such ones as you; be willing to have him save you now, just as you are." "Oh! no," said he, "it is too late now," while the tears streamed down his young face, pallid with disease and suffering. I had never witnessed such a scene before, and I never shall forget the awful expression of that dying sinner's face to my dying breath.

I told him I would pray for him, and that he must pray for himself, and left the room ere my senses forsook me. Horror-stricken almost, and with a feeling as if death's fingers were clutching at my own heart-strings, I could not bear to witness such fearful despair. I went down the stairs, and soon one of his spasms of pain came on; and unable to bear it, with no hope, no peace, no Jesus to sustain him, he gave way to the fiends, as it seemed to me, which possessed him.

With fearful curses, frightful imprecations, and horrid oaths, he drove his faithful wife from the room, and he lay there alone to battle with the raging hand of disease, cursing God, and screaming with rage and pain, so that he could be heard in the neighboring houses. I could do nothing for him, and the curses and maledictions of that hour ring in my ears like the wail of the lost in the dark regions of despair. And soon I heard he was dead. Gone to the bar of God, to render up his account at the judgment.

God save us from such a passing away as that; torturing fiends instead of soothing angels round his dying couch. Black despair in lieu of the overshadowing wing of angelic hope. Death and the judgment staring him in the face, instead of peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost. Horrid blasphemies instead of, "Oh! death, where is thy sting? oh! grave, where is thy victory?" A fearful looking forward to the future in lieu of, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because he lives, I shall live also." Too late, too late, instead of "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Such is the fearful end of those who trust in the mercy of God out of Christ, for "God out of Christ is a consuming fire."

**MOTHER, I'M TIRED.**

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping,  
 Let me repose upon thy bosom seek ;  
 But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,  
 Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.  
 Here it is cold ; the tempest raveth madly ;  
 But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright :  
 I see the angel children smiling gladly,  
 When from my weary eyes I shut the light.

Mother, one steals beside me now ! And listen :  
 Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord ?  
 See how his white wings beautifully glisten :  
 Surely those wings were given him by our Lord :  
 Green, gold, and red are floating all around me ;  
 They are the flowers the angel scattereth :  
 Shall I have also wings whilst life hast bound me ?  
 Or, mother, are they given alone in death ?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going ?  
 Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine ?  
 Thy cheek is hot, and still thy tears are flowing :  
 I will, dear mother, will be always thine !  
 Do not sigh thus ! it marreth my reposing ;  
 And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee.  
 Oh, I am tired ; my weary eyes are closing :  
 Look, mother, look ! the angel kisseth me.

*From the Danish of Anderson.*

**THE DYING NEWS-BOY.**

In a dark alley in the great city of New York, a small, ragged boy might be seen. He appeared to be about twelve years old, and had a careworn expression on his countenance. The cold air seemed to have no pity as it pierced through his ragged clothes, and made the flesh beneath blue and almost frozen.

This poor boy had once a happy home. His parents died a year before, and left him without money or friends. He was compelled to face the cold, cruel world with but a few cents in his pocket. He tried to earn his living by selling newspapers and other such things. This day everything seemed to go against him, and in despair he threw himself down in the dark alley,

with his papers by his side. A few boys gathered around the poor lad, and one asked, in a kind way (for a street Arab), "Say, Johnny, why don't you go to the lodges?" (The lodge was a place where almost all the boys stayed at night, costing but a few cents.) But the poor little lad could only murmur that he could not stir, and called the boys about him, saying: "I am dying now, because I feel so queer; and I can hardly see you. Gather around me closer, boys. I cannot talk so loud. I can kinder see the angels holding out their hands for me to come to that beautiful place they call heaven. Good-bye, boys. I am to meet father and mother." And, with these last words on his lips, the poor boy died.

Next morning the passers-by saw a sight that would soften the most hardened heart. There lying on the cold stone, with his head against the hard wall, and his eyes staring upward, was the poor little frozen form of the newsboy. He was taken to the church near by, and was interred by kind hands. And those who performed this act will never forget the poor forsaken lad

#### THE DYING BABE.

(The following extract from an anonymous contribution to the New York *Methodist* tells a story which many parents could adopt as their own. Few will read it without tears.—*Editor.*)

All that morning I held the baby in my arms—all that long and weary morning. How hot was that little cheek! how piteous the moaning! how feeble the cry! how restless! Oh! how sick was my little child! How hard to see it suffer, hour after hour, yet not be able to relieve it! My eyes grew dim with tears, and I could only faintly pray:

"God, be merciful, and spare, oh! spare my little, my darling little babe."

In vain! in vain! Again the doctor came, and then he spoke kindly; but we knew there was a depth of meaning in his words.

"Your child is very, very sick."

Then turning to my husband, he added:

"You had better not go down to the store this morning."

Neither John nor I dared ask him any questions, for we felt

there was something in his tone which bade us hope no longer. Something as sad to us as the tolling of the funeral-bell.

"John," I said, after the doctor had left, "bring the baby to me."

Tenderly he raised it up and placed it in my lap, and silently we watched the flame of life decreasing. No words were spoken. The measured ticking of the clock and the restless breathing of the baby alone were heard. An hour—it seemed an hour—passed away. I gazed upon the face of Willie; the eyes were fixed, the cheek was pale, and the breathing, how quick and short it was! Never had I seen a child so sick before; but I knew—I knew—the dread change was coming.

"O John! our darling babe is dying."

"Mary," this was all John said, "Mary, the will of God be done."

"Yes, yes, dear husband," I could hardly speak for weeping; "but it is so hard, so very, very hard, to lose a little child."

No more was said; but we wept together. We saw the eyes gently close and open, and close again; the breath came quicker and quicker; then—then—more and more slowly—the little stream of life was ebbing fast away.

Friends came into the room, but I heeded them not. Then some one gently touched me, and said, "Mary." I knew the voice.

"O mother! you have come. Willie is dying."

I can dwell no longer on that scene. Two days after, and John said:

"In an hour the funeral services will take place. Let us take our last look at the child we loved while we are alone together."

We drew near the coffin. There was the little face we had learned to love; but oh! the eyes were closed, the voice was hushed. There lay the child so still and quiet, the hands together, and a wreath of pure white flowers beside them. I kissed the cold face:

"O Willie! farewell—farewell—forever."

"No, Mary, not forever," said John; "there is another and a better life."

Then came the solemn funeral services, the journey to the cemetery, the open grave, and all was over. John and I came back to our sad and silent cottage on the hill.

Only a few weeks ago it was that we visited the grave of Willie. We walked through the entrance of Greenwood, along the hard, smooth road to the hillside, near the quiet lake, and there, under the shadow of a wide-branching tree, we stood beside the little mound of earth. I gazed upon the monument which had just been placed there, with a rose-bud on a broken stem, engraved upon it the name of our lost child, the date of birth and death, and then the words, "Safe in the Shepherd's arms."

We gazed and wept; and at last John said:

"Mary, life is short. Here beside this grave let us resolve so to live that we shall meet our little one in our true home in heaven."

There beside that grave we made the solemn vow, and we shall try to keep it.

I know that I am weak and nervous. As I go to and fro in the daily work of the house, I grieve for the babe that has gone, for I miss it very much. Be patient, oh, my sorrowing spirit! be patient! I think it will not be long—though I dare not tell my husband so—before I shall sleep quietly beside my little babe; not long before I shall meet that gentle spirit in the skies.

#### THE PAUPER'S DEATH.

Tread softly—bow the head—

In reverent silence bow,

No passing bell doth toll,

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,

With lowly reverence bow;

There's one in that poor shed—

One by that paltry bed—

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,

Lo! Death doth keep his state.

Enter, no crowds attend;

Enter, no guards defend

*This* palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,  
 No smiling courtiers tread;  
 One silent woman stands,  
 Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—  
 An infant wail alone;  
 A sob suppressed—again  
 That short deep gasp, and then—  
 The parting groan.

Oh, change! stupendous change!  
 There lies the soulless clod;  
 The sun eternal breaks,  
 The new immortal wakes—  
 Wakes with his God.—*Caroline Bowles.*

#### THE BEST TIME.

A very dear only daughter lay dying. She had been a thoughtful, praying child, having professed religion at twelve years of age and lived a devoted and useful life. Now she was only waiting a few hours to go home. Severe pain at times almost took away the power of thought. Between these severe attacks of suffering she looked back on her childhood's experiences and forward into the blessed future with equal clearness and joy, as she said, "There's a beautiful clearness now." As I sat by her bed, we talked as her strength would permit. Among the many things never to be forgotten she said, "Father, you know I professed religion when I was young, very young—some thought too young; but, oh, how I wish I could tell everybody what a comfort it is to me *now* to think of it!" Reaching out her hand—the fingers already cold—and grasping mine, she said, with great earnestness, "Father, you are at work for the young. Do all you can for them while they are young. It is *the best time—the best time*. Oh, I see it now as I never did before. It is the best time while they are young—the younger the better. Do all you can for them while they are *very* young."—*Children's Friend.*

## THE DYING.

## "GOD KNOWS."

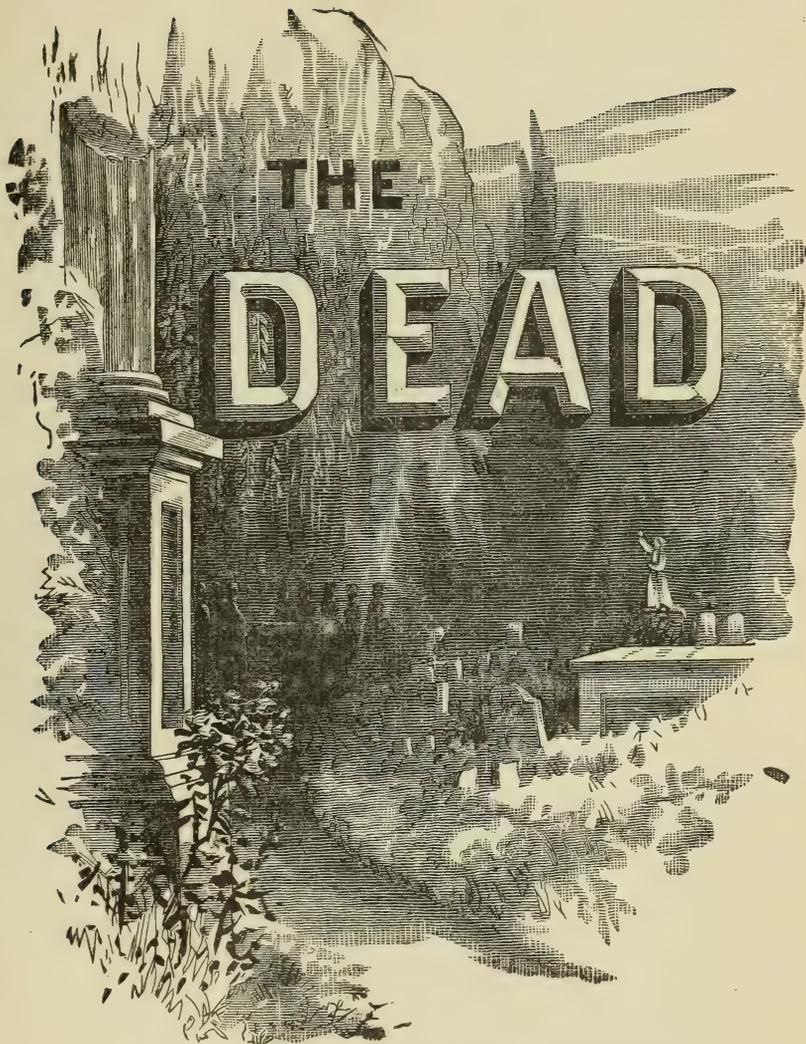
Oh, wild and dark was the winter night  
 When the emigrant ship went down,  
 But just outside of the harbor bar,  
 In the sight of the startled town!  
 The winds howled and the sea roared,  
 And never a soul could sleep,  
 Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,  
 Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surt,  
 No rope could reach the land;  
 There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,  
 There was many a ready hand:  
 Women who prayed and men who strove  
 When prayers and work were vain—  
 For the sun rose over the awful void  
 And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—  
 All day they scanned the deep;  
 All night the booming minute-guns  
 Echoed from steep to steep.  
 "Give up the dead, oh, cruel sea!"  
 They cried athwart the space:  
 But only a baby's fragile form  
 Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all  
 Who with the ship went down  
 That night, when the happy babies slept  
 So warm in the sheltered town!  
 Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,  
 It lay on the shifting sand,  
 As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,  
 With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin;  
 "God knoweth," the pastor said,  
 When the sobbing children crowded to ask  
 The name of the baby dead.  
 And so when they laid it away at last  
 In the churchyard's hushed repose,  
 They raised a stone at the baby's head  
 With the carven words, "God knows."—*St. Nicholas.*



Showing the condition of the body and state of the soul after death, various funeral customs, habits of mourning, and counsels and consolations for the sorrowing.

“There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave.”

—Job iii. 17-22.

“The dead are like the stars, by day  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
But not extinct, they hold their way  
In glory through the sky:  
Spirits from bondage thus set free,  
Vanish amidst immensity;  
Where human thought, like human sight,  
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.”

—Montgomery.

## CHAPTER I.—THE BODY AFTER DEATH.

### DEAD.

**T**HIS is what has been said of all the long line of mortality that has gone down to the grave. It is the verdict of each coming generation upon the one going before it, which, in its turn, will be the subject of the same solemn announcement. Burdened with sadness, yet oft-repeated; often repeated, yet ever true. True of the long line of generations, and also true of each person composing these generations.

Reader, you, too, are a dying mortal. The end is near. How very near the time when your bodily strength will depart; when your palsied limbs can no longer obey the will; when your head will be so heavy and tired that you can no longer lift it up; when your panting, parting breath will fail, and with a struggle and a gasp, be gone; when the feeble, fitful life-current will forget its flow, and your throbbing heart will cease to beat; when your closed and sightless eyes will look no more on earthly sights and earthly scenes; when your ears will be alike deaf to the harsh voice of censure and the tender accents of affection; when your voice will be forever hushed in the stillness of the grave; when your body, now the object of much care and solicitude, will be lifeless and loathsome; when a coffin shall inclose it, and a silent procession bear it to the grave; when weeping friends can no longer be with you, but will turn away and leave you to the chill and coldness, the damp and darkness, the solitude and silence of your cheerless bed, in the narrow chambers of death; when "he is dead," will be the brief, solemn announcement that will tell the sad tale of another earthly life gone out, another broken home-circle, another vacant chair, and another desolate hearth-stone!

\*

**THE BODY ONLY THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL.**

As much as I have loved this body, I must leave it to the grave. There must it lie and rot in darkness, as a neglected and loathsome thing. This is the fruit of sin, and nature would not have it so. But it is only my shell, my tabernacle, my clothing, and not my soul itself. It is only a dissolution; earth to earth, water to water, air to air, and fire to fire. It is but an instrument laid by, when all its work is done; a servant dismissed when his service is ended: as I cast by my lute, when I have better employment. It is but as flowers die in autumn, and plants in winter. It is but a separation from a troublesome companion, and putting off a shoe that pinched me. Many a sad and painful hour, many a weary night and day, have I had. What cares and fears, what griefs and groans has this body cost me? Alas! how much of my precious time has been spent to maintain, please, or repair it. Often have I thought that it cost me so dear to live, yea, to live a painful, weary life, that were it not for the higher ends of life, I had little reason to be much in love with it, or be loth to leave it. To depart from such a body is but to remove from a sordid habitation. I know it is the curious, wonderful work of God, and not to be despised, or unjustly dishonored, but admired and well used; yet our reason wonders that so noble a spirit should be so meanly housed, for we must call it "our vile body." To depart from such a body is but to be loosed "from the bondage of corruption," from the clog and prison of the soul. That body, which was a fit servant to the soul of innocent man, is now become a prison.

—Richard Baxter, D. D.

**SEPARATION OF THE SOUL AND THE BODY.**

If death may not be scientifically defined as the separation of the soul from the body, yet, in the last analysis, this is implied.

Assuming that man has a dual nature—a soul as well as a body—our common sense tells us that the partnership is dissolved in the article of death. With philosophical reasonings and speculations as to the *post-mortem* state of the soul, we have



#### THE ENTOMBMENT.

And the women also, which came with Him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how His body was laid.—*Luke* xxiii. 55.



here nothing to do. Some think Paul, in 2 Cor. v., intimates that the soul will be invested with a celestial vehicle in the intermediate state, but this speculation has no solid ground.

—*T. O. Summers, D. D.*

#### CHANGE OF COUNTENANCE AFTER DEATH.

Alas! how few of nature's faces are left to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.—*Dickens.*

#### DISINTEGRATION OF THE BODY.

By observation we see that the *cadaver*—the body separated from the soul—is subjected to disintegration. It is so offensive that we have to bury our dead out of our sight, or dispose of the bodies by embalming, cremation, or some other process.

The fourteen elements of which our physical structure is composed are disunited—there being no vital *vinculum* to keep them together; and they become blended with the oxygen, hydrogen, and other kindred elements in the world around. What took place during life, in the perpetual flux of the body—then with replacement of the elements eliminated—now takes place totally, with no replacement. With the exception of some mummies—in which, indeed, molecular changes have taken place—the millions of bodies which were animated like ours, and which for millenniums have been laid in the grave, are as undistinguishable as those of the inferior animals, or the vegetals which have flourished for a while, and then perished forever!

*T. O. Summers, D. D.*

ance, how entirely their thoughts were absorbed by the melancholy event that had befallen them. But they did not cut themselves in token of grief; and the command given to the Israelites, "Ye shall not cut yourselves, nor make any baldness between your eyes for the dead," does not refer to a custom of the Egyptians, but of those people among whom they were about to establish themselves in Syria—as is distinctly stated of the votaries of Baal.

The body having been embalmed, was restored to the family, either already placed in the mummy case, or merely wrapped in bandages, if we may believe Herodotus, who says that the friends of the deceased made the coffin; though from the paintings in the tombs, it would appear that the body was frequently enveloped and put into the case by the undertakers, previous to its being returned to the family. After it had been deposited in the case, which was generally enclosed in two or three others, all richly painted, according to the expense they were pleased to incur, it was placed in a room of the house, upright against the wall, until the tomb was ready, and all the necessary preparations had been made for the funeral. The coffin or mummy case was then carried forth, and deposited in the hearse, drawn upon a sledge to the sacred lake of the *nome*, notice having been previously given to the judges, and a public announcement made of the appointed day. Forty-two judges having been summoned, and placed in a semi-circle near the banks of the lake, a boat was brought up, provided expressly for the occasion.

When the boat was ready for the reception of the coffin, it was lawful for any person who thought proper to bring forward his accusation against the deceased. If it could be proved that he had led an evil life, the judges declared accordingly, and the body was deprived of the accustomed sepulture; but if the accuser failed to establish what he advanced, he was subject to the heaviest penalties. When there was no accuser, or when the accusation had been disproved, the relations ceased from their lamentations, and pronounced encomiums on the deceased. They did not enlarge upon his descent, as is usual among the

Greeks, for they hold that all the Egyptians are equally noble ; but they related his early education and the course of his studies, and then praising his piety and justice in manhood, his temperance, and the other virtues he possessed, they supplicated the gods below to receive him as a companion of the pious. This announcement was received by the assembled multitude with acclamations ; and they joined in extolling the glory of the deceased, who was about to remain forever with the virtuous in the regions of Hades. The body was then taken by those who had family catacombs already prepared, and placed in the repository allotted to it, or having no catacombs, some constructed a new apartment in their own house for the purpose. —*Sir I. Gardner Wilkinson, D. C. L., F. R. S., etc.*

#### ANCIENT JEWISH FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

Ancient Jews insisted on the burial of dead bodies. Cremation, or non-burial by neglect, was alike shocking. In the earlier and simpler age the act of interment was performed by near relatives. Thus Isaac and Ishmael buried their father Abraham with their own hands, and when Isaac died, Jacob and Esau buried him. In later times, however, this duty devolved by custom upon others. When there was no embalming of the body, interment generally followed within twenty-four hours after death. Ananias and Sapphira were buried immediately after expiring. This custom has not altogether ceased yet in Eastern countries.

The more common mode of carrying a corpse to the grave was on a bier or bed, the body concealed from public gaze by a coverlid. Instance the son of the widow of Nain. Persons of distinction had coffins of wood, stone, or pasteboard, "on which, as additional marks of honor, were placed their insignia ; if a prince, his crown ; if a warrior, his armor ; if a rabbi, his books."

The nearest relatives kept close by the remains, and, if the expense could be borne, hired mourners accompanied them, and "by every now and then lifting the covering and exposing the corpse, gave the signal to the company to renew their cries of lamentation."

Thus it was when Jacob was buried. When the procession reached the site of the sepulchre, they halted seven days, and, under the guidance of the mourning attendants, indulged in violent paroxysms of grief. St. Mark characterized a similar scene in his time as a "tumult."

It was customary for a few weeks after Jewish burials for members of the family to pay frequent visits to the tomb. Hence it was said, as a matter of course, when Lazarus was buried, and Mary arose to meet her Lord: "She goeth to the grave to weep there."—*Editor*.

#### INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY UPON BURIAL CUSTOMS.

As Christianity in its general influence did not tend to suppress, but only to ennoble the natural feelings of man; as it is opposed itself generally, as well to the *perverted education* which would crush these natural feelings, as to the unrestrained expression of them in the rude state of nature; the same was its influence also in relation to mourning for the dead. From the first, Christianity condemned the wild, and at the same time hypocritical, expressions of grief with which the funeral procession was accompanied, those wailings of women who had been hired for the occasion (*mulieres præficæ*), yet it required no stoic resignation and apathy, but mitigated and refined the anguish of sorrow by the spirit of faith and hope, and of child-like resignation to that eternal love, which takes, in order to restore what it has taken under a more glorious form; which separates for the moment, in order to reunite the separated in a glorified state through eternity. . . . Out of this direction of the feelings arose the Christian custom which required that the memory of departed friends should be celebrated by their relations, husbands, or wives, on the anniversary of their death, in a manner suited to the spirit of the Christian faith and of the Christian hope.—*Augustus Neander, D. D.*

#### • EULOGIZING THE DEAD.

In the matter of eulogizing the dead,—that is certainly carried to an extreme at present. In many of our funeral addresses, it

is difficult for a hearer to ascertain whether any distinction is made between the righteous and the wicked,—all are good at death. With reference to most men who disappear from the stage of life, it is best to say nothing. The Bible is remarkable for its silence respecting the dead; remarkable that it praises men so little, whether living or dead. Adam and Eve died, but nothing is mentioned respecting their fate. Even the wisest king of Israel enters eternity with a cloud around him. The greatest prophets and priests died, but we read of no eulogies being pronounced over their remains. There is no reference to a funeral sermon in any part of the Divine Writings. There are times when to us it would seem proper to preach,—as when John and Stephen died,—but a significant silence is all that speaks to the soul. An approach to the Bible method would be an improvement. A simple prayer offered up to the great Searcher and Strengtheners of hearts, and a few words of counsel addressed to living men, are all that is requisite when one dies.—*Rev. John Reid.*

Possibly our own senseless custom of inviting promiscuous audiences at funerals to look at deceased persons may have come down to us from the middle ages. Whatever its origin, it is in very bad taste, and would be more honored by its breach than by its observance.—*Daniel Wise, D. D.*

#### CHRISTIANITY CAN DO YET MORE FOR US.

Not enough has Christianity been permitted to do for us in mitigating the horrors of death. Too much do we yet symbol it by broken columns, inverted flames, and drooping boughs—emblems of mere reason rather than of faith, which teaches us that, with the Christian, the column has been completed, the

“Fire ascending”

has reached the sun, and that the “tree of life,” and the “tree of knowledge,” rather than willow sad with pendent bough, are emblems of him who “dies in the Lord.” Familiar as we are

with poetry, we are yet almost unacquainted with the spirit of our own hymn :

“ Weep not for a brother deceased ;  
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;  
 A soul out of prison released,  
 And freed from his bodily chain :  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above,  
 Escaped to the mansions of light,  
 And lodged in the Eden of love.”—*T. M. Eddy, D. D.*

### THE DIRGE.

What is the existence of man's life,  
 But open war, or slumbered strife ?  
 Where sickness to his sense presents  
 The combat of the elements ;  
 And never feels a perfect peace,  
 Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm where the hot blood  
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;  
 And each loud passion of the mind  
 Is like a furious gust of wind,  
 Which bears his bark with many a wave,  
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower which buds and grows  
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;  
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,  
 Like fits of waking before sleep ;  
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould  
 Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream whose seeming truth  
 Is moralized in age and youth ;  
 Where all the comforts he can share  
 As wandering as his fancies are ;  
 Till in the mist of dark decay  
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial which points out  
 The sunset as it moves about ;  
 And shadows out in lines of night  
 The subtle stages of time's flight,  
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid  
 The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,  
 Which doth short joys, long woes include;  
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,  
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears;  
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
 And leaves no epilogue but death.—*Henry King.*

### THE DESOLATION.

How lonely and desolate is the house where bereavement has come! How heavy are the hearts of those who continue to do their appointed duties, which have now become a task-work, from which the relish has gone! How dreary is the path of life, with its miserable routine of cares, its childish toys and playthings, its amusements and its follies, to those who have looked upon the angel of death, and who have stood by the open grave! It is not that they would complain, but that they are bereaved. Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Every family has its vacant seats at the fireside; every heart at times seeks for those who are living, in the places of the dead. We cannot stop the pains of bereavement; our dearest love cannot hold back those whom God calleth; and while we mourn for the departed, trembling mixes with our love for those who remain.—*William G. Eliot.*

### AFTER THE BURIAL OF A DAUGHTER.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor,  
 Where skies are as sweet as a psalm,  
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
 In bluff broad-shouldered calm.

And when o'er breakers to leeward  
 The scattered surges are hurled,  
 It may keep our head to the tempest,  
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But after the shipwreck, tell me  
 What help in its iron thews,  
 Still true to the broken hawser,  
 Deep down among seaweed and ooze?

## THE DEAD.

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
 When the helpless feet stretch out,  
 And you find in the deeps of darkness  
 No footing so solid as doubt—

Then better one spar of memory;  
 One broken plank of the past—  
 That our poor hearts may cling to,  
 Tho' hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
 To the heart its sweet despair,  
 Its tears on the thin worn locket,  
 With its beauty of deathless hair.

Immortal! I feel it, and know it;  
 Who doubts it of such as she!  
 But that's the pang's very secret  
 Immortal away from me.

There is a little ridge in the churchyard,  
 'Twould scarce stay a child in its race,  
 But to me and my thoughts 'tis wider  
 Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect;  
 Your moral most drearly true;  
 But the earth that stops my darling's ears  
 Makes mine insensate, too.

Console if you will, I can bear it,  
 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;  
 But not all the preaching since Adam  
 Has made death other than death.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,  
 But I who am sickly and weak  
 Would give all my income from dreamland  
 For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,  
 So worn and wrinkled and brown,  
 Its motionless hollow confronts you,  
 And argues your wisdom down.—*James Russell Lowell.*

## THE RELIEF OF TEARS.

Consecration to God's purposes does not eradicate our deep human love; say, rather, that it heightens, refines, sanctifies it! Every father is more a father in proportion as he loves and serves the great Father in heaven. We should be on our guard against any system of religion or philosophy that seeks to cool the fervor of natural and lawful love. It may be very majestic not to shed tears; but it is most inhuman, most ungodly. We have heard of Abraham mourning, of David crying bitterly, of the Saviour allowing his feet to be washed with a sinner's tears, and of Jesus Christ weeping; but who ever heard of the devil being broken down in pity or mournfulness? Christianity educates our humanity, not deadens it; and when we are in tears, it enables us to see through them nearly into heaven.

—*Joseph Parker.*

## AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Of all returnings, that one, "after the funeral," is the saddest. Who will say it is not so that has ever followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick, we went in and out, anxiously sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve, and care for, and comfort him, engrossed us; the fear of losing him excited and agonized us; the apprehension of our own desolation, in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us wild.

While he lay dead beneath the home roof, there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the funeral rites. Friends are sent for, neighbors are present, the funeral arrangements are discussed, and mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for; all is excitement; the loss is not perceived in its greatness. But, "after the funeral," after the bustle has all subsided, and things begin to move as usual, then it is we begin to know what has befallen us. The house seems still and sepulchral, though in the heart of the city; and though its threshold be still trodden by friendly feet, it is as if empty. The apartments, how deserted! especially the room where he struggled and surrendered in the last conflict. There are his clothes, there his books, there his hat and cane, there his ever-vacant seat at the family board. During his sickness we had not so

much noticed these things, for we hoped ever that he might use or occupy them again. But now we know it cannot be, and we perceive the dreadful vacuity everywhere.

Oh, how dark and cheerless the night shadows come down after the funeral! No moon or stars ever shone so dimly; no darkness ever seemed so utterly dark. The tickings of the clock resound like bell-strokes all over the house. Such deep silence! no footsteps now on the stairs or overhead, in the sick-chamber; no nurse or watchers to come and say, "He is not so well, and asks for you." No, indeed, you may "sleep on now and take your rest," if you can. Ah, poor bereaved heart! it will be long before the sweet rest you once knew will revisit your couch. Slumber will bring again the scenes through which you just passed, and you will start from it but to find them all too real. God pity the mourner "after the funeral."

—*Anonymous.*

#### THE FIELDS OF THE DEAD.

The practice of gathering the bodies of the dead into places of common burial is an ancient custom. Spacious sepulchres in early times were occupied by whole families in their generations, and sometimes by a whole tribe or people. But the first burial-ground that we read of, bearing much resemblance to the modern cemetery, was that already mentioned in Egypt. Allowing much for fable, it is represented to have been situated on a lake called Acherusia, near Memphis. It was a spacious plain with a sandy surface, but at a slight depth composed of solid rock. It was surrounded by groves, and intersected by artificial water-courses, whose borders were verdant, and enamelled with aromatic flowering shrubs. It was called *elisout*, or *elisæus*, signifying rest. From this might have been borrowed the poetic elysium of Homer, and other pagan writers. In its details this description may be fabulous; it certainly reappears in this form in the Greek mythology; but it seems the Egyptians had one or more field cemeteries, somewhat resembling those of later times.

The most noted of modern cemeteries is at Paris. Its site is a general ascent, facing the city on the northwest. It is very

spacious. The beauty of the ground and the splendor of its ornaments are spoken of with great admiration. Intermingled with the choice and trained productions of the soil are monumental columns of every form. Obelisks, pyramids, funeral vases and choice statuary, some chaste and suited to the solemnities of the grave, and some outraging all the principles of taste, seem to crowd these fields of death.

But why dwell longer in meditation among the tombs? Death lives not merely in history. A hundred and fifty generations are his victims; but living and coming generations are under doom to the same relentless power. To live is to die. The grave is not full; and all over the earth its fresh monuments of conquest are glittering in the moonlight and whitening in the sun.—*Bishop Leonidas L. Hamline, D. D.*

#### NUMBER OF THE DEAD.

Number the grains of sand outspread  
Wherever ocean's billows flow;  
Or count the bright stars overhead,  
As these in their proud courses glow;

Count all the tribes on earth that creep,  
Or that expand the wing in air;  
Number the hosts that in the deep  
Existence and its pleasures share;

Count the green leaves that in the breath  
Of spring's blithe gale are dancing fast,  
Or those, all faded, sere in death,  
Which flit before the wintry blast;

Ay! number these, and myriads more,  
All countless as they seem to be;  
There still remains an ampler store  
Untold by, and unknown of thee.

Askest thou, "Who, or what are they?"  
Oh! think upon thy mortal doom;  
And with anointed eye survey  
The silent empire of the tomb!

## THE DEAD.

Think of all those who erst have been  
 Living as thou art—even now ;  
 Looking upon life's busy scene  
 With glance as careless, light, as thou.

All these, like thee, have lived and moved,  
 Have seen—what now thou look'st upon,  
 Have feared, hoped, hated, mourned, or loved,  
 And now from mortal sight are gone.

Yet though unseen of human eye,  
 Their relics slumber in the earth,  
 The boon of immortality  
 To them was given with vital birth.

They *were* ; and, having been, they *are* !  
 Earth but contains their mouldering dust ;  
 Their deathless spirits, near or far,  
 With thine must rise to meet the just.

Thou know'st not but they hover near,  
 Witness of every secret deed,  
 Which, shunning human eye or ear,  
 The spirits of the dead may heed.

An awful thought it is to think  
 The viewless dead outnumber all  
 Who, bound by life's connecting link,  
 Now share with us this earthly ball.

It is a thought as dread and high,  
 And one to wake a fearful thrill,  
 To think, while all who live must die,  
 The dead, the dead are living still.—*Anonymous.*

## ROOM FOR THE DEAD.

Did you ever take your pencil and estimate how many human beings a single star or planet might support? If you will do so, you will find that there is one of our planets that would support upon its bosom all the inhabitants that have ever lived upon the earth in its historic six thousand years. With a population only as dense as that of France, our largest planet would furnish homes for all the beings that have ever lived on our small but beautiful star. But what is one planet to the millions

of worlds that deck the sky? Earth is the humblest of stars. Oh, man! God's universe has as much room for his children all living, as for his children all dead; as much room for their life and love and joy as for their dust.—*Prof. David Swing.*

**A MOTHER'S GRAVE.**

Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other; where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. O how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through immeasurable space to visit them! But of all the spots on the green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have loved and cherished. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead, and in those spots they have loved to wander at even-tide to meditate and to weep alone. But among the charnel-houses of the dead, if there be one spot more sacred than the rest, it is a mother's grave.—*Anon.*

Amid these quiet church-yard shades,  
I wander all alone,  
While, through the rustling leaves above,  
The south winds sigh and moan.

The waving grass bends 'neath their breath  
O'er many graves that clasp  
The mould'ring forms of those who come  
To find their rest at last.

One lonely grave, from all the rest,  
I seek among the trees:  
And there, with eyes bedimmed with tears,  
I sink upon my knees.

'Till deepening gloom shrouds all the land,  
I stay beside the stone,  
Where long, long years ago they laid,  
My joy of boyhood's home.

The cold, damp breath from distant sea  
 Like death-dews chills my brow ;  
 But mem'ry bears me far away  
 From scenes that hold me now—

To the old home long loved but gone,  
 To dear ones by my side,  
 Who now are sundered many a mile  
 Out in the world so wide.

A face, deep-seamed with grief and care,  
 Looks on me from above,  
 Her eyes bright with a quenchless fire—  
 The light of mother's love.

Darkness, a pall, drapes all the place ;  
 Chill dews the white stones lave ;  
 The lingering hours of solemn night  
 Find me by mother's grave.—*N. W. Joraan.*

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How peaceful the Grave ! its quiet how deep !  
 Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,  
 As flowerets perfume it with ether.  
 How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb ;  
 No tempests are there ! but the nightingales come.  
 And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.—*Russian Anthology.*

#### LESSONS FROM A GRAVEYARD.

Dost thou among these hillocks stray,  
 O'er some dear idol's tomb to moan ?  
 Know that thy foot is on the clay  
 Of hearts once wretched as thy own.  
 How many a father's anxious schemes,  
 How many rapturous thoughts of lovers,  
 How many a mother's cherished dreams,  
 The swelling turf before thee covers

Here for the living and the dead,  
 The weepers and the friends they weep,  
 Hath been ordained the same cold bed,  
 The same dark night, the same long sleep ;  
 Why should'st thou writhe, and sob, and rave  
 O'er those, with whom thou soon must be ?  
 Death his own sting shall cure—the grave  
 Shall vanquish its own victory.





IN MOTHER'S PLACE.

Here learn that all the griefs and joys,  
 Which now torment, which now beguile,  
 Are children's hurts, are children's toys,  
 Scarce worthy of one bitter smile.  
 Here learn that pulpit, throne, and press,  
 Sword, sceptre, lyre, alike are frail,  
 That science is a blind man's guest,  
 And History a nurse's tale.

Here learn that glory and disgrace,  
 Wisdom and folly pass away,  
 That mirth hath its appointed space,  
 That sorrow is but for a day;  
 That all we love, and all we hate,  
 That all we hope, and all we fear,  
 Each mood of mind, each turn of fate,  
 Must end in dust and silence here.—*Lord Macanlay.*

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## CHAPTER III.—MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

### GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

**C**HRISTIAN grief for our deceased friends is not forbidden in Scripture, but we have instances of it. Thus, Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and wept for her; Joseph made a mourning for his father seven days; the children of Israel wept for Moses thirty days; David lamented the death of Saul, Jonathan and Abner; Christ also wept over the grave of Lazarus; good men who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him; and the Apostle Paul grieved for the sickness of Epaphroditus, who was near unto death; but immoderate sorrow, and all the extravagant forms of it are forbidden, for we are not to sorrow as those who have no hope. Nay, even Seneca, the heathen, who had some notion of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection, says thus: "The thought of deceased friends is sweet and pleasant

to me, for I have enjoyed them as one that was about to lose them, and I have lost them as one that may have them again."

*Dr. Gill.*

Christianity does not repress weeping nor crush back tears. Its chastened mourning are not the hired wailings of Oriental funerals, nor the frantic howlings of the Irish wake. They are equally far removed from tearless and prayerless cremation, and the cold indifference of stoicism. Christian grief finds vent heavenward in cheerful submission to the divine will, and in sweet communion with the great Sympathizer who knows what it is to weep over the grave of friendship, and who has ever "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—*E. Wentworth, D. D.*

#### PATIENCE IN GRIEF.

Nor even is that kind of impatience excused, which is felt on the loss of our friends, when a certain claim of grief pleadeth in its behalf. For the consideration of the apostle's warning must be preferred, who saith, *Sorrow not for the sleep of any one, even as the Gentiles which have no hope.* And with good cause. For if we believe that Christ rose again, we believe also in our own resurrection, for whose sakes he both died and rose again. Wherefore, since the resurrection of the dead is certain, grief for the dead is idle, and impatience in that grief is idle also. For why shouldst thou grieve, if thou believest not that he hath perished? Why shouldst thou take impatiently that he is withdrawn for a time, who thou believest will return again? That which thou thinkest to be death is but a departing on a journey. He that goeth before us is not to be mourned, but altogether to be longed for; and even this longing must be tempered with patience. For why shouldst thou not bear with moderation that he hath departed, when thou shalt presently follow! But impatience in such a matter augureth ill for our hope, and is a double-dealing with our faith. Besides, we injure Christ, when as each is called away by him, we bear it impatiently, as though they were to be pitied.—*Tertullian.*

My grief is all within;  
 And these external manners of lament  
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul;  
 There lies the substance.—*Shakespeare.*

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They truly mourn that mourn without a witness.—*Byron.*

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### THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree,  
 Sat and chanted cheerily  
 A little song, a pleasant song,  
 Which was—she sang it all day long—  
 “When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
 But a good God reigns over all.”

There passed a lady by the way,  
 Moaning in the face of day:  
 There were tears upon her cheek,  
 Grief in her heart too great to speak;  
 Her husband died but yester-morn,  
 And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child  
 That looked to heaven, and, singing, smiled;  
 And saw not for her own despair,  
 Another lady, young and fair,  
 Who, also passing, stopped to hear  
 The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before  
 Had lost the little babe she bore;  
 And grief was heavy at her soul  
 As that sweet memory o'er her stole,  
 And showed how bright had been the Past,  
 The Present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree  
 Listening, soothed and placidly,  
 A youth came by, whose sunken eyes  
 Spake of a load of miseries;  
 And he, arrested like the twain,  
 Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head  
 Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed!  
 Her marriage robes were fitted on,  
 Her fair young face with blushes shone,  
 When the destroyer smote her low,  
 And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,  
 Silver-toned, and sweet and strong,  
 Which that child, the livelong day,  
 Chanted to itself in play:  
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
 But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;  
 The mother's grief, tho' unreprieved,  
 Softened, as her trembling tongue  
 Repeated what the infant sung;  
 And the sad lover, with a start,  
 Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,  
 And not a seraph sitting there—  
 Was seen no more, the sorrowing three  
 Went on their way resignedly,  
 The song still ringing in their ears—  
 Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell! They did not know.  
 But in the midst of deepest woe  
 The strain recurred when sorrow grew,  
 To warn them, and console them too:  
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall;  
 But a good God reigns over all."—*Charles Mackay.*

### THE INFLUENCE OF SORROW.

Even in a Christian family, when death has entered there, and some one of the dear household has been taken, it has proved to be a new revelation of God, and of their Saviour, and of their own hearts, to themselves. In all their religion they had not known before how completely man depends on God. They had not known how absolutely essential to the human soul is the thought of the divine presence. They had not understood either the words or the character of Jesus. They had not known the





THE MAN OF SORROWS.

depth of their own souls, nor the strength of their own affections. That one new experience has made all things new. The spiritual nature, although before recognized, now first appears in its true dignity, and for the first time they thoroughly understand that the real use of the present world is to educate the soul for heaven. They loved each other before, but new tenderness is now added to their love. Their kindness becomes more thoughtful, their affection more disinterested. They feel their dependence upon each other more deeply, and watch over each other with silent, inexpressible love.

The fond union of youthful hearts seems close, and causes them to dwell in an elysium of joy; but the husband and wife seldom know how much they love each other until they mourn together, weeping for their children because they are not.

How quickly are the little dissensions and variances of life stilled by the presence of death! How sternly is selfishness rebuked, and with what yearning of the heart towards Heaven is the resolution made to become more tender, more affectionate, more gentle, and more faithful in the whole conduct of life.

*William G. Eliot.*

#### THE JUST LIMITS OF SORROW.

And how is it possible, you ask, not to grieve, since I am only a man? Nor do I say that you should not grieve: I do not condemn dejection, but the intensity of it. To be dejected is natural; but to be overcome by dejection is madness, and folly, and unmanly weakness. You may grieve and weep; but give not way to despondency, nor indulge in complaints. . . . Weep as wept your Master over Lazarus, observing the just limits of sorrow, which it is not proper to pass. . . . For on what account, tell me, do you thus weep for one departed? Because he was a bad man? You ought on that very account to be thankful, since the occasions of his wickedness are now cut off. Because he was good and kind? If so, you ought to rejoice; since he has been soon removed, before wickedness had corrupted him; and he has gone away to a world where he stands ever secure, and there is no room even to suspect a change.

Because he was a youth? For that, too, praise Him that has taken him, because He has speedily called him to a better lot. Because he was an aged man? On this account, also, give thanks, and glorify Him that has taken him. Be ashamed of your manner of burial. (The Greeks were sometimes violent in their expressions of mourning for the dead.—*Editor.*) The singing of psalms, the prayers, the assembling of the (spiritual) fathers and brethren—all this is not that you may weep, and lament, and afflict yourselves, but that you may render thanks to Him who has taken the departed. For, as when men are called to some high office, multitudes with praises on their lips assemble to escort them at their departure to their stations, so do all with abundant praise join to send forward, as to greater honor, those of the pious who have departed. Death is rest, a deliverance from the exhausting labors and cares of this world. When, then, thou seest a relative departing, yield not to despondency; give thyself to reflection; examine thy conscience; cherish the thought that after a little while this end awaits thee also. Be more considerate; let another's death excite thee to salutary fear; shake off all indolence; examine your past deeds; quit your sins, and commence a happy change.—*Chrysostom.*

#### SORROW.

The learners in that often sad but blessed school, even though sitting solitary, with pale faces, nerveless limbs and tears in their eyes, will find rest flowing in, not in violent floods, but as the dawn trembles into the sky, by gradual and almost imperceptible increments and risings of the light. Gradually, but steadily, a tranquil faith sets up its unseen pillars of power beneath and within those hanging heads and feeble knees, till the whole body of character is built up, by this edifying submission, a spiritual house.—*Bishop Huntington.*

Excessive grief for the deceased is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not.—*Xenophon.*

**WHY GLORIFIED SOULS SHOULD NOT BE LAMENTED.**

We ought not to mourn for those who are delivered from the world by the call of the Lord, since we know they are not lost, but sent before us; that they have taken their leave of us in order to precede us. We may long after them as we do for those who have sailed on a distant voyage, but not lament them. We may not here below put on *dark* robes of mourning, when they above have already put on the *white* robes of glory; we may not give the heathens any just occasion to accuse us of weeping for those as lost and extinct, of whom we say that *they live with God*, and of failing to prove by the witness of our hearts the faith we confess with our lips. We, who live in hope, who believe in God, and trust that Christ has suffered for us and risen again; we, who abide in Christ, who through him and in him rise again—why do we not ourselves wish to depart out of this world; or, why do we lament for the friends who have been *separated* from us, as if they were lost, when Christ, our Lord and God, exhorts us saying, “I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die?” Why are we not in haste to see our country and home, to greet our elders? There await us a multitude of those whom we love, fathers, brothers and children, who are secure already of their own salvation and concerned only for ours. What mutual joy to them and to us, when we come into their presence and into their embrace!—*Cyprian*.

**THE CHILD IS DEAD.**

The child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look them over, and each of the colors that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think

of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of the face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and hard a bed, but he will feel it not. He would not know it if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side: like them he withered.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently. It is a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulchre. Oh, how damp and dark and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest!

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying, Gone, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle among the dear sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust, indeed, is there, but our child is in heaven. He is not here, he is risen.

I shall not think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond all language to express the joy, in the midst of tears, I feel, that my sin, in making an idol of the child, has not made that infant less dear to Jesus. Nay, there is even something that tells me the Saviour called the darling from me, that I might love the Saviour more when I had one child less to love. He knows our frame; he knows the way to win and bind us. Dear Saviour, as thou hast my lamb, give *me* too a place in thy bosom. Set me as a seal on thy heart.

And now let us go back to the house. It is strangely changed. It is silent and cheerless, gloomy even. When did I enter this door without the greeting of those lips and eyes, that I shall greet no more? Can the absence of but one produce so great a change so soon? When one of the children was away on a visit, we did not feel the absence as we do now. That was for a time; this is forever. He will not return. Hark! I thought for a moment it was the child, but it was only my own heart's yearnings for the lost. He will not come again.

Such thoughts as these have been the thoughts of many in the season of their first grief.—*S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.*

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Old men go to Death; Death comes to young men.

—*Rev. George Herbert, A. M.*

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Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled.—*Richter.*

#### THE POIGNANCY OF PARENTAL GRIEF.

If the death-stroke could be averted by the intensity of human sorrow, certainly children would never die. There is a poignancy in parental grief which is peculiar to itself. When the child was born a new class of feelings thrilled the soul. The thought that it was ours, that it was entirely dependent upon us, that if cared for it would rise and bless us, that all in the house gave it happy attention, was a source of satisfaction and joy. Then, after being with us for a day, to see it, in innocence, struck with disease and stung with pain, to see it sink down, down, and finally disappear, all this saddened the heart. The sense of loss accompanies us everywhere.

This grief can be known only by experience. It can never be expressed, and for it there is no earthly compensation.

Many a minister has attended children's funerals, preached eloquent sermons thereat, addressed encouraging words to agonizing parents, wept with them in condoling sorrow, visited them after the obsequies, and prayed with them amid the desolation of their homes, pointed them to the possible storms of evil which their deceased children had escaped, the heavenly felicities upon which they had entered; and, after apparently sufficient time for weeping, Christian sympathy has generated into pity for personal weakness: why refuse to be comforted? Why decline to hearken to the voice of reason? Why turn, as from nothingness, from human speech and even from the Word of God?

Such questions find an answer only in the experience of the heart. It was Sophocles who said, "They alone can feel for mourners who themselves have mourned."

When with a fond wife, the mother of a dying babe, a man watches, for the first time, in awful suspense through the fatal illness, sees his innocent child writhe in the clutch of a relentless destroyer, witnesses his patience in pain, observes his sweet countenance grow pale and sad, his lustrous eyes grow dim, his cherub hands grow tremulous and still,—never till then does he realize the nature of parental bereavement. As he looks upon the little form, frail and motionless, the thought occurs, as never before, What satisfaction can death have in such a conquest? And, as the precious dust is laid in the tiny grave, every earthly consideration appears but as mockery to his grief, to drive deeper and fasten more securely the knife which has pierced his heart. Then it is that, during the waking hours, the words of the Psalmist have force, "I was dumb with silence and my sorrow was stirred." Then it is that in the dreams there are images of soft, white hands and echoes of a ringing laugh. He is gone! is the fearful fact which time confirms. His form has vanished; his voice is still, but the remembrance remains. The months and years may come and go, but the empty crib, the unused toys, the sod-grown grave, will bring tears to the eyes. Nor,

independent of religion, will a single requiting thought be found. Only when the heart looks to the future—away out beyond the roll of years and the fading of material beauty—to that home of the soul where God is the Father, and Jesus is the Elder Brother, where the rosy cheek of childhood is fanned by the wings of the cherubim, and angels sing the lullabies, and grace is had to say with David, "*I shall go to him*, but he shall not return to me," can there be reconciliation to that dispensation of Providence which involves in such a sorrow.

"Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone:  
But O, a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven is now thine own."—*Editor.*

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he,  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed on the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves:  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"  
The reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They all shall bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care;  
And saints upon their garments white  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
But she knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath  
 The Reaper came that day;  
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
 And took the flowers away.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

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Oft have I thought they err, who, having lost  
 That love-gift of our youth, an infant child,  
 Yield the faint heart to those emotions wild  
 With which, too oft, strong Memory is crost,  
 Shrinking with sudden gasp, as if a ghost  
 Frowned in their path. Nor thus the precepts mild  
 Of Jesus teach; which never yet beguiled man  
 With vain promises. God loves us most  
 When chastening us; and he who conquered death  
 Permits not that we still deem death a curse.  
 The font is man's true tomb; the grave his nurse  
 For heaven, and feeder with immortal breath.  
 Oh, grieve not for the dead! None pass from earth  
 Too soon: God then fulfils his purpose in our birth.

*Sir Aubrey De Vere.*

#### PARENTAL SUBMISSION.

During the absence of the Rabbi Meir, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the divine law. His wife bore them to her chamber, and laid them upon her bed. When Rabbi Meir returned, his first inquiry was for his sons. His wife reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons?" "They are not far off," she said, placing food before him that he might eat. He was in a genial mood, and when he had said grace after meat, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it then, my love," replied he. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back to him?" "This is a question," said the Rabbi, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led



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him to the chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons, my sons," loudly lamented their father. "My sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding: I was your father, but you were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." "Blessed be the name of the Lord," echoed the Rabbi, "and blessed be his holy name forever."

*From the Mishna of the Rabbins.*

I saw an infant, marble cold,  
 Snatched from the pillowing breast,  
 And in the shroud's embracing fold  
 Laid down to dreamless rest:  
 And, moved with bitterness, I sighed,  
 Not for the babe that slept,  
 But for the mother at its side,  
 Whose soul in anguish wept.—*Selected.*

#### THE LOSS OF CHILDREN.

Many parents who have sought the lives of the children with tears, have lived afterward to see them take such courses, and come to such dismal ends, as have brought their gray heads with sorrow to the grave. It had been ten thousand times a greater mercy to many parents to have buried their children as soon as ever they had been born, than to see them come to such unhappy ends as they often do. Well, Christian, it may be the Lord has taken from thee such a hopeful son, or such a dear daughter, that thou sayest, How can I hold my peace? But hark, Christian, hark; canst thou tell me how long thou must have travailed in birth with them again, before they had been born again, before they had been twice born? Would not every sin that they had committed against thy gracious God caused a new throe in thy soul? Would not every temptation that they had fallen before, been as a dagger at thy heart? Would not every affliction that should have befallen them, been

as a knife at thy throat? What are those pains and pangs and throes of child-birth, to those after pains, pangs and throes that might have been brought upon thee by the sins and sufferings of thy children? Well, Christians, hold your peace, for you do not know what thorns in your eyes, what goads in your sides, or what spears in your hearts, such near and dear mercies might have proved, had they been longer continued.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade  
 Death came with frindly care;  
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
 And bade it blossom there.—*Coleridge.*

#### CHILDREN TAKEN IN MERCY.

Mourner, whatever may be your grief for the death of your children, it might have been still greater for their life. Bitter experience once led a good man to say, "It is better to weep for ten children dead than for one living." Remember the heart-piercing affliction of David, whose son sought his life. Your love for your children will hardly admit of the thought of such a thing as possible in your own case. They appeared innocent and amiable; and you fondly believed that, through your care and prayers, they would have become the joy of your hearts. But parents much more frequently see the vices of their children than their virtues. And even should your children prove amiable and promising, you might live to be the wretched witness of their sufferings. Some parents have felt unutterable agonies of this kind. God may have taken the lamented objects of your affection from evil to come.—*Flavel.*

Oh, consider, ere you accuse Providence for the stroke, that this death, apparently so untimely, is possibly the greatest instance toward you both of the mercy and love of God. The creature so dear to you may have been taken from some sad reverse of fortune, or from the commission of some great crime, which might have endangered his salvation. To secure this, God has removed him from temptation.—*Fenelon.*

**ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.**

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
 But withers in the rising day,  
 Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn,  
 Thus swiftly fled his life away.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
 Death timely came with friendly care,  
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
 And bade it bloom forever there.

Yet the sad hour that took the boy  
 Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,  
 Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,  
 Or from the pangs of ills to come.

He died before his infant soul  
 Had ever burned with wrong desire—  
 Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,  
 Or madly quenched its sacred fire.

He died to sin, he died to care,  
 But for a moment felt the rod;  
 Then, springing on the noiseless air,  
 Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

—*Belfast Selection of Hymns*

**GONE BEFORE.**

There's a beautiful face in the silent air  
 Which follows me ever and near,  
 With its smiling eyes and amber hair,  
 With voiceless lips, yet with breath of pray'r,  
 That I feel, but I cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,  
 Lie low in a marble sleep;  
 I stretch my hand for a clasp of old;  
 But the empty air is strangely cold,  
 And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,  
 And a cross laid down in the dust;  
 There's a smile where never a shade comes now,  
 And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,  
 So sweet in their innocent trust.

**Ah, well!** and summer is come again,  
 Singing her same old songs;  
 But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain  
**As** it floats in sunshine and in rain,  
 O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

**There's** a beautiful region above the skies,  
 And I long to reach its shore,  
**For** I know I shall find my treasure there,  
 The laughing eyes and the amber hair  
 Of the loved one gone before.

### SADNESS NOT UNHAPPINESS.

Although on approaching the graves of our dear ones, or when communing in spirit with them, a feeling of sadness may steal over us, this sadness is not unhappiness, but a sweet uplifting of the soul by a rapturous yearning toward those that have gone before us. Know ye not that bliss can have its sadness, and silent joy its tears? If ye will call this feeling pain, oh, then it is a sweet pain, in which there is greater enjoyment than noisy mirth reveals. Know ye not that when a delicate and refined soul is most penetrated by joy, it is most attuned to melancholy, and that this feeling in its turn is followed by serene composure and tranquil happiness?

When a father or a mother sinks down by the grave of a lost darling, or when the sight of the trifles which the dear departed one was fond of in life, calls forth his memory in livelier colors; when a gentle and affectionate child treasures up, as a sacred relic after the death of father or mother, some object that has belonged to either; when husband or wife, separated from the loved partner of life, and cherishing the remembrance of their mutual love and their happy marriage, places great store upon some ring, or some letters traced by the dear hand as a token of the affection that united them in life, and a symbol of the indissoluble union of their souls; when lovers early parted, or when friends, brothers, sisters, remember in solitude and retirement the dear ones they have lost; when, with many a deep-drawn sigh, their lips whisper the cherished name; when their tears, falling on the grave, bear witness to their undying affec-



“There’s a beautiful region beyond the skies,  
And I long to reach its shore ;  
For I know I shall find my treasure there,  
The laughing eyes and the amber hair,  
Of the loved one gone before.”

(See page 288.)



tion; is it pain and anguish which they experience, or a sad but heavenly satisfaction? If no gratification is mixed up with these tears and sighs, why, then, do we mortals, who are so prone to shun everything that is painful, so often indulge in such sorrow?—*Zschokke*.

#### MOURNFUL MEMORIES ARE PRECIOUS.

The work of yesterday, with its place and hour, has but a dull look, when we recall it. But the scene of our childish years—the homestead, it may be, with its quaint garden and its orchard grass; the bridge across the brook, from which we dropped the pebbles and watched the circling waves; the school-house in the field, whose bell broke up the game and quickened every lingerer's feet; the yew-tree path, where we crossed the churchyard, with arm around the neck of a companion now beneath the sod: how soft the lights, how tender the shadows, in which that picture lies! how musical across the silence are the tones it flings! The glare, the heat, the noise, the care are gone; and the sunshine sleeps, and the waters ripple, and the lawns are green, as if it were in Paradise. But in these minor religions of life, it is the personal images of companions loved and lost that chiefly keep their watch with us, and sweeten and solemnize the hours. The very child that misses the mother's appreciating love is introduced, by his first tears, to that thirst of the heart, which is the early movement of piety, ere yet it has got its wings. And I have known the youth who, through long years of harsh temptations, and then short years of wasting decline, has, from like memory, never lost the sense of a guardian angel near, and lived in the enthusiasm and died into the embrace of the everlasting holiness. In the heat and struggle of mid-life, it is a severe but often a purifying retreat, to be lifted into the lonely observatory of memory, above the fretful illusions of the moment, and in the presence once more of the beauty and the sanctity of life. The voiceless counsels that look through the visionary eyes of our departed steal into us behind our will, and sweep the clouds away, and direct us on a wiser path than we should know to choose. If age ever gains any higher wisdom,

it is chiefly that it sits in a longer gallery of the dead, and sees the noble and saintly faces in further perspective and more various throng. The dim abstracted look that often settles on the features of the old, what means it? Is it a mere fading of the life? an absence, begun already, from the drama of humanity? a deafness to the cry of its woes and the music of its affections? Not always so: the seeming forgetfulness may be but brightened memory; and if the mists lie on the outward present, and make it a gathering night, the more brilliant is the lamp within, that illuminates the figures of the past, and shows again, by their flitting shadows, the plot in which they moved and fell. It is through such natural experiences—the treasured sanctities of every true life—that God “discovereth to us deep things out of darkness, and turneth into light the shadow of death.”

—*James Martineau, D.D., LL.D.*

There is a tear for all that die;  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.—*Byron.*

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## CHAPTER IV.—THE STATE OF THE DEAD.

(The nine succeeding sections were written expressly for this volume.)

### SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

**I**N formulating scientific dogmas with regard to the state of the dead, rhetorical and poetical descriptions, and moral reflections, have little or no place. The subject must be viewed in “a dry light.” The discussion may indeed be illuminated and enlivened by an occasional pertinent metaphor; but there must be rigid abstention in the premises, as only truth and fact are in demand.

It is almost needless to say that observation and Scripture, interpreted by reason, are our only sources of information. The authority of the Bible, of course, is assumed, and the rigid laws

of exegesis are recognized; the deposition of the senses is admitted, subject to the laws of evidence recognized in all our courts, civil and ecclesiastical.

—Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.

#### BIBLE REVEALS EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

The Bible clearly reveals the immortality of the soul, and its existence in the intermediate state, apart from the body. Hence Paul speaks of being absent from the body and present with the Lord. John saw multitudes of ransomed spirits in his visions of heaven.

We do not say that the soul could not be annihilated. He who created, could destroy it, but he has not said that he will destroy any soul in the sense of annihilation; and it would be overbold in us to say it for him.—*Ibid.*

#### NO SLEEP OF THE SOUL.

As there will be no annihilation, so there will be no sleep of the soul. The Bible is far from inculcating *Psychopannachy*.

The souls in paradise are represented as in a state of great activity: "They rest not day and night"—"they serve him day and night"—that is, they are perpetually and joyfully engaged

"In work and worship so divine."

The passages in the Old Testament which speak of death as a sleep, and *sheol* as a place and state of unconsciousness, refer exclusively to the body.

*Sheol* occurs sixty-five times in the Old Testament—rendered in the authorized version thirty-one times "hell," thirty-one times "grave," and three times "pit"—generally *hades* in the Septuagint. It never refers to the world beyond the grave, but to the grave itself, or the state of the dead—with reference to the body, never to the soul, or spirit.

*Hades* occurs eleven times in the New Testament—never referring to the world of spirits—unless the parabolical use of it in the parable of the Rich man and Lazarus, may be so construed. These terms give no aid and comfort to soul-sleepers, any more than to Destructionists or Universalists.—*Ibid.*

## DEVELOPMENT IN THE SEPARATE STATE.

Without sanctioning the modern figment of evolution, we infer from what Scripture says on the subject, that as there is a development of all our powers in this world, till they are trammelled by the infirmities of the failing body, so there will be a development, only on a larger scale and an unending duration in that blessed world where there will be no corruptible body to press down the incorruptible soul.

Let us see what that development involves in regard to the faculties of the soul.

The intellect expands in proportion to the extent of its exercise, and the ideas which it gains. But in heaven it is always active; and the objects which engage its attention are the most glorious, and varied, and everlasting. How the intellect must grow!

“Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy!”

Then there are the sensibilities. How must they be developed, amid the friendships, and loves, and joys, of the heavenly world! In the kingdom of grace they are greatly developed.

“And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus is so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know  
When round his throne we meet!”

It is so with the Will. By constant direction toward worthy objects and operations in this world, it gathers strength, and fixity, and sovereignty over every thing which would control our action. How much more must it be so in the Better Land! It will never lose its freedom—it is absurd to say that liberty will ever develop into necessity. A free moral agent is the noblest work of God. But all the motives brought to bear upon the soul in heaven through all eternity are adapted to develop all its conative power, so that any irresolution or wavering in regard

to duty will be as virtually out of the question as if it were philosophically impossible. The Will is sure to flow on forever in harmony with the divine Will; and like an ever-rolling stream it will gather momentum and force, as it flows on through the eternal ages.—*Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

#### INFANTS IN THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

This doctrine of development has a peculiar bearing upon the case of infants.

There is but one passage in the Bible which bears directly upon the *post-mortem* state of infants—if that does,—to wit: “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” “The kingdom of heaven,” or “of God,” here means the Church on earth; but the Church militant has its development in the Church triumphant; and it consists in the translation of its subjects to that higher sphere. The statement is tantamount to a declaration that infants have an interest in the heavenly world, which they do not forfeit if they die in infancy.

The horrible tenet of Augustin, that some infants will be damned—though their damnation will not be as deep as that of older reprobates—makes God worse than the devil—worse than “murderer Moloch,” who made them indeed pass through a fire, but it soon exhausted its tormenting force, whereas this shall never be quenched!

The good and great, but visionary, Dr. Watts was shocked at this diabolical dogma of “the hard father of infants”—as Augustin is called—as well he might be shocked at it; but he suggested that the children of the wicked are annihilated! He does not say how wicked they must be, and whether both parents must be wicked, to insure annihilation, or whether one good parent would secure eternal life to the child; and he never seems to have thought of the principle of *Atavism*, which allows of the baptism of children of wicked parents, if any of their ancestors were pious!

But, despite old, cruel creeds, few Christians of our time hold that infants are damned, or doubt that dying infants are transported to heaven, there to live forever.

Here comes in the doctrine of development.  
 It is asked, What can an infant do in heaven?  
 We say, with a good Antipædobaptist,

“Millions of infant souls compose  
 The family above.”

And we know what infants do in the family below: they develop every day. Every member of the family assists in the development. So it will be in heaven, only on a larger scale.

Shakespeare (or whoever else wrote the *Yorkshire Tragedy*) speaks of babes in heaven, dandled in the laps of angels, and a poet of our own day says:

“A babe in glory is a babe forever.”

There may be a basis of truth in this.

Infants in heaven may draw out the tender regards of angels and saints, and why not add, the Saviour himself, who took so affectionate interest in them when on the earth?

It requires no Scripture—hence there is none—to prove that infantile spirits rapidly develop amid the exciting and varied scenes and associations of the heavenly world. Acting independently of all sense-relations and sense-media, their intellect, sensibilities and will, coming in direct contact with objects so attractive, must expand with marvellous rapidity. As their seniors develop as rapidly in their sphere, they may always be in advance of them in the grand march—the eternal progress—so that forever the distinction may, in some sort, remain. But this verges on the nebulous, and we recede into the light. Our faith can behold the infantile heirs of immortality acting, and being acted upon, by the law of development, changed from glory to glory.

In his *Lyric Poems*, Dr. Watts has “An *Elégiac Thought* on Mrs. Anne Warner, who died December 18, 1707, a few days after the birth and death of her first child,” in which he says:

“Or does she seek? or has she found her babe  
 Among the infant nation of the blest,  
 And clasped her to her soul, to satiate there  
 The young maternal passion, and absolve  
 The unfulfilled embrace! Thrice happy child,  
 That saw the light, and turned its eyes aside  
 From our dim regions to th’ Eternal Sun,  
 And led the parents’ way to glory! There  
 Thou art forever hers, *with powers enlarged*  
 For love reciprocal and sweet converse.”

That certainly has a Biblical air as well as a Miltonic ring. It reminds us of Milton’s exquisite apostrophe to his infant niece, deceased :

“But oh, why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence—  
 To stand ’twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.”

But that is one step beyond our boundary; we recede again into the clear light.—*Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

#### HEATHENS IN THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

By the analogy of infants we infer that persons ill-instructed in this life will have “a new departure” under more favorable conditions in the life to come, provided they are not incorrigibly bad.

By a misinterpretation of certain passages of Scripture, some maintain that heathens, Mohammedans and other unenlightened persons, will all necessarily be damned—damned for not believing in a Saviour of whom they never heard! for not professing a creed never proposed to them! for not obeying a law which was never promulged to them! It is astounding that men will hold dogmas so horrifying to our humanity, so repulsive to our reason, so contrary to our common sense!

There are, of course, retributions for incorrigible sinners of this class—light, indeed, compared with the heavy retributions for incorrigible sinners who perfectly well knew their duty, but who did it not. But, as Dr. Olin used to say, “God will save everybody that he can.”

Here comes in the law of development: if, under the rubbish which has accumulated on the minds of these poor creatures, God sees the germ of goodness—a concurrence with preventing grace which is given to every child of man, through the merciful economy of redemption—what hinders that they should be placed in some low condition in heaven, corresponding to their moral and intellectual *status*? and what hinders that they should begin instantly to develop in that land where “everlasting spring abides?”—a genial clime, where the merest germ will soon expand, and the smallest bud will soon burst into beauty, and send forth its fragrance on the paradisiac air!

We have engaged to keep from the enchantments of imagination in this discussion; but we must say that we have often imagined the action of a soul of this class when admitted into the blissful region, and when his eyes were attracted by the cynosure of all eyes, the Lamb in the midst of the throne, bearing “the dear tokens of his passion,” and when told by some friendly angel or redeemed spirit, that he was indebted to his grace for admission into that blissful region, how earnestly would he run to cast himself at the Saviour’s feet, hardly forbearing to denounce the heartless church which denied him “the lamp of life,” when he was on this dark and sin-cursed earth! No place for such a man in heaven! then there is no place in the universe for a heaven!

There is no verging toward Universalism in extending this merciful provision to many in Christendom who are born and bred in circumstances but little better than those which surround the heathen on the Ganges, the Congo, or the Yang-tse-kiang. No, this is not Universalism. This principle does not apply to such as are specified in the account of the Great Assize in Matt. xxv.—who, for their dereliction of well-known duty, are sentenced to “everlasting punishment.”

—Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.

#### NO PURGATORY.

There is no Purgatory laid down in the authentic map of the world beyond the grave. That is a *Terra Incognita*: it is a

Romish myth. The texts of Scripture adduced for it are utterly irrelevant: even that fabulous passage in the Second Book of Maccabees, where Judas is said to have ordered sacrifices to be offered for the sins of the idolatrous Jews who died in battle, speaks nothing for Purgatory.

The elder Romanists, and Romanists still in benighted papal regions, describe their Purgatory as a dark territory, just above hell, but under heaven, where the souls of those who die in venial sin are roasted on spits with material fire, and otherwise tortured, until, by the suffrages of saints in heaven and the faithful on earth, they are released and admitted into paradise. They assert that apparitions from Purgatory make revelations to this effect.

But in Protestant countries they frequently modify their teaching. They say that there is, indeed, a place between heaven and hell, called Purgatory; but there is no material fire there—the penitents in Purgatory are consumed in the flames of strong desire to be admitted into the society of the blessed, whom they see afar off in Abraham's bosom. None of us, they say, or at least very few of us, are fit for heaven at the time of death, but all deserve some punishment and need some purgation, to make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. But this plausible sophism is so transparent that a child versed in Scripture can readily see through it.

We are indebted to Christ, whose blood, applied by the Holy Spirit, cleanseth from all sin, for our meetness for heaven, and

“Our title to heaven, his merits we take.”

Then as to special personal congruity for the enjoyments, employments and associations of heaven, here comes in again the law of development which extends to all states and conditions of men who are not incorrigibly bad.

The Bible says nothing of any intermediate *place* between heaven and hell, whether *Limbus Patrum*, *Limbus Infantum*, Purgatory or Paradise. Of Paradise, indeed, it does speak, but that is only a beautiful figurative designation of heaven itself, even the third heaven, where God resides.—*Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

**NO NEW PROBATION IN THE SEPARATE STATE.**

As there is no Purgatory in the other world, so there is no probation there—at least we find no proof in the Bible that there is. Dr. Paley and others—including many excellent evangelical German divines—think there may be a probation for some persons after death. A mistaken view of Peter's reference to Christ's preaching by Noah to the antediluvians, now in the prison of hell, is cited for this speculation—which has nothing better for its support than the false exegesis.

The retributions in the other world are for the deeds done in the body—done in this world.

Whether or not men will be rewarded for the good deeds they do in heaven, or punished for the bad deeds done in hell, does not concern this discussion. We shall be under law to all eternity, and where there is a law it would seem there must be sanctions to guard it, or to prompt to obedience, and deter from disobedience. But it does not appear that any terms will be offered after death, or propositions set forth, prescribing repentance, faith and obedience, as in this world, on the performance or non-performance of which men will be assigned to heaven or hell.—*Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

**DEGREES OF REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.**

The Bible evidently teaches that by the law of moral attraction, every one leaving this world will "go to his own place" in the next, whether heaven or hell—purgatory there is none.

Moral affinity and capacity will determine every man's eternal destiny. Thus well-instructed, cultured and developed believers will move in a higher sphere than others, whose characters were not formed under so favorable conditions, or who did not so well improve their privileges. This will, indeed, result in great inequalities in heaven; but it has been settled in the schools, that there are various degrees of glory in heaven, as there are various degrees of retribution in hell. Variety runs through all the universe; "and every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor."

Some will "scarcely be saved." They will pass, as it were,

unobserved into some comparatively obscure nook in paradise, wondering themselves at their admission.

Others, who have done some good service in "the sacramental host of God's elect," shall have an ovation decreed them.

Others again, who have well contested the noble contest (*τὸν ἀγῶνα τὸν καλὸν ἠγωνίσαι*, 2 Tim. iv. 7) like Paul—who jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high places of the field, and who labored and suffered much in promoting "the growing empire of their King"—shall enjoy a *triumph*—"an entrance shall be ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ"—they shall be forever housed in the *Triumphalis Domus*—in the most splendid mansions in the Father's house on high—the metropolis of the universe—they shall be

"Foremost of the saints in light,  
Nearest the eternal throne!"

To any one who is curious to know more of the state of the dead, we can only say :

"Till *death* thou searchest out in vain  
What only *dying* can explain."

—*Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

### THE DEAD LIVE.

What then is this truth which we believe? The dead live. In the years gone we had them with us; they became very dear to us. They separated from the throng, and gave us their love. They grew into our being and were a part of us. One day they became very weary and sick. We thought nothing of it at first; but morning after morning came, and they were more faint. The story of the dark days that followed is too sad. One dreary night, with radiant face, they kissed us, and said good-bye. They were dead. Kind neighbors came and carried them out of our homes, and we followed with dumb awe, and saw them lay them down gently beneath the earth. We returned to the vacant house, which never could be home again. Our hearts were broken. The earth and sky have been so dark since *that*

day. We have searched through the long nights and desolate days for them, but we cannot find them; they do not come back. We listen, but we get no tidings. Neither form nor voice comes to us. The dark, silent immensity has swallowed them up. Are they extinct? No. They live; we cannot tell where, whether near us or remote; we cannot tell in what form; but they live. They are essentially the same beings they were when they went in and out among us. There has been no break in their life. It is as if they had crossed the sea. The old memories and old loves still are with them. New friends do not displace old ones. They are more beautiful than when we knew them, and purer, and holier, and happier. They are not sick or weary now. They have no sorrow. They are not alone. They have joined others. They think and talk of us. They make affectionate inquiries for our welfare. They wait for us. They are learning great lessons, which they mean to recite to us some day. They are not lonely; they are a glorious company. They have no envies or jealousies. They are ravished with the happiness of their new life. I do not know where it is, or how it is; but I am certain it is so. They are kings and priests unto God. They wear crowns that flash in the everlasting light. They wear robes that are spotlessly white. They wave victorious palms. They sing anthems of such exceeding sweetness as no earthly choirs ever approach. They stand before the throne. They fly on ministries of love. They muse on tops of Mount Zion. They meditate on the banks of the river of life. They are rapturous with ecstasies of love. God wipes away all tears from their faces; and there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; for the former things are passed away. The glorious angels are their teachers and companions. But why attempt to describe their ineffable state? It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive it.

—*Bishop R. S. Foster, D. D., LL. D.*

#### THEIR WORKS LIVE.

The cedar is the most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no

timber like it. Firm in the grain and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards; all but immortal itself, it transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterward.

Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its *Pilgrim's Progress*. Baxter is dead, but souls are quickened by the *Saint's Rest*. Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns. Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who, phœnix-like, have started from the funeral pile? Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sunday-schools go on.—*Rev. G. Hamilton.*

#### THE DEAD SPEAK.

The dead speak by their lives, by their works, and by their words. They speak in the ear of memory and affection. The friends we have loved pass away from our sight, but they live in our memory and our hearts, while their voice comes back to us with a power that it never had when we saw their moving lips. To some there are more voices of the dead than of the living, and they are sweeter voices than the ear shall ever hear again. A little thing may wake them. Perhaps it is the tone of some friend who is speaking. It came and went, and was only for a moment, but in that moment memory was busy, and the old remembered voice comes up; you hear the living no more while you listen to the dead, and your eye grows dreamy while you listen. Your look falls upon some memorial of the past; perhaps it is the little shoe that you took off once with a

smile and a kiss, but which has been waiting ever since for the cushioned feet that shall fill it no more; perhaps it is the shawl that you once wrapped around the form that you could shield from the winter's wind, but not from the blast of death; perhaps it is a footfall that is wondrously like the tread telling of a presence which was life and health to the home; perhaps it is the worn cane which once steadied uncertain steps; perhaps it is only a glove that you last saw in a sister's hand—anything may be enough. Straightway your gaze is fixed, you hold the token, but soon you see it not, your eye is looking far beyond through the door it has opened. Now the past is past no more, the dead are dead no more, nor are they silent. With the form comes the voice. You listen, and it begins to speak. It may be a little voice which prattles as in the other days; perhaps it is a mother's voice, and it calls your name, and then you listen to words of counsel and advice which you did not know before had so deep a meaning; perhaps it is a wife's voice, and it speaks in all the confidence of love. Whichever it may be, it is real now and has a more than living power. You only can tell what the voice is saying, your ear alone heard it and your heart alone interprets it.

Sometimes the dead speak reproachfully, and sometimes gladly and encouragingly. The voices are not all or always sad, nor always full of cheer. The long-hushed whisper never has in it anything of anger or of passion; it is very calm and low, but terribly distinct, and changes not. Oh, how many a weary, discouraged wayfarer has started up with another life, because a low, sweet call has reached his ear from the long-departed.—*William Aikman, D. D.*

#### THE DEAD ARE ACTIVE BEYOND.

It may be argued that Jesus said, "The night cometh when no man can work" (John ix. 4). But he is there speaking of the works of the present life, which lapse at death, and his words therefore do not bear on the inquiry respecting the future state. So when Solomon says, "There is no work," etc., "in the grave" (Eccl. ix. 10), the context shows that his subject is

the works of the present life, of which corporeal death is the terminus, while he elsewhere treats of the future judgment as another subject (Eccl. xii. 14). In Rev. xiv. 13, of the dead who die in the Lord it is said, "They rest from their *labors* and their *works* do follow them"—that is, their works as sanctified men living in the Lord while they lived, and dying in the Lord when they died—all the operations that spring out of love, faith and new obedience—by no means cease with bodily death. It would quite ignore a most important truth respecting one great source of heavenly happiness, to call the works a mere metonymy for the reward. It is a conjecture, unsupported by a single example, though the word occurs one hundred and eighty-five times in the New Testament.

The works of the saints, even in this life, are of such a kind as all to merge into those of the future. Thus, the services in the Lord's temple and tabernacle, and New Jerusalem, described in Revelation, chapters vii. and xxi., are so completely of this nature that they are popularly interpreted only of the future life. Beginning here, they are carried on more fully and actively hereafter.

There is thus abundant room for the most full and glorious exercise and expansion of the growing faculties of infants in heaven—in fact, for what we might analogically call their celestial education, and for their being abundant in works of blissful service.—*ſ. Glasgow, D. D.*

#### THE DEAD NEAR US.

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." And we believe, with many others, that if we were suddenly divested of this mortal, we should find ourselves in a vast amphitheatre, reaching to the throne of God, filled with spirits, the unseen witnesses, the clouds of witnesses with whom we are encompassed continually. There is a place where the Most High dwells in light that no man can approach, where the darkness of excessive brightness hangs over and around his throne, making *Heaven*, as Heaven is not elsewhere in the universe of God. But neither time nor

place may with propriety be affirmed of spiritual existence. . . . It is, therefore, scriptural and rational to suppose that the spirits of our departed friends are around us by day and night; not away from God: his presence fills immensity; he is everywhere present. If an angel or the soul of a saint should take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, there to be with us or with those we love, even there the gracious presence of God would dwell, and the sanctified would find *Heaven* as blessed and glorious as in the temple of which the Lamb is the Light.—*S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.*

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He hath not lived, that lives not after death.

—*Rev. George Herbert, A. M.*

#### THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

There are two ideas which greatly prevail, which need only to be mentioned to be refuted. The first is, that the dead in Christ become angels, and, in tender, loving watchfulness, guard and shelter, through sin and sorrow, those whom they love on earth. Marvellous are the ministrations of angels. They are sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation. They direct the operations of nature. They guide the thunder and lightning and the winds that blow. They rule the earthquake and the storm, the pestilence and the plague. They are about our path and about our bed. They fill the church with their blessed presence, and bear upward the prayers and praises of the faithful, until they blend with the unceasing alleluiahs of heaven. They shield our tender infancy, and guide the uncertain steps of manhood. They cover the hoary head of age with the shelter of their wings, and bear the parting soul into the bosom of Abraham. But the dead in Christ never become angels. They are a different order of beings. "Know ye not," says the Apostle, "that ye shall judge angels?" But the matter needs no proof; it is self-evident. As well might you expect that one of the lower order of beings around us should be transformed into a man.

The second notion, which is even more widely spread, is that

the dead, being in a state of rest, are, so to speak, in a state of spiritual *coma*. The calmest rest which we have here on earth is when we sleep well, and death is called a sleep. And thus we think rather of the freedom from care and suffering and distress and misery, which is the blessed portion of the dead in Christ—their negative condition—and forget that their state cannot be one of mere negation. . . . They go from grace to grace. There is growth in intellect, growth in knowledge, growth in perception, growth in judgment. There is growth in patience, because it is a time of waiting. There is growth in faith, because the full vision of the eternal glory of the Undivided Trinity is not yet vouchsafed. There is growth in hope, for the new heavens and the new earth are not, and the kingdom in glory is yet to be, when he shall present to himself “a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing,” and the New Jerusalem shall descend “like a bride adorned for her husband.” The eyes of their understanding are ever more and more enlightened, and they know more and more clearly the hope of their calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints. There is growth in love; in it they are more and more rooted and grounded, and are able to comprehend still more fully “the length and breadth, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with all the fulness of God.” This growth is harmonious and unimpeded growth. Here, we grow by fits and starts, by ebbs and flows; here, we grow by stumblings and falls and retrogressions; here, we grow by pain and anguish, and distress and misery. There, the sunshine of God’s countenance ever falls brighter and brighter; there, the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne feeds them and leads them unto living fountains, and wipes away all tears from their eyes.—*Dr. James De Koven.*

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The saints who die of Christ possessed,  
 Enter into immediate rest;  
 For them no further test remains,  
 Of purging fires and torturing pains.

Who trusting in their Lord depart,  
 Cleansed from all sin and pure in heart,  
 The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize  
 They find with Christ in paradise.

Yet glorified by grace alone,  
 They cast their crowns before the throne,  
 And fill the echoing courts above  
 With praises of redeeming love.—*Charles Wesley.*

### THE PIOUS DEAD ARE IN HEAVEN.

That they are in Hades, the unseen world, there can be no question. But are they in heaven or in some intermediate place? Many good people still contend that the most pure of our departed friends are not qualified at death for the glorious presence of Christ in heaven. Consequently, they are detained in their intermediate abode until the resurrection of their bodies, and then they may be admitted into heaven.

This unwholesome theory only finds support from tradition, not from the divine word.

Bishop Clark says: "It is really astonishing when we consider how widely this doctrine of a separate abode has spread, and how long it has prevailed in the Christian Church, that, after all, it is found to have so little authority from Revelation."—*Man All Immortal*, p. 189.

The hypothesis of an intermediate place of the departed, forms the foundation of the Roman Catholic dogma of purgatory, for which there would be no ground but for the false interpretation of the word "Hades." This appellative is not used to designate a third place as distinct from heaven or hell, but rather "the invisible world, the world to come, the world of spirits, eternity." Both Bishop Clark and Professor Vail give this interpretation.

The scripture, usually presented to sustain the doctrine of a separate place, is 1 Peter iii. 19, in which Christ is said to have gone, and preached to the spirits in prison. These spirits in prison are supposed to be the dead, imprisoned in the intermediate place, into which the soul of the Saviour went at death,

that he might preach to them the gospel. But all this is groundless.

The apostle gives us to understand that the same Spirit that "quickened" and raised the body of Christ from the dead, moved Noah, "a preacher of righteousness," to proclaim the truth of God to the antediluvians, "prisoners of hope." Thus the Spirit of God "strove" with that rebellious people, "while the ark was preparing." The period of this "long suffering" was "a hundred and twenty years." The "eight souls saved" were not in Hades but on earth.

Again, it is supposed that the term "paradise" indicates an intermediate place. It is argued that thus the Saviour is to be understood when he said to the penitent thief with him upon the cross: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Jesus created all worlds before "he took upon him the form of a servant," hence it was not necessary for him to be detained in an intermediate place until the resurrection of his body, ere he could enter heaven.

Let us see in what sense this word in question is subsequently used in the New Testament. In 2 Cor. xii. 1-4, the apostle speaks of the "Third Heaven" and "Paradise" as the same identical place where he "heard unspeakable words."

The word occurs again in Rev. ii. 7: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." Is not Jesus the Tree of Life? Is he not also with his glorified body in heaven, there to remain through the endless future? The apostle says (Heb. ix. 24): "For Christ is not entered into the holy place made with hands, . . . but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Yes, Jesus is there "in heaven itself," ready to receive the spirits of his people immediately after leaving their bodies. Of Stephen it is said: "He being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." He certainly did not expect to find a lodgment in an intermediate place, but an immediate reception into the glorious presence of his Redeemer. Accordingly he said: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

This view of the subject must have been entertained by Paul. He says: "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." He had "a desire to depart and be with Christ." Does not the apostle in Eph. iii. 15 describe the whole Church of God as being at present in heaven and on earth? But according to the view of certain theologians, the great body of the Church is neither in heaven nor on earth, but in an intermediate place.

In Heb. xii. 21-24 we are told that in the city of the living God, dwell not only God himself, the judge of all, and Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and the innumerable company of angels, but also "the spirits of just men made perfect," all dwelling together in the same holy and happy place. Thus the pious dead are in heaven with the angels and the Triune God.

—*Rev. J. Bowman.*

#### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

Not only the dead are the living, but since they have died, they live a better life than ours. . . . In what particulars is their life now higher than it was? First, they have close fellowship with Christ; then they are separated from this present body of weakness, of corruption, of dishonor; then they are withdrawn from all the trouble, and toil, and care of this present life; and then, and surely not least, they have got death behind them, not having that awful figure standing on their horizon waiting for them to come up with it. . . . They are closer to Christ; they are delivered from the body as a source of weakness; as a hinderer of knowledge, as a dragger-down of all the aspiring tendencies of the soul; as a source of sin; as a source of pain; they are delivered from all the necessity of labor which is agony, of labor which is disproportionate to strength, of labor which often ends in disappointment; . . . they are delivered from that "fear of death" which, though it be stripped of its sting, is never extinguished in any soul of man that lives; and they can smile at the way in which that narrow and inevitable passage bulked so large before them all their days, and, after all, when they come to it was so slight and small. If these be

parts of the life of them that "sleep in Jesus;" if they are fuller of knowledge, of wisdom, of love, and capacity of love, and object of love; fuller of holiness, of energy, and yet full of rest from head to foot; if all the hot tumult of earthly experience is stilled and quieted, all the fever-beating of this blood of ours ever at an end; all the "whips and arrows of outrageous fortune" done with forever, and if the calm face which we looked upon, and out of which the lines of sorrow, and pain, and sickness melted away, giving it back a nobler nobleness than we had ever seen upon it in life, is only an image of the restful and more blessed being into which they have passed—if the dead are thus, then "Blessed are the dead."—*A. McLaren.*

#### THE WICKED DEAD ARE IN A STATE OF CONSCIOUS SUFFERING.

The souls of the wicked are not cast into the lake of fire until after the resurrection and general judgment. Matt. xxv. 41; 2 Thess. i. 7-10; Rev. xiv. 10, 11; xx. 10-15.

But they are in a state of conscious suffering as the *consequence* of their guilt. Luke xvi. 22-28.

This will consist in remorse for their misdeeds, and in a separation from those sensual objects on which their hearts have been fixed (Luke xii. 19-21); and in a conscious loss of the smiles of God, and the joys of paradise. Luke xiii. 28; xvi. 26. The desires, passions, and sinful propensities all remaining but no longer finding gratification, will naturally become more inflamed and tormenting before the infliction of *positive* penalties in the day of judgment. Prov. xiv. 32; Luke xvi. 24; Rev. xx. 11, 12.

—*Binney's Theological Compend.*

#### HOW OUGHT THESE TRUTHS TO AFFECT US.

In Parts First, Second, and Third, of this volume, we have seen what death does—it *destroys* the body only; but it fixes character, and ushers the soul into its appropriate state in the eternal world—if righteous, into a state of blessedness; if wicked, into a state of misery. These things being true, and soon to be *realized* by each of us, how powerfully ought we to be affected thereby, and induced so to employ our time and talents, and the

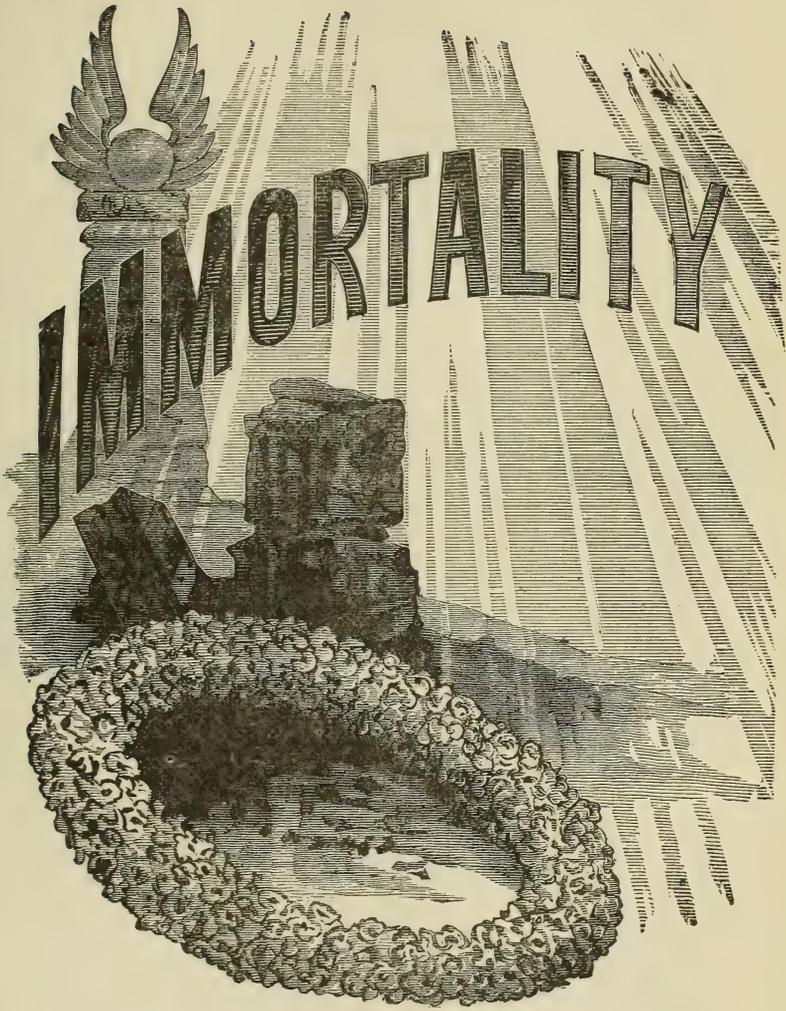
means placed at our disposal, that when we walk by sight, and not by faith, it may be ours, not to "lift up our eyes in hell," but "to see the King in his beauty, and the land that is afar off."

—*Editor.*

#### THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

It is a pleasant thought that when we come to die the people will show us respect, that they will gather around our bier, and religiously lay our remains away in the earth for the angels to watch over till the morning of the resurrection. Perhaps a tear will be dropped on our coffin or our grave, and appreciative words will be spoken. But would it not be as well if honors were not entirely posthumous; if a part of the love and affection that gather around the bier of the dead would encircle the home of the living?

Kind words spoken in the ear of a living man, woman or child, are worth a great deal more than the most complimentary utterances over the coffin of the dead. The time to carry flowers is when they can be looked upon and handled, when their fragrance can be inhaled and their beauty enjoyed; when the attention bestowed will warm the heart and awaken hope. Love poured out at family altars, in the social circle, amid the struggles and conflicts of life, may lift up the fallen, cheer the fainting heart, convert sorrow into joy, causing many a flower to spring up and bloom along the rugged pathways of this world. Were this done, there would be smiles instead of tears, rosy cheeks, where now there are dull and haggard ones, light in the place of darkness, and a terrestrial paradise, perhaps, in the raging, warring elements of an earthly pandemonium.



A collection, more or less complete, of the various arguments founded upon reason, experience and revelation, in support of the doctrine of man's continued existence after death. [311]

“For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”—II. Cor. v. 1.

“Immortality o’ersweeps  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals,  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into my ears this truth—Thou liv’st forever!”

(312)

## IMMORTALITY.

### INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT.

**T**HOUGH this entire volume is little else than an argument, or series of arguments, for immortality, especially those chapters in Part First in which death is considered in relation to the higher nature of man and the future world, it affords us pleasure to present the several special arguments upon the question in this separate form. We grant that through the gospel only, "life and immortality are brought to light"—*i. e.*, rendered unquestionably certain; that the arguments founded upon reason and nature are not in themselves absolutely conclusive; but at the same time, we are not of those who think that these minor speculations and inferences "yield not a ray of light." They do serve a purpose in confirming the wonderful truths of Revelation. It is especially assuring and comforting to know that the deductions of ancient philosophers, guided only by the light of reason; and the dreams of ancient poets, gathering up the traditions of the long ago, are all in substantial agreement with what the prophets and evangelists wrote and spoke when moved by the Holy Ghost. Further, we can but regard the testimonies of the dying—those plain, calm, matter-of-fact attestations of souls hovering on the border-land, between the known and the unknown—as valuable corroborative evidence of the reality of the (by us) unseen. Moreover, the consciousness of the natural mind, and the religious experiences of renewed hearts, cannot be set aside as of no moment in their bearing upon the Bible doctrine of life beyond the grave. Nature does not contradict herself, and religion never testifies falsely, so that even if God had not taught us in his word that absence from the body is presence with the Lord, we should yet be constrained to declare with the dying Socrates,

“Then Cebes, beyond question, the soul is immortal and imperishable, and our souls will truly exist in another world?”  
(*Plato, Phædo*, 106).—*Editor.*

#### GRANDEUR OF IMMORTALITY.

Who shall imagine Immortality; or picture its illimitable prospect?  
How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea!  
For, consider the primeval woods that bristle over broad Australia,  
And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by millions;  
Thence look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping isle of the Ægæan,  
And add to those leaves yon starry host sparkling on the midnight numberless  
Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of eddying sand,  
Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the leaves and to the stars;  
Afterwards gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an Atlantic,  
Take drop by drop, and add their sum to the grains, and leaves and stars,  
The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves and stars, innumerable.  
(Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit were an age)  
All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of Time,  
Compared with this intolerable blaze, the measureless enduring of Eternity.

O grandest gift of the Creator—O largess worthy of a God,  
Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy forever?  
For the sun in heaven's heaven is Love that cannot change,  
And the shining of that sun is life to all beneath its beams:  
Who shall arrest it in the firmament—or drag it from its sphere?  
Or bid its beauty smile no more, but be extinct forever?  
Yea, where God hath given, none shall take away,  
Nor build up limits to his love, nor bid his bounty cease:  
Wide, as space is peopled, endless as the empire of heaven,  
The river of the water of life floweth on in majesty forever.

—*Martin F. Tupper.*

#### THE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY HAS A CHARM.

Human curiosity loves to hover round the mysteries of the future state of the soul, and many dreamy visions have been indulged in concerning life hereafter. This curiosity is natural and pardonable. It has its source in our innate love of life, and our consciousness of immortality. But we ought never to forget that, as human creatures who have but five very imperfect senses, through means of which we can acquire knowledge of the universe, we occupy as yet a very low place in the infinite scale of beings; and that, therefore, it is as impossible for us to

form a conception of what our spirit will be, and will know, when placed amid totally different circumstances, as it is for a man born blind to conceive what he would be, and would see, were a new sense—*i. e.*, sight—to be vouchsafed to him, and all the influences of the universe were in consequence to rush in upon him through a hitherto unknown portal of the mind. We must not forget that just as impossible as it is for the human spirit, here on earth, to know itself and its essence, just as impossible is it that it should be able to know what, according to the nature of its essence, it will be when the dark veil is raised which covered it here on earth in the form of a body. Without being a disembodied spirit already dwelling in eternity, it is impossible to form correct conceptions of that which lies beyond the hour of transformation. Jesus, however, spoke of death as a *going to the Father, a union with the Deity*. He gave us the assurance of meeting again in eternity.—*Zschokke*.

Ah, surely! nothing dies but something mourns.—*Byron*.

#### IS NOT INCREDIBLE.

Even in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states of the caterpillar, larvæ and butterfly, have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dark and fetid dunghill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams—than that a being whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of the intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded power and Infinite Wisdom.

—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

### IF AN ERROR, A DELIGHTFUL ERROR.

But if I err in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I willingly err; nor while I live would I wish to have this delightful error extorted from me; and if after death I shall feel nothing, as some minute philosophers think, I am not afraid lest *dead philosophers* should laugh at me for the error.

—*Cicero.*

### OBSCURITY OF THE FUTURE.

We are strangers in the universe of God. Confined to that spot on which we dwell, we are permitted to know nothing of what is transacting in the regions above and around us. By much labor we acquire a superficial acquaintance with a few sensible objects which we find in our present habitation; but we enter and we depart, under a total ignorance of the nature and laws of the spiritual world. One subject in particular, when our thoughts proceed in this train, must often recur upon the mind with peculiar anxiety; that is, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of man. Exposed as we are at present to such variety of afflictions, and subjected to so much disappointment in all our pursuits of happiness, why, it may be said, has our gracious Creator denied us the consolation of a full discovery of our future existence, if indeed such an existence be prepared for us?

Reason, it is true, suggests many arguments in behalf of immortality; Revelation gives full assurance of it. Yet even that Gospel, which is said to have brought "life and immortality to light," allows us to see only "through a glass darkly." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Our knowledge of a future world is very imperfect; our ideas of it are faint and confused. It is not displayed in such a manner as to make an impression suited to the importance of the object. The faith even of the best men is much inferior, both in clearness and in force, to the evidence of sense; and proves on many occasions insufficient to counterbalance the temptations of the present world. Happy moments indeed there sometimes are in the lives of pious men; when, sequestered from worldly cares, and borne up on the wings of divine contemplation, they rise to a near and

transporting view of immortal glory. But such efforts of the mind are rare, and cannot be long supported. When the spirit of meditation subsides, this lively sense of a future state decays; and though the general belief of it remains, yet even good men, when they return to the ordinary business and cares of life, seem to rejoin the multitude, and to reassume the same hopes, and fears, and interests, which influence the rest of the world.

—*Hugh Blair.*

#### UNANSWERED QUERIES.

If a saved or lost man were to come among us from eternity, we would question him thus: What was it to die? Did it seem like going into a sleep, or were you distinctly conscious? When the soul had left the body, how did you feel? If you went to the place of punishment, what was your experience on the journey? Did evil spirits conduct you to the prison of woe? Can you give us any definite conception of the miseries of the lost? Or, if you went to heaven, what were your feelings on the way? How many of the celestial inhabitants accompanied you? How did they appear, and what did they say? In what way do spirits convey their thoughts to each other? How did you feel when you entered the city of God? Who met you first—Christ, angels, or your departed friends? Is it possible for you to describe the appearance of the God-man? What is the nature of the glorified body of Enoch and of Elijah? As it respects the blessedness and employment of the saved, can you make us to understand the simple truth in the case? What peculiar divine glory fills heaven, and what is meant by the vision of God? Many other questions we might ask; but there is no one to answer them. At the end of all our inquiries we have to sigh. Great leading thoughts relating to the future state are all that God has favored us with. A degree of dimness is meant to cloud that wonderful region of life.

—*Rev. John Reid.*

#### WHY THE FUTURE IS LEFT IN OBSCURITY.

Suppose, now, that veil to be withdrawn which conceals another world from our view. Let all obscurity vanish; let us no

longer see darkly as through a glass; but let every man enjoy that intuitive perception of divine and eternal objects which would place faith on a level with the evidence of sense. The immediate effect of such a discovery would be to annihilate all human objects and to produce a total stagnation in the affairs of the world. Were the celestial glory exposed to our admiring view; did the angelic harmony sound in our enraptured ears; what earthly concerns would have the power of engaging our attention for a single moment? All the studies and pursuits, the arts and labors, which now employ the activity of man, which support the order or promote the happiness of society, would lie neglected and abandoned. Those desires and fears, those hopes and interests, by which we are at present stimulated, would cease to operate. Human life would present no objects sufficient to rouse the mind, to kindle the spirit of enterprise, or to urge the hand of industry. If the mere sense of duty engaged a good man to take some part in the business of the world, the task, when submitted to, would prove distasteful. Even the preservation of life would be slighted, if he were not bound to it by the authority of God. Impatient of his confinement within this tabernacle of dust, languishing for the happy day of his translation to those glorious regions which were displayed to his sight, he would sojourn on earth as a melancholy exile. Whatever Providence has prepared for the entertainment of man, would be viewed with contempt. Whatever is now attractive in society, would appear insipid. In a word, he would be no longer a fit inhabitant of this world, nor be qualified for those exertions which are allotted to him in his present sphere of being. But, all his faculties being sublimated above the measure of humanity, he would be in the condition of a being of superior order, who, obliged to reside among men, would regard their pursuits with scorn, as dreams, trifles, and puerile amusements of a day.

—*Hugh Blair, D. D., F. R. S.*

#### THE FUTURE NOT UNCERTAIN TO FAITH.

Those who acknowledge no God but a mysterious force, those who deny to God personality and thought, and affection and

sympathy, most reasonably find no evidence in nature for a future life—when they look in her stony and inflexible face, they find all the evidence to be against it. Let such a man awake to the fact that God is, that he lives a personal life, that nature is not so much his hiding-place as it is a garment of his revealing light, that the forces of nature are his instruments and the laws of nature his steady and eternal thoughts, that man is made after God's image and can interpret his thoughts and commune with his living self, that life is man's school, every arrangement and lesson of which points to a definite end, that the end is not accomplished here—then not only does there spring up in his heart the hope that this life shall be continued to another, but this hope becomes almost a certainty. Let now God be seen to break forth from his hiding-place, and to manifest himself in the Christ who conquers death and brings the immortal life to light through his rising and ascension, and the hope that had been reached as a conclusion of assured conviction is shouted forth in the song of triumph—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

—*President Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D.*

#### THE SOUL: ITS VALUE.

The soul is grander than its creations. However profound its works written, or beautiful the pictures printed; however stately the structures erected, or life-like the statues chiselled, the soul is grander than them all. The soul of Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton, was sublimer than their poems. The soul of an Angelo was nobler than St. Peter's; that of Mozart diviner than his music. The soul of Newton was infinitely superior to his wonderful discoveries—yea, grander than the shining worlds which he bound together with bands invisible. Yes, the soul is superior to all the apparatus of modern inventions and discovery—to telescopes and microscopes, steam-engines and electric telegraphs. For these are its creatures—dumb,

unconscious, perishable matter—while it is conscious, intelligent, immortal mind.

How wonderful is this soul, with its vast capacities, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows! How, in its aspirations, it overlaps the grave, and revels amid the grandeurs of eternity! Can its value be estimated? In what balance can it be weighed? For what can it be bought or sold? Is there aught on earth, in sea or sky, to be regarded as its equivalent? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? When we see the Son of God become incarnate, live among men, submit to weariness and want, stand condemned as a criminal, smitten, spit upon, robed in mocking vestments, and crowned with thorns; when we see him bending beneath the cross, climb the heights of Calvary, and there, outstretched upon the accursed tree, expire in bitterest agony, wondering we exclaim, "O, why this humiliation, grief, and death of God's Beloved One?" And the darkened heavens, and trembling earth, and risen dead answer, "For the soul of man." Here at the cross we learn the value of the immortal soul.—*Rev. William Hutton.*

#### THE SOUL IS INDEPENDENT OF THE BODY.

When we close our short careers, some questions that we debate as matters of high philosophy will be personal to you and to me. As we lie where Webster lay, face to face with eternity, and its breath is on our cheeks, there will come to us, as it cannot come now, the query whether the relation of our souls to our bodies is that of harmony to a harp, or of the harper to the harp. The time is not distant when it will be worth something to us to remember that they who walk late on the deck of the "Santa Maria" have seen a light rise and fall ahead of us. The externality and independence of the soul in relation to the body are known now under the microscope and scalpel better than ever before in the history of our race. Exact science, in the name of the law of causation, breathes already through her iron lips a whisper, to which, as it grows louder, the blood of the ages will leap with new inspiration. Before that iron whisper, all objections to immortality are shattered.

If, in the name of physiology, we remove all objections, you will hear your Webster when he comes to you and says that a Teacher, attested by the ages as sent with a supreme Divine mission, brought life and immortality to light. There is no darkness that can quench the illumination which now rises on the world. No ascending fog from the shallows of materialism can put out the sun of axiomatic truth. Ay, my friends, in the oozy depths of the pools, where the reptiles lie among the reeds in the marshes of materialism, there arises a vapor, which, as it ascends higher, that sun will radiate, will stream through with his slant javelins of scientific clearness, until this very matter which we have dreaded to investigate shall take on all the glories of the morning, and become, by reflected light, the bridal couch of a new Day, in a future civilization.—*Joseph Cook.*

#### ITS OPERATIONS UNDER DEFECTIVE BODILY CONDITIONS.

The soul's independence of the body is indicated by its present operations under defective bodily conditions. Its highest activities, its profoundest motions appear not to be affected by the most imperfect state of the external organs. Destroy an organ of sense, and yet the mind continues to reason; the imagination will soar, the judgment discriminate, the conscience approve or condemn. "What visions of beauty and grandeur did the mind of Milton create, after his eye-balls had ceased to admit a ray of material light! And would not the melodies and harmonies of Paradise have been equally exquisite in his imagination, had the poet lost also the organ of sound? If the mind can act with vigor when these two noble organs have lost their use, would it not act with equal vigor, if taste, and smell, and touch had also disappeared?"

It is a matter of experience with persons afflicted with loss of hearing that the mental activities not only continue, but increase, both in strength and volume, as the world of sound is shut out. Severed from the illusions of auditory impressions, the conceptions become clearer and more vivid, and all the intellectual faculties seem aroused as the soul is thus more fully thrown upon the stern realities of its own being. Were all the

media of communications with the external world cut off, we may suppose that the higher powers would be intensified in their exercise, though the manifestation of such quickening might not appear to the observer.

If such would be the state of a soul deprived of the organs of sense, but still inhabiting its temple of clay, what should hinder it from similar operations when thrown upon its pure spirit being?—*The Editor.*

#### THE SOUL IS IMMATERIAL.

Body, make what you will of it, be it ever so subtle and ethereal, can never be refined into soul. Body is composed of parts, infinitely divisible; soul is a unit, incapable of division. If I am only body, then at death, when the body is dissolved, I am dissolved: I pass into the life of nature, I become a part of earth and air and water. Faith in immortality disappears with this doctrine. . . . Materialism naturally tends to deny any future life. To realize immortality, we must believe in a soul, which is our real self, which is a unit, indivisible and indestructible, which gives unity to the body while it is in it, and organizes continually all particles of matter according to its own type. We must believe in a soul which is also capable of organizing ideas and thoughts; capable of free movement; capable of deliberately choosing an end, according to reason, and then going forward to it. We must believe in a soul, not the creature, but the creator of circumstances, with inexhaustible capacities of knowledge and love. Only thus can we realize immortality.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

#### THE MIND KINDLED UP AT DEATH.

To make the argument plain, we say that a single instance in which the mind kindles up at the moment of death, and blazes out with unwonted intellectual fires, while the body is wan, and cold, and helpless, cannot be reconciled with the idea that the mind is any part of the material body, and that it wastes and dies with it. On the other hand, those cases in which the mind appears to waste with the body, and go out like the sun, passing

gradually behind a cloud, deeper and darker, until its last ray is lost, can be explained in perfect harmony with the theory of the immateriality of the mind, and even its immortality. Does the mind fail, as in second childhood—or does it grow gradually dim as the body wastes under the influence of disease? The explanation is this: the bodily organs through which the mind communicates with the material world, in these particular cases, are impaired by age or disease. In many cases of death from sickness, the mind appears to waste away, or gradually sink into a state of sleep, merely because the will does not determine it in a direction to develop itself to the world without. But that the mind is there, distinct from the wasting, dying body, is clear from the many cases in which the mind, being roused by the prospect of heaven, or seized with the terror of impending perdition, flashes with the fires of immortality, and sheds a living glare as it quits its house of clay and enters upon the destinies of the spirit world. This has often been witnessed in the dying moments of both the Christian and the sinner.

—*Dr. L. Lee.*

#### THE SOUL SUPERIOR TO DEATH.

Physical death is experienced by man in common with the brute. But on moral and psychological grounds the distinction is vast between the dying man and the dying brute. Bretschneider, in a beautiful sermon on this point, specifies four particulars. Man foresees and provides for his death: the brute does not. Man dies with unrecompensed merit and guilt: the brute does not. Man dies with faculties and powers fitted for a more perfect state of existence: the brute does not. Man dies with the expectation of another life: the brute does not. Three contrasts may be added to these. First, man desires to die amidst his fellows: the brute creeps away by himself, to die in solitude. Secondly, man interrs his dead with funeral rites, rears a memorial over them, cherishes recollections of them which often change his subsequent character: but who ever heard of a deer watching over an expiring comrade, a deer-funeral winding along the green glades of the forest? The barrows of Norway, the mounds of Yucatan, the mummy-pits of Memphis, the rural

cemeteries of our land, speak the human thoughts of sympathetic reverence and posthumous survival, typical of something superior to dust. Thirdly, man often makes death an active instead of a passive experience, his will as it is his fate, a victory instead of a defeat. As Mirabeau sank toward his end, he ordered them to pour perfumes and roses on him, and to bring music; and so with the air of a haughty conqueror, amidst the volcanic smoke and thunder of reeling France, his giant spirit went forth. The patriot is proud to lay his body a sacrifice on the altar of his country's weal. The philanthropist rejoices to spend himself without pay in a noble cause—to offer up his life in the service of his fellow-men. Thousands of generous students have given their lives to science, and clasped death amid their trophied achievements. Who can count the confessors who have thought it bliss and glory to be martyrs for truth and God? Creatures capable of such deeds must inherit eternity. Their transcendent souls step from their rejected mansions through the blue gateway of the air to the lucid palace of the stars. Any meaner allotment would be discordant and unbecoming their rank.

Contemplations like these exorcise the spectre-host of the brain and quell the horrid brood of fear. The noble purpose of self-sacrifice enables us to smile upon the grave, "as some sweet clarion's breath stirs the soldier's scorn of danger." Death parts with its false frightfulness, puts on its true beauty, and becomes at once the evening star of memory and the morning star of hope, the Hesper of the sinking flesh, the Phosphor of the rising soul. Let the night come, then: it shall be welcome. And as we gird our loins to enter the ancient mystery, we will exclaim, with vanishing voice, to those we leave behind,

" Though I stoop  
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,  
 It is but for a time. I press God's lamp  
 Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,  
 Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge somewhere."

—*William Rounseville Alger.*

## THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Behind the walls of a dilapidated church is a graveyard, many of whose graves are thrown open. In one yet green and undisturbed rests a man who, after a peaceful and prayerful life, went through the valley of death fearing no evil. As my heart cried out, "My father!" I felt that the words described more than a phantom.

Passing through the streets, now streets of strangers, and over roads much changed, to a magnificent native grove on a sunny hill-side, I came to the streets of the new city of the dead. Here I was at home. Wandering through carriage ways, and marking the names on the monuments, I lived my early days over again. The dead are around me, not in their winding sheets, but in their loveliest living forms. The aged pastor spake once more his words of wisdom, the sufferer uttered anew his tale of sorrow, "loving eyes glanced love to love again." "Now there is a sound of revelry by night," and anon the sweet flute pours forth its plaintive notes beneath the harvest moon. But the illusion vanishes; I am again among the dead. O, with what heroic struggles, with what patient endurance, with what repentant sighs, with what cries of agony, with what hidden griefs, what desolated hearth-stones, are these green graves associated! Well do I recollect when my mother, returning from the death-chamber of a child of sorrow, drew me close to her breast, and told me, with subdued tones, how the broken heart of the sufferer was healed, and how her parting blessing fell softly on the heads of her little ones, and how unearthly whispers passed her cold lips, and how, when she ceased to whisper, she gave the promised signal that her departing spirit greeted the coming angels. There are other scenes that I may not paint. Passing to the western limits of the grounds, I sat down on the grassy slope to enjoy the surrounding prospect. There, amid a merry group, I had gathered wild plums and walnuts; there I had seen the deer start from the bushes, and the Indian rush forth in his gigantic pastimes. How changed! On the right is the thrifty valley with its spires; on the left is the long-drawn valley with its variety of pleasing landscapes, and down it rushes the fire-

breathing iron horse, with his cargo of merry travellers, while beside it stretches the telegraph wire, thrilling like a nerve with the news of the metropolis. Westward rise hills on hills, in graceful slopes, till the last green summit melts into the setting sun.

The pastures are clothed with flocks, the fields are covered with corn, the houses encompassed with flowers, while here and there stand the grand remains of the ancient forest like organ lofts, with their thousand feathered pipes ready to pour forth notes of praise at the morning hour.

O God! thou mouldedst the earth into forms of enrapturing beauty; "thou visitest it and greatly enrichest it with the river of God; thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided it; thou waterest the ridges thereof; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springs thereof; thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness." Thou who dost beautify and renovate the natural world, hast thou prepared no spring for the moral? Is life a mystery? or a probation and preparation for a better state? Almighty Father! where are thy children who made this wilderness to blossom as the rose? our fathers who trusted in thee? our mothers who breathed thy name with their dying lips? Hast thou not folded them to thy loving bosom?

I would not depreciate the light of revelation. Pleasant above all things it is to stand in the temple of Christ, and amid sweet song and solemn feast to hear of Him who is "the resurrection and the life." Pleasant also to stand in the temple of nature, with its floor carpeted with green and its roofs fretted with stars, and its gallery of mountains charged with heavenly music, and while the timepiece of the skies measures off the days, to listen to the voices of the reason and the heart speaking of a better land. To me the two revelations are in harmony; the one confirms what the other suggests; the one completes what the other begins. Nature puts angels at the sepulchre to roll away the stone; revelation brings from the grave-clothes the warm and living man, calling forth the exclamation: "My Lord and my God!"—*Bishop Edward Thompson, D. D., LL. D.*

The Hebrew idea of the other world was always a social one. They never, as they stood over the corpse of their dead, said, as the heathen of later times learnt to say: They are extinct, or they are finished, or they are terminated, or they have ceased to be. They said: "He is gathered to his fathers." They looked across the river. He had become a true Hebrew—he had passed over; but this time, instead of leaving his fathers to go out, he had now gone to join his fathers. The great family place is on that side of the river—on this side there is but one generation; there are many generations gathering in the everlasting home of the happy. Let us go to join them, and while we are on our way let us serve our generation by the will of God.—*William Arthur, M. A.*

#### IMMORTALITY IS THE UNCONDITIONAL DESTINY OF ALL MEN.

To teach the immortality of all men is by no means to teach the eternal blessedness of all. Immortality comes of itself; it is the metaphysical conception of man, the attribute which he cannot lose. Blessedness is, on the contrary, an attribute or destiny to be accomplished and fulfilled,—an immortality rich in its contents, divinely replenished; in other words, eternal life. Blessedness, therefore, does not come of itself; it is not merely a metaphysical, but a moral and religious destiny, obtained only by regeneration and sanctification, by progressive moral and religious endeavors. "No man is blessed *because* his is buried;" but every one must mould his own blessedness. That "particularist" doctrine of immortality, which has again found advocates in our day, arises from confounding the distinct conceptions of immortality and salvation. It assumes that those individuals alone, who have been made partakers of regeneration in this life, receive with freedom the gift of immortality, and continue their existence beyond the grave.

Further, that the power of making man immortal rests in the Spirit, which animates and morally perfects the individual, with the idea, elevated above the power of mortality, which makes its possessors to share its own immortality. Holy and spiritual men, therefore, alone can survive the death of the body; natural

men fall a prey to death, and perish like other existences in nature. But though this view seems to be confirmed by those instances which experience exhibits of individuals wholly unspiritual, who seem in a degree to bear the mark of mortality and emptiness, and of whom it is not easy to understand what claims such a life as theirs can possibly have upon a continuance of existence beyond the grave; it certainly arises out of a mistake regarding the essence of man's being, the innate destiny of all, to live to God, and from overlooking the universality and eternal indissolubility of conscience. It involves likewise a fatalistic view regarding individuals who, without any guilt of their own, have been prevented from receiving the germ of immortality in this life—a fatalism which falls back upon the old Gnostic and Manichæan division of mankind into spiritual men and animal men—a distinction which is determined, not as a merely transitory, but an original and essential Dualism, destroying the unity of the race. It is wholly unavailing to call in the Scripture doctrine of everlasting death, as if it gave confirmation to this theory of annihilation; for by everlasting death Scripture does not mean absolute destruction, but misery, the conscious, self-conscious death. We therefore maintain that the unconditional destiny of all men is immortality; but we, at the same time, teach that mankind are saved only conditionally, by being born again, and made holy.—*Dr. H. Martensen.*

#### MADE FOR IMMORTALITY.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast off by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are ever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable

glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand currents of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a far higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful things which here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.

#### COMMON SENSE ASSUMES IT.

We must know what we are before we can determine what life should aim at. We cannot survey human nature *ab extra*, for two reasons: first, we are sharers of that nature; and second, we have no power to observe it, either in ourselves or others, at the dawn of our being. Reflection comes late. We cannot, like angels, stand off and look at men; and the power of intelligent self-introversion is generally reached in later youth, and sometimes much later still. Now, what does the common sense of the greater part and the better part of our race affirm concerning human nature and human destiny? This fourfold postulate: man is an immortal, religious, fallen, responsible being. I know each of these propositions has from time to time been stoutly disputed by some individuals; but which of them has not been overwhelmingly reaffirmed evermore, with million-fold emphasis, by the general judgment, conscience, and heart of mankind? Man is immortal. The Epicureans may say, "Let us eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die, and are not." Mirabeau may say, "Sprinkle me with perfumes; crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter an eternal sleep." Men here and there may doubt or deny immortality, but *man* as such assumes it.—*Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, LL. D.*

#### LIFE IS WORTHLESS WITHOUT IT.

Once admit that life must end to-morrow, and there is nothing of worth in to-day. The life that is must be indissolubly joined with that which is to be. The only inspiring light that shines in the here is reflected from the hereafter. What value does

this stupendous factor add to human life? Infinite, recompensing Future! How it answers all our questions, solves all our problems, quenches all our doubts, silences all our moans, atones for all our ills! Perfection for life's imperfectness, completeness for its incompleteness, harvest for its tearful sowing, fruitage for its buds and blossoms, realization of its hopes, final success of its seeming failures, triumph of its defeats, righting of its wrongs, recovery of its lost treasures, reunion of its severed households, reclasping of its parted hands, resurrection of its buried joys!

Blessed eternity! Magic word, more potent than the philosopher's stone, giving more than a golden value to every moment of time! Glorious immortality, angel of divinest beauty, clothing earth's darkest forms with white robes of light, and shedding fadeless lustre on its midnight gloom!

—*President C. H. Payne, D. D., LL. D.*

#### THE EGYPTIAN BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

The Egyptian Scriptures contain a common argument. Thus, in one chapter we read, "The Osirian (the deceased) lives after he dies, like the sun; for as the sun died and was born yesterday, so the Osirian is born; every god rejoices with life, the Osirian rejoices as they rejoice with life." In the Litany of the Sun is written, "Whoso is intelligent upon the earth, he is intelligent, also, after his death." In another record it is written, "Thy soul rests among the gods, respect for thy immortality dwells in their hearts."

As F. Schlegel remarked, "Among these nations of primitive antiquity, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not a mere probable hypothesis; it was a lively certainty, like the feelings of one's own being." The learned Christian advocate of Cambridge, Mr. C. Hardwicke, acknowledged the doctrine was "quite familiar to the old Egyptians;" though thinking that "the simple fact of its existence in the valley of the Nile can furnish no legitimate proof of spiritual elevation." . . .

Mariette Bey, who, as curator of the Cairo Museum, is so absorbingly Egyptian, says: "As for Egypt, human life did not

finish when the soul departed from the body; after combats more or less terrible, which put to the proof the piety and morals of the deceased, the soul proclaimed *just* is at last admitted to the eternal abode." On one papyrus are the words, "His soul is living eternally." The symbol for this is a golden heart upon the breast. On every stele, on every funeral inscription, the deceased is described as the *ever-living*. A sarcophagus often bore the words, "Thy soul is living." The phrase, "Happy life," is repeatedly found marked on the mummy-cloth, and refers to the life to come. In the Ritual, or Bible, there are sentences like these: "I shall not die again in the region of sacred repose;" and "Plait for thyself a garland; thy life is everlasting." If, according to Carlyle, the belief in heaven is derived from the nobility of man, then must the old tenants of Egypt have been a noble race, as they seemed to live in the hope of immortality.

—James Bonwick, F. R. G. S.

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Remove immortality, and what is man? A distressful dream! a throb—a wish—a sigh—then NOTHING! But, blessed be Good, "life and immortality are brought to light."

—Ichabod S. Spencer, D. D.

#### MAN'S VIEW OF DEATH IMPLIES IMMORTALITY.

How is it that, having once looked on death, we can for a moment forget it? How can we go back to our hopes and dreams and labors, when we have understood that they must end here, that the most loving eyes must be closed thus, the busiest hands so crossed upon the breast—the greatest mind become a blank, and human beauty turn in a few brief hours to a thing of horror? Why do we not see the ghastly skeleton at our feasts: see him in our streets: hear him in our songs: and be so bitterly oppressed by his inevitable coming as to lose all hope, and sit in dust and ashes, bewailing the bitter fate of man, who, do what he may, can only live to die?

Greatest of all mysteries is it that we can go about forgetting, or seeming to forget, this thing. Nor could we, but for that inward consciousness of a life beyond that of this world, greater

and better, where the spirit shall take up its work again, and we shall learn, as we never can on earth, why we have lived here.

—*M. K. D.*

#### JEWISH IDEAS OF A FUTURE LIFE

From various passages in the Old Testament (Gen. v. 22, 24; Isa. xiv. 9; Ps. xvii. 15; xlix. 15, 16; Eccl. xii. 7, etc.), we draw the conclusion that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not unknown to the Jews before the Babylonian exile. This appears also from the fact that a general expectation existed of rewards and punishments in the future world; although in comparison with what was afterwards taught on this point, there was at that time very little definitely known respecting it, and the doctrine, therefore, stood by no means in that near relation to religion and morality into which it was afterwards brought, as we see to be the fact often in other wholly uncultivated nations. It was in a high degree unpretending and disinterested. And although the prospect of what lies beyond the grave was very indistinct in their view, and although, as Paul said, they saw the promised blessings only from afar, they yet had pious dispositions, and trusted God. They held merely to the general promise that God their Father would cause it to be well with them even after death. Psalm lxxiii. 26, 28, "When my strength and my heart faileth, God will be the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

But it was not until after the Babylonian captivity that the ideas of the Jews on this subject appear to have become enlarged, and that this doctrine was brought by the prophets, under the divine guidance, into a more immediate connection with religion. This result becomes very apparent after the reign of the Grecian kings over Syria and Egypt, and their persecutions of the Jews. The prophets and teachers living at that time (of whose writings, however, nothing has come down to us) must therefore have given to their nation, time after time, more instruction upon this subject, and must have explained and unfolded the allusions to it in the earlier prophets. And so we find that after this time, more frequently than before, the Jews sought and found, in this doctrine of immortality and of future

retribution, consolation and encouragement under their trials, and a motive to piety. Such discourses were therefore frequently put into the mouths of the martyrs in the Second Book of Maccabees and the other apocryphal books of the Old Testament.

At the time of Christ and afterwards this doctrine was universally received and taught by the Pharisees, and was indeed the prevailing belief among the Jews; as is well known from the testimony of the New Testament, of Josephus, and also of Philo. Tacitus also notices this firm belief of the Jews in the immortality of the soul. In his history he says, *Animas prælio aut suppliciiis peremptorum æternas putant. . . .* But the Sadducees, and they only, boasting a great attachment to the Old Testament, and especially to the books of Moses, denied this doctrine, and, at the same time, the existence of the soul as distinct from the body.

But Christ did more to illustrate and confirm this consoling doctrine than had been before done among the Jews or any other people; and he first gave to it that high practical interest which it now possesses.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body was common among the Jews at the time of Christ and the apostles—*vide* Matt. xxii., Luke xx., Acts xxiii. 6-8. So in John xi. 24, the Jewess Martha speaks of the resurrection of the dead as a thing well known and undoubted.

—*Prof. George Christian Knapp, D. D.*

#### THE HEATHEN'S VIEW.

The thought of another world was not unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, but it was for them only one of shadows. This world alone was real, alone offered true happiness; the other was the gloomy, joyless, lower world. Ulysses, in Homer, sees the dead as shadows greedily drink the blood which for a moment at least restores to them real life, and he would rather linger here upon earth in the lowest station than be a king among the shades. Men shuddered at the thought of that other world. The heathen through life were slaves to

the fear of death. "My temples are gray," sings the pleasure-loving Anacreon, "and white my head; beautiful youth is gone. Not much remains of sweet life. Therefore I often sigh, fearing Tartarus, dreadful abyss of Hades. Full of horror is the descent thither, and whoever has once gone down there never returns." But the less this world fulfilled what it promised, and the more its evil and its emptiness were felt, and the spirit of resignation was developed, the more was this view reversed. Life in this world began to be looked upon as shadowy, and the true life was sought first in the life to come. Joy in existence, in the beauty and glory of the earth and of human life, disappeared; the consciousness of weakness, of the limitations of human nature, the sense of the vanity of all earthly things, increased. The body was now spoken of as the prison of the soul, and death, which Anacreon dreaded as a fearful descent into Tartarus, was extolled as an emancipation. "After death," says Cicero, "we shall for the first time truly live." How often in the schools of the rhetoricians is this theme discussed: Death no evil! How often the thought recurs in Seneca, that the body is only an inn for the spirit, that the other world is its real home. Indeed, just as did the primitive Christians, he calls the day of death "the birthday of eternity."

While, however, the glory of this world faded before the eyes of men, the other grew in distinctness and reality; and more than once we meet in literature and in works of art with pictures of the future life as one of joy, a symposium, a banquet, where the souls of the departed rejoice together with gods, heroes and sages. Already had Cicero in the *Dream of Scipio* thus described the other life, and Seneca paints it yet more vividly. Plutarch delights to contemplate it, and rejoices that there "God will be our Leader and King, and that in closest union with him we shall unweariedly and with ardent longing behold that beauty which is ineffable and cannot be expressed to men." No other question so occupied all the profounder minds as did the question of immortality; now they believed that the Eastern religions would shed light, for these religions revolved wholly about birth and death; now they knocked at

the gates of the under world with magic formulas, adjuration and rites of consecration. But no answer. The state, art, science offering no more satisfaction ; public life affording no longer a field for activity ; private life, property, pleasure, life itself, becoming insecure, so much the more did men long for another world whose portals still stood closed before them. With what power then must have come the preaching of this word : " Christ is risen ! The wages of sin is death : but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Nothing led more believers to Christianity, even from cultivated circles, than the sure answer it gave to the question respecting another world.—*Dr. Gerhard Ullhorn : Smyth and Ropes' translation.*

#### THE BELIEF OF SOCRATES.

Socrates was no less earnest in his belief in the immortality of the soul, and a state of future retribution. He had reverently listened to the intuitions of his own soul—the instinctive longings and aspirations of his own heart, as a revelation from God. He felt that all the powers and susceptibilities of his inward nature were in conscious adaptation to the idea of immortality, and that its realization was the appropriate destiny of man. He was convinced that a future life was needed to avenge the wrongs and reverse the unjust judgments of the present life ; needed that virtue may receive its meet reward, and the course of Providence may have its amplest vindication. He saw this faith reflected in the universal convictions of mankind, and the " common traditions" of all ages. No one refers more frequently than Socrates to the grand old mythologic stories which express this faith : to Minos, and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, and Triptolemus, who are " real judges," and who, in the " Place of Departed Spirits," administer justice. He believed that in that future state the pursuit of wisdom would be his chief employment, and he anticipated the pleasure of mingling in the society of the wise, and good, and great of every age.

Whilst, then, Socrates was not the first to teach the doctrine of immortality, because no one could be said to have first *discovered* it any more than to have first discovered the existence

of a God, he was certainly the first to place it upon a philosophic basis.—*B. F. Cocker, D. D.*

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When death attacks a man the mortal portion of him may be supposed to die, but the immortal goes out of the way of death and is preserved safe and sound.—*Socrates.*

#### THE ARGUMENTS OF PLATO.

1. *The soul is immortal, because it is incorporeal.* There are two kinds of existences, one compounded, the other simple; the former subject to change, the latter unchangeable; one perceptible to sense, the other comprehended by mind alone. The one is visible, the other is invisible. When the soul employs the bodily senses, it wanders and is confused; but when it abstracts itself from the body, it attains to knowledge which is stable, unchangeable, and immortal. The soul, therefore, being uncompounded, incorporeal, invisible, must be indissoluble—that is to say, immortal.

2. *The soul is immortal, because it has an independent power of self-motion*—that is, it has self-activity and self-determination. No arrangement of matter, no configuration of body, can be conceived as the originator of free and voluntary movement. Now that which cannot move itself, but derives its motion from something else, may cease to move and perish. “But that which is self-moved, never ceases to be active, and is also the cause of motion to all other things that are moved.” And “whatever is continually active is immortal.” This “self-activity,” says Plato, “the very essence and true notion of the soul.” Being thus essentially *causative*, it therefore partakes of the nature of a “principle,” and it is the nature of a principle to exclude its *contrary*. That which is essentially self-active can never cease to be active; that which is the cause of motion and of change, cannot be extinguished by the change called death.

3. *The soul is immortal, because it possesses universal, necessary, and absolute ideas*, which transcend all material conditions, and bespeak an origin immeasurably above the body. No modifica-

tions of matter, however refined, however elaborated, can give the Absolute, the Necessary, the Eternal. But the soul has the ideas of absolute beauty, goodness, perfection, identity, and duration, and it possesses these ideas in virtue of its having a nature which is one, simple, identical, and in some sense eternal. If the soul can conceive an immortality, it cannot be less than immortal. If, by its very nature, "it has hopes that will not be bounded by the grave, and desires and longings that grasp eternity," its nature and its destiny must correspond.

—*B. F. Cocker, D. D.*

### THE REWARD OF VIRTUE REQUIRES IMMORTALITY.

Since Virtue's recompense is doubtful here,  
 If man dies wholly; well may we demand  
 Why is man suffer'd to be good, in vain?  
 Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?  
 Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?  
 Betray'd by traitors lodged in his own breast,  
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?  
 Why whispers Nature lies on Virtue's part?  
 Or if blind Instinct (which assumes the name  
 Of sacred Conscience) plays the fool in man,  
 Why Reason made accomplice in the cheat?  
 Why are the wisest loudest in her praise?  
 Can man by Reason's beam be led astray?  
 Or, at his peril, imitate his God?  
 Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,  
 Or both are true, or man survives the grave.  
 Or man survives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,  
 Thy boast supreme a wild absurdity.  
 Dauntless thy spirit, cowards are thy scorn;  
 Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.  
 The man immortal, rationally brave,  
 Dares rush on death--because he cannot die!  
 But if man loses all when life is lost,  
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires.  
 A daring Infidel (and such there are,  
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,  
 Or pure heroical defect of thought)  
 Of all earth's mad men most deserves a chain.

—*Edward Young, D. D.*

Death cannot claim the immortal mind.  
 Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
 Yet goodness dies not in the dust.—*W. G. Clark.*

#### DR. DICK'S ARGUMENTS.

That distinguished Christian philosopher, Thomas Dick, LL.D., who regarded the doctrine of immortality as lying at the foundation of all religion, and of all the animating prospects which can cheer us in this land of our pilgrimage; without which life is a dream, and the approach of death a scene of darkness and despair, exhibits, in his "Philosophy of the Future State," a condensed, but very comprehensive, view of some of the evidences which prove the immortality of the soul. His arguments from the light of nature are thus summarized :

1. The universal belief which this doctrine has obtained among all nations—the Egyptians, Persians, Phenicians, Scythians, Celts, Druids, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, and the uncivilized tribes of Africa and America—whether attributable to a tradition handed down from man's state of innocency; to an original impression made upon the human soul by the hand of the Creator; to a direct derivation from Revelation; or to the specific deductions of natural reason, involves the most important consequences. The consent of all nations has been generally considered a good argument for the existence of a Deity; so, this universal belief in immortality ought to be viewed as a strong presumption that it is founded upon truth.

2. We must conclude that the *strong desire* for immortality, implanted in the human breast, will be gratified, or that the Creator takes delight in tantalizing his creatures, which is a contradiction of every just conception of the Divinity.

3. Man's capacious intellectual and moral powers and aspirations demand an uncontracted sphere, and boundless duration of time for their complete activity and development; and, therefore, if we would not ascribe imbecility and want of design to the adorable Creator, we must admit that he has not thus constituted man without a destiny corresponding therewith.

4. The unlimited range of view which is open to the human mind throughout the immensity of space and duration, and the

knowledge which may be acquired respecting the distant regions of the universe, are strong presumptive evidences of the eternal destination of man.

5. The moral nature of man—his noble sentiments of honor, justice and right; his conception of virtue, his active display of generosity, and beneficence in seasons of calamity; his fortitude in trial; kindness toward his fellows, even his enemies; his command of his passions; and his disposition to sacrifice wealth, ease, and even life itself, for the good of his country or the welfare of the race—such features of the mind of man mark its dignity and grandeur and indicate its destiny to a higher sphere of action and enjoyment.

6. So, the apprehensions of the mind, and its terrible forebodings when under the influence of remorse, as in the cases of Belshazzar, Tiberius and others, may be considered as intimations of coming retribution, and even as beginnings of that misery and anguish which will be consummated in the world to come.

7. The disordered condition of things in the moral world, as compared with the harmony and symmetry of the material, argues another state in which perfect moral order will prevail. Any other conviction tends to Atheism, for either there is no supreme intelligence presiding over the affairs of the universe, or else the present state is only a small part of a great and all-wise plan.

8. The unequal distribution of rewards and punishments, viewed in the light of God's justice and other attributes, calls for a future world in which equity shall be established, and a visible distinction made between the righteous and the wicked.

9. There is no proof of annihilation in the world, not a single instance appearing in the whole system of material things, and it is absurd to suppose that the immaterial, or thinking principle of man, will come to an end.

10. The gloomy considerations and absurd consequences involved in the denial of immortality are endless and boundless, while an acknowledgment of the doctrine unravels the mazes of

the divine dispensation and solves every difficulty in relation to the present condition of man.

Dr. Dick conceives that these arguments hang together in perfect harmony, and though not so clear and decisive as the Scripture argument, they are consistent with the whole system of moral things, and, when taken conjointly, ought to have all the force of a *moral demonstration*.—*The Editor*.

#### IMMORTALITY INFERRED FROM THE SOUL'S DESIRES AND POWERS.

If one were to reason thus: all men have an instinctive desire for continued existence; it is evident that our Creator designed that all implanted desires should be gratified; therefore he has provided for the means of such gratification, and man is, in the divine purpose, destined to existence without end—such an argument would not be destitute of force. The natural desire for being, and the inference deducible from it, harmonize with the intuitions of our moral nature in respect to a future life. And more than this, on the theory of extinction at death this desire is wholly unaccounted for, and it serves no other purpose than to prompt multitudes to prolong a miserable existence.

The immortality of the soul is inferred from the powers of the soul itself, especially from its capacity for indefinite improvement. It is doubted whether the highest development attainable within the limits of this life is ever actually attained by any individual of the race. Some have even said that every man is capable of being, even here, greater than any man is. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the masses of mankind die with undeveloped faculties, and probably every man feels that but for the untoward circumstances of his life, he would be much more than he is. The greatest men seem to themselves conscious of undeveloped strength; to their own thoughts they are in the infancy of their being, and certainly, if what some have done is at all indicative of what all may do, the whole of our earthly life is, to all of us, but the early morning of our existence. It is said that three-fifths die in infancy. Now, the argument is briefly this: it is not supposable that infinite wisdom would call to being capacities for indefinite increase and advancement, and

then speedily return such capacities to non-entity; the human race have capacities that are not, and cannot be, developed in this life; therefore there is a life to come.—*Miner Raymond.*

#### MAN'S PROGRESS POINTS TO ANOTHER WORLD.

Science discovers that man is adapted for mastery in this world. He is of the highest order of visible creatures. Neither is it possible to imagine an order of beings generically higher to be connected with the conditions of the material world. This whole secret was known to the author of the oldest writing. "And God blessed them, and God said unto them: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The idea is never lost sight of in the sacred writings. And while every man knows he must fail in one great contest, and yield himself to death, the later portions of the divine word offer him victory even here. The typical man is commissioned to destroy even death, and make man a sharer in the victory. Science babbles at this great truth of man's position like a little child; Scripture treats it with a breadth of perfect wisdom we are only beginning to grasp.

Science tells us that each type is prophetic of a higher one. The whale has bones prophetic of a human hand. Has man reached perfection? Is there no prophecy in him? Not in his body, perhaps; but how his whole soul yearns for greater beauty. As soon as he has found food, the savage begins to carve his paddle, and make himself gorgeous with feathers. How man yearns for strength, subduing animal and cosmic forces to his will! How he fights against darkness and death, and strives for perfection and holiness! These prophecies compel us to believe there is a world where powers like those of electricity and luminiferous ether are ever at hand; where its waters are rivers of life, and its trees full of perfect healing, and from which all unholiness is forever kept. What we infer, Scripture confirms.

Science tells us there has been a survival of the fittest.

Doubtless this is so. So in the future there will be a survival of the fittest. What is it? Wisdom, gentleness, meekness, brotherly kindness, and charity. Over those who have these traits death hath no permanent power. The caterpillar has no fear as he weaves his own shroud; for there is life within fit to survive, and ere long it spreads its gorgeous wings, and flies in the air above where once it crawled. Man has had two states of being already. One confined, dark, peculiarly nourished, slightly conscious; then he was born into another—wide, differently nourished, and intensely conscious. He knows he may be born again into a life wider yet, differently nourished, and even yet more intensely conscious. Science has no limit how a long ascending series of developments crowned by man may advance another step, and make man *ισάγγελος*—equal to angels. But the simplest teaching of Scripture points out a way so clear that a child may not miss the glorious consummation.

When Uranus hastened in one part of its orbit, and then retarded, and swung too wide, there must be another attracting world beyond; and, looking there, Neptune was found. So, when individual men are so strong that nations or armies cannot break down their wills; so brave, that lions have no terrors; so holy, that temptations cannot lure nor sin defile them; so grand in thought, that men cannot follow; so pure in walk, that God walks with them—let us infer an attracting world, high and pure and strong as heaven. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is a roll-call of heroes of whom this world was not worthy. They were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. The world to come influenced, as it were, the orbit of their souls, and when their bodies fell off, earth having no hold on them, they sped on to their celestial home. The tendency of such souls necessitates such a world.

—*Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.*

#### IMMORTALITY INFERRED FROM THE SOUL'S INSTINCTS.

Nature never deceives. All the instincts, all the faculties which are in any of its creatures—there is always something to meet them. Nature does not disappoint. If there is a particular

appetite, there is something to meet it; if there is a particular faculty, there is something to meet it; if there is a particular instinct, there is something to meet it. Well, then, the moral aspirations of man, the spiritual instincts, the irrepressible anticipations of which he is capable and which are in him, part of himself, faculties and instincts which nature has bestowed, is she to play fast and loose with them? Is she to deceive him with regard to them? She deceives in nothing besides. She meets every appetite and instinct of inferior creatures, she meets them with that which is appropriate; but the highest affections, the noblest aspirations, the spiritual instincts—are they all a make-believe? Is nature deceiving and tantalizing man in all that? You take an egg out from under the parent bird when she has been sitting on it, and it is nearly come to perfection; you hold the egg in your hand: there it is, as it were, a dark world with its single inhabitant. You take off the top; you look in. There in that darkness are tiny wings. What are they? Of what use are they there in that little dark world occupied by that individual? Why, they are a prophecy that the creature is intended for a world in which there is an atmosphere; intended to be born into an atmosphere, and there is its preparation. These tiny wings are a prophecy and preparation for its future condition. Have the souls of men no wings? Are not the spiritual aspirations, desires, hopes, anticipations—are not these wings of the spirit? Are they not instincts which are given to us here, which are a prophecy to us of the future for which we are intended?

—*Thomas Binney, D. D., LL. D.*

#### MAN'S IMPERFECT STATE POINTS TO IMMORTALITY.

I argue that if the soul were to perish when the body dies, the state of man would be altogether unsuitable to the wisdom and perfection of the author of his being. Man would be the only creature that would seem to have been made in vain. All the other works of God are contrived to answer exactly the purposes for which they were made. They are either incapable of knowledge at all, or they know nothing higher than the state in which they are placed. Their powers are perfectly suited and

adjusted to their condition. But it is not so with man. He has every appearance of being framed for something higher and greater than what he here attains. He sees the narrow bounds within which he is here confined; knows and laments all the imperfections of his present state. His thirst for knowledge, his desires of happiness, all stretch beyond his earthly station. He searches in vain for adequate objects to gratify him. His nature is perpetually tending and aspiring towards the enjoyment of some more complete felicity than this world can afford. In the midst of all his searches and aspirations, he is suddenly cut off. He is but of yesterday, and to-morrow is gone. Often in the entrance, often in the bloom of life, when he had just begun to act his part, and to expand his powers, darkness is made to cover him. Can we believe, that when this period is come, all is finally over with the best and with the worthiest of mankind? Endowed with so noble an apparatus of rational powers, taught to form high views and enlarged desires, were they brought forth for no other purpose than to breathe this gross and impure air for a short space, and then to be cut off from all existence? All his other works God hath made in weight, number and measure; the hand of the Almighty Artificer everywhere appears. But on man, his chief work here below, he would, upon this supposition, appear to have bestowed no attention; and after having erected a stately palace in this universe, framed with so much magnificence, and decorated with so much beauty, to have introduced man, in the guise of a neglected wanderer, to become its inhabitant.—*Hugh Blair.*

**ARGUMENT DRAWN FROM MAN'S CREATION AND THE PLEADINGS  
OF THE HEART-LIFE.**

I want to advance an argument that I do not remember to have ever seen in any book or to have ever heard. The argument is this: that the same reasons which led to the creation of human beings will demand their continuance. We are not able to say certainly what were the reasons in the Divine mind that led to the creation of man. That creation might have been the outgrowth of the universal love, the outgrowth of a desire to create

beings with whom he might hold communion and raise to the realms of his feelings, and ultimately elevate to companionship with himself. Whatever those reasons might have been, we cannot but conceive that what led to the creation of man would in some way seek to perpetuate man's being. It will not do to say that God is a mere model-builder, that he will go on age after age simply experimenting. When he endows humanity with the crown of mind and spirit, when it comes to that point where that which is distinctive in man is given and to love for his fellow-man, belief in his own immortal destiny, and faith in God—in all reason we are bound to the conclusion that the cause which led to our creation will continue to influence the Divine Being to our preservation.

We may offer another argument, not new, drawn from the pleadings of morality, the pleadings of the heart-life. This world is certainly a moral battle-field, where through all the centuries truth has been pitted against error, reason against passion, justice against injustice. The whole history of mankind shows that the battle has been a tedious one. The lines have wavered, and at no time has the final result been certain except to the eye of faith. Now I would take my stand by the side of every patriot who ever loved his country, by the side of every martyr who ever died for truth, by the side of every teacher who ever taught, by the side of every minister who ever preached, by the side of every missionary who ever went forth to heathen lands, by the side of those who have wiped away the tear of sorrow, who have tried to lift up the fallen, who have sat by the bedside of the dying and tried to push back the shadows of night—in the name of every one who has ever worked, or thought, or suffered for humanity, do I claim that there must be some future where the results of this great struggle are to be crowned with a compensation beyond what is reached here; a future where the uneven scales of justice in this life may find their balance, where man shall be dealt with according to his merits. Taking our stand by the heart-life, I ask, in the name of reason, is all the longing in human souls to be left out? Is all the affection of this world, that has clung about life as the vine about the oak, to go for naught?—*H. W. Thomas, D. D.*

**A VOICE WITHIN US SPEAKS THE WORD.**

O listen, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,  
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
 Hymn it around our souls; according harps,  
 By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
 The song of our great immortality;  
 Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
 The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,  
 Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in  
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;  
 Is floating in day's setting glories; Night,  
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears;—  
 Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,  
 As one great mystic instrument, are touched  
 By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords  
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
 The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth  
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.—*Richard Henry Dana.*

Every natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal, it is likely that there are an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

**THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.**

A distinct argument for immortality is the earnest hope for it which clings to the human soul. What man, unless he has made a ruin of life, contemplates annihilation with pleasure? Who, loving life, rejoicing in it with the pure enthusiasm of power, can approach close to this idea of extinction without a shudder, without a sudden loss of hope, a sense that the congealing hand of death has already touched him? The aversion of the soul to annihilation is deep-seated and instinctive, like

that felt to death itself, chiefly because it sits as warden under the deep shadow of mysterious walls, at the entrance of unexplored regions. "More light" is the despairing cry with which the unassured soul enters on these explorations. Men hope, it may be said, for many things, and those hopes are no predictions. Yet this argument, which we rest on the hopes of men, is none the less a very strong one. Its force is due to our confidence in the moral nature of God. A hope which is an inspiration, which is to the soul as morning light, a hope, yearning, stronger, clearer, as the spirit gains power, is a promise of God, a rational anticipation of his purpose, the fore-running indication of his love. It is better than specific words, since it lays hold so deeply, so freely of his integrity, the moral soundness and gracious favor of God. God knows the human heart, knows its best impulses, and will not allow them to be misdirected and baffled completely, forever. The very being of such a hope is an argument; it is light and comes from a source of light; it is a soul making answer to its affiliations, the echo of time to eternity. To deny this is to impeach the soundness, the goodness of God.—*John Bascom.*

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The instinctive yearnings of the soul carry it beyond its individual self, and call for higher companionships than can be found in the world of sense. In their higher operations they apprehend a world that sense cannot detect nor reason comprehend, and before the awful sacredness of the Presence thus disclosed, the soul instinctively assumes the attitude of worship. And in worship man rises into the highest possibilities of his being, and at the same time learns to apprehend himself as formed for a lofty destiny, and with an infinitely valuable heritage in reversion.

—*Dr. Daniel Curry.*

#### CONSCIENCE WITNESSES.

A belief in the soul's immortality has ever prevailed among mankind. It is not an opinion that took its rise from the thin-spun speculations of some abstract philosophers. Never has any nation been discovered, on the face of the earth, so rude

and barbarous that, in the midst of their widest superstitions, there was not cherished among them some expectations of a state after death in which the virtuous were to enjoy happiness. So universal a consent in this belief affords just ground to ascribe it to some innate principle implanted by God in the human breast. Had it no foundation in truth, we must suppose that the Creator found it necessary, for the purposes of his government, to carry on a principle of universal deception among his rational subjects. Many of the strongest passions of our nature are made to have a clear reference to a future existence of the soul. The love of fame, the ardent concern which so often prevails about futurity, all allude to somewhat in which men suppose themselves to be personally concerned, after death. The consciences both of the good and bad bear witness to a world that is to come. Seldom do men leave this world without some fears or hopes respecting it; some secret anticipations and pre-sages of what is hereafter to befall them.—*Hugh Blair*

#### LOVE SPEAKS.

But the fact of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great laws which doom us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the countless multitudes that throng the world to-day will disappear as the footprints on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding from their eyes the traces of loved ones, whose loving smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the grave, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of *Ion*, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death of the devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every soul. When

about to yield his young existence a sacrifice to his fate, his beloved Clemantha asks if they shall meet again, to which he replies:

“I asked that dreadful question of the hills, that seemed eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my spirit has walked. As I look upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in thy love that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha.”

—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

### THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Look now at the way in which this godlike and fundamental principle of our nature acts. As long as we are with those whom we love, and as long as the sense of security is unimpaired, we rejoice, and the remote consequences of our love are usually forgotten. Its fears and its risks are unheeded. But when the dark day approaches, and the moment of sorrow is at hand, other and yet essential parts of our affection come into play. And if, perchance, the struggle has been long and arduous; if we have been tempted to cling to hope when hope should have been abandoned, so much the more are we at the last changed and humbled. To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its lustre, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness—to see this is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone; when the very signs of life are mute; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then, truly, if we believe the separation were final, how could we stand up and live? We have staked our all upon a single cast, and lost the stake. There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and spoil. Methinks that in that moment of desolation the best of us would succumb,

but for the deep conviction that all is not really over, that we have as yet only seen a part; and that something remains behind. Something behind; something which the eye of reason cannot discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude; that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted? Why is it that at these times our minds are thrown back on themselves, and, being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? If this be a delusion, it is one which the affections have themselves created, and we must believe that the purest and noblest elements of our nature conspire to deceive us. So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief. . . . And of all the moral sentiments which adorn and elevate the human character, the instinct of affection is surely the most lovely, the most powerful and the most general. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assert that this, the fairest and choicest of our possessions, is of so delusive and fraudulent a character that its dictates are not to be trusted, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that, inasmuch as they are the same in all ages, with all degrees of knowledge, and with all varieties of religion, they bear upon their surface the impress of truth, and are at once the conditions and consequence of our being.—*Sir Henry Thomas Buckle.*

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Love, which proclaims thee human, bids thee know  
A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour  
Than shallow glory taught to human power,  
“*What’s human is immortal.*”—*Bulwer.*

#### LIFE ITSELF POINTS TO LIFE BEYOND.

There is an element of profound melancholy in human life. This melancholy is inseparable from it, inseparable from our feeling. It is the frailty and transitoriness of all earthly things; it is the perception of the nothingness of all the possessions and enjoyments of this life which diffuses this tone of mourning over our life. The king of Israel, who possessed wealth of intellect beyond all others, and all the enjoyments of life in a degree

attained by few, sums up the result of his life in one word: "All is vanity." And the Roman emperor, who had commanded a world, exclaimed, when he came to die, "I was everything, and have found that everything is nothing."

And even if it were something—*one* moment extinguishes all. We die! Have we considered what this means? They, indeed, who know what it means cannot tell us, and we who speak of it do not yet know. We feel it, however, beforehand. We complain of life, yet flee from death. We live hating life, yet full of fear to die. And is this to be the end? Life is ever pointing us onward towards the future, each day towards the succeeding one; we are ever hoping from to-morrow what to-day and yesterday have failed to fulfil. However much may have been granted us, there is always something left to desire, and that something ever appears the chief matter. Thus each day directs us to the next, until at last the day of death comes. And where, then, is the fulfilment of our hopes? If death is only death, life is a cruelty, and hope but irony. Life directs us to a life beyond death; for this earthly life does not satisfy the cravings of our spirits, and least of all the cravings of a Christian.

—*Chr. Ernst Luthardt, D. D.*

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A solemn murmur in the soul  
Tells of a world to be;  
As travellers hear the billows roll,  
Before they reach the sea.

#### MAN'S PERPETUAL ADVANCEMENT BETOKENS IMMORTALITY.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fade away into nothing almost as soon as created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection which he can never pass. Were the human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, I could imagine it to drop at once into annihilation.

But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before

he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as a nursery for the next?

—*Joseph Addison.*

#### MAN'S CHANGES OF FORTUNE INDICATE DISCIPLINE FOR ETERNITY.

Moses, so distinguished in Egypt by his literature and heroic actions, we find an humble shepherd in the land of Midian. Here was greatness in exile, and virtue in obscurity; and his wisdom and virtue appear to the greater advantage by his becoming contented and happy with his lot. A man forgets the calamities of greatness in the happier toils of humble life. Making the voyage of immortality, and in the same ship, it is of little moment whether we stand at the helm, or run before the mast. And who can say that by adversity God is not preparing the sufferers for true greatness and eternal joy?

—*Joseph Sutcliffe, D. D.*

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Without a belief in immortality religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

*Max Müller.*

#### THIS WORLD REPRESENTS ANOTHER.

The present world seems to be a dim photograph, an indistinct representation of the world to come. It is no doubt from this general correspondence, as much as from the barrenness of language, that material imagery is employed to convey an idea of spiritual things. Shadows of realities in the world unseen and eternal are projected all around us; and the soul, conscious of its supernatural origin and destiny, perceives them and realizes the facts they represent. Hence doubtless it is, in part, that the belief in a future life is so universal. It is taught by the religion of nature, and therefore embraced, in some form, in every creed of every faith.—*E. Adkins, D. D.*

**THE SOUL DEMANDS A FUTURE.**

The refusal to be satisfied with the banquet of our earthly life is an honorable discontent ; it is the instinct of a being who cannot suppress the promptings of a higher destiny ; who even on the threshold of death must look forward and demand a future.

—*Canon Liddon.*

**THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY ITSELF A PROOF.**

The very existence of the idea of immortality is a proof of its truth, for experience shows us only death and transitoriness. Whence, then, do we get the notion of immortality with universality and certainty? If our soul did not bear imperishable existence with it, it would not have the notion of imperishableness. We call ourselves mortal. Why? Why else than because we know ourselves to be immortal. This is the very reason that we are constantly reminding ourselves that we are mortal. Consciousness of our immortality is itself a proof of its truth.—*Dr. Chr. Ernst Luthardt.*

**IMMORTALITY PROVEN BY THE TESTIMONIES OF THE DYING.**

We wish to found an argument for immortality upon the dying testimonies and death-scenes presented in Part II. of this volume. We submit that these voices of the *dying* cannot but be the voices of the *living*. Lord Bacon observed that "death exempts not a man from being, but only presents an alterative." Here are hundreds of witnesses to this truth. Here are testimonies, coming not only from the lips of dying ministers in the flames, on the scaffold, and amid the holy quiet of peaceful homes, but from kings, and queens, and soldiers, and physicians, and statesmen, and guileless children, and even famous infidels, all bearing upon the one truth that death is not the end of existence. While these departing souls had control of the organs of speech, they spake audibly to testify that existence was still *real*, and when the voice was stifled in the cold stream, some of them held up their hands in token of their yet conscious being. If the soul of man were only a breath, if life were only a spark which expires when the heart ceases to beat, would there not have been

an *experience* of the waning flame; would there not have been at least one testimony, in six thousand years, among the thousands of millions of dying men, going to show a *conscious nearness to oblivion*? But there is not one such, not one. If immortality be not real, the Creator puts it into the hearts of his creatures, in the most solemn hour of their existence, to testify to a falsehood. Men who have scorned all their lives long to speak a conscious untruth, are made at the last to speak an unconscious lie. Can this be so? If immortality be not real, we have a shadow more enduring than the substance, for Socrates, Paul, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and other great moral natures, have, in their names and histories, an earthly immortality, while they themselves, going into eternity, conscious to the last, and expecting to live forever, have ceased to be. In a universe of harmony there cannot be such discord; in a world of truth there cannot be such contradiction.—*Editor.*

#### BIBLE DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

The Scriptures ascribe to man a kinship with God. Man is made in the image and likeness of God. He is brought into special relations with God. He is an heir of God, a friend of God, and is permitted to hold converse with God. He becomes acquainted with the Most High; is an object of special, divine regard; is a party to covenants, confirmed by solemn promises. This fact of kinship begets confidence, the confidence which takes immortality for granted, needing no formal demonstration. Hence we see the ancient Hebrew casting himself into the everlasting arms, knowing that his life is no passing phenomenon, like that of tree, or flower, or bird, or beast, but a part of the eternal plan, and allied to the life of God himself. This logic of the heart prompts to such exclamations as characterize the sacred page. The soul pours itself out toward God.—“Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart,

and my portion forever" (Psalm lxxiii. 23-26). Again, the Scriptures teach the unity of man's nature. He is an indivisible personality. God forms his body out of the dust of the ground, breathes into his nostrils the breath of life, and man becomes a living soul. As such he is ever recognized. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation God is represented as the God of the whole individual—body and soul are his. "In the body he calls these men his children, and on the body he sets the seal of his covenant." This truth is the groundwork of many expressed assurances of immortality, both in the Old Testament and the New. Job exulted in the prospect of *seeing* his ever-living Redeemer upon earth, even though his flesh should first turn to corruption and the worms feed upon it. Enoch was translated, so that he should not see death. Moses lies down upon the mountain summit and dies, the lonely rock his only pillow, and the clouds his only shroud. But the winds of heaven chant his requiem, while God himself, who had pointed him to the promised land, tenderly buries the precious dust. Elijah steps into the chariot of fire, and his astonished companion and successor has only time to cry out, "My father, my father," ere he has mounted to his home in the skies. Paul confirms all these records, and rejoices in the personal knowledge that "if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And again, the Scriptures set up a standard of conduct, and enforce motives which transcend the bounds of time. Man is to fear God and keep his commandments as the summary of his duties. This strange requirement is enforced by the immediate declaration that "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." If faithful unto death, man is promised the crown of life. The very purpose of his existence is revealed to be the love of God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. Thus he is to inherit eternal life.

Once more, the plan of redemption, as foretold in prophecy and unfolded in the gospel records, brings immortality into the

blaze of clearest light. God takes upon himself man's nature to rescue mankind from the ruin of sin. The glory of a past eternity is veiled, put aside by the second person of the Godhead, until the debt is paid, and God can be just and yet the justifier of him that believes. Jesus came to save the lost. He dwelt upon earth. He mingled with men. He chose disciples. He formed associations of the dearest character. He called some of his acquaintances "friends." He was a frequent guest in some homes, though he had none of his own. John, the loving disciple, tells of the love of Jesus. "Jesus loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus." In these intimate companionships he was closely questioned concerning the future. He was candid and outspoken, as far as his mission allowed him to go. He coined few answers to satisfy idle curiosity, but he confirmed the Old Testament doctrines, and cast a flood of light upon obscure points. Moses, at the burning bush, heard the words, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Jesus adds the significant expression, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." He goes with his disciples into the mountain top, and is transfigured before them. Instantly they see Moses and Elias talking with him. He thus actually demonstrates the truth before their eyes, that though these men of God had died, they were not dead, but living. Once he sat down with his disciples, and as if he would banish every possible doubt from their minds regarding the future, he begins to say, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." That settled it. "*If it were not so, I would have told you.*" I would not deceive you, nor suffer you to be deceived with false hopes. But I was with the Father before the world was, and again, I go to the Father. You have, therefore, my personal pledge, and I speak what I do know, that the spirit life, the eternal world, the abode of saints, are positive facts. Soon you shall know it all, for I will receive you unto myself.

Such are only examples of Scripture teaching. The sacred



CHRIST AT THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.

But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.—*Luke x. 42.*



writers are all in harmony in their representations of man's duty and destiny. From Moses on Sinai to John on Patmos the truth runs down along the line that death is not the ultimate end of man. He is a partaker of the Divine nature, is the offspring of God; though fallen, is redeemed, and may be saved by faith, and live forever with God in heaven. This is the Christian's blessed hope, a hope that shall not make ashamed, either in time or in eternity.—*The Editor.*

#### RELIGIOUS PROOFS.

God's hearing and answering prayer in this life, assures his servants that he is their true and faithful Saviour. How often have I cried to him when there appeared to be no help in second causes; and how frequently, suddenly and mercifully, has he delivered me! Such extraordinary changes, beyond my own and other's expectations, while many plain-hearted, upright Christians, by fasting and prayer, sought God on my behalf, have abundantly convinced me of a special providence, and that God is indeed a hearer of prayer. I have also seen wonders done for others, by prayer, more than for myself: though I and others are too much like those who "cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses, but they forgot his works, and his wonders that he showed them." And what were all those merciful answers but the fruits of Christ's power, faithfulness and love, the fulfilling of his promises, and the earnest of the greater blessing of immortality, which the same promises entitle me to?

The ministration of angels is also a help to my belief of immortality with Christ. "They have charge over us—encamp round about us—bear us up in their hands—joy in the presence of God over our repentance—and are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. As our angels, they always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven. When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, all the holy angels shall come with him, and he shall send them forth, and they shall sever the wicked from among the just." Not only of old did they appear to the faithful as messengers from God, but

many mercies does God give to us by their ministry. And that they are now so friendly and helpful to us, and make up one society with us, greatly encourages us to hope that we are made for the same region, employment and converse. They were once in a life of trial, though not on earth; and having overcome, they rejoice in our victory. The world above us is not uninhabited, nor beyond our capacity and hope; but "we are to come to the city of the living God, and to an innumerable company of angels."

Even Satan himself, by his temptations, has many ways cherished my hopes of immortality. Few men, I think, that observe what passes within them, but have had some experience of such inward temptation, as show that the author of them is an invisible enemy, and assures us that there are diabolical spirits, which seek man's misery by tempting him to sin, and, consequently, that a future happiness or misery must be expected by us all.

More especially the sanctifying operations of the Spirit of God are the earnest of heaven, and the sure prognostic of our immortal happiness. 'Tis a "change of grand importance" to man, to be renewed in his mind, his will, and life. It repairs his depraved faculties. It causes man to live as man, who was degenerated to a life too much like the brutes. Men are "slaves to sin" till Christ makes them free. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." If "the love of God shed abroad on our hearts" be not our excellence, health and beauty, what is? "Without Christ" and his Spirit, "we can do nothing." We cannot quicken, illuminate, or sanctify ourselves. Christ promised his Spirit to all true believers, to be in them as his advocate, agent, seal and mark; and indeed the Spirit here, and heaven hereafter, are the chief of all his promises. . . . This Spirit Christ also expressly promised, as the means and pledge, the first-fruits and earnest of heavenly glory; and therefore it is a certain proof that we shall all have such glory. He that gives us a spiritual change, which in its nature and tendency is heavenly, . . . may well be trusted to perform his word in our complete eternal glory.—*Richard Baxter.*

## IMMORTALITY AS JESUS TAUGHT IT.

He announces as the most glorious heritage of humanity the privilege of access to his presence, the possibility of commerce with his Spirit, and of rest in his favor. The world was no longer lonely after Christ had spoken. God became a living presence everywhere; his smile rested on all his works, and even the shadow of the valley of death became transformed into radiance through the sunshine of his countenance. Blessed forever be his name who lifted the veil of mystery from the universe, and enabled saddened eyes to see beyond a face—the Father's face—beaming with tenderness on his creatures!

Not as Siddartha did Jesus speak of the soul's eternal destiny. No pantheistic subtlety, no consciousness immortal, no "dew-drop slipping into the shining sea," was the burden of his high discourse. "He spake as never man spake." To all the teeming millions of this earth, to every human unit—however insignificant and debased—he proclaimed an existence endless. The flight of untold ages, all the vast cycles of a future, with which the unmeasured and immeasurable past is but as a watch in the fleeting night, and all the convulsions, upheavals, destructions and recreations of this complicated universe shall set no limit, find no grave, and shall bring neither decrepitude nor death to any human soul. Immortality, personal immortality, the reality of being, not its dream, is the glad message that fell from his sacred lips on the ear of a breathless world. But sad would have been his words, though radiant with the hope of life, had they been unaccompanied by that grace which "opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers." How should the sin-stained and polluted hope to enter into the invisible, on whose portals, thrones and crowns is written one appalling word, whiter than light and fiercer than sun-flames—"Purity!" "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Frown down the voice of immortality, let not its whisper excite our fears, let not its breath smite the little joy we have on earth. What has a sinner to do with immortality? Who craves to live eternally, carrying with him the plague of guilt to torment him evermore? Better nirvana, better nihilism, better anything than such an immortality as this,

Cruel would it have been in the Master to promise this, more fitting to be spoken by a devil than a Christ, and deserving more the anathema of a world than its benediction. But his gracious lips were not closed forever when he pronounced the word "immortal." They parted once more and proclaimed "salvation." Salvation! Not the salvation Siddartha taught—salvation painfully wrought out through many births, in many worlds, by each sin-afflicted soul. No! the salvation Jesus preached, Jesus won, and freely gives to all who will accept the gift. This was the gospel that he spoke; this was the gospel that thrilled the world with joy; and this is still the gospel that conquers human hearts, and sweeps onward to crown the race with power.

—George C. Larimer, D. D.

#### THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF IT.

The Christian idea of a future state is not fully expressed by a mere abstract belief in the *immortality of the soul*, but requires a redemption and restoration of the whole man.

According to the ancient creed of paganism, expressed in the well-known lines at the commencement of the Iliad, the souls of departed heroes did, indeed, survive death; but these souls were not themselves; "themselves" were the bodies left to be devoured by dogs and vultures.

The teaching of our Saviour and the apostles, on the other hand, is always that, amidst whatever change, it is the very man himself that is preserved; and if for the preservation of this identity any outward organization is required, then, although "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven," God, from the infinite treasure-house of the new heavens and new earth, will furnish that organization, as he has already furnished it to the several stages of creation in the present order of the world.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much rather clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Ye do err, not knowing . . . the power of God."

—Dean Stanley.

**WHAT WAS TRADITION TO THE HEATHEN IS VERITY TO THE CHRISTIAN.**

That our bodies shall die is indisputable. But that reluctance of nature, that panting after life, that horror of annihilation, of which no man can completely divest himself, connects the death of the body with deep solicitude; while neither these nor any other rational considerations ascertain the certainty of future being, much less of future bliss. The feeble light which glimmered around this point among the heathen, flowed not from investigation, but tradition. It was to be seen chiefly among the vulgar, who inherited the tales of their fathers; and among the poets, who preferred popular fable to philosophic speculation. Reason would have pursued her discovery; but the pagans knew not how to apply the notion of immortality, even when they had it. It governed not their precepts; it established not their hope. When they attempted to discuss the grounds of it, "they became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened."

The best arguments of Socrates are unworthy of a child who has "learned the Holy Scriptures." And it is remarkable enough, that the doctrine of immortality is as perfectly detached and as barren of moral effect, in the hands of modern infidels, as it was in the hands of the ancient pagans. They have been so unable to assign it a convenient place in their system; they have found it to be so much at variance with their habits, and so troublesome in their warfare with the Scriptures, that the more resolute of the sect have discarded it altogether. With the soberer part of them it is no better than an opinion; but it never was, and never will be, a source of true consolation in any system or any bosom but the system of Christianity and the bosom of the Christian.

Life and immortality, about which some have guessed, for which all have sighed, but of which none could trace the relations or prove the existence, are not merely hinted, but "are brought to light by the gospel." This is the parting-point with every other religion; and yet the very point upon which our happiness hangs. That we shall survive the body, and pass

from its dissolution to the bar of God, and from the bar of God to endless retribution, are truths of infinite moment and of pure revelation. They demonstrate the incapacity of temporal things to content the soul. They explain why grandeur, and pleasure, and fame leave the heart sad. He who pretends to be my comforter without consulting my immortality, overlooks my essential want. The Gospel supplies it. Immortality is the basis of her fabric. She resolves the importance of man into its true reason—the value of his soul. She sees under every human form, however ragged or abused, a spirit unalterable by external change, unassailable by death, and endued with stupendous faculties of knowledge and action, of enjoyment and suffering; a spirit, at the same time, depraved and guilty, and therefore liable to irreparable ruin. These are Christian views. They elevate us to a height at which the puny theories of the world stand and gaze. They stamp new interest on all my relations and all my acts. They hold up before me objects vast as my wishes, terrible as my fears, and permanent as my being. They bind me to eternity.—*John M. Mason, D. D.*

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It is far better to be in darkness, and expect the dawn, than to be in the light, and to know, or fear, that darkness is coming, and light will never return more.—*Burrough.*

#### INFLUENCE OF FAITH IN A LIFE TO COME.

The expectation of a life after death enables us to see things in their true proportions. The future life furnishes us with a point of view from which to survey the questions, the occupations, the events of this. Until we keep it well before us, we are like those persons who have never travelled, and have no standard by which to estimate what they see at home. Next to positive error, a mistake as to the relative proportions of truths is the greatest misfortune. Yet who does not feel, every day of his existence, how easily this mistake is made? Some occurrence which touches us personally appears to be of world-wide importance. Some book which we have fallen in with, and have read with sympathy, or perhaps have helped to write,

seems to mark an epoch in literature or in speculation. Some controversy, with its petty but absorbing ferocities, lying far off the main current of tempestuous thought which is sweeping across our distracted generation, appears, through its present relation to ourselves, to touch all interests in earth and heaven. Self magnifies and distorts everything; the true corrective is to be found in the magnificent and tranquilizing thought of another life. As men draw near to the threshold of eternity, they see things more nearly as they are; they catch perspectives which are not perceived in the days of business and of health. When Bossuet lay a-dying, in great suffering and exhaustion, one who was present thanked him for all his kindness, and, using the court language of the day, begged him when in another world to think of the friends whom he was leaving, and who were so devoted to his person and his reputation. At this last word, Bossuet, who had almost lost the power of speech, raised himself from the bed, and gathered strength to say, not without an accent of indignation, "Don't talk like that. Ask God to forgive a sinner his sins."

And surely those occupations should claim our first attention which prepare us for that which, after all, is the really important stage of our existence. All kinds of earthly duty may indeed be consecrated to this work by a worthy motive; but direct preparation for the future is made in worship. In the most solemn moments which we can spend on earth, we hear the words, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life." Nay, all Christian worship is, in proportion to its sincerity, an anticipation of the life of the world to come. Worship is the earthly act by which we most distinctly recognize our personal immortality: men who think that they will be extinct a few years hence do not pray. In worship we spread out our insignificant life, which yet is the work of the Creator's hands, and the purchase of the Redeemer's blood, before the Eternal and All-merciful, that we may learn the manners of a higher sphere, and fit ourselves for companionship with saints and angels, and for the everlasting sight of the face of God. Worship is the

common sense of faith in a life to come; and the hours we devote to it will assuredly be among those upon which we shall reflect with most thankful joy when all things here shall have fallen into a very distant background, and when through the atoning mercy our true home has been reached at last.

—*Canon Liddon, D. D.*

#### THE SUBJECT OUGHT TO ENGAGE OUR ANXIOUS CARE.

If there were only a bare *probability* for the opinion that man is immortal, it ought to stimulate the most anxious inquiries, and awaken all the powers and energies of our souls. But if the light of nature and the dictates of revelation both conspire to *demonstrate* the eternal destiny of mankind, nothing can exceed the folly and the infatuation of those who trifle with their everlasting interests, and even try every scheme, and prosecute every trivial object, that may have a tendency to turn aside their thoughts from this important subject.

—*Thomas Dick, LL. D.*

#### IMMORTALITY COMFORTS THE HEART.

Now the mystery of my being is explained. I have the clue of my immortality. Here I am weak, but then I shall be strong; I am poor now, but I shall be rich then; I am sinful now, but I shall be holy then; I am disappointed now, but I shall harvest fruitions then; I am weary and heavy-laden now, but then I shall lay my head on the bosom of God and rest; I am sick and dying now, but I shall be immortal then; now I am despised, but I shall be somebody, I shall accomplish something! Eternity is mine, and it perfects me! Oh! my brethren and sisters, I cannot express myself, but if you can in some degree measure up to this holy fact, how you must long for the hour of the arch-angel's majesty. Let the old rusty clock of time tick away the minutes and strike out the passing years. We are listening to the morning bells of the eternal years. Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly, and let us find our perfection in thee. . . . Yes, I am to live in, you are to live in, eternity. A little further on and our limbs will grow weary of walking these dusty roads





CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

From the painting by Ary Scheffer.

of life, our senses will be dulled, our vital force will be abated, and at last we shall lie down by the wayside and say to our friends: "We are tired out, we can go no farther." And then we shall turn our backs upon the things of this world and live face to face with eternity. Its breath will fan our cheeks and its mighty whisperings will echo through our souls. We shall have but one great want then, and that will be God. Just as a sick babe wants its mother, so a dying man wants God's bosom and God's fatherhood for his rest.—*Ira G. Bidwell.*

#### THE VIEWS OF SCIENTISTS.

That a future life is *possible*, no intelligent or candid scientist will question. That it is *probable*, thousands of the best and wisest even among scientific investigators have fully agreed. That it is a *certainty*, millions of the noblest of earth have maintained even with their dying breath. Under such circumstances it would naturally be presumed that the true scientist, from his paramount desire to acquire information alone, would be the first to lend a helping hand to those investigators whose lives are devoted to the cause of demonstrating the soul's immortality, rather than almost virulently throwing obstacles in their way by belligerently belittling every consideration advanced in its support. This willing opposition to an assurance of grander scientific resources, and of a higher plane of intellectuality than earth affords, as the only conceivable means by which the knowledge of the mysteries of nature can ever be attained by man, proclaims in more than words, that such votaries at the altar of science are mere pretenders in their great profession and unworthy of the name of true philosophers. They are priests who hold the temple by force, but their worship is the sham of hypocrisy. . . . They thus proclaim to the world their intuitive love of ignorance, rather than an inherent desire for knowledge, by discarding with contempt the only possible hope of knowing more of the mysteries of the universe than is afforded by our present brief and circumscribed life. Let the truth, then, stand recorded—let it be written in letters of electric light never to be effaced—that the real scientist and ideal investigator of nature's

problems cannot oppose the Christian philosopher in his efforts to establish the truth of the proposition that death does not end all, and consequently that the present life, intellectually, socially, and spiritually, cannot be all there is of us or for us.

—*A. Wilford Hall.*

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It is little matter at what hour of the day  
 The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come  
 To him untimely who has learned to die.  
 The less of this brief life, the more of heaven ;  
 The shorter time, the longer immortality.—*Dean Millman.*

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As the boy aspires to be a man and the clerk a partner, as the student hopes for fame and the workman hopes for wealth, so we may look upon all our battles and trials here as so many steps of the ladder that reaches to our heavenly home, the top-most round of which we cannot see. The truths of immortality inspire and comfort. They yield foretastes of the coming joy, the full fruition of which no human tongue can tell.

*A. E. Kittredge, D. D.*

#### THE WORLD TO COME.

If all our hopes and all our fears  
 Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;  
 If, travellers through this vale of tears,  
 We saw no better world beyond ;  
 Oh, what could check the rising sigh ?  
 What earthly thing could pleasure give ?  
 Oh, who would venture then to die ?  
 Oh, who could then endure to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,  
 Where mists and clouds eternal spread  
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
 And tempests thunder overhead ;  
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
 And not a flowret smiles beneath ;  
 Who could exist in such a tomb ?  
 Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

And such were life without the ray  
 From our divine religion given ;  
 'Tis this that makes our darkness day ;  
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.  
 Bright is the golden sun above,  
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom,  
 And all is joy and all is love,  
 Reflected from the world to come.—*John Bowring.*

THE  
MILLENNIUM  
AND  
SECOND ADVENT

According to Scripture Prophecy, the Gospel must first be preached  
among all nations, and then shall the end come. [367]

“And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.”—Luke xxi. 25-28.

“Ye visions bright of heavenly birth,  
Ye glories of the latter day,  
Descend upon the fallen earth,  
And chase the shades of night away,  
Bid streams of love and mercy flow  
Through every vale of human woe,  
Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,  
And all the world is hushed to peace.”

## THE MILLENNIUM AND SECOND ADVENT.

### RELATIONS OF THE MILLENNIUM.

**T**HE prophecy of the thousand years of Christ's reign on earth is, in and for itself, a true pearl of Christian truth and knowledge, because it throws light upon an entire series of difficult Christian conceptions.

In the first place, it mediates an understanding of the Last Day, in that it shows how the latter expands into a Divine Day of a thousand years, in a symbolical sense, *i. e.*, a specific æon; and thus it also casts light backwards upon the import of the days of creation.

Secondly, it mediates the understanding of a catastrophe which is to divide between this life and the life to come, time and eternity, the world of *becoming* and the world of *consummation*, in that it shows how the great and mighty contrast is harmonized by an æonic transition-period, in perfect accordance with the laws of life and vital development.—*Dr. F. P. Lange.*

### SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MILLENNIUM.

The word millennium signifies a thousand years. In theology it denotes a coming period of the universal spread and prevalence of holiness. The *when* and *how* of the millennium, in any precise detail, creatures cannot tell.—*Bishop Hamline.*

### JESUS TO REIGN OVER THE WHOLE WORLD.

Our conviction is that this same *Jesus is to reign over the whole world*. I shall not enter into the question whether this will be accomplished before his second advent, or will be the result of

his glorious appearing. I should not like to assert that this consummation will be reached before his advent, for that might seem to militate against our duty to watch for his coming, *which may be at any moment*: on the other hand, I would not venture to assert that the gospel cannot be universally victorious before his coming, because I perceive that this opinion is *a pillow for many an idle head*, and is ruinous to the hopeful spirit of missionary enterprise. It is enough for me that a wide dominion will be given to our Lord at some time or other, and that assuredly his kingdom shall embrace all the nations of mankind. The whole earth shall yet be filled with his glory; the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head and clear the world of his slimy trail.

I gather that the kingdom of Christ is to be so extensive as to comprehend all mankind, first, because of the exceeding breadth of the prophecy of it which was made to Abraham in Genesis xii. 3. That is an old covenant promise which refers to Abraham as the father of the faithful, and to his one great seed, even Jesus, the promised Messiah. Here are the far-reaching words, "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Assuredly they are not as yet all blessed in him to such an extent as to exhaust the divine meaning. When God in covenant promises a blessing it is no light thing, and therefore I am sure that this grand covenant blessing of the nations is something more than a name. Though I doubt not that the whole earth is to some extent the better because of the coming of Christ, and his peace-making death, and the spread of his pure faith, yet I cannot believe that multitudes who live and die in the thick darkness of ignorance and idolatry are really blessed in Christ in such a sense as to make it a covenant blessing.

How much are Tartary, China, and Thibet blessed by the gospel? There must be something better yet for all the families of the earth than anything they have hitherto received. All the families of the earth shall yet know that the promised seed hath lived and died for them, and some of every kindred and tongue shall find salvation in him.

Jacob, too, when he spake concerning the Shiloh in Genesis xlix. 10, said, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." By the people is not meant the seed of Israel, but the nations, or the Gentiles; so the Septuagint and the Syriac understand it, and so indeed it is. Jesus, our great Shiloh, sets up the standard, and his chosen rally around in ever-growing numbers till the dispersed of Babel shall find in him a new centre, and a pure language shall be given to them in him. The words mean not "gathering" only, but a willing obedience, the fruit of faith and the expression of piety.

Moses, too, in Deuteronomy xxxii. 21, to which passage Paul in the Romans so especially refers, speaks of the heathen nations when he says, "I will move them to jealousy with those who are not a people; I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation." Truly this is fulfilled in these days when the Gospel line hath gone out throughout all the earth, and its words unto the ends of the earth.

When we reach the Psalms we come into the clear light of prophecy concerning the kingdom of our blessed Master. Our text stands first, and is sufficient in itself: the heathen are to be his inheritance, and the utmost bounds of the world are to be his possession. Turn to that famous passion psalm, the twenty-second. Its pathos with regard to the griefs of the crucified One is deep and touching. You see him hanging on the tree, a gazing-stock to scoffers, with his tongue cleaving to his jaws, and his heart melting like wax in the midst of his bowels; and yet ere the psalm closes the plaintive gives place to the triumphant, and the dying One cries, "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's: and he is the governor among the nations."

How glowing is the language of Psalm lxxii.! Can we expect too great things for our King when we remember the gracious words beginning at the eighth verse, "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." These terms include the most barbarous tribes that exist, and they specially mention nations which boast that they

were never conquered, such as the untamed rovers of the wilderness, who centuries ago laughed at the Roman power. The legions which subdued all other peoples could not conquer the sons of Ishmael; fleet of foot as a hart, swift as a young roe, they fled over the desert sands, out of reach of the pursuer; yet these shall bow before our Lord, and joyfully pay him homage. He will sway his sceptre where sceptre was never owned before; he shall set up a throne where all other authority has been laughed to scorn.

We expected to find, and we are not disappointed in our expectation, that Isaiah would be sure to speak concerning these things. See what he says in his second chapter. "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." I can but give samples. The passages abound all through Isaiah in which there is the intimation of the general spread of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Nor is Isaiah alone in such prophecies as these. I cannot detain you by reading what Ezekiel saith concerning the ever-deepening waters which shall carry life to all lands; and I will only mention one word of Jeremiah, because it so peculiarly proves that the homage paid by heathen nations to our Lord will be that of their hearts; and that the reign of Christ, whatever it may be else, will certainly be a spiritual reign. Jeremiah iii. 17, "They shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem; neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart."

Christ will work a heart-change when he shall win the nations to allegiance, and this shall lead to a manifest change of life—"neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart."

Daniel, that John of the Old Testament, of course saw more clearly than any the coming kingdom of the Anointed One. What doth he say in chapter vii. 18? "But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom

forever, even forever and ever. Until the Ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom. And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Can anything be more positive than this last word?

Look how the idols are to be destroyed according to the prophet Zephaniah (ii. 11), "The Lord will be terrible unto them: for he will famish all the gods of the earth; and men shall worship him, every one from his place, even all the isles of the heathen." Zechariah says to the same effect (ix. 10), "He shall speak peace unto the heathen, and his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth;" (xiv. 2), "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day there shall be one Lord, and his name one."

Lest I should weary you, I forbear to quote any more. To me it is evident, beyond all contradiction, that, according to the whole run of Scripture, the kingdom of Christ is to extend over all parts of the earth, and over all races and conditions of men, and therefore I charge you *never despair* for the grand old cause.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

#### CHRISTIANITY POSSESSES UNIVERSAL ADAPTATION.

In its universal adaptation to man as man, the religion of Jesus differs from all other religions. It is impossible to translate some other religions out of the district where they originated. In those districts they must live and die. But after Christianity had first won mighty conquests in its native land, its mightiest victories were gained on foreign soils. How could you, for example, make the Hindoo religion fit the needs of a man who is not a Hindoo? Now, suppose that a native missionary from Hindostan should attempt to convert New York to his faith: you must see that when he leaves his home he leaves with it all the elements in which his faith can flourish; because he leaves its necessary caste and national peculiarities,

with all the conventional differences of his own people, as well as the historical traditions on which his faith rests. Hindooism is for Hindoos, and is not adapted for others.

Again, how would a Mohammedan missionary succeed among the tribes of the Arctic circle? In the Orient he measures his feasts and fasts, his prayers and praises, by the sun's rise and set. But in those frigid zones, where the sun neither rises nor sets for months together, he would be ill at ease. His religion can no more be transported there than the priest of sunny Greece could have taken his from the zephyrs of the enchanted grove, or the poetry of perfumed forests, or the lays and lutes of Olympus, to the snow-huts of Labrador. But can you name a clan or tribe, an angle or nook, from pole to pole, where you cannot preach acceptably the story of the loving Man dying on the tree for the salvation of sinners? That story takes you out of the local and conventional, and leads you into the inner life of humanity and divinity. And hence it melts the heart in the snow-hut, and makes it beat quicker; it nerves the effeminate Asiatic to high daring and self-sacrifice; it soothes the fierce cannibal of New Zealand into a nurse of humanity, and it exalts the pigmy Laplander to the altitude of a redeemed man. Christianity knows nothing of race, nor of the national, of the local and geographical. It has no local features, and therefore there is nothing in its nature to prevent its becoming the universal religion. It contains in itself every moral and spiritual truth which man can imagine or desire. No man can devise any real soul-want which it does not anticipate and meet, because it deals with principles and not rules—is a life and not a system. It enforces the old claim, "Happy the man whose life is as good as his principles," because this makes them of the same cloth. Then, beside all this, there is nothing temporary in the provisions of Christianity, while it purposely knows quite as little of constitutional temperaments. Personal peculiarities and individual distinctions are no obstructions to its free exercise. The morose, the agile, the misanthrope, the gay, the impulsive, the phlegmatic, the civilized and the barbaric, are all included in its common hope and life.—*Thomas Armitage, D. D.*

**GOD'S GULF-CURRENT FLOWS ON.**

Christianity at this hour reads her Scriptures, and lifts up her anthems, in two hundred languages. One-half of the missionaries of the globe may be reached from Boston by telegraph in twenty-four hours. God is making commerce his missionary.

It is incontrovertible that it was predicted years ago, that a chosen man called yonder out of Ur of the Chaldees should become a chosen family, and this a chosen nation, and that in this nation should appear a chosen Supreme Teacher of the race, and that he should found a chosen church, and that, to his chosen people, with zeal for good works, should ultimately be given all nations and the isles of the sea. In precisely this order world-history has unrolled itself, and is now unrolling. No man can deny this. No man can meditate adequately on this without blanched cheeks. What are the signs of the times but added waves in this fathomlessly mysterious gulf-current? We know it began with the ripple we call Abraham. It is now almost as broad as the Atlantic itself. What Providence does, it from the first intends to do. We see what it has done. We know what it intended. It has caused this gulf-current to flow in one direction two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years. Good tidings, this gulf-current, if we float with it!—good tidings which are to be to all peoples! A Power not ourselves makes for righteousness. It has steadily caused the fittest to survive, and thus has executed a plan of choosing a peculiar people. The survival of the fittest will ultimately give the world to the fit. Are we, in our anxiety for the future, to believe that this law will alter soon? or to fear that he whose will the law expresses, and who never slumbers nor sleeps, will change his plan to-morrow, or the day after?

On this day of jubilee, let us gaze on this gulf-current, and take from it heart and hope, harmonious with the heart of Almighty God, out of which the gulf-current beats only as one pulse.—  
*Joseph Cook.*

**CONDITIONS OF HEATHEN SALVATION.**

We assume the headship of Christ over the human race, placing on the basis of his atonement all mankind under a

regimen of just and merciful probation, suited to the present nature and state of our humanity, cognizing all the shades of human life, circumstances and character, and adjusting with absolute accuracy the retribution of reward or penalty to the case. We assume the universality of the atonement, and that millions may be saved by its means who never heard the name of the Propitiator. We assume the universality of the dispensation of the Spirit. We assume the universal possession of the faculties of reason inferring a Creator from the creation, a conscience furnishing the dictates of right and wrong. The reason may not reveal a Creator in the fulness of his attributes, nor even prevent the worship of a God through finite symbols and images, which the Scriptures, given for the very purpose of maintaining the pure idea of the Deity, prohibits as *idolatry*, under severest penalty, especially to the chosen race, whose special mission was, the preservation of the pure idea for the development of future ages. The conscience may not furnish an absolutely accurate code of ethics; but it furnishes principles which are *relatively to the individual* right, and safe in the eye of God *for him* to follow. If, under the guidance of that reason, he follows the dictates of that conscience, the man, though absolutely wrong on many points, will, under our gracious dispensation, be right so far as responsibility and future destiny are concerned. Such a man will act under many a sad delusion and commit many things intrinsically wrong; but the saving fact is, that he acts with a *purpose* which *wants but the light of truth* in order to his being truly right. In such a case, though there is not the reality of Christian faith and righteousness, yet there are TWO THINGS, namely: 1. What we will call the SPIRIT OF FAITH; and 2. The PURPOSE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. Where these two exist in the man, under any dispensation, *he is justified through the atonement and accepted of God.*—D. D. Whedon, D. D.

#### THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF CHRISTIANITY ARE ALREADY GREAT.

Panoplied with the might and power of the Divine Comforter, the infant church sprang at once into the very midst of the arena of conflict with the philosophies, the mythologies, the idolatries,

the superstitions, and the wrongs of the world, and **with** its mighty spiritual weapons began to pull down the strongholds of the kingdom of darkness. Persecuted, hated, imprisoned, butchered, as were its members, yet their numbers increased, and "the word of God mightily grew and prevailed." "But if the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance; which glory was to be done away; how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?" 2 Cor. iii. 7, 8. But great and glorious as were the triumphs of the early church, the present day is witnessing scenes which are only equalled, but scarcely surpassed, by them. The dawn of the nineteenth century witnessed the most enlarged preparations for the speedy conversion of the world to Christ. Organizations began to be multiplied for the concentration of the piety, the beneficence, and the labors of the church. And as its operations were enlarged, and its convictions of duty were intensified, divine Providence was opening one door after another before its wondering eyes, until now the whole world is open to the messengers of the gospel. These organizations were born in the midst of the revival which began in the eighteenth century, and were baptized with the same Spirit who inspired the triumphs of the apostolic age. And under these mighty agencies which have been called into requisition, whole districts of the earth have been evangelized and Christianized. The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands have been reclaimed from superstition and barbarism, and the last relics of their former idols and idolatrous practices have almost totally disappeared. Their large and flourishing churches have not only become independent and self-supporting, but, in turn, are sending out missionaries for the conversion of the islands of the sea to Christ.

The Fiji islanders, from idolatry, brutality, and cannibalism, have been brought under the influence of the gospel, and have sat down at the feet of Jesus, "clothed and in their right mind." More recently still, the island of Madagascar, where hundreds of the followers of Jesus formerly sealed their testimony with

their blood, and had furnished a martyrology which, in many instances, was equal to that of the early years of the church, has been brought under the power of the gospel. Its idols have been publicly burned, its bloody altars have been overthrown, its temples have either been deserted and destroyed or else converted into houses for Christian worship, and its queen has become, in a sense at least, a nursing mother to the church. In hyperborean regions, as well as on the banks of the Ganges and the Irrawaddy; in Africa and China, in Turkey and in Hindostan, and, indeed, in most of the languages and dialects of the world, there are tongues which speak the Saviour's praise. But not only so; while this mighty baptism has been upon the church, and its forward movements have been crowned with such signal success, directly or indirectly traceable to the same influence is the great work which has been wrought in the cause of human liberty. England has emancipated the millions of her slaves; Russia has lifted up thirty millions of serfs from their degraded and enslaved condition; and America, in the midst of a baptism of blood and tears, struck the manacles from the limbs of four millions of slaves, and has since asserted their manhood and granted to them the elective franchise.

“ The light! the light! it breaks;  
 Light on the chain of the slave,  
 The light of God on the laborer's home,  
 Light on the martyr's grave.”

—*L. R. Dunn, D. D.*

#### HEATHENISM GIVING WAY.

*There is every sign of the dissolution of heathen systems.*

Max Müller not only declares that “heathen nations are shrinking,” but gives it as the “strongest evidence of the death of a religion that it has ceased to send forth missionaries to propagate its ideas.” Missionaries and travellers tell us that thus judged, paralysis has already supervened. In China, India, Japan, and nearly all heathen lands, the temples are falling into decay. Effort to extend their faith has ceased. Fill men's brains with the ideas of a personal infinite God and a future of

eternal life, thus, to quote another, adding an inch to the girth of their crania, and all false gods forthwith tumble from the ruling of those brains. The outgoings of a Christian civilization, such as the newspaper, the telegraph, the steam and street car, the factory, and a thousand other cojoined influences, combine to tear the flimsy livery from the deceiving jugglers of the idols and open the souls of men to receive the freedom given by the Christ. The New Japan, its government but just now as exclusive as that of China, first tore the hidings from around the spiritual Mikado and sent him out a brother to his kind. To-day it is publishing the books of Moses and of the Great Teacher Jesus. It is supporting Christian schools. Confucius rapidly moves to lay his sacred books at the feet of the great Supplanter of Nazareth. Budh and Brahm are not delaying. The entire brood of false deities shall ere long expire without lament by the millions they have so long deceived. The chief danger is, that faith in even these false systems should collapse before the church of the Lord is prepared for the moral care of their votaries. More terrible to these nations than the breaking of northern dykes, when Netherland lies locked in sleep, would be the engulfing of moral death sure to overwhelm from the outflow of their own depraved and benighted souls and Christless contact with an outlying world.—*George V. Leech, A. M.*

#### **SIN IS POWERFUL BUT WILL BE CONQUERED.**

Sin is a fixed, unyielding power. It is not a tender plant that a worm may gnaw away in a night, or a child's hand may tear up. Its roots are deep and firm. The power of sin is old. It is universal. In every land, on every sea, in all ages, among all peoples, its power is revealed. If you wish to know this, you have only to attack it to realize the power it has. The lion behind the bars may not alarm you, but let him out among the people, unfettered, and you are helpless. Attack any of the great ethnic faiths—Buddhism, with its three hundred millions, or Islamism, with its one hundred and eighty millions, and you are convinced of the magnitude of that power of superstition by which so large a part of the race is enslaved.

All honor to those noble souls who, in self-denial, obloquy and suffering, are heroically waging a conflict with error. They are inspired with another thought, which is properly coupled with the foregoing.

There is an overpowering force which can and will conquer sin. It is Christianity. The gospel nowhere has yielded. It commands to-day more confidence than ever, and enters into more languages than any religion. At Pentecost its followers were numbered by a few hundreds. Its founder had died, not a sceptred king, grasping in death, as Charlemagne, the symbol of royalty, but, amid the abuse and taunts of Jew and Roman, stretched upon the cross. It had no protection from law, no place in literature, it owned no churches. But in 320 a Christian emperor sat upon the throne, and the world felt its power, as a trembling Felix before a heroic Paul. The church of Christ, if called to pass again through the age of martyrdom, would, I believe, be as unflinching in maintaining the truth, or in sealing her testimony in blood, as in the days of Ridley and Latimer, or in the earlier age of Perpetua and Felicitas, when rich and poor, bond and free, were one in a common loyalty to the truth and in pouring out their blood in its defence.

—*Bishop F. F. Hurst, D. D., LL. D.*

#### THE DECLINE OF SUPERSTITION.

The decline of superstition during the present century is a remarkable and significant fact. A more general and important change never passed so rapidly over society. It is not possible for the present generation to conceive of the posture of their immediate ancestors in respect to superstitious beliefs, because these were merely traditional vagaries, of which history gives no adequate account. In America and England, fifty years ago, the great mass of the people were under the dominion of the most baseless, absurd and perverted notions pertaining to almost everything in nature. The temporal fortunes of life were supposed to be affected by the season of the year in which they were born, and by many similar prognostics. The signs of the zodiac were a prime factor in matters of hygiene, agriculture,

and the management of animals. The moon exercised a mysterious influence over the growth of crops and the human faculties. Dreams possessed immense significance in foreshadowing good and evil, and their interpretation was regarded as a science of paramount interest. Little occurrences, like the spilling of salt, the dropping of a table-fork, the crowing of a cock on the door-sill, or the floating of a stem in a cup of tea, are instances of omens which existed by hundreds, and which were remarked on all occasions. Fortune-telling found a place in every social entertainment. And, worst of all, witchcraft was commonly believed in, and various methods of detecting and banishing witches were practised. The horseshoe was thrown into the churn, animals suddenly appeared and vanished, which were metamorphosed into witches. Men went at midnight to see the cattle on their knees on Christmas eve, and trembled at portents in the heavens, presaging war or pestilence. It seems strange to one who grew up in such an atmosphere of superstition, and whose memory is replete with such trivialities, that it has been so soon dissipated before the advancing knowledge of this century. We regard this decay of superstition as a triumph of truth and reason of momentous importance. Superstition is the faith of ignorance and the worship of fear, which hold the soul in bondage. The quality of man's religious spirit and acts has been transformed and ennobled by its removal. The thought and conversation which was employed in these trivialities is now released to nobler and better pursuits. The absolute dominion of God, and the self-controlling responsibility of man, is seen and felt. The spirit of enquiry, which assumes that all mystery is a shadow which our ignorance fails to penetrate, and which is resolvable by reason or faith, is prompting man to indomitable physical research, and securing him religious simplicity and stability.—*J. M. Arnold, D. D.*

#### NUMERICAL PROGRESS.

Listen to a few cold figures. What was the number of the church on the day of Pentecost? It was 3,000, but some seventy years later, at the end of the first century, the church had in-

creased to some 500,000 souls ; which number had increased by the days of Constantine—glorious days for the church of Christ—to 10,500,000. Then look on, and I do not fear even to look into the dark middle ages when the church of the West separated itself from and anathematized the church of the East. At this time the 10,000,000 Christians of the time of Constantine had become 30,000,000, which again by the time of the glorious Reformation had grown to 100,000,000, and at the present time there are on the face of the globe no less than 450,000,000 of Christians. Now, then, may we dare to look forward? The population of the world, as nearly as we can estimate it, is now 1,400,000,000, and, following the same rate of progress as in the past, the number of Christians will also go on increasing in an equal, if not a greater, ratio, and the gross number will have become mighty almost beyond computation. The statistics which I have quoted may seem curious, but they will bear the test of inspection, and are such as to fill us with hope.

—*Bishop C. F. Ellicott, D. D., LL.D.*

#### THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH.

We cannot despair of success. What though the dreary winter of the world's moral life may have lasted far longer than the eager hopes of the church anticipated? What though the thick darkness of an apparently eternal night may have hung for centuries over the vast majority of our race? We do not, we cannot, despair. Not suddenly—not in a moment—was it reasonable to expect that the bright and blessed change would come. When the morning dawns and struggles with the gloom of night, how doubtful, how gradual is the progress of the conflict! Silently, and we know not when, the darkness begins to melt in the east, but heavy clouds may still resist the splendor of the sun. Gleams of the coming brightness shoot up the heavens, their lines of glory quiver along the horizon, and prophesy the approaching day; but the mists still hang gloomily in the skies, and threaten to bring the hours of darkness back; and yet the ultimate victory of the light is secure. When the winter begins to feel the thrilling influence of spring, for how

long a time is the triumph hindered and delayed! Bitter winds by day and frosts by night prolong the desolation, and retard the life which is struggling into faint and tender beauty. Even when in more southern lands the wild flowers have begun to blossom, and the trees are robed in the sweet, fresh beauty of their young foliage, travel northwards and the ground is hard and bare, and the forests are standing in the grim nakedness of winter still. But there is no uncertainty about the issue; the winds become more genial, and fruitful rains begin to fall, and the heat of the sun becomes more intense, and the silent presence of spring steals upwards from the warmer south across the fields of the north, and at last the whole earth is bright with beautiful blossoms as far as the eye can see; along the course of rivers and wide-spreading plains, and even up the gaunt sides of rugged mountains, there is the luxuriant and living green.

Yes; Christ is a light to lighten the Gentiles—and the glory of the upper heavens shall yet scatter and chase away the darkness which still broods sullenly over the earth; and the new, divine life, long repressed, shall yet reveal itself in fair and wonderful and lavish fertility; the very deserts of the world shall be covered with a moral wealth and beauty of which the brightest spring-time and the richest autumn are poor and pale symbols, and of which the loveliness of Paradise was only a dim and imperfect promise. The songs which filled the night with joy when Christ was born shall be heard again, with sweeter music, deeper harmonies, and more exulting raptures; all heaven shall come down to earth—thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers, seraphim and cherubim, and shining armies of angels—to celebrate, with sounding trumpets and golden harps, and loud acclamations and tumultuous strains of triumph, the final victory of Divine love over human sin, and the restoration of our race to God. We are not “mad” in exulting in these happy and confident expectations. God’s mercy is mightier than all the powers of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We—fanatics, as men may deem us—“speak the words of truth and soberness.”—*R. W. Dale.*

## WHEN NATIONS SHALL LEARN WAR NO MORE.

Will war die? War that claimed the immortality of Death and Sin? Yes, and Death, and Sin, and Satan will live to weep over the grave of their renowned confederate. And such a funeral! methinks I see it now. The earth, sea and sky are vibrating with joyous emotion, and there is a gladness in the heart of every living thing. The dust of fourteen thousand millions of human beings, butchered in the battle-field, stirs into life and form; and up-springing from coral graves and caverns fathomless in the sea, myriads of human skeletons leap upon the land and clap their bony hands in triumph, and around the globe runs the exulting gibber of "the sheeted dead," that the great Destroyer has fallen. And yonder, methinks, there rolls a sea, full fifty fathoms deep—a dark, dead, salt sea of tears, fed by the outlets of a hundred thousand millions of human eyes that wept at War's doings. And now a wailing wind, a monsoon of widows' and orphans' sighs, moves over the briny deep, and lifts its bitter waves in sympathy with the world's jubilee. And Labor, wan, dejected Labor, at whose veins the monster fed, runs up and down the green hills exulting to see the curse removed. And red-handed Slavery, the eldest thing of the leprous Beast, lets go from her palsied hands the bonded millions she held with iron grasp, to throw their fetters into the grave of War, and shout for joy with all the sons of God, that man is free. And all beings that live and love the face of man, the face of nature; that love to look up into the pure, peaceful sky, and on the peaceful sea, and fields, and flocks; that love to commune with the silent harmonies of the great creation, and listen to the music of unreasoning things, all these fill the heavens with one *jubilate!* that the great Cannibal is dead—the great Man-Eater, that, whetting its appetite on the flesh of Abel, ate up nearly half the human race, and enslaved the rest to cater to the appetites of its wolfish maw.—*Elihu Burritt.*

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When I think of the promise of a millennium in our own time, in our own civilization, my thought rests and fastens upon the promise, "A little child shall lead them."—*R. S. Storrs, D. D.*

## THE COMING CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

There is growing up in the advanced Sunday-school of the present a flower which shall bear glorious blossoms fifteen years hence: the Christianity of the Future. Far more thoroughly than ever in the past a generation of young people are receiving an education in the word of God. The Sunday-school of to-day is training those who are the destined citizens and Christians of to-morrow. The sons and daughters who are storing their minds and strengthening their characters with Scripture truths will grow up into a full-orbed type of Christianity which will be in advance of their parents', and fuller, rounder, and more complete than any which the church has in the past developed. With such citizens as are being nurtured in our Sunday-school to control the State, and such Christians to become pillars in the church, both Church and State will stand secure and strong through all the centuries to come.—*Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D.*

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Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
 And every nation that should lift again  
 Its hand against its brother, on its forehead  
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain.

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;  
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
 The holy melodies of Love arise.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

## SERVING THE FUTURE.

I have said you cannot serve the past, but you can serve the future. This generation contains all that are coming. Suppose

that David, some day in his wanderings, when he had got upon the goodly mountain, and sat down weary at the eventide under some great cedar, the pomegranate blossoms blooming before him, and with his great poet eye looked out across the gleaming Mediterranean away to yonder sun that was going to lose itself, and between him and the sun saw a Syrian sail mysteriously flickering on the borders of he knew not what—suppose he had said to himself, “What is there, there away beyond the waters, in the strange realm where the sun loses himself at night-time?” and suppose that some angel had then been commissioned just to lift up the veil and permit him to cross the Mediterranean, then the continent of Europe, then across another sea, until away in the cold and foggy seas of the north he beholds some islands lying, and sees the people of some distant generation. Up there spring towers and spires. God’s Sabbath day sounds upon the land, and there they come, fathers and mothers, boys and girls, in the streets by thousands and tens of thousands, crowding to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In families, and tribes, and multitudes, they lift up their Sabbath song, and proclaim the God of Israel, “Bless the Lord, O my soul,” ringing up to the heavens in a language David never heard. He might have said, “Am I to serve these distant generations?” Yes; he served your mother many a time, and my mother; he has served you, and he has served me. He has been serving us this day, and we have sometimes heard the hundredth psalm, the words of David in one age, the music of Luther in another age, the language of our mothers, and our fathers, and our own voices, all uniting, binding the angels of the nations together in the one great work of praising God. So serve your own generation, and you serve every other. Serve the men and women now living, and you serve all that are yet to come. Working for this moment, you are working for all future times; bringing one poor boy to Christ, bringing one lost girl back to the Saviour, you are working for unborn generations, and the influence of your action will never be lost.

—*William Arthur, M. A.*

## BIBLE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

(Contributed to this volume.)

I shall proceed, in as brief a manner as possible, to state the more prominent grounds upon which the large majority of Christians in our time believe that the second coming of Christ will not precede, but follow, the latter day glory of the church. We believe there never has been a time, as yet, when our Saviour could have made his appearance suddenly and unexpectedly. Certainly he could not have so come in the primitive age, because certain occurrences, which would require considerable time for their fulfilment, were matters of apostolic prediction. And is it not equally clear that certain results, very explicitly recognized in Scripture as preceding the coming of the Lord, are as yet unrealized?

For instance, the gospel is to be universally diffused prior to his advent. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."—Matt. xxiv. 14. Here is a distinct event, clearly foretold by our Lord himself as necessarily ante-dating his coming. Taken in connection with other prophecies, it seems clear that the preaching of the gospel implies more than its simple announcement among all nations—rather its general diffusion and prevalence. Now this result has never, as yet, been attained. A large majority of the human race are yet unvisited by Christian missionaries. And many lands which have been reached are far from permeated by the blessed teachings of the gospel. But if it be true that God's word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto he sends it, then may we not believe that the gospel, wherever preached, will ultimately be successful, and Christianity become universal, and that this is implied in our Saviour's prediction? The latter-day glory of the church, therefore, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God," must precede the second coming.

Again, the Scriptures seem clearly to indicate that previous to the coming again of our Lord, the church will be *perfected*—her numbers full and her sanctification complete. This is plainly taught in those numerous symbolical passages which speak of

the church as the bride—the Lamb's wife. Joseph Perry, who lived in the early part of the last century, and who was himself a pre-millenarian, states this point with great aptness and force: "It is certain," he says, "that when Christ personally comes from heaven, will be the time of the open solemnization of the marriage glory between him and the spouse; and if so, then the bride must be ready against that time; as it is expressed in this text, 'And his wife hath made herself ready,' which cannot be if they are not all converted before Christ comes. For this, I think, is undeniable, that by the wife, bride, or spouse of Christ, the whole elect must be understood. How can it be thought of Christ, when he comes from heaven to celebrate the marriage feast between himself and his people, that he should have a lame and imperfect bride, as she must be if some should be with Christ in a perfect glorified state, and some of his mystical body at the same time in an imperfect condition?"

Now the current doctrine among pre-millenarians is, that the number of the elect will be by no means complete at the coming of the Lord—that his coming will give a new impulse to the work of conversion, so that multitudes shall be added to his mystical body subsequently, thus presenting the very incongruous condition of things delineated so forcibly in the above citation from Perry. How much more reasonable and Scriptural that view seems, which regards the mystical body of Christ as complete, both in numbers and holiness, before the manifestation of the divine spouse; which, of course, involves the priority of the millennial glory.

As bearing upon this point, and confirming the view we have taken, we cite that important passage recorded in Acts iii. 19–21: "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you; whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." Here it is declared that that glorious restoration of all things which forms the burden of prophecy must be accom-

plished before our Lord's appearing. "Whom the heaven must receive," and retain, "until the times of restitution of all things." Whatever this restitution may refer to, it certainly would seem to debar such a state of things as pre-millennialists teach will follow the advent and characterize the millennial period. Sin and death will still exist, and toward the close will occur that fearful outbreak of organized wickedness, the rebels being devoured by fire from God out of heaven. Such a state of the world cannot reasonably be conceived as following these times of restitution. The apostle's phraseology, taken in connection with the majestic sweep of prophecy, indicates a consummation of the most radical and comprehensive description. The restitution of all things indicates, to my mind, the universal and lasting triumph of the gospel—the final destruction of sin and death, and the discharge of Christ from his office of intercessor. Until then the heaven must retain him; consequently his coming cannot precede the millennium. I am aware that our pre-millenarian brethren offer a very different exegesis of this passage, regarding it as one of the strongest supports of their doctrine. They make the times of refreshing the same period with the times of restitution, and Christ's coming the efficient cause of both, an exposition which, in my judgment, fails most signally to convey the meaning of the apostle.

One event, of marked importance, we are explicitly assured by St. Paul, must precede the Lord's coming—the revelation of the Anti-Christ. The Man of Sin is very thoroughly characterized by the apostle, and the prevailing impression is that the description points unmistakably to the Roman papacy.

This view, however, is by no means universal. It is questioned whether this hypothesis is consistent with the statement that the mystery of iniquity was even then working. Moreover, can the papacy, with its admitted abominations, be justly said to realize all the conditions of that terrible portraiture? Again, the plain inference from the passage is, that the Man of Sin is to be destroyed soon after his revelation. Yet the obnoxious features of the papacy have been conspicuous since the time of Gregory the First. May we not be mistaken in supposing that

the Anti-Christ of this passage refers to the papacy? Is it not more convenient to take it as referring to no institution at all, but to some particular individual, whose coming, after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, shall occur at some stage in the future? The ready assumption that the Man of Sin is already manifest in the papal throne may accord more with our Protestant prejudices than with truth and charity. If neither the papacy nor the paganism, impious and persecuting, of the ancient world answers the description, it can hardly be claimed that he has his realization anywhere in history. Hence, the prophecy still seeks its fulfilment, and may, with great propriety, as I think, be identified with that of the twentieth chapter of Revelation, which refers distinctly to post-millennial times.

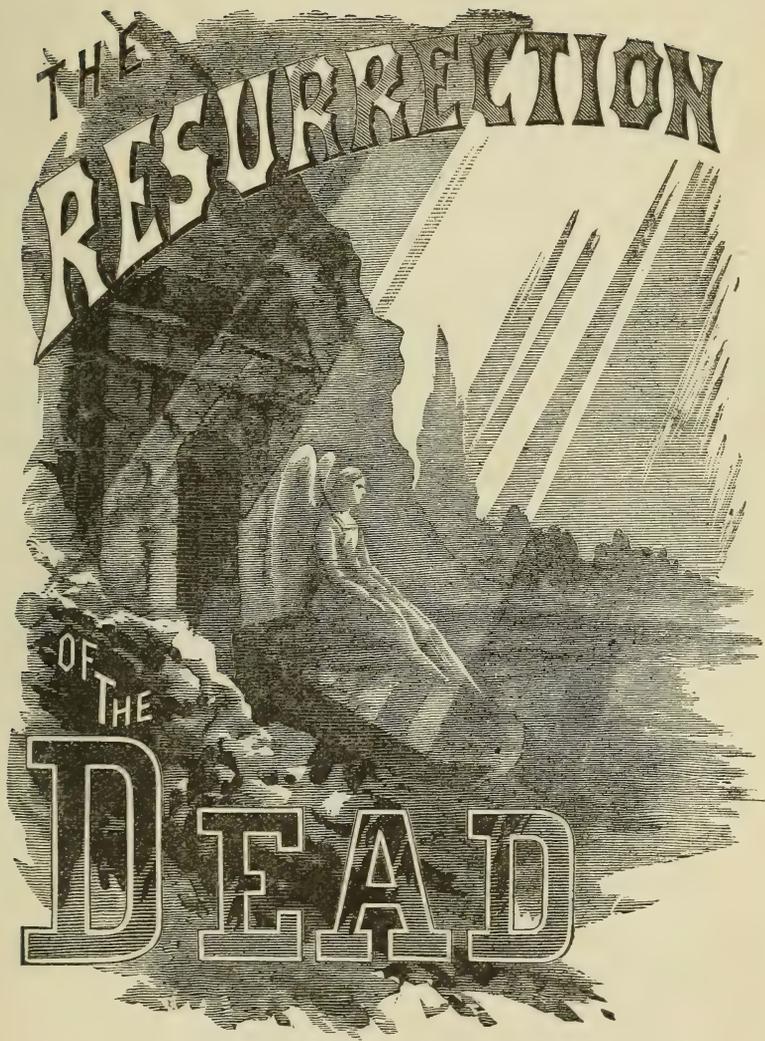
Post-millenarians find another support for their view in what seem clear prophetic intimations that the kingdom of Christ will reach its culmination of power and glory by a gradual process. The opposing belief is that the moral condition of the world will wax worse and worse until suddenly the Lord shall be revealed from heaven, taking vengeance on his enemies, and establishing his universal sway. In that remarkable series of parables recorded in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, our Lord is distinctly impressing the character of his kingdom. He compares it, in one instance, to a grain of mustard seed; in another to leaven, evidently teaching that it was destined to spread by the gradual processes of growth and diffusion. The oft-quoted second Psalm, whose value in this connection can scarcely be exaggerated, clearly indicates the same fact. The application of the language of this Psalm which the rejoicing disciples make in the third of Acts, referring some of its predictions to occurrences transpiring in their own day, shows that the Son was already seated, as a king, upon the holy hill of Zion, awaiting the fulfilment of the glad promise: "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." This promise is hastening to its realization. Again, what could more clearly indicate the agents and methods by which his kingdom is to

spread and triumph than the language of Christ's final commission? "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Mark the force of separate clauses in this remarkable passage. The apostles are to enter upon the stupendous work of Christianizing all nations. Not simply proclaiming the gospel for testimony, but making disciples of all nations—baptizing and teaching them, not the mere outlines of Christian truth, but under the evident supposition of their ultimate universal success, they are to teach them to observe all things whatsoever their divine Master had commanded them; and then follows that cheering and most significant promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." As there is no dispute about the end of the world here, synchronizing with the coming of Christ, it would seem that this great work of Christianizing all nations is to continue until our Saviour's advent; and by plain implication is to cease then, the great result having been achieved. How utterly inconsistent with all this is that view which depreciates the missionary work of the church—which insists that the world will grow worse and worse, and that its conversion will only be accomplished through our Lord's corporeal manifestation.

The visions of Nebuchadnezzar, and Daniel of the image and of the wild beasts, which have been brought in upon both sides of this controversy, are familiar to all. I think they teach, most clearly, that the kingdom of the God of heaven was set up in the days of those kingdoms referred to; that it did indeed destroy them, and that symbolically this little stone which was cut out without hands is gradually becoming the great mountain which at last shall fill the whole earth.

But what, it is asked, shall be done with the numerous passages in the New Testament which speak of the second coming as so imminent; as an event for which the church is to evidently long and most carefully watch, if the conspicuous lengthened period

of the millennium is to prevent it? I frankly confess I cannot tell. Nor do I see how my perplexity would be relieved were I to change ground and become a premillennarian. Were we living in the primitive period of the church, when these solemn predictions and admonitions were freshly uttered, I should have but one interpretation. I should assume, at once, their more obvious and literal teaching. I should say, surely, "this generation shall not pass before all these things shall be fulfilled;" but the passing years have pursued their flight till they have multiplied to many centuries, and still the Lord delayeth his coming. Many good and wise men tell us that his advent *is now* imminent; that on any day the brightness of his appearing may burst upon our astonished sight. But if so, I do not find any valid support for the faith in these scripture admonitions to watchfulness. If the early Christians watched for Christ's coming under the impression that it was literally nigh; that it would probably occur in their day, they were certainly mistaken by at least eighteen centuries, and mistaken, not simply in the chronology, but in the intent of the Holy Spirit. But, it is urged, if the admonitions to watchfulness do not necessarily imply the literal *nearness* of the advent, they do imply uncertainty as to time, and prohibit the interjection of clearly defined events, especially of a lengthened period of such marked characteristics as the millennium. This reasoning has an air of conclusiveness. But did not St. Paul himself, to relieve his Thessalonian brethren of their trouble, anticipative of the Saviour's speedy return, describe with graphic particularity certain antecedent events? Yet, in so doing, he certainly did not intend to invalidate those solemn admonitions to constant watchfulness. One thing is sure, the day of the Lord is hastening on. In our chronology it may be ages in the future, yet in that divine chronology by which a thousand years is as one day, it is ever nigh. The admonitions to watchfulness can never be profitless to any of us, and will certainly be rigidly applicable in some period of the world's history, and so the solemn voice goes sounding down the ages: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—*Bishop W. X. Ninde, D. D.*



A doctrine clearly revealed in the Word of God, and which has a deep hold on the faith of men.

“If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.” 1 Cor. xv. 19-22.

The time draws on  
When not a single spot of burial earth,  
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,  
But must give back its long-committed dust  
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these  
Make up the full amount; not the least atom  
Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.

—Robert Blair.

## RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

### RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

**N**ATURAL SCIENCE, of course, testifies nothing as to the resurrection of the body—*pro* or *con*. Revelation assures us that there shall be a resurrection; and though it does not say, in so many words, “a resurrection of the body,” or “of the flesh,” as in the old creeds, yet that is inferred, as the soul needs no resurrection, having never fallen in the prostration (*πτῶσις*) of death. It does not, however, settle the question as to the revivification of the identical corpuscles which were laid in the grave, but rather intimates the contrary, according to the analogy of our living bodies which change their corpuscles continually, without destroying the identity of the bodies which are thus in a constant flux—like a river which retains its name, its size, windings, color, etc., though the drops of water of which it is constituted are changing every moment. It is enough that we shall have bodies, “spiritual” (*pneumatic*) bodies, yet material shrines for our glorified spirits.

—*T. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D.*

### EVEN THE HEATHEN HAD GLIMPSES OF THE DOCTRINE.

The resurrection of the dead is the Christian's trust. By it we are believers. To the belief of this (article of faith) truth compels us—that truth which God reveals, but the crowd derides, which supposes that nothing will survive after death. And yet they do honor to their dead, and that too in the most expensive way according to their bequest, and with the daintiest banquets which the seasons can produce, on the presumption that those whom they declare to be incapable of all perception

still retain an appetite. . . . There is nothing after death, according to the school of Epicurus. After death all things come to an end, even death itself, says Seneca to like effect. It is satisfactory, however, that the no less important philosophy of Pythagoras and Empedocles, and the Platonists, take the contrary view, and declare the soul to be immortal; affirming, moreover, in a way which most nearly approaches (to our own doctrine), that the soul actually returns into bodies, although not the same bodies, and not those of human beings invariably; thus Euphorbus is supposed to have passed into Pythagoras, and Homer into a peacock. They firmly pronounced the soul's renewal to be in a body, (deeming it) more tolerable to change the quality (of the corporeal state) than to deny it wholly: they at least knocked at the door of truth, although they entered not. Thus the world, with all its errors, does not ignore the resurrection of the dead.—*Tertullian*.

#### THE RESURRECTION SHALL OCCUR.

The flesh shall rise again, wholly in every man, in its own identity, in its absolute integrity. Wherever it may be, it is in safe keeping in God's presence, through that most faithful "Mediator between God and man (the man), Christ Jesus," who shall reconcile both God to man and man to God, the spirit to the flesh, and the flesh to the spirit. Both natures has he already united in his own self; he has fitted them together as bride and bridegroom in the reciprocal bond of wedded life. Now, if any should insist on making the soul the bride, then the flesh will follow the soul as her dowry. The soul shall never be an outcast, to be had home by the bridegroom bare and naked. She has her dower, her outfit, her fortune in the flesh, which shall accompany her with the love and fidelity of a foster-sister. But suppose the flesh to be the bride, then in Christ Jesus she has in the contract of his blood received his Spirit as her spouse. Now, what you take to be her extinction, you may be sure is only her temporary retirement. It is not the soul only which withdraws from view. The flesh, too, has her departures for a while—in waters, in fires, in birds, in beasts;

she may seem to be dissolved into these, but she is only poured into them as into vessels. And should the vessels themselves afterwards fail to hold her, escaping from even these, and returning to her mother earth, she is absorbed once more, as it were by its secret embraces, ultimately to stand forth to view, like Adam when summoned to hear from his Lord and Creator the words, "Behold the man is become as one of us."—*Tertullian*.

Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in spring-time.—*Martin Luther*.

#### EGYPTIAN BELIEF IN THE DOCTRINE.

Nothing is more clear in the annals of Egypt than the belief in the resurrection of the dead, the *resurrection of the body*. Their Ritual contains passages referring to the subject, one of which an Egyptologist explains: "In order that the soul may give itself up in the Hall of Judgment, it must first open to itself the gate of the tomb." The celebrated Shaensensen, or "Book of the Resurrection," as translated by Brugsch, describes God giving the deceased the breath of life after his soul and body have been purified. The god Ptah is said to fashion *his flesh anew*. The eighty-ninth chapter shows conclusively that, for the resurrection to be complete, the soul must be reunited to the body. The one hundred and fifty-fourth chapter is entitled, "Leave not the Corpse to Dissolve."

Augustine says: "The Egyptians alone believe the resurrection, because they carefully preserve their dead bodies."

Mariette Bey, in mentioning particulars of the tablet sacred to the memory of a prophet of Osiris, says of him: "Menai has sacrificed to all the funeral divinities; he has endured all the trials; he has confronted the Supreme Judge, and been proclaimed *just*; by his virtue he has deserved to commence the Second Life, which will have no death. The soul goes now to *reunite itself with the body*, and at the centre of the solar disk appears the scarabeus as the symbol of that resurrection."

Among the symbols of this recovery of the body may be mentioned a couple of trees beside a corpse, so illustrating

latent vegetation. The dead may be seen pressing a bird to its side, to mark prospective flight. It was then realized what Euripides expressed: "To live is to die, and to die is to live."

The return of the soul to the body, shown by the human-headed bird flying toward the mummy, is a common illustration of the change. In one instance Anubis is seen in the act of removing part of the mummy garments, that the soul may have readier access to its old partner.—*James Bonwick.*

#### **CHRISTIANITY TRANSFORMS THE HEATHEN SHADES AND GODLESS GHOSTS INTO REAL BEINGS OF ANGELIC LOVELINESS.**

In all ages and nations men have had some idea of a future life, but beyond the sphere of Christianity it has been an uncertain and unsatisfactory one. The heathen think departed spirits either occupy a world of ghosts, where they sigh after the upper air, or that they pass from animal to animal, in an indefinite number of transmigrations.

Many infidels teach that millions of spirits walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep, while others, higher up, in successive circles, occupy the cloud-land; that they linger around earthly homes, occasionally breaking through to the real world, manifesting, however, less thought and virtue, as well as less capacity of usefulness, than embodied spirits. Even among us, how often at the coffin do doubts overwhelm us! We speak to the corpse, but it hears not; we touch it, but it feels not; we lay it in the grave, and, like the remains of the dog, it mingles with the earth. Chemistry shows that it is resolved into oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, phosphorus, and that these elements, through the processes of nature, may enter into other animal forms. The progress of the natural sciences and the prevalence of a material philosophy deepen the shadows that, in civilized lands, rest upon the tomb. Men look for the soul at the end of the scalpel, or the microscope, and in the residuum of the crucible, but it is not there.

We reply, that the operations of the soul—affection speaking through lips of clay; hope beaming through eyes of flesh; art

expressing itself through fingers of bone—are spiritual. So, too, many things expressed by it in cold, material forms—beauty sitting upon the marble; goodness beaming from the canvas; truth from the page. The monument, the canvas, the page, may perish; but the beauty, the goodness, the truth, are immortal—so, too, the soul from which they came. But the answer satisfies not the heart. The arguments of philosophers may almost convince, always charm, and yet not scatter all our doubts. Lo! something not dreamed of in earthly philosophy, Jesus goes down to the tomb a corpse, enwrapped in grave-clothes, embalmed in spices, and comes up again. Now the mists of eternity have a nucleus around which to condense, and our ideas of immortality become definite and clear.

You have seen the chemist hold up a solution of some neutral salt, say blue vitriol; it looks like water, it moves like it, has the same specific gravity, nearly. He draws the cork and drops into the bottle a solid crystal. The work of crystallization begins, and soon the liquid is turned into a mass of beautiful crystals. So the body of Christ, passing into the heavens, gives *substantiality* to what else were, to us, a world of shadows. The gates of pearl, and rivers of life, and fields of living green are real; the spirits of the departed take body; the skies become a solid sphere of happy being, a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Now we can lay the wife or the child in the grave, and say, "Mary, I shall see thee again, not a ghost, but as I have seen thee—in body, but incorruptible, immortal, glorified, in all the brightness and beauty of our transfigured Lord." Though our outward man decay, yet with our eyes shall we see God, and with a body radiant, obeying not earthly, but heavenly attractions, walk the blest fields with companions that we have loved. "Because I live, ye shall live also."—*Bishop Edward Thompson, D. D., LL. D.*

#### THE DOCTRINE TAUGHT IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It is sometimes said that the idea of a resurrection, whatever it is, is wholly of New Testament origin—that it is not found in the Old. When Job says, "Though after my skin worms destroy

this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," it is claimed that he expressed only his confidence that he should recover from the loathsome disease then troubling him. This is a possible construction, but not probable, since, in that sense, it is too extremely poetical for a thought so prosaic, and its connection with Job's faith in a living Redeemer, who should stand in the latter day upon the earth, gives it a more exalted significance. So that, unless it can be positively shown that Job was ignorant of the hope of a resurrection from the dead, we naturally interpret the passage in its literal sense. Isaiah, in the figure of his dead body arising, and of the earth casting out its dead; and Ezekiel, in the vision of the valley of dry bones, represent the resuscitation of the Jewish state from a condition of prostration and death, showing most clearly that the resurrection of dead bodies was a common and a familiar thought. Daniel, in terms as literal as possible, expressly declares the fact of a future resurrection. But it is conclusive of this question that at the coming of Christ the Jewish people were mostly of the sect of the Pharisees, one of whose distinguishing tenets was the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead; or, in other words, the existence of two sects—the Sadducees and the Pharisees—one of which denied and the other affirmed the resurrection of the dead, proves conclusively that the doctrine had come down from former generations; that is, it was a common doctrine of the Jewish religion in Old Testament times.—*Miner Raymond, D. D.*

#### CHRIST'S DEATH AND HIS PEOPLE'S SLEEP.

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. We ought here, in the outset, to inquire why, when he is speaking concerning Christ, he employs the word *death*; but when he is speaking of our decease, he calls it *sleep*, and not *death*. For he did not say, Concerning them that are dead; but what did he say?—"Concerning them that are asleep." And again: "Even so them also which sleep in

Jesus will God bring with him." He did not say, Them that have died. Still again: "We who are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not go before them that sleep." Here, too, he did not say, Them that are dead; but a third time, bringing the subject to their remembrance, he, for the third time, called death a "sleep." Concerning Christ, however, he did not speak thus—but how? "For if we believe that Jesus *died*." He did not say, Jesus slept, but "He died." Why, now, did he use the term *death* in reference to Christ, but in reference to us the term *sleep*? For it was not casually or negligently that he employed this expression, but he had a wise and great purpose in so doing. In speaking of Christ, he said *death*, so as to confirm the fact that Christ had actually suffered death; in speaking of us he said *sleep*, in order to impart consolation. For where a resurrection had already taken place, he mentions death with plainness; but where the resurrection is still a matter of hope, he says *sleep*, consoling us by this very expression, and cherishing our precious hopes. For he who is only asleep will surely awake; and death is no more than a long sleep.

—*Chrysostom.*

### VOICES FROM THE TOMB OF NATURE AND THE TOMB OF JESUS.

The message which Jesus brought was life and immortality. From the star of Jacob light shone even upon the shades of death. As a proof of immortality, he called back the departed spirit from the world unknown; as an earnest of the resurrection to a future life, he himself arose from the dead. When we contemplate the tomb of nature, we cry out, "Can these dry bones live?" When we contemplate the tomb of Jesus, we say, "Yes, they can live." As he rose, we shall in like manner rise. In the tomb of nature you see man return to the dust from whence he was taken; in the tomb of Jesus you see man restored to life again. In the tomb of nature you see the shades of death fall on the weary traveller, and the darkness of the long night close over his head; in the tomb of Jesus you see light arise upon the shades of death, and the morning dawn upon the long night of the grave. On the tomb of nature it is written, "Behold thy

end, O man! Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Thou, who now callest thyself the son of heaven, shalt become one of the clods of the valley." On the tomb of Christ it is written, "Thou diest, O man, but to live again. When dust returns to dust, the spirit shall return to God who gave it. I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." From the tomb of nature you hear a voice, "Forever silent is the land of forgetfulness! From the slumbers of the grave shall we awake no more! Like the flowers of the field shall we be, as though we had never been!" From the tomb of Jesus you hear, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and pass into glory. In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go away I will come again and take you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—*John Logan, F. R. S.*

#### TAUGHT PROMINENTLY IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In the New Testament this doctrine, freed from every vestige of obscurity, stands out with constant prominence, both in the teachings of our Lord and of his apostles. Says the Redeemer to the disconsolate sister of Lazarus: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (John xi. 25, 26). "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation" (John vi. 54; v. 28, 29).

The apostles proclaimed this doctrine with the same constancy that they declared any vital truth of Christianity. They preached Jesus and the resurrection, and the one theme was inseparable from the other. Their oral ministry and their inspired epistles beam with the glad tidings of a resurrection, and mani-

fest the solemn importance in which it was held by them. When enforcing great practical truths, they open the solemn realities of a future world, declaring that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust. When attesting the efficacy and power of the Redeemer's atoning death, they declare its potency in abolishing death, as well as in crushing him that had the power of death, even the devil. In asserting the fact of our Lord's resurrection, they adduce it as an evidence and a prototype of our resurrection, and regard the general resurrection as an event so certainly connected with the resurrection of our Lord, that to deny it was in effect to deny that our Lord himself had risen from the tomb, and thus to undermine the whole Christian fabric. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv. 12-22). Such is the clear and explicit form in which this doctrine is revealed in the sacred volume: such is the solid foundation of the believer's hope.—*William Cooke, D. D.*

#### OMNIPOTENCE ADEQUATE.

What can reason teach us here? She may indeed by analogy illustrate and confirm the doctrine of the resurrection when it is revealed; but as an original truth she knew nothing of it. The tomb received in its dark embrace the mouldering body, and

there was no light that dawned on the night of the grave, "Blessed then be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten us to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Pet. i. 3). "He is the first-fruits of them that slept" (1 Cor. xv. 20); and at the great harvest, in the last day, "those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him" (1 Thess. iv. 14). The body, sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption—sown in dishonor, it shall be raised in glory—sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power—sown a natural body, it shall be raised a spiritual body.

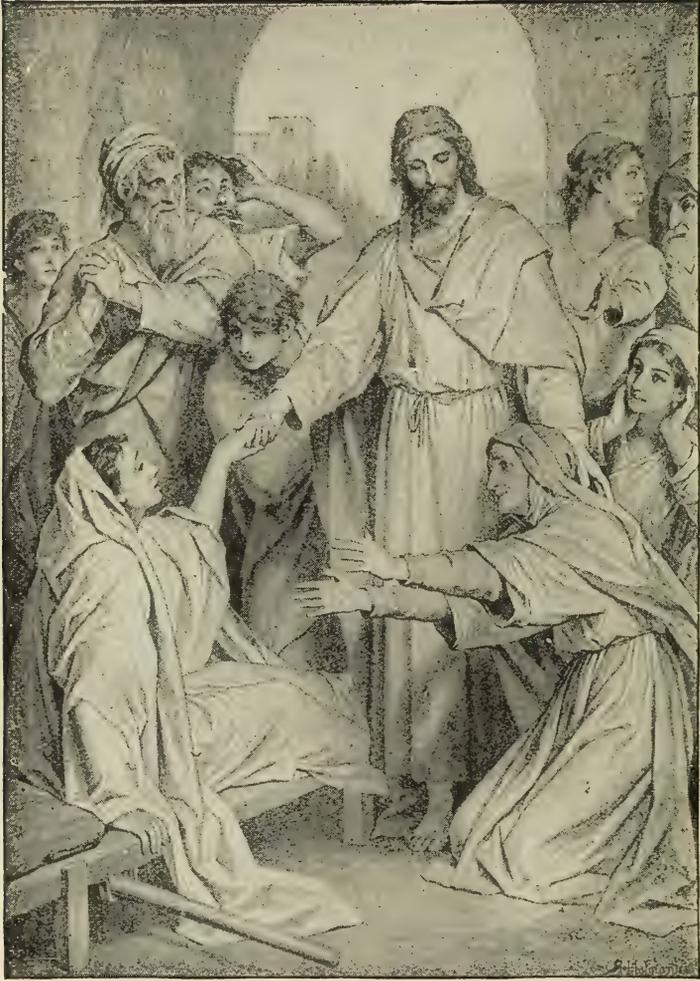
How is all this to be effected? By that mighty power which raised up Christ from the dead. Here we take our stand—on the omnipotence of God—and defy every attack against the doctrine of the resurrection. We laugh to scorn all attempts to wrest from us our hope, through a supposed impossibility of the resurrection, as puny struggles against the omnipotence of God. Did he not at first construct a human form from the dust of the earth? Did he not breathe into a mass of clay the breath of life? And when he again speaks, shall it not be done? Can he not again bring bone to bone, sinew to its sinew, flesh to its flesh? Fear not, Christian! thy dust may be scattered to the winds of heaven—but thy God is there. It may repose in the lowest abysses of the grave—he is there. It may dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea—even there his hand shall lead thee, his right hand shall hold thee, and bring thee forth, incorruptible and glorious, like unto that body which now receives the homage of the angels around the throne. Thou shalt be raised at the last day. Let us comfort one another with these words.

—*Rt. Rev. Bishop John Henry Hobart, D. D.*

#### DEATH LEADS TO A REBUILDING.

But you say, a dead man experiences corruption, and becomes dust and ashes. And what then, beloved hearers? For this very reason we ought to rejoice. For when a man is about to rebuild an old and tottering house, he first sends out its occupants, then tears it down and rebuilds anew a more splendid one. This occasions no grief to the occupants, but rather joy;





RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.—*Luke vii. 14.*

for they do not think of the demolition which they see, but of the house which is to come, though not yet seen. When God is about to do a similar work, he destroys our body, and removes the soul which was dwelling in it, as from some house, that he may build it anew and more splendidly, and again bring the soul into it with greater glory. Let us not, therefore, regard the tearing down, but the splendor which is to succeed.

#### DEATH RESULTS IN A REMOULDING.

If, again, a man has a statue decayed by rust and age, and mutilated in many of its parts, he breaks it up and casts it into a furnace, and after the melting he receives it in a more beautiful form. As, then, the dissolving in a furnace was not a destruction, but a renewing of the statue, so the death of our bodies is not a destruction, but a renovation. When, therefore, you see, as in a furnace, our flesh flowing away to corruption, dwell not on that sight, but wait for the recasting. And be not satisfied with the extent of this illustration, but advance in your thought to a still higher point; for the statuary, casting into the furnace a brazen image, does not furnish you in its place a golden and undecaying statue, but again makes a brazen one. God does not thus; but casting in a mortal body, formed of clay, he returns to you a golden and immortal statue; for the earth, receiving a corruptible and decaying body, gives back the same incorruptible and undecaying. Look not, therefore, on the corpse, lying with closed eyes and speechless lips, but on the man that is risen, that has received glory unspeakable and amazing, and direct your thoughts from the present sight to the future hope.—*Chrysostom.*

#### A GENERAL RESURRECTION NECESSARY.

Since it has pleased Almighty God to govern the world by the method of rewards and punishments, a resurrection of the persons so to be rewarded or punished must needs be granted absolutely and unavoidably necessary: nothing in this life giving us a satisfactory account, that either the good or the bad have been yet dealt with according to the strict and utmost merit

of their works: which yet, the justice of an infinitely wise Judge and Governor having so positively declared his will in the case, cannot but insist upon. For albeit God, as Creator of the world, acted therein by an absolute, sovereign power, always under the conduct of infinite wisdom and goodness; yet, as Governor of it, his justice is the prime attribute which he proceeds by, and the laws the grand instruments whereby justice acts, as rewards and punishments are the things which give life, force, and efficacy to justice itself. Upon which grounds the apostle gives us a full account of the whole matter, in that excellent place, 2 Cor. v. 10: "We must all," says he, "appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Thus says the apostle. But the dead, we know, as such, can receive no such things; nor are subjects capable of rewards and punishments: so that the sum of the apostle's whole argument amounts to this: that as certainly as God governs the world wisely, and will one day judge it righteously, so certain is it, that there must be a general retribution, and, by consequence, a general resurrection.—*Robert South, D. D.*

### JESUS IS THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

When we ask ourselves what this title, "The Resurrection," involves, we perceive that in one aspect it is something more, in another something less, than that other title of "The Life," which Christ also challenges for his own. It is more, for it is life in conflict with and overcoming death; it is life being the death of death, meeting in its highest manifestation that of physical dissolution and decay, and vanquishing it there (Isaiah xxv. 8; xxvi. 19; Daniel xii. 2). It is less, for so long as that title belongs to him, it implies something still undone, a mortality not yet wholly swallowed up in life, a last enemy not yet wholly destroyed and put under his feet (1 Cor. xv. 25, 26). As he is *the resurrection* of the dead, so is he *the life* of the living—absolute life, having life in himself, for so it has been given him of the Father (John v. 26), the one fountain of life; so that all who receive not life from him pass into the state of death, first

the death of the spirit, and then, as the completion of their death, the death also of the body. *I am the Resurrection*; as such he will rescue every one that believeth on him from death and the grave; *I am the life*: that is, Whosoever liveth, every one that draweth the breath of life and believeth upon me, shall know the power of an everlasting life, shall never truly die. Here, as so often in our Lord's words, the temporal death is taken no account of, but quite overlooked, and the believer in him is contemplated as already lifted above death, and made partaker of everlasting life (John vi. 47; Eph. ii. 6; 1 John iii. 14).

—*Archbishop Trench.*

#### CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

A profound, solemn stillness reigns all around, broken only by the tread of the guards as they pace backwards and forwards before the tomb of the crucified Prince of Peace. The second night since Good Friday has passed without any disturbance, apparently there is as little probability of a resurrection of the deceased as there is of an attack by the adherents and friends of the Crucified One. The grave lies mute and closed before us; its seal remains unbroken. It would seem that the reign of the pretended new King of Zion was gone by forever. But what now! On a sudden the earth begins to tremble; the rocks are rent asunder all around with fearful crash; superhuman forms, bright as lightning and in garments white as snow, glide down from the heights of heaven to the garden. They are holy angels, like those who appeared at our Lord's nativity, and who came to minister to him after his victory over the tempter in the desert. One of these gracious messengers approaches the tomb, touches the mass of rock which held it closed, and in a moment the seals are burst, the ponderous stone is rolled away, and from the opened portal of the grave there steps forth, radiant with heavenly glory, he who was dead!—and, behold, "is alive for evermore." The guards, indeed, scarcely discern the risen One. The dazzling robe of light which he wears hides him from their bewildered sight. The only object they distinctly see is the seraph-form sitting in triumph on the rolled-away stone, as if it were a throne

of state; and then with inexpressible consternation, trembling in every limb, they start up and hasten away to report to their superiors in Jerusalem the unheard-of prodigy that had occurred.

—*F. W. Krummacher, D. D.*

### CHRIST'S RESURRECTION THE PRELUDE OF OURS.

It is as the prelude of our own resurrection that Christ's is the object of our greatest satisfaction and joy. In these cast-off grave clothes, the napkin and linen shroud, there is more to draw our eyes, and awaken our interest and admiration, than in the robes or royal purple of the greatest monarch on earth. That empty tomb, rudely hollowed in the earth, is a greater spectacle than Egypt's mighty pyramids, or the costliest sepulchres that have held the ashes of the proudest kings. How full of meaning is its emptiness!—what good news to the church in Mary's disappointment!—what joys flow in these women's tears! Thank God, they could not find him. He is not there. No, Mary! they have not taken away your Lord; no robber has rifled that sacred tomb—see, the dew lies sparkling on the grass, nor feet have brushed it but those of One who has left the grave. He is risen; and as the first fruits and first ripe sheaf that were offered to the Lord, his resurrection is the pledge and promise of a coming harvest. Henceforth the grave holds but a lease of the saints: "Because he rose, we shall rise also." . . . In Christ, the first-born, I see the grave giving up its dead; from the depths of the sea, from lonely wilderness and crowded churchyards they come—like the dews of the grass, an innumerable multitude. Risen Lord! we rejoice in thy resurrection, and hail it as the harbinger of our own. The first to come forth, thou art the elder brother of a family whose countless numbers Abraham saw in the dust of the desert, whose holy beauty he saw shining in the stars of heaven.

—*Thomas Guthrie.*

### IF CHRIST BE NOT RISEN, WHAT?

The more you examine it fairly, the more you will be convinced that the evidence is so overwhelming that you cannot

get away from it without the most desperate expedients. When, in the olden time, a far-off claimant for a throne would make good his illegal pretensions, he must wade through seas of blood to it, he must put to death the heir apparent and the heir presumptive, and as many others as lay between him and the coveted possession. Similar is the task which modern infidelity has to perform before it can erect its usurping throne on the empty grave of Jesus. It must make havoc of all the four gospels, reducing them mainly to a tissue of lies. It must destroy the historic credibility of the Acts of the Apostles. It must get rid in some fashion of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. It must make havoc of every scrap of writing that remains from the first century, which refers to the resurrection. It must despoil the character of Matthew and Mark, Luke and John, Paul and Peter. It must crucify again the Lord himself, for again and again while he was alive he said that he would rise again. It must dispose even of Christianity itself, with its fifty-two commemorations of the resurrection every year, and show how it was possible that such an institution was founded on a lie. It must, in fact, murder history, and murder character, and murder truth. And why? All because the great nineteenth century is supposed to have settled unalterably that it is a thing incredible that God should raise the dead. But may we not, with all due respect even to so great an abstraction as the nineteenth century, ask again the old question, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" What a wonderful resurrection does he work every year in those very weeks that encircle the glad Easter day! He makes the dead trees and dead flowers to live again, and shall it be said that he cannot raise to life a dead man? True it is that we do not see men raised from the dead now-a-days; but neither do we see men like Jesus Christ now-a-days. If he had been only an ordinary man, it would have seemed well nigh incredible that God should raise him from the dead. But he was no ordinary man. And when you think what sort of a man he was, the probability is shifted to the other side. It was not a *mere* miracle. When profoundly looked at, it was no marvel at all.

The apostle Peter puts it in the right light in his first sermon after Pentecost: "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the bands of death, because it was not possible that HE should be holden of it." O my friends, if we would only acquaint ourselves with Jesus Christ; if we would drink his words; if we would enter into sympathy with the plan and purpose and tenor of his life; if we would gaze on the beauty of his face and fill our hearts with the admiration which is due to the immortal loveliness of his character; if we would get really and truly acquainted with him, instead of thinking it a thing incredible that God should raise him from the dead, we should think it a thing incredible that God should not do it. We should enter into the true and deep philosophy of the apostle when he said, "God raised him, because it was not possible that such an one as he should be holden of death."—*John Monro Gibson, D. D.*

#### RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

(Luke vii. 11-17.)

We see Jesus at the gate of the city of Nain just as a funeral procession is carrying out the dead. The corpse is that of a young man, "the only son of his mother," and she a widow. That she was a good woman, and he a good son, is evidenced by the fact that "much people of the city was with her," bemoaning an event as calamitous as it was remediless. Jesus saw that mother, saw the lifeless clay, and saw the flowing tears. His compassion was stirred, and he said, "Weep not," a command which would have seemed cruel but for what followed. The Lord of life "came and touched the bier." The procession halted. There was no ostentatious display of authority or power, but "they that bare the dead stood still." And Jesus said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!" There was the mandate of power. The dull, cold ear listened to the voice of the Son of God. "He that was dead sat up, and began to speak." What tenderness is suggested in the words which followed, "And he delivered him to his mother." If an uninspired writer had been writing this history, what a long, sentimental and glowing description we would have had of the scene. He

would surely have told us what the young man said about the place where his soul was—how he felt when he was dying—and how it seemed to come back from the spirit world to reinhabit his body. And certainly the temptation to such dilation would have been powerful. The event was a great one. It made a profound impression upon the people. “There came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people.” Moreover, in those days of poor facilities for the spread of news, this wonderful intelligence “went forth throughout all Judea, and throughout all the region round about.” But none were found to gainsay the truth that the dead had actually been raised up.—*The Editor.*

#### THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

(Mark v. 35-43.)

Taking with him Peter, James and John, and the parents of the child, Jesus enters the chamber of death. They gather about the couch, and stand solemn and expectant, gazing upon the cold yet beautiful form before them. Two souls, believing and hoping, stand like funeral tapers beside the couch—the father and the mother: his church the Lord sees represented in his three most trusted apostles. All things being now ready, Jesus takes the damsel by the hand, saying, “Maid, arise.” How divinely simple and calm, yet confident, the act and word! How instantaneous and wonderful the effect! The touch and the voice of the Lord of Life vivify the marble form; the departed spirit, summoned back by him who holds the keys of Hades and of Death, returns to its habitation; the heart throbs anew; the ruddy current of life once more rushes through the pale limbs, and flushes like an aurora the lovely face; the lungs heave; the eyes open, no longer glassy, but beaming with life and soul; the maiden starts up on her couch, and looks around her—she lives. What are the emotions of that father and mother? No wonder that all other thoughts are swallowed up in astonishment, and that Jesus finds it necessary to order food for the resuscitated child. Having charged those who had been

witnesses of the miracle to keep it secret, Jesus left the house. What happy hearts he left behind him we can easily imagine.

—*Zachary Eddy, D. D.*

#### THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST A HISTORIC CERTAINTY.

Nothing stands more historically certain than that Jesus rose from the dead and appeared again to his followers, or, than that their seeing him thus again was the beginning of a higher faith, and of all their Christian work in the world. It is equally certain that they thus saw him, not as a common man, or as a shade or ghost risen from the grave; but as the One only Son of God—already more than a man at once in nature and power; and that all who thus beheld him recognized at once and instinctively his unique divine dignity, and firmly believed in it henceforth. The twelve and others had indeed learned to look on him, even in life, as the true Messianic King and the Son of God, but from the moment of his reappearing they recognized more clearly and fully the divine side of his nature, and saw in him the conqueror of death. Yet the two pictures of him thus fixed in their minds were in their essence identical. That former familiar appearance of the earthly Christ, and this higher vision of him, with its depth of emotion and ecstatic joy, were so inter-related that, even in the first days or weeks after his death, they could never have seen in him the heavenly Messiah if they had not first known him so well as the earthly.—*Heinrich Ewald.*

#### THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

(John xi.)

Lazarus was dead. For four days his body had lain in the tomb. His loving sisters, Mary and Martha, had mourned their loss, and deeply deplored the prolonged absence of Jesus, their pronounced friend. At length he approaches their home in Bethany. Martha goes out to meet him. The first words of her doubtful faith are, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Jesus saith unto her, "*Thy brother shall rise again!*" "I know," she replies,



RAISING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

And straightway the damsel arose, and walked.—*Mark* v. 42.



“that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.” Then came that memorable pronouncement which has ever thrilled the heart of Christendom: “I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE; AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE.” What majesty! yet at the grave he substantiates his authority thus to speak. “Take ye away the stone!” is the mandate of Jesus. The stone is rolled away, and there lies Lazarus in his winding sheet, cold and stiff in death. With what awe and expectation may the crowd have gazed upon the scene, and awaited the momentous issue! It is but a moment. Jesus returns thanks to God in that he heard him, and then gives the immortal summons, “*Lazarus, come forth!*” “That voice,” beautifully observes one, “pierces the dull ear of the dead; the spirit returns to the mouldering frame; the life-blood courses through the shrivelled veins; the limbs heave and stir; and the late occupant of the sepulchre appears at its mouth, with his burial garments about him, his pale lips opening with thanksgivings, and his glazed eye kindling with sight, as he raises it in adoring homage to the face of his deliverer.” So undoubted was this stupendous miracle that the Jews consulted to put Lazarus to death again, to be rid of his attraction and influence among the people (see John xii. 1, 2; 9-11).

—*The Editor.*

#### THE TRUE THEORY OF THE RESURRECTION.

What portion of the mortal body will enter into the composition of the new or resurrection body? We answer:

1. In general, that while it may not and probably will not include *all* that in every case stands connected with, or seems to be part of the body at death, it must and will include *most* of the substance of the body—enough to justify the Scriptures in calling it our “body,” “this corruptible,” the “bodies of the saints,” etc.

2. Not only do the teachings of revelation require that *most* of the substance of the present body enter into the composition of the new one, but that it include that which has been most

permanently connected with the soul during life, and is most legitimately and properly a part of the mortal body at the hour of death. We thus reach the conclusion that "*all that constituted or properly belonged to the body at the hour of death, and is essential to its corporeal identity, will be raised again to life; and will go to constitute the new or resurrection body.*"

—Hiram Mattison, D. D.

**THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER, THE WIDOW'S SON, AND LAZARUS, MARK AN ASCENDING SCALE OF DIFFICULTY.**

As the body of one freshly dead, from which life has but just departed, is very different from a mummy or skeleton, or from the dry bones which the prophet saw in the valley of death (Ezek. xxxvii.), so is it, though not in the same degree, different from a corpse, whence for some days the breath of life has fled. There is, so to speak, a fresh-trodden way between the body and the soul which just has forsaken it, the last lingering for a season near the tabernacle where it has dwelt so long, as knowing that the links that united them have not even now been divided forever. Even science itself has arrived at the conjecture, that the last echoes of life ring in the body much longer than is commonly supposed; that for a while it is full of the reminiscences of life. Out of this we may explain how it so frequently comes to pass, that all which marked the death-struggle passes presently away, and the true image of the departed, the image it may be of years long before, reappears in perfect calmness and in almost ideal beauty. All this being so, we shall at once recognize in the quickening of him that had been four days dead (John xi. 17), a yet mightier wonder than in the raising of the young man who was borne out to his burial (Luke vii. 12); whose burial, according to Jewish custom, will have followed death by an interval, at most, of a single day; and again in *that* miracle a mightier outcome of Christ's power than in the restoration of the daughter of Jairus, wherein life's flame, like some newly-extinguished taper, was still more easily rekindled, when thus brought in contact with him who is the fountain-flame of all life. Immeasurably more stupendous than all these,

will be the wonder of that hour when all the dead of old, who will have lain, some of them, for many thousand years, in the dust of death, shall be summoned from, and shall leave their graves at the same quickening voice (John v. 28, 29).

—*Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D.*

#### BY RAISING THE DEAD, CHRIST ATTESTED THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION.

After the Lord's *words* in regard to the resurrection, what are we to think of the purport of his *actions*, when he raises dead persons from their biers and their graves? To what end did he do so? If it was only for the mere exhibition of his power, or to afford the temporary favor of restoration to life, it was really no great matter for him to raise men to die over again. If, however, as was the truth, it was rather to put in secure keeping men's belief in a future recognition, then it must follow, from the particular form of his own examples, that the said resurrection will be a bodily one. I can never allow it to be said that the resurrection of the future, being destined for the soul only, did then receive these preliminary illustrations of a raising of the flesh, simply because it would have been impossible to have shown the resurrection of an invisible soul except by the resuscitation of a visible substance. They have but a poor knowledge of God who suppose him to be only capable of doing what comes within the compass of their own thoughts. . . . No example, indeed, is greater than the thing of which it is a sample. Greater, however, it is if souls with their body are to be raised as the evidence of their resurrection without the body, so as that the entire salvation of man (in soul and body) should become a guarantee for only the half (the soul), whereas the condition in all examples is, that that which would be deemed the less—I mean the resurrection of the soul only—should be the foretaste, as it were, of the rising of the flesh also at its appointed time. And therefore, according to our estimate of the truth, those examples of dead persons who were raised by the Lord were indeed a proof of the resurrection both of the flesh and of the soul—a proof, in fact, that this gift was to be

denied to neither substance. Considered, however, as examples only, they express less significance than Christ will express at last, for they were not raised up for glory and immortality, but only for another death.—*Tertullian*.

### THE SAINTS WHICH AROSE AFTER CHRIST'S DEATH.

(Matt. xxvii. 52, 53.)

As an effect of the Saviour's death, the domains of death are pierced, and a few of the blessed saints, who are precious to Christ, are awakened to life as specimens in advance of his resurrection power. We should put a period after the word *opened*. Then we shall perceive that the bodies of the saints did not rise and come into the city until *after his resurrection*. His death *opened* their *graves*; his resurrection *raised them from the dead*. Observe, it was not the souls or spirits alone of the dead who were recalled from the domains of death. "For many *bodies* of the saints which slept arose." Their bodies were reanimated by the spirit, and returned again to life. Some think they were *saints* lately dead. Otherwise, how should it be known who they were. But this is by no means certain. . . . It must be specially noted that these saints appeared only after the resurrection of Christ. The fact that not the slightest allusion is made in any other part of the New Testament to this resurrection, has induced many commentators to think that there is something mythical in these two verses. But let it be remarked that the appearance of these saints to many occurred *in the midst of the passover*, when thousands if not millions were present from various parts of the world; and that the persons to whom they may have appeared were soon dispersed to their various abodes, so as to leave a much less permanent and public account of the transaction than would otherwise have been the case. Hence it is not strange that Matthew alone notices the fact; and that, too, only to show the immediate effects of Christ's death and resurrection. These saints "went into the holy city and appeared unto many." Matthew narrated these facts in Jerusalem, the very city where they are supposed to have taken place; and there were probably those who were able to attest them.

—*Whedon's Commentary*.

### THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

It is a remark which must occur to every person, that a *spiritual body* is an apparent contradiction, and we are therefore under the necessity of taking the word *spiritual* in an unusual sense. The apostle does not mean that the resurrection body, like the immortal spirit, will be immaterial; for then it could not be the same body that dies. Nor does he mean that it will be so sublimated or etherealized as not to be *a body* in the proper sense of the word. It will be "a body," but it will be so far spiritual as to be without the mere animal functions which are essential to the *natural* body. The meaning of the apostle seems to be this: As the soul has an existence independent of animal functions, living without nourishment, and incapable of decay, sickness, or death, so will be the body in the resurrection. It will be destitute of the peculiar physical organization of flesh and blood; for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It must therefore undergo a new modification, in consequence of which, though still material, it will be very different from what it now is. It will be a body without the vital functions of the animal economy, living in the manner in which we conceive spirits to live, and sustaining and exercising its powers without waste, weariness, decay, or the necessity of having them recruited by food and sleep.

—*Samuel Wakefield.*

### THE PROPERTIES OF A GLORIFIED BODY.

First, "the just shall shine like the sun;" so shone the faces of Moses and Stephen. Second, they "shall fly upon the wings of the wind;" thus Philip was carried from Gaza, in the desert, to Azobus. Third, "our corruption must put on incorruption;" as St. Paul miraculously shook off the serpent, and *felt no harm.*

—*T. Aquinas.*

### SCIENTIFIC VIEWS OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

If you come to the conclusion that there is an invisible, non-atomic, ethereal enswathement, which the soul fills, and through which it flashes more rapidly than electricity through any cloud,

you must remember that the majestic authority for that statement is simply the axiom that every change must have an adequate cause. This is cool precision; this is exact research on the edge of the tomb. Professor Beale says, in so many words, "that the force which weaves these tissues must be separable from the body;" for it very plainly is not the result of the action of physical agents. Ulrici shows, especially in a magnificent passage on immortality, that all the latest results of physiological research go to show that immortality is probable.

You say that, unless we can prove the existence of something for the substratum of mind, we may be doubtful about the persistency of memory after death; but what if this non-atomic, ethereal body goes out of the physical form at death? In that case, what materialist will be acute enough to show that memory does not go out also? You affirm that, without matter, there can be no activity of mind; and that, although the mind may exist without matter, it cannot express itself. You say that unless certain, I had almost said material, records remain in possession of the soul when it is out of the body, there must be oblivion of all that occurred in this life. But how are you to meet the newest form of science, which gives the soul a non-atomic enswathement as the page on which to write its records? That page is never torn up. The acutest philosophy is now pondering what the possibilities of this non-atomic, ethereal body are, when separated from the fleshy body; and the opinion of Germany is coming to be very emphatic, that all that materialists have said about our memory ending when our physical bodies are dissolved, and about there being no possibility of the activity of the soul in separation from the physical body, is simply lack of education. There is high authority and great unanimity on the propositions I am now defending; and although I do not pledge myself always to defend every one of these theses, yet I must do so in the present state of knowledge and in the name of a gulf-current of speculation which is twenty-five years old, and has a very victorious aspect as we look backward to the time when the microscope began its revelations.

It becomes clear, therefore, that, even in that state of existence which succeeds death, the soul may have a spiritual body.

What! You are preaching to us the book called the Holy Word? Yes, I am; and here is a page of it (with a hand on colored diagrams of living tissues). A spiritual body! That is a phrase we did not expect to hear in the name of science. It is the latest whisper of science, and ages ago it was a revelation.

The existence of that body preserves the memories acquired during life in the flesh.

If this ethereal, non-atomic enswathement of the soul be interpreted to mean what the Scriptures mean by a spiritual body, there is entire harmony between the latest results of science and the inspired doctrine of the resurrection. . . .

When the Bible speaks of a spiritual body, it does not imply that the soul is material; it does not teach materialism at all; it simply implies that the soul has a glorified enswathement, which will accompany it in the next world. I believe that it is a distinct biblical doctrine, that there is a spiritual body as there is a natural body, and that the former has extraordinary powers.

—*Joseph Cook.*

#### THE RE-EMBODIMENT OF THE SOUL.

That the soul does at death pass into a disembodied state, is undoubtedly the teaching of Scripture. There is no interruption of its consciousness, activity and joy. Nevertheless, the bodily rising (save in the case of the generation still alive when it transpires) will be at the end of a period of "sleep," "at the last trump." For a time the spirit is "unclothed," or has at best an ethereal covering, a "white raiment," to give it shape, and relation to other beings. It has no substantial body. . . . But man, as a whole, is both body and spirit. Without the other, neither can fulfil its destiny. Not only is the body a habitation for the soul; it is its organ of communication, of communion and expression. That separation which we call death is a fruit and penalty of sin. The ideal man—man as he first existed in the thought of God, and as he will exist when fully restored and

glorified—will be an embodied spirit. This promise is on many a Bible page, and can never be spiritualized or refined away. It is this corruptible which is to put on incorruption, and this mortal which is to put on immortality. "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies." It is our "vile body" which is to be fashioned like unto his.

—*Rev. H. M. Grout.*

#### THE IDENTITY OF THE FUTURE WITH THE PRESENT BODY.

By this we do not mean sameness of elements or materials. On this point the apostle is explicit: "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be." Yet in no part of our complex being shall we be other than we were. . . . It is very clear that, in order to identity, there must be some actually connecting link between the old body and the new. Amid all the changes that transpire, something must abide. What is it? Paul has been supposed to teach that that connecting link, that abiding something, is laid in the grave, and raised thence on the resurrection morn. Is this supposition correct? This turns upon the answer to be given to another question: What is that seed-field in which "it is sown"? Is it the grave? So many have assumed; the assumption is one, however, which cannot stand. "That which thou sowest, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain," is a living seed; corruptible indeed, liable to decay, and yet alive; whereas the body we lay in the grave is already dead. A living seed planted in the warm earth is by no means a fit emblem of an already disintegrating body deposited in the tomb. Moreover, the corruption, dishonor and weakness, ascribed to that which is sown, belong to the body in its present living state. Are we not, then, in the seed-field already? Are we not, according to the figure employed, in the ground here and now? Of the words, "It is sown in corruption," etc., a distinguished Bible student has said: "We are not to think of the body merely in the state in which it is laid in the grave, but of the body as it exists generally in the present state." Says another: "The contrast drawn out here is not between the body as it lies mouldering in the tomb, but between the body as it

now is and the body as it is to be hereafter. It is sown in corruption, liable now to disease, subject to decay, ready to become the prey to putrefaction." With Brown, Hanna and Neander, and others of not lesser note, we may say that the sowing is here and now.

The connecting link is not to be sought in the grave. Again we ask, then, what is it? No fact is more familiar than that our present bodies are subject to continual change. In the course of a few years that change is entire. Of the particles which composed them in infancy, not one remains in youth; of those which filled out the frame in youth, not one remains in middle life. Is identity lost? No. And why not? Something abides; and that is the most essential thing of all. Call it the vital principle, the law of assimilation and arrangement, the organic force, or, if you prefer, an inner spiritual body—whatever you please. It is this by means of which, in obedience to God's behest, the process of daily growth and renewal goes on. It is this which, as the old materials are thrown off, replaces them with new; disposing them as the need may be, attracting and sending one particle this way to make bone, another that way to make muscle or nerve, and so on. From infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, middle life and old age, this, and this only, abides. It is this, then, which constitutes identity. Suppose now that, like the germ in the seed, to which it may correspond, the activity of this principle is made to depend upon right conditions. Like the germ in the grain of wheat in a buried mummy, it may lie dormant for ages, if need be. It waits God's appointed time, divinely arranged conditions, and then it wakes anew. God's appointed time will be the morning of the resurrection. The voice of Christ will be one of the appointed conditions. Straightway, whether instantly or by a process we need not inquire, it will then and there attract and dispose, according to the Divine order, the materials provided for its new habitation or clothing.

If anything like this be the truth, we can plainly see how it is that while the dust we lay in the grave is scattered upon the four winds, is taken up and incorporated with other bodies, the

resurrection body shall nevertheless be in the highest sense identical with that we bear about with us here. It is so in the same sense and for the same reason that that of middle and later life is identical with that of childhood and youth. Built up by the same abiding force, the home of the same spirit, serving the same great needs, namely, for contact with the world without and for communion with others of our kind, it will be, however "changed," altogether the same. Is not all this, too, in essential harmony with those Scriptures which speak of the dead as coming up from earth and sea? What other form of speech could so well express that identity which we have found to be so real?—*Rev. Henry M. Grout.*

#### THE RESURRECTION BODY WILL HAVE MARVELLOUS ENDOWMENTS.

This doctrine of the resurrection has a vast and blessed meaning, which it is impossible to adequately state, much less to overdraw. It means the leaving of the perplexities and difficulties and toils of this life which follow the curse of Adam's sin. From the first, man has sought to dishonor, to deface, to cripple his body in every possible way. An infinitude of ceaseless mortification comes to one class on account of bodily deficiencies and deformities. Death is hailed by them as a deliverance from bondage. To be rid of all pains, and fevers, and aches, and hunger, and cold, from year's end to year's end—this is what the resurrection brings. The body sown in weakness shall be raised in power; sown in dishonor it shall be raised in glory. It is impossible to know what that means, but this much is certain—that the body will have marvellous endowments. It will doubtless be subject to the behests of our will, suffering no hindrance of force or matter. And our intellectual capabilities will undoubtedly exceed those of our bodies. Our senses will never be deceived; we shall never be misled by false impressions, never form false judgments, never mistake half truths for whole ones. We shall see things as they are, and, not unlikely, all our perceptions shall be so quickened that what is now obtainable only by a slow and laborious process will there be apprehended as if by intuition. In some sense we

shall see as God sees, and know as God knows; and these powers and faculties will keep on increasing and improving through the endless cycles of eternity. And all this as centred in and conditioned upon the visible return of the Lord Jesus Christ. On such a coming hang all our hopes. Let all hold it fast, knowing by the clear witness of the word that "when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

—*E. P. Goodwin, D. D.*

#### MAN WILL RISE WITH THE SAME MORAL CHARACTER.

The character wherewith we sink into the grave at death is the very character wherewith we shall reappear on the day of resurrection. The character which habit has fixed and strengthened through life, adheres, it would seem, to the disembodied spirit through the mysterious interval which separates the day of our dissolution from the day of our account—when it will again stand forth, the very image and substance of what it was, to the inspection of the Judge and the awards of the judgment-seat. The moral lineaments which be graven on the tablet of the inner man, and which every day of an unconverted life makes deeper and more indelible than before, will retain the very impress they have gotten—unaltered and uneffaced by the transition from our present to our future state of existence. There will be a dissolution, and then a reconstruction of the body from the sepulchral dust into which it had mouldered. But there will be neither a dissolution nor a renovation of the spirit, which, indestructible both in character and essence, will weather and retain its identity on the midway passage between this world and the next: so that at the time of quitting its earthly tenement we may say, that if unjust now, it will be unjust still; if filthy now, it will be filthy still; if righteous now, it will be righteous still; and if holy now, it will be holy still.

—*Thomas Chalmers.*

#### SIMILITUDE OF THE RESURRECTION.

The like similitude the apostle Paul uses against such as called the resurrection in doubt; because by natural judgment

they could not apprehend that flesh once putrefied, and dissolved as it were into other substances, should rise again and return again to the same substance and nature. "O fool," saith he, "that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare corn, as it falleth, of wheat, or some other, but God giveth it a body as it pleaseth him, even to every seed his own body." In which words and sentence the apostle sharply rebukes the gross ignorance of the Corinthians, who began to call in doubt the chief article of our faith, the resurrection of the flesh after it was once dissolved, because that natural judged, as he said, reclaimed (cried out against) thereto. He reproves, I say, their gross ignorance, because they might have seen and considered some proof and document thereof in the very order of nature; for albeit the wheat, or other corn, cast in the earth, appears to die or putrefy, and so to be lost, yet we see that it is not perished, but that it fructifies to God's will and ordinance.

Now if the power of God be so manifest in raising up of the fruits of the earth, unto which no particular promise is made by God, what shall be his power and virtue in raising up our bodies, seeing that thereto he is bound by the solemn promise of Jesus Christ, his eternal wisdom, and the verity itself that cannot lie? Yea, seeing that the members must once communicate with the glory of the Head, how shall our bodies, which are flesh of his flesh and bone of his bones, lie still forever in corruption, seeing that our Head, Jesus Christ, is now exalted in his glory? Neither yet is this power and good-will of God to be restrained unto the last and general resurrection only, but we ought to consider it in the marvellous of his church, and in the raising up of the same from the very bottom of death, when by tyrants it has been oppressed from age to age.—*John Knox.*

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The blessed in the new covenant  
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,  
 Wearing again the garments of flesh,  
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.—*Dante.*

## SOME OF NATURE'S ANALOGIES.

Day dies into night, and is buried everywhere in darkness. The glory of the world is obscured in the shadow of death: its entire substance is tarnished with blackness; all things become sordid, silent, stupid; everywhere business ceases, and occupations rest. And so over the loss of the night there is mourning. But yet it again revives, with its own beauty, its own dowry, its own sun, the same as ever, whole and entire, over all the world, slaying its own death, night—opening its own sepulchre, the darkness—coming forth the heir to itself, until the night also revives—it, too, accompanied with a retinue of its own. For the stellar rays are rekindled, which had been quenched in the morning glow; the distant groups of the constellations are again brought back to view, which the (day's) temporary interval had removed out of sight. Readorned also are the mirrors of the moon, which her monthly course had worn away.

Winters and summers return, as do the spring-tide and autumn, with their resources, their routines, their fruits. Forasmuch as earth receives its instruction from heaven to clothe the trees which had been stripped, to color the flowers afresh, to spread the grass again, to reproduce the seed which had been consumed, and not to reproduce them until consumed. Wonderful method! from a defrauder to be a preserver; in order to restore, it takes away; in order to guard, it destroys; that it may make whole, it injures; and that it may enlarge, it first lessens. This process, indeed, renders back to us fuller and richer blessings than it deprived us of—by a destruction which is profit, by an injury which is advantage, and by a loss which is gain. In a word, I would say, all creation is instinct with renewal. Whatever you may chance upon, has already existed; whatever you have lost, returns again without fail. All things return to their former state, after having gone out of sight; all things begin after they have ended; they come to an end for the very purpose of coming into existence again. Nothing perishes but with a view to salvation. The whole, therefore, of this revolving order of things bears witness to the resurrection of the dead. In his works did God write it, before he wrote it in the

Scriptures; he proclaimed it in his mighty deeds earlier than in his inspired words. He first sent Nature to you as a teacher, meaning to send Prophecy also as a supplemental instructor, that, being Nature's disciple, you may more easily believe Prophecy, and without hesitation accept (its testimony), when you come to *hear* what you have *seen* already on every side; nor doubt that God, whom you have discovered to be the restorer of all things, is likewise the reviver of the flesh. And surely, as all things rise again for man, for whose use they have been provided—but not for man except for his flesh also—how happens it that (the flesh) itself can perish utterly, because of which and for the service of which nothing comes to naught.—*Tertullian*.

#### THE OPENING GRAVES.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying: "Make way! O grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Waterloo, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb; over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies. From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude!—that is where the "Central America" sank,

And yonder multitude!—that is where the “Pacific” went down. Found at last! That is where the “City of Boston” sank. And yonder the “President” went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie—that is where a traveller perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits: spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings, and orators, and poets get up. Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good; and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the Pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough-ploughed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all! And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon’s table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window-sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing; not one foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.—*Dr. Talmage.*

#### RESURRECTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

The dead who are in Christ cannot die eternally. On the contrary, he is pledged expressly by his covenant, and virtually by his resurrection and ascension, to quicken, spiritualize,

and beautify their material frame, to render it a meet receptacle for the spirit, and to reunite them in everlasting beatitude.

His "dead [men] shall live." "Because I live, ye shall live also." (See Rom. viii. 10, 11.) In these and other passages, you observe, the promised resurrection of the righteous at the last day is represented as resulting, if not as to its certainty, yet as to its glory, from their being "dead in Christ." The intimation plainly is, that they shall be raised with marks of eminent honor, as well as to a condition of eternal blessedness.

Such is the doctrine of other parts of Scripture. "I will raise him up at the last day." Christ will officially quicken all the dead. This must mean, therefore, that his dead will be specially distinguished—perhaps that he will employ his angels to raise the wicked; but "I" myself, in a marked and more personal manner, will raise my own. Yes; he will then, as now, know "them that are his" among a thousand. He has sealed their bodies, as well as their souls, "unto the day of redemption;" he has stamped their crumbling clay with traces of identity which all the ravages of corruption, changes of form, accidents of dispersion, will not be able to obliterate. They sleep at his feet; and when they awake, they shall at once behold his "face in righteousness,"—besides this, the fashioning of the body "like unto his glorious body," the adaptation of it to be a help, not a hindrance, a glory, not a dishonor, an immortal delight, not, as in the case of the wicked, an eternal torment to the soul; and the welcoming of both, in the presence of assembled millions, and with a train of ten thousand angels, from the judgment-seat to his own throne and side.

We are taught, further, that he will put distinguished honor on his dead. "The dead in Christ shall rise first." They "which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent [not be before] them that are asleep." As these have tasted the bitterness of death, and undergone the abasement of its immediate consequences, he has resolved to confer on them a mark of distinction over those who do not "sleep."

Thus, in the case of his own people, according to principles already intimated, death "is gain"—gain, observe, not merely

upon life as it now is, a life of uncertainty and suffering, but even upon an immortality unconnected with a death Christ. It shall turn out, that it will be better for us to go to glory through the grave, than without dying: in other words, that the sufferings and shame of death shall be more than compensated by consolations of dying hours, by the distinction which the resurrection will confer, and by the after glories of that eternal life which is by Jesus Christ our Lord.

—*Memorials of W. M. Bunting.*

#### A CHEMICAL PROCESS ILLUSTRATING THE RESURRECTION.

So it is that out of these elementary particles human bodies are builded, and out of nature's storehouse God will in some way reinvest the spirit with a material organism. We can well believe that this is possible in the light of what chemistry can do. There are many things which the chemist can do which we would not believe to be possible did we not know them to be facts. I think it is Dr. Brown who quotes from Mr. Hallett the story of a gentleman who was something of a chemist, who had given a faithful servant a silver cup. The servant dropped the cup in a vessel of what he supposed to be pure water, but which in reality was *aqua fortis*. He let it lie there, not thinking it could receive any harm, but, returning some time after, saw the cup gradually dissolving. He was loudly bewailing his loss when he was told that his master could restore the cup for him. He could not believe it. "Do you not see," he said, "that it is dissolving before our sight?" But at last the master was brought to the spot. He called for some salt water, which he poured into the vessel, and told the servant to watch. By-and-by the silver cup began to gather as a white powder at the bottom. When the deposit was complete, the master said to the servant, "Pour off the liquid, gather up this dust, have it melted and run together, then take it to the workman and let him hammer the cup again." You may take gold; you may file it down to a powder, mix it with other metals, throw it into the fire, do what you will with it, and the chemist will bring back with certainty the exact gold.

Thus our bodies are built up by fruits from the tropics, by grain from the prairies. The flesh that roamed the plains as cattle has become part of us. If God can build up human bodies here, can he not find and convert the dust that we put away in the grave, and bring it back to forms of life? In my judgment, God is able to preserve even the particles of the human body and restore them. So far as the power is concerned, it can be done, and will be done, as God may think best.

—*H. W. Thomas, D. D.*

### THE RESURRECTION OF DAMNATION.

It is probable that as the wicked are, in the last day, to be opposite in character, so will they be, in many respects, opposite in body. Are the bodies of the righteous glorious—those of the wicked will be repelling. You know how bad passions flatten the skull and disfigure the body. There he comes! up out of the graveyard—the drunkard; the blotches on his body flaming out in worse disfigurement, and his tongue bitten by an all-consuming thirst for drink—which he cannot get, for there are no dram-shops in hell. There comes up the lascivious and unclean wretch, reeking with filth that made him the horror of the city hospital, now wriggling across the cemetery lots—the consternation of devils. Here are all the faces of the unpardoned dead. The last line of attractiveness is dashed out, and the eye is wild, malignant, fierce, infernal; the cheek aflame; the mouth distorted with blasphemies. If the glance of the faces of the righteous was like a new morning, the glance of the faces of the lost will be like another night falling on midnight. If, after the close of a night's debauch, a man gets up and sits on the side of the bed—sick, exhausted and horrified with a review of his past; or rouses up in *delirium tremens*, and sees serpents crawling over him, or devils dancing about him—what will be the feeling of a man who gets up out of his bed on the last morning of earth, and reviews an unpardoned past, and, instead of imaginary evils crawling over him and flitting before him, finds the real frights and pains and woes of the resurrection of damnation?—*T. Dewitt Talmage.*

## OBJECTIONS.

There are but two objections, that I know of, against the resurrection, that are of any consideration.

First, against the resurrection, in general, of the same body. It is pretended impossible, after the bodies of men are mouldered into dust, and by infinite accidents have been scattered up and down the world, and have undergone a thousand changes, to re-collect and rally together the very same parts of which they consisted before. This the heathens used to object to the primitive Christians; for which reason they also used to burn the bodies of the martyrs, and to scatter their ashes in the air, to be blown about by the wind, in derision of their hopes of a resurrection.

I know not how strong malice might make this objection to appear; but surely in reason it is very weak, for it wholly depends upon a gross mistake of the nature of God and his providence, as if it did not extend to the smallest things; as if God did not know all things that he hath made, and had them not always in his view and perfectly under his command; and as if it were a trouble and burden to infinite knowledge and power to understand and order the least things, whereas infinite knowledge and power can know and manage all things with as much ease as we can understand and order any one thing.

So that this objection is grounded upon a low and false apprehension of the Divine nature, and is only fit for Epicurus and his herd, who fancied to themselves a sort of slothful and unthinking deities, whose happiness consisted in their laziness and a privilege to do nothing. I proceed, therefore, to the

Second objection, which is more close and pressing; and this is levelled against the resurrection in some particular instances. I will mention but two, by which all the rest may be measured and answered.

One is of those who are drowned in the sea, and their bodies eaten up by fishes, and turned into their nourishment; and those fishes perhaps eaten afterward by men, and converted into the substance of their bodies.

The other is of the cannibals, some of whom, as credible rela-

tions tell us, have lived wholly or chiefly on the flesh of men, and consequently the whole or the greatest part of the substance of their bodies is made of the bodies of other men. In these and the like cases, wherein one man's body is supposed to be turned into the substance of another man's body, how should both these at the resurrection each recover his own body? So that this objection is like that of the Sadducees to our Saviour, concerning a woman that had seven husbands; they ask, "Whose wife of the seven shall she be at the resurrection?" So here, when several have had the same body, whose shall it be at the resurrection? and how shall they be supplied that have it not?

This is the objection; and in order to answering of it I shall premise these two things:

I. That the body of man is not a constant and permanent thing, always continuing in the same state, and consisting of the same matter, but a successive thing, which is continually spending and continually renewing itself, every day losing something of the matter which it had before and gaining new; so that most men have new bodies oftener than they have new clothes, only with this difference, that we change our clothes commonly at once, but our bodies by degrees.

And this is undeniably certain from experience. For so much as our bodies grow, so much new matter is added to them over and beside the repairing of what is continually spent; and after a man be come to his full growth, so much of his food as every day turns into nourishment, so much of his yesterday's body is usually wasted and carried off by insensible perspiration; that is, breathed out at the pores of his body; which, according to the static experiment of Sanctorius, a learned physician, who, for several years together, weighed himself exactly every day, is (as I remember) according to the proportion of five to eight of all that a man eats and drinks. Now, according to this proportion, every man must change his body several times in a year. (Once in seven years is a more recent calculation.—*Editor.*)

It is true, indeed, the more solid parts of the body, as the bones, do not change so often as the fluid and fleshy; but that they also do change is certain, because they grow, and whatever

grows is nourished and spends, because otherwise it would not need to be repaired.

2. The body which a man hath at any time of his life is as much his own body as that which he hath at his death; so that if the very matter of his body which a man hath at any time of his life be raised, it is as much his own and the same body as that which he had at his death, and commonly much more perfect; because they who die of lingering sickness or old age are usually mere skeletons when they die, so that there is no reason to suppose that the very matter of which our bodies consist at the time of our death shall be that which shall be raised, that being commonly the worst and most imperfect body of all the rest.

These two things being premised, the answer to this objection cannot be difficult. For as to the more solid and firm parts of the body, as the skull and bones, it is not, I think, pretended that the cannibals eat them; and if they did, so much of the matter even of these solid parts wastes away in a few years, as, being collected together, would supply them many times over. And as for the fleshy and fluid parts, these are so very often changed and renewed that we can allow the cannibals to eat them all up and to turn them all into nourishment, and yet no man need contend for want of a body of his own at the resurrection, viz., any of those bodies which he had ten or twenty years before, which are every whit as good and as much his own as that which was eaten.—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

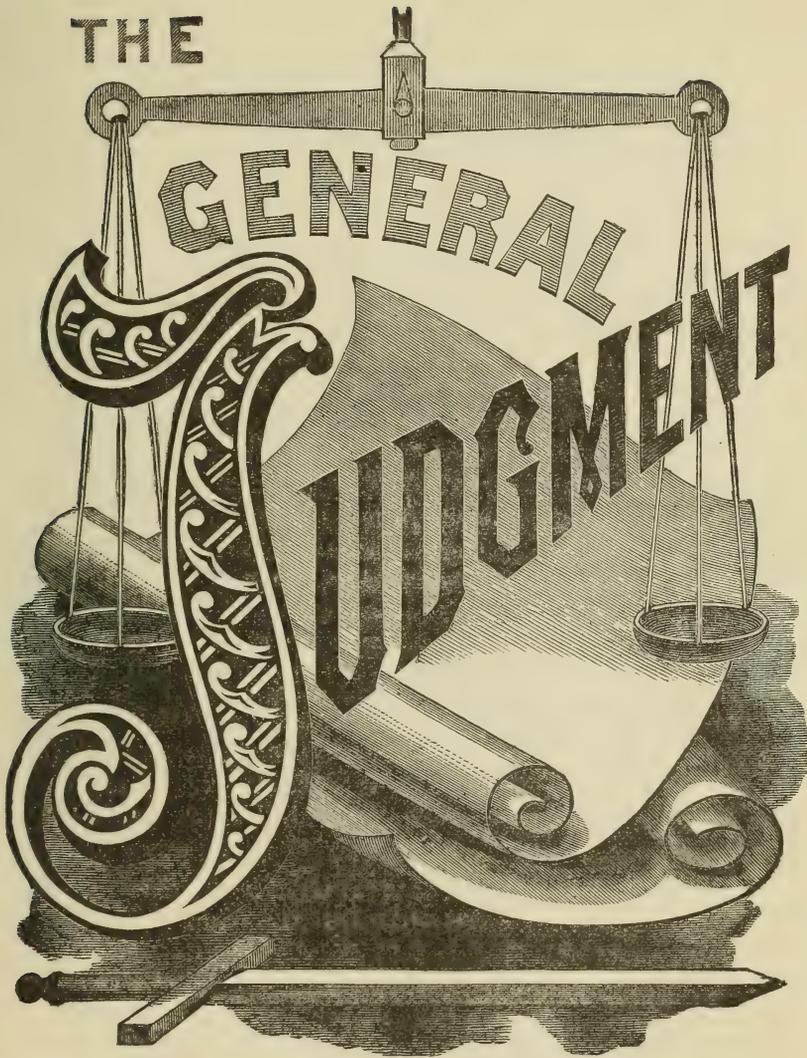
#### GENERAL REMARKS.

There is perhaps no doctrine of Holy Scripture, as to the fact of which all evangelical scholars agree, while as to the manner of which they so much differ, as the doctrine of the resurrection. The old creeds, as expressed by Tertullian, Knox and others, in the foregoing pages, that the identical molecular constituents of the body which is laid in the grave shall be raised again, the vivid scene of which is so graphically pictured by Talmage (page 426), and so ably defended by Tillotson (pages 431-433), has undergone some modification in these latter times, being

utterly antagonized by a few writers, who conceive the resurrection body to be absolutely spiritual—a sort of a new creation rather than resurrection—and in no sense related to the present material body. Such speculations are as far removed from the plain teachings of Scripture as they are from the general faith of the church. The Bible doctrine of the resurrection is a resurrection of the *dead*, and it is the material body which *dies*, so that if that be not essentially raised, there is no resurrection of the dead, and the Christian faith is vain.

Next to this extreme spiritualistic theory is what may be denominated the scientific theory, as expressed by Joseph Cook (page 417), that the soul has a non-atomic, ethereal enswathe-ment which accompanies it in its state beyond the grave; and closely allied to this is the idea advanced by H. M. Grout (page 419), that while the soul beyond death is disembodied until the general resurrection, it may have an ethereal covering, “a white raiment,” to give it shape and relation to other beings, and that in the resurrection the vital principle, or organic force which now sustains our physical bodies, will wake anew, and attract from the slumbering dust the materials provided for its everlasting habitation.

These theories may be accepted for what they are worth, but we wish to call attention to the “true theory of the resurrection,” as given by Mattison (page 413), that all which is essential to the corporeal *identity* of the body at death will be raised again to life, and go to constitute the resurrection body. Thus even this “vile body” shall be changed and made like unto the glorious body of Christ. This will be “a body” in the proper sense of the word, and yet, as Wakefield expresses it (page 417), it will be so far spiritual as to obviate the necessity of animal functions, such as characterize the present natural body; and having neither flesh nor blood, it may, with its glorified companion spirit, inherit the kingdom of God forever.—*The Editor.*



A theme of glowing, inspired description and solemn warning, and which has roused the human mind to the loftiest contemplation.

“And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these things, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.” Jude 14, 15.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!  
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

## THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

### MAN'S SENSE OF ACCOUNTABILITY.

**T**HE sense of moral obligation is a sense of accountability which always looks to the future. That is to say, whenever one does anything which he apprehends as right or wrong, that doing invariably awakens expectations of future results, results immediately connected with his conduct considered as right or wrong. The idea of moral law involves this expectation. "Moral law is a form of expression denoting the order of sequence established between the moral quality of actions and their results." Every idea of moral desert, of responsibility, of accountability, or of moral government in any of its respects, involves an expectation of future results, results that are sure to ensue.

It is true that, "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil;" but this comes not of man's moral nature in its normal condition, nor is it a conviction of his rational nature; it is purely, wholly abnormal. Both the rational and the moral natures give sure indications of a coming retribution, and no apprehensions of the human mind are entertained with a firmer conviction of certainty than are these expectations. Every bad man is sure that his bad conduct will sooner or later come back to trouble him; and every good man, though he apprehends no merit in himself, feels perfectly confident that it is not in vain that he has cleansed his hands in innocency, and walked in righteousness before God. But these expectations are only partially realized in the present life, and in many instances are not realized at all. The mixed condition of the life that now is, the unequal distribution of good and ill, the fact that the righteous suffer and the wicked are in prosperity, and

especially that many men end their earthly life perpetrating most atrocious crimes, are, to all minds, palpable evidence that retribution is reserved for a future state. Indeed, however good or however bad, whatever be his earthly experience, whether of pleasure or of pain, of prosperity or of adversity, is fully satisfied that the account of his responsibilities is not fully adjusted here. All, all, intuitively, rationally, from the necessities of their nature, and from the obvious facts in the case, make habitual reference of the events of life to far-off and future results.

*Miner Raymond, D. D.*

#### FOREBODINGS OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT AMONG THE HEATHEN.

We have every reason for believing that much the same views of death, and the same apprehensions of future retribution as now prevail, have ever existed among mankind. In all ages, too, and in all creeds, the representations of the nature of this future punishment have been of the most terrific kind, as though the imagination, for this purpose, had been taxed to its utmost powers. Fire, and chains, and utter darkness, and similitudes of ever ungratified desire and of ever raging passion, have always formed a part of the dread machinery of Hades. Leaving out of the account the solemn confirmation of the doctrine which may be derived from the fearful imagery employed by our Saviour, and taking into view only the heathen world, we may well ask the question, *Whence came all this?* The great problem is for them to solve who assert that the doctrine of future punishment is contrary to the Scriptures, the reason, and the feelings. Whence, then, came it, in the face of all these opposing influences? Men are not fond of what is irrational for its own sake, and they certainly do not love their own misery.

—*Taylor Lewis, LL. D.*

#### JUDGMENT IS CERTAIN.

We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Having been born, we must die; having died, we must be judged. Judgment is as sure as death. It is part of our lot: it is not left for us to say whether we will appear or not. You have

watched while a soul was passing from the body. You knew the man did not want to die; but gradually, steadily, with the quiet of assured strength, something drew the spirit out into the other world. Thus we come before the Judge. The trumpet sounds, the dead appear. There is no confusion, no sobs, or cries, or struggles; a calm, irresistible impulse sets every soul face to face with Him that sitteth upon the throne. Already on earth conscience warns us of a time of giving account. It holds us back from sins we love. To the determined will it whispers of another will which it cannot overcome. This premonition of judgment makes the wicked like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, heaved by the convulsions of a distant, unseen storm.—*Rev. Charles M. Southgate.*

#### THE PURPOSE OF THE JUDGMENT.

The final judgment, according to the Bible, has in view the following objects: To convince the ungodly of the justice of their doom; To make a general and grand impression upon the intelligent universe of the perfect righteousness of God in making an eternal distinction in the final allotment of the righteous and the wicked. Jude teaches the former explicitly; Matt. xxv. 31-46, the latter. Now obviously both these ends are best secured by a general judgment in which the case of each class is investigated and decided, and in which countless hosts—not to say *all* the intelligent beings in the universe of God—are present. O, it will be an august day!—*Professor Henry Cowles.*

#### THE DISORDERS OF SOCIETY REQUIRE IT.

Do not confine yourself to those disorders which strike the senses, astonish reason, and subvert faith itself. Reflect on other irregularities, which, although they are less shocking to sense, and seemingly of much less consequence, are yet no less deserving the attention of the Judge of the whole earth, and require, no less than the first, a future judgment.

I grant, those notorious disorders, which human laws cannot repress, afford proofs of a future judgment. A tyrant executes on a gibbet a poor, unhappy man, whom the pain of hunger,

and the frightful apprehensions of sudden death, forced to break open a house. Here, if you will, disorder is punished, and society is satisfied. But who shall satisfy the just vengeance of society on this mad tyrant? This very tyrant, at the head of a hundred thousand thieves, ravages the whole world; he pillages on the right and on the left; he violates the most sacred rights, the most solemn treaties; he knows neither religion nor good faith. Go, see, follow his steps: countries desolated, plains covered with the bodies of the dead, palaces reduced to ashes, and people run mad with despair. Inquire for the author of all these miseries. Will you find him, think you, confined in a dark dungeon, or expiring on a wheel? Lo! he sits on a throne, in a superb, royal palace; nature and art contribute to his pleasures; a circle of courtiers minister to his passions, and erect altars to him, whose equals in iniquity, yea, if I may be allowed to say so, whose inferiors in vice have justly suffered the most infamous punishments. And where is divine justice all this time? What is it doing? I answer, "After death comes judgment."

The argument may be extended a great deal farther; we may add thousands of disorders, which every day are seen in society, against which men can make no laws, and which cannot be redressed until the great day of judgment, when God will give clear evidence of all:

Have human laws ever been made against hypocrites? See that man, artfully covering himself with the veil of religion, that hypocrite, who excels his art; behold his eyes, what seraphical looks they roll towards heaven! Observe his features, made up, if I may venture to say so, of those of Moses, Ezra, Daniel, and Nehemiah! See his vivacity, or his flaming zeal, shall I call it? to maintain the doctrines of religion, to forge thunderbolts, and to pour out anathemas against heretics!—not one grain of religion, not the least shadow of piety in all his whole conversation. It is a party-spirit, or a sordid interest, or a barbarous disposition to revenge, which animates him, and produces all his pretended piety. And yet I hear everybody exclaim: "He is a miracle of religion! he is a pillar of the church." I

see altars everywhere erecting to this man; panegyrists are composing his encomium; flowers are gathering to bestrew over his tomb. And the justice of God, what is it doing? My text tells you, *After death comes judgment.*

Have human laws ever been made against the ungrateful? While I was in prosperity I studied to procure happiness to a man who seemed entirely devoted to me, . . . but when fortune abandoned me, and adopted him, he suffered me to languish in poverty. . . . Who shall punish his crime?

Have men made laws against cowards? I do not mean cowardice in war, . . . I speak of soul cowardice, which makes a man forsake an oppressed innocent sufferer, and keep a criminal silence in regard to the oppressor. Pursue this train of thought, and you will everywhere find arguments for a future judgment; because there will everywhere appear disorders, which establish the necessity of it.—*James Saurin.*

#### A DAY OF JUDGMENT PROCLAIMED.

The New Testament prophecies, literally construed, do most certainly assure us of the coming of a spectacular day of judgment, with its accompaniments of a general resurrection, and of an innumerable assembly of angels and men, and the pageantry of a judgment-seat—an assize of the universe; the whole to terminate in the eternal doom of the devil and his angels, and in the perdition of ungodly men; after which the righteous of the earth shall be received into the kingdom of Christ's glory, to be forever with him. This glorious imagery has been before the imagination of the church all through the centuries. It has been made the subject of artistic representations in sculpture and architecture, and painting and poetry. It has been formulated into its prayers and liturgies, and sung in its hymnology, with the accompaniment of solemn chants and rapturous songs. And the imagery of that sublime drama has been largely and very effectively used to awaken men's consciences to a lively and wholesome sense of the necessity that is upon them to live in constant preparation for the coming of that day.

No doubt these sublime prophetic images point to infinitely

more sublime realities, to all of which, in their appointed time and order, we shall be introduced.—*Daniel Curry, D. D.*

### THE GREAT SURPRISE.

Never since the foundation of the earth has there been a day like this, in the surprise and terror with which it will break upon the thoughtless millions of the population. Business and pleasure will occupy the minds of men as usual up to the close of the preceding day. The sun will rise and set with the same placid majesty, and fling his smiling radiance with the same bountiful profusion on this devoted world as he sinks beneath the horizon. Myriads will go to rest in peace, dreaming of future years of wealth and happiness. But at midnight the loud blast of the archangel's trump will awake them to sleep no more, and rushing in consternation to their window, they will see the heavens on fire. The worldling, elated with schemes of opulence and splendor, will suddenly find his visions dispelled by the light of eternity, and the despairing cry, "The Judge is come!" The nuptial ceremony will be broken off half done, and the rejoicing banquet scattered by the terror-striking spectacle of the great white throne. The astounded senate will suddenly break up at the crash of the conflicting elements, and, hurrying away in wild confusion, see that the Great Legislator is come. The ermined judge and the manacled prisoner will hear themselves alike summoned without ceremony to the great tribunal. The voluptuary, plethoric at the glutton's feast, drunken at the bacchanalian orgies, or giddy at the midnight dance, or folded in the harlot's embrace, will be startled, Belshazzar-like, from his sensual stupor by the pealing thunder and the trumpet's sound. The miser, counting his gold, or reckoning his profits, will be panic-struck by the knell that tells him gold has no more value, and his priceless soul is lost, forever lost, in seeking a bursted bubble. The procrastinating trifler, dreaming of mercy after years of worldly pleasure, will be filled with dismay to see that the day of grace is past and the hour of retribution come. The anxious speculator, the busy merchant, the thriving tradesman, racking imagination with schemes of gain, panting to reach the

goal of wealth, and revel in earthly aggrandizement, without one thought of God or eternity intruding on the vision of anticipated bliss, will be petrified with terror to find the delusive mirage break up before the glare of the flaming skies and the catastrophe of a ruined world. The atheist, who denied God's being, will be appalled at the sight of his person; the faithless steward, who said, "My Lord delayeth his coming," and the sceptic, who sneeringly asked, "Where is the promise of his coming?" will alike be struck with horror when the rending heavens reveal his presence. The Demases who have forsaken him for the world, the Judases who have betrayed for silver, and all the herd of apostates and blasphemers who have despised his name and trampled on his blood, will stand aghast when the great day of his wrath shall break upon their sight.

No day was ever equal to this in the awful scenes it ushers in, and the sudden terror and the despairing agony it excites. It was an awful night in Egypt when every family rose up to bewail its first-born struck with death. It was a day of awful vengeance when the siege of Jerusalem closed with the crash of a ruined city over one million one hundred thousand dead bodies. It was a day of anger when the deluge burst upon a degenerate world and overwhelmed its despairing millions in one common grave. But this day far exceeds them all, for it is the day when time has run its course, when universal retribution shall be rewarded, when God himself shall come down to take vengeance on them that know him not, and pent-up fires of divine wrath shall envelop the earth in a general conflagration.

—*William Cooke, D. D.*

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A far different pomp from the pomp of the triumphal entry of kings and emperors, will that advent have. For the whole air shall be full of angels and of saints, who shall shine brighter than the sun.—*Martin Luther.*

#### THE UNIVERSAL TERROR.

In final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen but increase the sufferings; and when the first day

of judgment happened, that (I mean) of the universal deluge of waters on the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbors of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honor of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptized with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunders and terrors infinite; every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbor's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and shall roll on its own principles and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections.

He that stands in a church-yard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow, and at doomsday when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence. Grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects; and that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of creation shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

**PLACE OF THE JUDGMENT.**

On this point the Scriptures say nothing directly. Doubtless, however, the scene will occupy a definite locality. From the essential constitution of our minds we cannot separate events from localities; and this original intuition of the soul must not be treated as illusory. It is divine.

Some vain speculators, giving loose reign to imagination, have laid the scene in some remote, indeterminate sphere, or in some place in mid-æther fitted up for the occasion. Others have located it before the great white throne in heaven. The Jews, on the other hand, adopted the opinion, from the third chapter of Joel principally, that it will occur in the valley of Jehoshaphat, near Jerusalem. But the idea of locality demands space, as well as place, for the sublime proceeding. That valley, unless enlarged so much as to destroy its identity, could not contain the assembled "multitudes" (Joel iii. 14).

That the central locality of the scene will be on the earth is a rational conclusion. It seems fit that this world, which has been the theatre of the life and actions and fortunes of the race, whose destinies are the main subject of decision, should be the scene of the judgment. Nowhere else could the moral effect be made so distinct and impressive. . . .

Moreover, the Scriptures speak indirectly to this point. Christ, speaking from an earthly standpoint, represents himself as "*coming* in his glory" to judge the world (Matt. xxv. 31; xvi. 27). *Coming to the earth* is the only natural acceptance of this language. In correspondence with this, Paul, referring to the same grand event, speaks of "the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ *from heaven* with the angels of his power" (2 Thess. i. 7). Other passages contain the same local allusion.

—E. Adkins, D. D.

**ORDER OF THE JUDGMENT DAY.**

Observe the order of this terribly glorious day: 1. Jesus, in all the dignity and splendor of his eternal majesty, shall descend from heaven to the mid region, what the apostle calls the "air," somewhere within the earth's atmosphere. 2. Then

the shout or order shall be given for the dead to arise. 3. Next the archangel, as the herald of Christ, shall repeat the order, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" 4. When all the dead in Christ are raised, then the "trumpet shall sound," as the signal for them all to flock together to the throne of Christ. It was by the sound of the trumpet that the solemn assemblies, under the law, were convoked; and to such convocations there seems to be here an allusion. 5. When the dead in Christ are raised, their vile bodies being made like unto his glorious body, then, 6. Those who are alive shall be changed, and made immortal. 7. These shall be "caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air." 8. We may suppose that the judgment will now be set, and the books opened, and the dead judged out of the things written in those books. 9. The eternal states of quick and dead being thus determined, then all who shall be found to have "made a covenant with him by sacrifice," and to have washed their robes, and "made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall be taken to his eternal glory, and "be forever with the Lord." What an inexpressibly terrific glory will then be exhibited! I forbear to call in here the descriptions which men of a poetic turn have made of this terrible scene, because I cannot trust to their correctness; and it is a subject which we should speak of and contemplate as nearly as possible in the words of Scripture.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

#### BIBLICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE JUDGMENT.

While many sublime passages of Old Testament Scripture have an undoubted application to Jewish temporalities, there are others which can have only a primary application of this kind, and which find their higher and more significant fulfilment in the introduction, progress, and triumph of the Messiah's kingdom, and the scenes amid which the Christian dispensation shall be brought to a close. Thus the following, while the reader may see in it primarily the destruction of Jerusalem and all the courts of the temple, the ten-fold repetition of the word "day" points unmistakably to more astounding events than accompanied even the bloody destruction of the rebel city: "The great

day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord: the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers. And I will bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord: and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their flesh as the dung. Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of his jealousy: for he shall make even a speedy riddance of all them that dwell in the land" (Zeph. i. 14-18).

Or take the following as one among many that might be given. It is easy to recognize in these sublime figures of speech the total obscuration of a nation, whose sun should never rise again; but it is quite as easy to discern a secondary application to the darkening of a greater than the Hebrew sun, and the destruction of a land wider than that surrounded by the walls of Babylon:

"Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty. Therefore shall all hands be faint, and every man's heart shall melt: and they shall be afraid: pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them; they shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth: they shall be amazed one at another; their faces shall be as flames. Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light: the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of the Lord of hosts, and in the day of his fierce anger" (Isa. xiii. 6-13).

The sanction given by our Lord and the evangelists to this Old Testament imagery, as applicable to the scenes of the judgment day, places the matter beyond cavil. Thus the following: "And they shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us" (Hosea x. 8). Christ himself said, "Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us" (Luke xxiii. 30). So the Revelator pictures men of all classes, saying to the "mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne" (Rev. vi. 17). "In those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them" (Rev. ix. 6).

Again, "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. xii. 14). This Old Testament affirmation is almost literally repeated by Paul—"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad" (2 Cor. v. 10).

Space will not permit the further multiplication of instances of this kind. It is evident that the preachers and prophets of old had a far-off glimpse of this great and terrible day, and that their proclamations and prophecies served a God-designed part in preparing the minds of the chosen people for the fuller and clearer revelations of coming retribution.

By far the most exhaustive and graphic inspired description of the judgment scene is that contained in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning with the twenty-first verse:

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye

gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the *righteous* answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

“Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. *And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.*”

This passage discloses several points which may be briefly noted: 1. Christ is to be the judge. God hath committed all judgment unto the Son. “He hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead” (Acts xvii. 31). 2. He will not appear, as in his first advent, with human disadvantages and limitations, but with power and great glory. 3. He will not be surrounded simply by a few of the wise and good, but by all nations and generations of men. 4. By some all-comprehensive yet particular process he shall separate the uncounted hosts into two companies, one upon his right hand—place of honor—and the other on his left. 5. Each assignment will be for cause. The particular arguments given here are *only samples*. The list of reasons can be extended indefinitely. Life

in relation to "one of the least" of Christ's disciples will be pregnant with immortal issues. The most obscure and insignificant human history will furnish ample ground for acceptance, or rejection, by the all-righteous Judge. "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved: yet so as by fire" (1 Cor. iii. 13-15).

The prophet Daniel, in his wonderful vision of the Ancient of days sitting upon his throne which was like the fiery flame and his wheels as burning fire, saw thousand thousands ministering unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before him: the judgment was set and the books were opened (Dan. vii. 9-11). John makes use of precisely the same expression in his description of the judgment (Rev. xx. 11, 12). The point to which we would call attention is that the *books were opened and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books*. This may have a literal fulfilment. Into these *books* are transcribed by the recording angels every thought, word, and deed of every human being that comes into the world. Men think their thoughts, speak forth their words, and perform their deeds, in most instances, with little reference to this great revealing time, and the slight impressions quickly fade from their memories. Nevertheless, there is a fadeless record being kept, and it will confront each one at the judgment-seat of Christ. Malachi discloses some particulars respecting the method of keeping this *book*, and the happy interest the Lord has in those whose names are found therein: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a *book* of remembrance was *written* before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall he return and discern between the righteous and the wicked,

between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not."

The judgment will be a scene of extraordinary interest to saints, angels, and devils. All these classes of intelligences shall be there. The glorified saints shall be present, as appears from what is said in Rev. xi. 18: "Thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead, that they should be judged, and that thou shouldest give reward unto thy servants the prophets, and *to the saints*, and them that fear thy name, small and great." That all the devils look forward to the judgment with anxious foreboding appears from the conversation which Jesus held with the legion confronting him at the tombs. "Art thou come hither to torment us *before the time?*" They evidently knew of the great doctrine of the second coming of Christ, in the glory of the Father, with all the holy angels. Hence their consternation at meeting him so unexpectedly, and in such a manner. They knew that the time was coming when they should be cast into the bottomless pit of raging fire, but they also knew that the time had not yet arrived, and they seemed to dread lest they should experience the agony of everlasting burnings before the time. Saint Peter says (2 Peter ii. 4): "The angels that sinned" "God spared not," "but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."

We cannot dwell longer upon this subject. The Bible is full of warning and exhortations in reference to this great and eventful day. It portrays to us the terrors of the wicked as they *seek for death and find it not*. This will be the time when the prophecy uttered by the wise man shall be fulfilled: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer: they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they

would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof" (Prov. i. 24-30).

As none can tell when his destiny shall be sealed for this day, for it will come practically to every soul as "a thief in the night," what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Peter iii. 10-13).—*The Editor*.

#### THE DAY OF DEATH PRACTICALLY THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

*The* day of judgment is remote, *thy* day of judgment is at hand, and as thou goest out in particular, so thou shalt be found in the general. Thy passing bell and the archangel's trumpet have both one sound to thee. In the same condition that thy soul leaves thy body, shall thy body be found of thy soul. Thou canst not pass from thy death-bed a sinner and appear at the great assizes a saint. Both in thy private sessions and the universal assizes, thou shalt be sure of the same Judge, the same jury, the same witnesses, the same verdict. How certain thou art to die, thou knowest; how soon to die, thou knowest not. Measure not thy life with the longest; that were to piece it out with flattery. Thou canst name no living man, not the sickest, which thou art sure shall die before thee. Daily we follow the dead to their graves, and in those graves we bury the remembrance of our own death with them. Here drops an old man, and there a child; here an aged matron, and there a young virgin; with mourning eyes we attend them to their funerals, yet before we lay the rosemary out of our hands, the thought of death hath vanished from our hearts. When a hog lies bound under the knife to be killed, he makes a hideous cry above any other creature: hereupon the other swine come running in, and they grunt, and whine, and keep a fearful noise; but as soon as the dying beast hath ceased, they also are silent, and return to the filthy mire as carelessly as if no harm had been done.

When we lose a neighbor, a friend, a brother, we weep, and howl, and lament, as if, with Rachel, we could never be comforted; but the body once interred and the funeral ceremonies ended; if we do not stay to inquire for some legacies, we run back with all possible haste to our former sins and turpitudes, as if there had been no such matter. Alas! that the farthest end of all our thoughts should be the thought of our ends. Death is but our apprehension, like the taking of a malefactor; but it sends us to the session, and that either to forgiveness or execution. O, then, let us repent in life, that we may find comfort in death, and be acquitted at the day of judgment by Jesus Christ.

—*Melchior Adams, of the Seventeenth Century.*

#### PREPARATION FOR THE JUDGMENT.

We should make preparation, because we go there on a very solemn errand. We go there not as idle spectators; not to behold the glory of the Divine dwelling and throne; not as we often travel to other lands to see the work of nature, or the monuments of art; but we go on the final trial, and with reference to the irreversible doom of the soul. A man who is soon to be put on trial for his life feels that much must be done with reference to that important day in his existence, and makes the preparation accordingly. Everything about the kind of testimony on which he can rely; everything in the law, in the character of the judge and of the jury, becomes to him a matter of moment, and he looks it all over with most anxious solicitude. He who should have the prospect of such a trial before him, and who should evince the same unconcern on the points which the most of men do in reference to their trial before God, would be regarded as a fool or a madman. Should we go into his cell and find him engaged in blowing up bubbles, or in some other trifling employment, manifesting the utmost indifference to all that we could say of the character of the judge or jury, or to the importance of being prepared for the arraignment, we should regard him as bereft of the characteristics of a rational being. On the issue of that interview with God depends everything that is dear to us hereafter. There will not be a moment in all that

boundless eternity before us which will not be affected by the results of that day's investigation. To us it will be the most solemn moment of our existence—a period to be remembered in all the days of our future being—as it should be anticipated with anxious solicitude in all the days that precede it.

—*Albert Barnes.*

#### THE END OF THE WORLD.

Even the ancient Hebrews believed that as the world had a beginning, it would also have an end; and so their prophets speak of the *growing old* of the heavens and the earth. They teach that hereafter the whole material creation will become unfit for its purposes and useless to its inhabitants, and that God will then lay by the aged heavens, like an old, worn-out garment, and create a new heaven and a new earth, *vide* Ps. cii. 10–12, where this is described, in opposition to the eternity and unchangeableness of God. Heb. i. 10–12. Our seeing the constant fluctuations and changes of all things, the wasting and falling away of the hardest rocks, and other observations of a similar nature, may lead to the same thought, and give it confirmation. Hence we find in the Old Testament such expressions as the following: *Until the heavens are no more, until the sun and the moon are no more—e. g.,* Job xiv. 12; Isa. xiii.; Ezek. xxii., etc. . . .

From these more general ideas and expectations respecting great changes hereafter to take place in the universe, there was developed among the Jews and other nations the more definite idea of the future destruction of the world, and especially of our earth. Everything, it was supposed, would be hereafter shattered and destroyed, but not annihilated; since from the ruins of the ancient structure there would come forth again a renewed and beautified creation.

Now Christ and the apostles taught the doctrine of the end of the world very distinctly and plainly, and sanctioned what was previously known on this subject by their own authority. *Vide* Matt. v. 18; Luke xxi. 33; 2 Peter iii., etc.

But among the Jews and some others the doctrine prevailed that this change would be effected by a *general conflagration.*

This belief in such a conflagration did not at first rest upon any arguments drawn from a profound knowledge of natural philosophy; such, for example, as the supposition of a fire burning in the centre of the earth, or the approximation of a comet, as many modern writers have thought; but they were first led to this belief, and afterwards confirmed in it, by thought like the following: *Water* and *fire* are the two most powerful and efficient elements, by which the most violent changes are produced in the earth, and by which desolations and renovations are effected. Now we find traditions among all nations respecting great floods of water, and the desolations occasioned by them in the earliest times. According to Moses, the water originally covered the whole earth, and the dry land issued from thence, and then followed Noah's flood. It was now the expectation that hereafter the other still more fearful element, *the fire*, which even now often causes such terrible desolations, would effect a still more amazing and universal revolution than that effected by the water, and that by this means the earth would be renewed and beautified.

It was by such analogies as these that this traditionary belief was confirmed and illustrated among the heathen nations where it prevailed. It was afterward adopted by many philosophers into their systems, and advocated by them on grounds of natural philosophy.—*Prof. Knapp, D. D.*

#### THE HEAVENS PASSING AWAY.

When, in reference to the dissolution of our globe and its appendages, it is said that "the heavens shall pass away with a mighty noise," the aerial heaven, or the surrounding atmosphere, is to be understood. How this appendage to our world may be dissolved, or pass away with a *mighty noise*, it is not difficult to conceive, now that we have become acquainted with the nature and energies of its constituent parts. One essential part of the atmosphere contains the principle of flame; and if this principle were not counteracted by its connection with another ingredient, or were it let loose to exert its energies without control, instantly one immense flame would envelop the terraqueous globe, which

would set on fire the foundations of the mountains, wrap the ocean in a blaze, and dissolve not only coals, wood and other combustibles, but the hardest substances in nature. It is more than probable that when the last catastrophe of our globe arrives, the oxygen and nitrogen, or the two constituent principles of the atmosphere, will be separated by the interposition of Almighty Power. And the moment this separation takes place, it is easy to conceive that a tremendous concussion will ensue, and the most dreadful explosions will resound throughout the whole of the expanse which surrounds the globe, which will stun the assembled world and shake the earth to its foundations. For if, in chemical experiments, conducted on a small scale, the separation of two gases, or their coming in contact with the principle of flame, is frequently accompanied with a loud and destructive explosion, it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the loud and tremendous explosions which would ensue *were the whole atmosphere at once dissolved*, and its elementary principles separated from each other and left to exert their native energies. A sound as if creation had burst asunder, and accompanied the next moment with a universal blaze extending over sea and land, would present a scene of sublimity and terror which would more than realize all the striking descriptions given in Scripture of this solemn scene.—*Dr. Thomas Dick.*

#### THE DISSOLUTION OF ALL THINGS.

In the burning of the universe we find a representation of the vanity of the present world. What is this world which fascinates our eyes? It is a funeral pile that already begins to burn, and will soon be entirely consumed; it is a world which must end, and all that must end is far inferior to an immortal soul. The thought of death is already a powerful motive to us to place our affections on another world; for what is death? it is to every individual what, one day, the final ruin will be to the generality of mankind; it is the destruction of the heavens, which pass away with a great noise; it is the dissolution of the elements; it is the entire conflagration of the world, and of the works which are therein. Yet vanity hath invented refuges

against this storm. The hope of an imaginary immortality hath been able to support some men against the fear of real death. The idea of existing, in the minds of those who exist after them, hath, in some sort, comforted them under the miserable thought of being no more. Hence pompous buildings and stately edifices; hence rich monuments and superb mausoleums; hence proud inscriptions and vainglorious titles, inscribed on marble and brass: behold the dissolution of all those bonds.

The destruction of the world deprives us of our imaginary being, as death deprives us of our real existence. You will not only be shortly stretched in your tombs, and cease to use the houses, and fields, and palaces which you inhabit; but these houses, these palaces, these fields will be consumed, and the memory of all that is fastened to the world will vanish with the world. Since, then, this is the condition of all sensible things; since all these sensible things must perish; immortal man, infinite spirit, eternal soul, fasten not thyself to vanity and instability. Seek for a good more suitable to thy nature and duration.—*James Saurin.*

#### END OF TIME.

In the present dispensation we are the subjects of Time. With gigantic footsteps he bears us to our future. There is no escape from his course. Sometimes in the midst of extensive enterprises and important engagements he summons us, and we must obey. Prepared, or unprepared, we are compelled to do him service—the only service we can render him—yield up our life. The poet had this thought in mind:

“Remorseless Time!  
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity!  
On, still on he presses, and forever.”

Few are the human hearts so hardened but that at some period or other they are melted into pity. But were the whole universe in tears over the rapid sweep of Time, his silent course would not be stayed, nor his iron heart be moved. On, still on,

he would press, and—*forever?* No, not forever. The period comes on apace when his own death-knell shall ring. He defeats himself by his reckless flight. "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth forever and ever . . . that there *should be time no longer*" (Rev. x. 5, 6). Swallowed up in eternity, his "iron heart" shall yet be melted to pity; nay, shall feel the sting of death. The iron barriers of the tombs which he has built shall be broken asunder, and the numberless risen dead shall gather the scattered fragments to build an eternal sepulchre to him who has laid so many in their last repose, but who shall then be wrapped in the unending sleep of eternity. His funeral dirge shall be chanted by the saints, when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

—*The Editor.*

#### DEATH OF DEATH.

Death is an enemy to man, made such by sin. He is a powerful enemy. He has absolute and universal dominion over the bodies of men. And he is to have the longest reign of all human foes. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Satan is an enemy to man, but Christ came to destroy his works. He has no power to injure the faithful and obedient. And in course of time he is to be chained up and confined in his own place. Sin, in all forms, is an enemy to man; but in the promised and promising universal spread of Christianity, sin shall no longer reign, but shall be dethroned by grace. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." So, disease is an enemy to man. Destruction and misery are in his ways. But in the fires of the great conflagration the seeds of every disease shall be burned up. The inhabitants of the blessed country never say, "I am sick." But while other foes are falling in the great march of events, paradoxical as it may seem, *Death still lives*. He who has no life, but is all death, has

the longest life of all. Let him live and accomplish his purpose with humanity; he shall yet die; and the death of Death will be, to the children of God, eternal life.—*The Editor.*

### THE SECOND DEATH.

The phrase "second death" is peculiar to the Apocalypse. In Rev. ii. 11, it is said; "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." It is a fair inference from this passage that the second death is not annihilation; for, as Bishop Pearson observes, "They who die that death shall be *hurt* by it; whereas if it were annihilation, and so a conclusion of their torments, it would be no way hurtful, but highly beneficial to them. But the living torments are the second death."

In Rev. xx. 6, it is declared, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ." The import of this passage is substantially the same as that of the one above quoted. The two might be paraphrased as follows: He that overcometh shall have part in the first resurrection, and shall not be hurt of the second death, for on such the second death hath no power. What a comforting thought it is that by the grace of God we may overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, be accounted blessed and holy, rise from the grave with special honor, and escape the pangs of the death which never dies.

"There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!"

What matter about the first death, which sooner or later must pass over us, if we escape the second death?

The third use of this term in the Apocalyptic vision is in chapter xx. 14: "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death." It thus appears that the second death is to be the destruction of the ancient form of death, so long the terror of men, and swallowing up with it, Hades, is to prove, as Trench puts it, "the death in life of the lost, as

contrasted with the life in death of the saved." This is the "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power." Pollok describes it in his picture of the final judgment scene. Amid the profound stillness of universal life and space the Judge pronounces the sentence. The seven last thunders utter their voices. The souls of the reprobate are driven beyond the impassable gulf separating between the good and the bad. Pausing for a moment upon the verge of Erebus, the poet sees them stand; then

" God, in the grasp  
Of his almighty strength, took them upraised,  
And threw them down into the yawning pit  
Of bottomless perdition, ruined, damned,  
Fast bound in chains of darkness evermore;  
And Second Death, and the Undying Worm,  
Opening their horrid jaws with hideous yell,  
Falling, received their everlasting prey."

—*The Editor.*

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As there is a second and higher life, so there is also a second and deeper death. And as after that life there is no more death, so after that death there is no more life.—*Dean Alford.*

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There is a deathless life, and a resurrectionless death.

—*Dr. Whedon.*

# THE PUNISHMENT



# of the WICKED

A doctrine unquestionably taught in the Bible, and grounded in the very constitution of humanity ; a principle recognized as an essential feature of every earthly government ; and yet a subject of violent denunciation and prolonged controversy.

"If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." Rev. xiv. 9-11.

A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
No light; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,  
That comes to all; but torture without end.

—Milton.

## PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

### A FUTURE OF DARKNESS.

**T**HE dark side of eternity affects us more sensibly than the bright side does. Intensity of suffering is greater than intensity of happiness. Take remorse of conscience and peace of conscience as instances. We are certainly more affected by remorse than we are by peace. So also painful sensations of the body exceed in degree those that are pleasurable. Let a man be slowly cut to pieces until life departs, or be burned to death, and the intensity of the suffering will far exceed the intensity of any kind of bodily pleasure. So when sinful beings look steadily into the future, they are more alarmed by the fact of eternal misery than they are cheered by the fact of eternal blessedness. It requires an effort for a man to hope for the best; but fear lays hold of the soul whether one wants it or not.

That the wicked when they enter eternity will see themselves to be *wholly evil* is a startling thought. A man living and dying full of conceit: the moment after death gazing upon a depravity that has no line of goodness running through it! There is something frightful in the conception that the unnumbered hosts of the lost shall be compelled to look around their character hour after hour, conscience uttering only one ceaseless condemnation. To be stripped of all that was once thought fair; to be cut off from all the influences which once threw a radiance around our souls; to be left alone with ourselves in the "outer darkness" of eternity—to be thus situated is death.

—*Rev. John Reid.*

Such place eternal justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.—*Milton.*

#### THE DOCTRINE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT CONSPICUOUS IN THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.

Listen alone to the voice of Christ. He is the centre and sum of the New Testament dispensation—the embodiment of all we can know or think of love divine. Whatever suspicion of insensibility and hard-heartedness might attach to Paul the logician, or to Peter the fisherman, is inadmissible here.

Whatever the world knows of vicarious love this man Jesus taught it. He locked arms with the great problem of human redemption, and walked with it down under the olives and up the hill of woe. He put himself beneath the burden of man's sorrow as no other ever did; he loved mankind as mothers love babes; he wept over cities as men weep over graves.

Whatever words he speaks to us, therefore, we shall be certain that they are not the utterances of a heart that could gloat over cruelties, or could try to get power over men by appealing to their fears through horrible pictures of fictitious woe. The lips that speak to us now are the same that will pray for murderers by and by. 'These things burst upon us from the tenderest heart that ever beat on earth. And we may judge something of the emphasis to be attached to them from the fact that by virtue of their awful truthfulness they force themselves out of such a heart as this.

Notice that these appeals to the fears of men appear in the early morning of Christ's public ministry. In his sermon on the mount he gives the key-note of that sublime gospel anthem which is to roll through all the ages of the world, and echo forever among the hills of God. It is the anthem of love and salvation; its glory is the cross of incarnate and vicarious Deity; its hope eternal felicity; its theme is redemption; its inspiration, divine benevolence.

And yet he cannot sound the key of this sublime symphony

without mingling with the very first notes of it the wailings of lost spirits. Threatened damnation joins hands with the beatitudes in Christ's first appeal to mankind. Scarcely have we heard those sweet tones, "Blessed are the pure in heart," before there breaks on our ears the startling cry of "hell-fire." "Life" and "destruction" come in the same breath; the sermon that begins with the tender words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," ends with a startling picture of a falling house around which destruction howls in rain, flood, and wind.

Then for months the Preacher goes about among the poor; sees men among their sins and graves; heals the sick, and even raises the dead. So great and good is he that woe sets toward him "in a strong, perpetual tide;" every house in which he stops becomes a hospital; every field an aceldama; judging from what came close around him one might suppose the whole world one vast lazarus-house. Even he is forced to tears, and with dewy eyes, he pities while he heals.

But how about this dread doctrine which he announces in his first sermon? Does familiarity with the weakness and woes of men modify his views or his expression of them? Not at all, for through his tears and tender words and healings there gleam out every now and then these same dread lightnings of coming doom. Mourning as he does over present woes, he still says, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

And after his own agony is past, and he stands under the opening heavens where waiting angels throng the gates to hail his coming, he utters again the same dread cry, "He that believeth not shall be damned," and commands his disciples to go and teach this to all nations.

It must be true. Terrible as it is to think of anguish eternal; absolute hopelessness—darkness unpenetrated by a single ray—it must be true, or our tender Lord would not have said it. In his sermons, parables and general utterances, he spoke of hell as he did of serpents, death, and sin, not because fair to look upon, but because awful as it is, it is a fact in the universe of God. It almost makes us shudder even to speak of the unspeakably horrible figures which he used in describing the future

condition of the wicked: "everlasting fire;" "tormented in this flame;" "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth;" "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" so dreadful are words like these that even the sternest pulpits now seldom hear them spoken. Yet here they are, and every one of them from the same lips that spoke the beatitudes, and comforted the sisters at Bethany. There is no escape. We may fret ourselves against the heavy chain of this inexorable truth, but it holds us fast. We can get rid of the awful menace of eternal punishment only by sealing the lips of the Son of God. Let Jesus speak, and he will threaten a doom as dreadful as human language can express. Let him preach but one sermon, and you shall hear surging through it the roar of a lake of fire. Jesus Christ settles the *fact* of post-mortem punishment.—*J. H. Bayless, D.D.*

#### PUNISHMENT ACCORDING TO DESERVINGS.

The Scriptures declare that God "will render to every man according to his deeds." "That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We are to interpret these texts as announcing an unvarying law of retribution, by which every man must inevitably reap the consequences of his conduct. In proportion as his conduct is good he will be happy, and in proportion as it is bad he will be unhappy. Every act and thought of his life which has a moral quality will register itself in his character in ineffaceable impressions; so that the character he has at death will be the resultant of the various acts of his life. "That which he does to-day and to-morrow, each thought, each feeling, each action, each event, every passing hour, every breathing moment, is contributing to form that character by which he is to be judged." It is that character that shall "appear before the judgment seat of Christ" and determine the degree of happiness or misery of the immortal soul who has made it—the degree of happiness, if the soul is saved; the degree of misery, if he is lost.

For as there are innumerable grades of character among the believing and unbelieving here, so there will be innumerable degrees of joy or woe among the saved and the lost hereafter. All unbelieving and therefore unsaved men are not equally bad. Some of this class lead more correct lives than others, and are for the most part moral in their conduct toward their fellow-men; while others seem to "give themselves over unto" every iniquity, "to work all uncleanness with greediness," at the same time attempting to cloak their wickedness with a pretense of piety. "These," the Saviour declares, "shall receive the greater damnation;" which, with such Scripture phrases as "the lowest hell," "beaten with many stripes," and "beaten with few stripes," indicates that the miseries of the lost shall be graded according to the degrees of their wickedness. Thus, and thus alone, will God "render unto every man" among the damned "according to his deeds."—*C. H. Zimmerman, A. M.*

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The torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul.

—*John Calvin.*

#### HOW THE WICKED ARE ENSNARED.

As fishes are taken in an evil net—a net of basket-work, like what set in rivers, with wide, easy openings toward the tide, like tunnels, through which the fishes glide without obstruction or suspicion, but suddenly find themselves imprisoned and no possibility of escape, the nose of the tunnel being of sharp stakes, that opened easily to let them in, but point inward and shut and impale them on trying to get out—so are men taken in an evil time by the reaction of their own natures. "The wicked shall be taken in his own iniquities and holden with the cords of his own sins." They were not cords, they were not cables when he began to play with them and to wind them around his sensibilities and his soul; but soft, silky, almost invisible threads, as light and soft as gossamer. They were a tangle of bright, shining nets, as easily pierced and broken at first with a single arrow from God's truth as a bee upon the wing would break through a cobweb on a rosebush. But out of such material,

only multiply it, weave it, wind it, braid it long enough, many times enough, and you have a cable and a net that no giant could break asunder. Even so are men taken captive by Satan at his will, and what were threads at first, almost invisible as air and light as the footfalls of the dew upon the flowers, become stronger than chain cables.—*George B. Cheever, D. D.*

### THE NATURE AND DURATION OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

(Abbreviated from a paper read before the Theological Union, at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. Published in this volume by courtesy of the author.—*Editor.*)

The methods of thought which are correct in regard to heaven, are correct for hell. If we never think of understanding the figures of the one literally, we should not of the other. If heaven is not simply a vast building, or city, or garden, then hell is not literal fire or living worm. If heaven is made by character, hell is made by character.

1. *It is an Estate of Sinners.* Still sinful, therefore still under the ban with all sin. Newton, in his "Principia," established the fact that the laws of the earth's physics hold good on any globe. God in his book of Principles teaches a like persistence of moral qualities. A man who has murdered in Detroit is a murderer in Canada, or if drowned in crossing over. If there is not that corruption of the original nature whereby the man is very far gone from original righteousness, and of his own nature inclined to evil continually, he cannot be admitted into hell. The company have the desires, appetences and tendencies of sinners. There must be the loss of heaven and the heavenly characteristics. There must be *unrest*, companionships on principles of hate and selfishness, sin, malignity, bitterness, undermining cunning, prison life of suppression, remorse, agony, banishment with the devil and his angels. Concede a heaven, and we concede a not-heaven, and the whole class of *pœna damni*.

Sin in its essential nature is the creature's attempt to sever, and his actual severance from his Creator. He must be what he craves to be in and through himself. This is impossible. Our soul life is hid with Christ in God, and there can be no blessedness apart from loving him and being loved by him. That love

must be voluntary. The sinner will not find the life of his soul in God. Balked in his selfish attempts to find what he was made to enjoy, his selfish pride is the more daring. It does not follow that the soul is therefore free, because it has cast off God. Being made on a royal plan for righteousness through this union with God, it is overwhelmed without the union. He is too weak for the carnal self. "He that committed sin is the servant of sin."

We are not sinners who knew no better. We are debtors as well as transgressors. "We might have been," "we ought to have been"—kings. We have not been administering the kingdom. We are conscious of being wrong in conduct and in condition. We are erring, and hence evil consequences: we are guilty, therefore subject to punishment.

2. Sin is by natural laws subject to bad consequences, and is under the ban according to its character.

God stands by his laws. We reap wrath when we sow to the flesh. Terrible consequences follow a small derangement. A screw loose lets a wheel drop into another wheel, then what a succession! There is no proportion between cause and curse. It would be very foolish to talk of compensations and proportions in such case. The soul's forces go forward in a straight line, perverted though they be, and would go right on forever. The downward course of sin furnishes the most vivid climaxes of the Bible. (These climacteric illustrations of sin's progress were quoted, and the law of sin's multiplication and complete subjugation shown. The malignity of sin shown by its history.)

3. The nature of hell is seen in perversion of man's magnificent powers.

The higher the power the greater the perversion. The exquisiteness of the joy in the use arises from the complications and nice adaptation which increase the pain and possibility of perversion.

Not as a factory may the soul be ground down into material dust and ashes, but infinite as its duration and varied as its functions may be its ruin when colliding with itself, its surroundings and with God.

*Memory.* An actor in New York commits the morning *Herald* at a single reading. We may think of memory as receiving, retaining and recalling. Everything received is retained for the future. What was covered is strangely reproduced. The sinner's acts and passions are all retained to be recalled. Still more sad the fact as to *what* is received: that to which we give attention and sympathy. It takes up its load according to the character. A bad man retains the lascivious song, but has no sympathetic basis for the sermon. A sieve to the good, a sponge to the foul, he gathers like a scavenger, is loaded like a pack-horse with foul carcasses for Gehenna.

*Imagination* is a creating faculty that exalts man into kinship with his Maker. She works for everybody. She shows the engineer the New York Central Park, where there is only robber-hiding rocks and sickness-reeking swamps; sees the human face beneath a million chips of marble; invents engines, and writes "Hamlet;" she pictures the home of sorrow and helps charity; is the major part of faith, hope and the perseverance of saints; builds heaven. But she makes a bad man's hell. His imagination revels in the sinful, whets sensual passions by ideal pictures, by delusive representations, leads furiously after unreal pleasures at the cost of real sin. The cup looks roseate atop, and is named sociability: when its agitation is tremens and its nature death.<sup>6</sup> The bad will humors the falsity. Extravagancies are indistinguishable from realities, and not less powerful because untrue. The effect is seen in delirium and melancholia. Visit an insane hospital, and gain a conception of a worldful of disordered imaginations.

*Conscience*, by its very truthfulness, fills a bad soul with terrors. A candle of the Lord, it lights up the darkest depth. "Conscience makes cowards of us all," because of our ill-desert.

"We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us." "It is John the Baptist, he is risen from the dead," cried Herod. "The murdered Huguenots come to me," was the conscience-cry of Charles IX. "I must go into the Senate," said Tiberius, "and

tell them that what I suffer every day is worse than death." "God has let my conscience loose upon me," was the terrible cry of a youth that had destroyed his father's religion.

*Man's Free Will.* We are conscious of causative energy. We cannot see causation without attributing it to mind. We are casual minds in the image of God, sharing his rationality and freedom. Were we things only, "brambles rude," or dumb driven cattle, we should come to very different conclusions. Were we necessitated beings, all sources of greatness were cut off, and we should no more have virtue, character, or heaven, than bramble or brute. Man has a sphere in which he is free as God is in his greater sphere. This will uses the intellect for light, the sensibilities for motives. With a degraded court the king is corrupted. The Louis XIV. goes down in Madame Maintenon's lap, and the Samson is shorn of his strength by Delilah. In "the battle of the I's," as given in the seventh chapter of Romans, the carnal mind may reject Christ, and reject him forever. The Love Divine that gave the law to secure virtue, stated the penalty of disobedience plainly, that came as Saviour and as Holy Spirit, may be met by the creature's hate. The will *versus* Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in all offers and offices may be triumphant. Moreover, by the terrible obduracy of its very freedom superinduce a guilty thralldom, so as no longer to will any good.

*Consciousness*, in its still more terrible perversion, brings the characteristics kindred to demoniacal possessions.

Cases of double consciousness arise from sins of personal impurity, or delirium tremens, frequently in cesspools of heathenism, where the unfortunate beings are shattered and controlled as by alien spirits that had leaped into the seat of personality.

But man in his present gracious state has a still higher class of powers, which are the very life of the soul. Man has a *capacity for spirit-union with God*. All his springs are in God, and the life he now lives in the flesh he lives by the Son of God, who loved him and gave himself for him. There is a spirit in man, a basis upon which the Almighty giveth him understanding. We are gloriously akin to God in this, but sin

destroys this relationship, as we can plainly see about us. From neglect, hardness, reprobacy, men are found "past feeling."

*Faith Power*, of which the soul makes first its affiance with God and next gains its reliance, the sinner rejects till all Godward attachments of the soul are gone. Sermons now preached fall as the sermons of students practising in the woods fall on rocks and trees. "I was as a brute before thee."

The *Power of Loving* is perverted by the service in the opposite passion. Hate absorbs all. Where all hate, all is hell.

In what has been said, two processes may be seen. A growth into sin: a growth out of spiritual powers and out of spiritual possibilities. Death gives a release to saint and sinner. Each has allies and foes without and within. You can catalogue the helping and the retarding forces of each. When release comes by removing one set of counter forces, each shall have his fulness of his own devising. The saint shall bound upward amid infinite felicities, and be satisfied. The sinner shall find license "given over to work all uncleanness with greediness"—can finish into fiend.

4. The future holds more than consequences of sin: it has judicial punishment. A true view of sin discloses the truth: "Against Thee—Thee only—have I sinned." Here, as elsewhere, God must care for his system, and pervade all its general laws, as though it were a vast living thing, pulsating harmoniously at the touch of his will. All natural laws thus held as his workings, he can have from the first arranged, such consequences as should be, in whole or in part, the proper punishers for his free conspirators. So the Scriptures hold. Self-inflicted consequences may yet be judicially weighed and primitively sent.

## II. *Duration.*

1. The nature of sin indicates the eternity of its punishment. There is a necessary and eternal difference between right, the blessedness-procurer, and wrong, that puts under the ban. This relation can never be abolished. A sin can no more cease to be sin, and a bringer of uninterrupted evil, than God can cease to be holy.

There is nothing in suffering to restore character. Sin is

pestilential in its nature, only widening and spreading; suffering a mere negative consequence. That one suffers long with disease is not regarded as proof that he nears health. If it be heart disease, we do not therefore say his lungs must be very strong. Sin is not certain limited results of bad environment of circumstances, that are cast out like emptying a horse-trough, but the free will is itself a creator, sending forth like an exhaustless fountain. The way to heaven is not through hell.

2. The condition of the sinner necessitates the eternity of his punishment. He has made a definite character, secured his regnant choice, gained his license, outlined his faculties for good, and in this has a given direction and momentum. His forces are right-linear in hell. There is no gravity back to good to make his course pendulum-like, or bring it back like a comet from its wandering. It is not like a wooden ball on a rubber string, flying back to the hand. The string is cut. Character makes the gulf impassable.

3. The character of God gives no hope. He only knows the height from which sin hurls his child. He is bereaved indeed. He sees sin as that thing so dreadful that the infinite Son alone could atone for it: the Holy Spirit alone sanctify the soul touched by it: the infinite Father alone could forgive it. He knows that the Father gave his all—his only Son: the Son gave all—his life: the Spirit gave all—poured out himself: that Godhead has exhausted himself in the Great Salvation, and there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, and no escape to neglecters. He does not want the soul anywhere but in hell, as a sinner. So in the sentences of Jesus Christ he settles the matter without a tremor of a doubt, and these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. With like calm and decisive utterance he says of the wicked, they are “cast into outer darkness, burn with unquenchable fire—drink of the wine of the wrath of God—the wrath of God *abideth* upon them.”

*He cannot proclaim a pardon*, for it is God-antagonism that keeps them out.

*A second probation* is simply an impossibility. The sinner has a character on hand. What will he do with it? It is himself.

To get rid of this is to be annihilated; to be brought back as at childhood, is to be created another being. Then the work is not done. Justice is cheated, and the chain binding the sin to the sinner is unbroken. Only the great miracle of the cross on earth does that. Sin cannot be a mightier saviour than that which embodied Godhead.

The knowledge given of doomed spirits is in point. Christ, the pitiful, had no salvation for them. If they might dwell a few days in degraded men or swine, it was all mercy could do.

The last refuge of lies is

#### ANNIHILATION.

The *πρῶτον φεῖδος* of this system is in utterly mistaking the meaning of the words life and death. Life is used as if it meant only existence, but life never means simply existence. It means existence plus certain functions. Unceasingness is alike in all things that possess it, but we never know what the life of a particular thing is until we know its functions. A mountain of granite is a grand existence, but has no life. A vegetable has life when it meets its end of existence; so a higher life is that of an animal. A soul lives when it meets the end of its existence, by loving, honoring, obeying God.

Death, the opposite of life, never means annihilation.

To be carnally minded is death.

2. Great indeed does this absurdity become when it requires that *perish, destroy, consume*, and other words of like nature, mean always annihilation. The *lost* sheep and missing coin must be *annihilated*. "The righteous perish;" are they, too, annihilated?

3. This would contravene justice. It is an unequalled terror to the comparatively good; a great reward (as suicides, Epicureanism, Hindooism prove) to the bad.

4. The doctrine is fatalistic as compared with the Scripture, which is scientific. It is arbitrary action of God's power.

This last refuge fails therefore. We have no escape but by the cross, from the character of sinners. Rejecting this, there is no escape from the prison-house of souls, over the portals of which is written, *forever*.—*Rev. N. H. Axtell, D. D.*

## ETERNAL IMPRISONMENT.

God is a righteous Judge. To him vengeance belongeth. He executeth judgment, but not speedily, against the workers of iniquity. Heaven is his throne; earth is his footstool; hell is his prison-house. We are sure that he has already punished a rebellious faction of created intelligences. The angels that kept not their first estate found their place no more in heaven, but were cast out with the dragon, that old serpent, called the devil.

“Him the Almighty power  
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire—  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.”

Some think that to repopulate the heavenly world man was created. At all events, he was given an existence, limited as to time, unlimited as to eternity. Earth was the scene of his probation. Eden was his garden home. The divine government in relation to him instituted a prohibitory law—in other words, put him on trial. The law had respect to both parts of his existence, the temporal and eternal. If man acquitted himself well, he was to have liberty as a citizen, dominion over the earth and freedom in eternity. If not, he was to die—that is, suffer the penalty of a violated law. Having an endless existence, he was capable of endless death—banishment from God, imprisonment for life. Just as in the human law the guilty may be punished by imprisonment during the entire period of the earthly life, so God may apply the same principle under his government, and imprison the guilty soul during the entire period of its existence. It may be as necessary in the one case as in the other. Certainly the good order of eternity is as important as that of time. And man cannot deny to God in his government a principle which is found so necessary in human affairs. If it be objected that the cases of guilt are not parallel, that the crime is not commensurate with the severity of the sentence, we reply: No one can prove this to be the case. We know that sin is utterly odious to the holy God. It is high treason against his

government. He cannot regard it with allowance. It is murder. By it the Son of God is crucified afresh. Who shall say this is not a crime? It is a crime of the darkest hue, against which the whole Bible rings with denunciations.

But is God vindictive in meting out the punishment? Not by any means. He is slow to wrath. He loves the sinner, while he hates his sins. Hell was not prepared by him for man at all, but for the devil and his angels. Its human inmates are self-destroyed. God cannot, in equity, help them. He has no pleasure in their death. He not only gave man an opportunity to win heaven at first, but he provided for his redemption after he had fallen. What more could he have done, as a righteous ruler, than he has? To rescue man from perdition, he could have gone no further without destroying free will—in a word, without blotting out manhood itself. He follows every sinner through life, urges his claim to allegiance, warns, entreats, goes with him to life's latest end—to the very precincts of perdition itself—and calls out at last, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" The soul that breaks through such restraints to get to hell is a moral suicide, a self-murderer. In the eyes of the law, no man has power over life to take it; no man has jurisdiction over his own life to destroy it. If the suicide could be reached by man's punishment, he would be entitled to the same deserts that the murderer receives, for he has destroyed a life. Suppose, now, the penalty of murder to be imprisonment for life. The duration of such a penalty is justified on the ground that, as the murderer's victim was deprived of a bodily life, so the murderer should suffer during the existence of his bodily life. And the law does not discriminate whether the life be long or short. The measure of the confinement is gauged by the extent of the loss incurred as a result of the crime, which is the loss of a life.

Now, the penalty of taking soul life, whether in self or others (and some are doubtless guilty of both), is determined by the same principle. The duration of imprisonment must be co-equal with the existence of the lost soul, else the measure is not commensurate with the loss incurred. As the taking of a natural life merits life-long punishment, so the taking of a soul life

requires a corresponding duration of punishment. The sense of justice in man sanctions the one, and when in a proper condition to express itself, it will sanction the other. A pure society in the eternal world would no more be reconciled to criminals roaming at large, free and unguarded, than the best society on earth is to a similar condition of things. There could be no everlasting security or happiness for the good with offenders unconfined. God knows this, and he therefore proposes to shut out and shut up the bad. "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."—*The Editor*.

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When once a man is damned, he may bid adieu to all pleasures.—*Bunyan*.

#### NO REPRIEVE.

Is the reply ventured that true penitence is a universal and an absolute basis of restoration, and that if the guilty, at any period in the future, however remote, should repent, they will be restored? There is not a little assumption, it is manifest, in this plea. Retributive justice and the necessary and involved requirements growing out of the divine administration, as already seen, render such a supposition far from certain. The position is taken also without the least Scripture warrant.

The Bible leaves the impenitent in Gehenna, suffering the judicial penalty of their sins; it nowhere speaks of their restoration; not one word is given to assure us that their punishment is of limited duration, or that the final holiness and happiness of all men may ever be expected. All such expectations are, in fact, groundless; they are also pernicious. When Romanism and Liberalism will extinguish their Purgatorial fires, the one will increase its piety and the other its devotion a hundred fold.

To arraign the benignity of the divine administration, unless it allows of more than one probation, affords no relief; it is like complaining because there is but one youth time for the man who has worse than wasted his early years; one complaint is as reasonable as the other.

For the sake of the argument, however, we will admit that *if* the guilty will repent in the future, they will be restored. The counter question at once presents itself, What if they will not repent? Or what good reason is there for supposing that men in the future life, as in this, while in the exercise of their responsible agency, will not resolutely persist in the work of self-destruction? "In this world, where stands the cross of Christ, men turn away from the offers of mercy which it makes, and with strange and mysterious desperation rush on in their course of self-inflicted evils, and at length lie down and die in darkness and horror;" what are the evidences that they will be so situated as not to do the same hereafter? If they continue as they are, can God save them? Supposing the duration of punishment were fixed; the murderer to be punished a certain number of ages, the thief a certain number, the liar and slanderer, and all others, a given period, and that the punishments have been inflicted corresponding with the times specified; is restoration then to ensue? No one dares reply, Yes, unconditionally; for if the sinner has continued his rebellion, if he is just as much a criminal as when the punishment began, there can be no grounds of restoration. His second offence is more offensive even than his first, and in civil legislation is adjudged worthy of severer and longer continued punishment. The suffering must, in the nature of things, be coexistent with the impenitence. . . .

The more the subject is examined, the less will be the ground for expecting future repentance on the part of the finally impenitent; this being the case, the only foundation on which Restorationism can stand is removed. Certainly human nature points to continued impenitence. Nothing can be hoped from the effects of punishment. Of contrition under suffering everybody is shy. . . . And surely that abode in which the most hardened criminals the world has known are placed, the abode of outcasts and demons, God's great prison-house, "without chapel or chaplain," is the last spot in the universe in which to reform men. Gehenna and a revival of virtue are utterly and eternally incompatible elements. In fine, all reasoning based

upon analogy strikes the death-knell of every hope as to a second probation, which shall be better for men than the first. There remains no more sacrifice for sin, is the solemn voice heard echoing through nature and Providence, as well as in the Scriptures.—*L. T. Townsend, D. D.*

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Passive submission is the law of hell.—*Bickersteth.*

#### NO ANNIHILATION.

According to the Scriptures, the wicked depart into everlasting fire. The smoke of their *torment* ascendeth up forever and ever. They shall *weep*, and *wail*, and *gnash their teeth*. They have no rest day nor night. The rich man in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torments. The wicked shall dwell with everlasting burnings. When the master of the house shall have risen up and shut the door, they shall stand without, crying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; to whom the master shall say, I know you not, depart from me. The wicked shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the angels, and in the presence of the Lamb. The beast and false prophet shall be cast into a lake of fire, and shall be tormented forever and ever.

But how can those who are annihilated be said to be cast into *fire*, into a lake of fire and brimstone, and to be tormented there; to have no rest; to weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth; to dwell with everlasting burnings? As well might these things be said of them before they were created. How can they be said to *plead* for admission into heaven, and to *reason* on the subject with the Master of the celestial mansions? The smoke of their torments ascendeth up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night. But those who are annihilated, so far as they have anything, have continual rest day and night.

The different degrees of the punishment of the wicked in hell prove that their punishment does not consist in annihilation. The punishment of the fallen angels does not consist in annihilation; and the damned suffer the same kind of punishment

with them. In expectation of that full punishment, to which they are liable, they asked our Lord whether he were come to torment them before their time.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

#### THE WORD "EVERLASTING."

"Everlasting" is used seventy-one times in the New Testament; fifty of those times it is used to denote endless life and salvation; nowhere does it convey an exclusively temporal idea, and the unavoidable inference is, that it means endlessness; eight or ten times it is employed to convey an idea of the duration of the punishment of finally impenitent sinners. "Forever" implies, both in the New and Old Testament, in Greek just as in English, the whole duration of the existence of the state or thing to which it is applied. The forever of a man is during his whole existence; of a nation, its whole existence; of the world, its whole existence; and of the future state in eternity, its whole existence. And then, "forever and ever," has, especially, the exclusive meaning of indefinite, of endless duration. But there are some general expressions in the Scriptures which seem more certainly still to exclude hope from the doom of the lost. The sinner shall "be destroyed, and that without remedy;" the wicked "shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" the unbeliever "shall not see (eternal) life, but the wrath of God abideth on him;" the wicked are "cast into outer darkness;" he "hath never forgiveness;" "delivered him to the tormentors till he should pay all that was due unto him;" it were for him "better that he had never been born;" the "great gulf" of our text cannot be passed; and, above all, and what shows the state of the lost to be the end of all probation, even "death and hades" themselves, are "cast into the lake of fire," into the lake where the wicked are, and where the devil and his angels are. But, it is asked, "is it not promised that all things shall be restored in Christ?" Oh, yes! the day is coming when all, Jew and Gentile, all that then live in a state of probation, all that God is then dealing with for their salvation, shall be gathered together in Christ. But criminals under final sentence of death are not included in the census of the people; the future earth of prophecy

is the earth that shall be, not including those whose sins have put them out of the count forever; the remnant of Israel is always referred to by the prophets as being the whole nation; and it is of the salvation of the remnant that Paul says, "And so all Israel shall be saved." Yes, the world shall be restored in Christ; the living, not the dead world. In the next place, are not the conditions of the gospel absolute, so that salvation depends absolutely upon them? Most certainly to those who refuse to comply with the conditions, there is an endless, a hopeless forfeiture of all that is meant by salvation. Still further, is it not certainly the fact, as is admitted by one of the latest and ablest of English Universalists, that there is not, in any part of the Bible, a single word to show any further probation for souls after this life? There is no word of any preaching or prayer, any pardon or grace, any rescue or escape, in the eternal world. It is weak and presumptuous, therefore, for any one to indulge a thought which receives no validity from the only revelation we have of eternal realities.

—*W. Jeffers, D. D.*

#### TAKING THE WORD AS IT STANDS.

Said a quaint New England preacher, "Beware of Bible commentators who are unwilling to take God's words just as they stand. The first commentator of that sort was the devil in the garden of Eden. He proposed only a slight change—just the one word 'not' to be inserted, 'Ye shall *not* surely die.' The amendment was accepted, and the world was lost." The devil is repeating that sort of commentary with every generation of hearers. He insists that God couldn't have meant just what he said; that it must be that "everlasting punishment" is *not* everlasting; that the wages of sin is *not* death. To begin with, the devil induced one foolish woman to accept his exegesis; now he has theological professors who are of his opinion on these points; and there are multitudes of men and women who go on in the ways of sin because they believe the devil's word, and do not believe the word of God.

—*H. Clay Trumbull, D. D.*

On the deck, or in the rigging, of a burning vessel at sea, when death is absolutely certain, it is to be presumed that it does not take a wicked man very long to decide with what feelings he will meet his God.—*N. Adams, D. D.*

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Divines and dying men may talk of hell,  
But in my heart her several torments dwell.—*Shakespeare.*

#### THE MENTAL AGONY.

On the whole, it is of very little importance whether we say there is an external fire, or only an idea of such pain as arises from burning; and should we think both doubtful, it is certain God can give the mind a sense of agony and distress which should answer and even exceed the terrors of those descriptions; and care should certainly be taken so to explain Scripture metaphors as that hell may be considered as consisting more of mental agony than of bodily tortures.—*Dr. Doddridge.*

#### THE FEARFUL COMPANY.

If you were to spend a whole life, and never be separated from the vile and loathsome a single instant, what a gloom would it spread over your mind! Hell is the place where there are many such—where all the inhabitants are such: “Without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie,”—whatever is abominable. Oh! tell me not of the fire and the worm, and the blackness and darkness of hell: to my terrified conscience, there is hell enough in this presentation of it—that it is the common sewer of all that is abominable and abandoned and reckless as to principle, and depraved as to morals; the one common eddy, where everything that is polluted and wretched and filthy is gathered together.—*Dr. Beaumont.*

#### GEHENNA, OR THE LAKE OF FIRE.

There is “a lake of fire”—at least this language is in the Bible, and it means something. Well for us if we give it the meaning with which the Holy Spirit has invested it! To do

this we must not be wise above what is written, nor flinch from the results involved, however stern.

*Gehenna* is the theme. This is beyond death. Has it any connection with the "lake of fire?" My proposition is, *Gehenna*, as used by our Lord, represents the same punishment, the same state and doom of the wicked, that is symbolized in the "Apocalypse" by the "lake of fire," and the "second death."

This does not mean that *Gehenna* is an emblem of the lake of fire. Both are symbols. At least *Gehenna* is used metaphorically, the name of a literal valley on earth, passing over to a state or place of punishment in the future, of which identical punishment the lake of fire is a symbol. Each pictures to the mind the same outcome of the life of sin, the ultimate and irreversible perdition of ungodly men. . . .

*Gehenna* is not *Hades*, is not in *Hades*, is no part of *Hades*, and comes into the scenes of human destiny only as *Hades* goes out. Death and *Hades* deliver up their dead before the judgment, and after the judgment they are cast into the "lake of fire," which is *Gehenna*.

*Gehenna* means punishment after death. Men are cast into it after the body is killed; and yet it receives them, soul and body together. It is therefore after the resurrection. It is the *Gehenna—fire—the "everlasting fire," "the unquenchable fire,"* and it is the "fire prepared for the devil and his angels." It corresponds in every particular to the "lake of fire." Like the lake it is after death, after the resurrection, and after the judgment; and it receives the devil and his angels, as well as the ungodly of earth. Then why separate them? This cannot be done. *Gehenna* and the "lake of fire" point to the same thing. That thing is final. It is the "second death." Upon it falls the curtain of everlasting night! No voice echoes back its horrors. No light gleams from its lurid burnings. No revolution of cycles numbers the measure of its years. Eternity, dark, fathomless, hopeless, seals the fate of all adjudged to dwell amid the devouring fires.—*Bishop S. M. Merrill.*

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Hell is truth seen too late.—*H. G. Adams.*

## HELL.

Wide was the place,  
 And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.  
 Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,  
 With tempest tossed perpetually; and still  
 The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks  
 Of dark damnation broke, and music made  
 Of melancholy sort; and overhead,  
 And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled  
 To storm, and lightning forked lightning crossed,  
 And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds  
 Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,  
 Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,  
 I saw most miserable beings walk,  
 Burning continually, yet unconsumed.  
 Forever wasting, yet enduring still;  
 Dying perpetually, yet never dead.  
 Some wandered lonely in the desert flames.  
 And some in fell encounter fiercely met,  
 With curses loud, and blasphemies that made  
 The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought,  
 And cursed and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,  
 Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.  
 And there were groans that ended not, and sighs  
 That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,  
 And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.  
 And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair  
 Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips  
 Presented frequent cups of burning gall.  
 And as I listened, I heard these beings curse  
 Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse  
 The earth, the resurrection morn; and seek,  
 And ever vainly seek, for utter death.  
 And to their everlasting anguish still,  
 The thunders from above responding spoke  
 These words, which, through the caverns of perdition  
 Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear:  
 "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!"—*Robert Pollok.*

## THE REASONABLENESS OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

This cannot be a question for Christians to discuss with Atheists. For Atheists deny that there is any moral government of the world, so that we have other questions to settle with them before we come to this one. As to those who reject

the Scriptures, while still holding to a Providence, they are not warranted by what they know of this world to contradict revelation in what relates to the world to come. They may say they will or will not believe, but plainly they do not know, of their own knowledge, what is in the world to come; and science does not even profess to tell or to teach anything respecting that world. Sceptics are entitled only to ask, "Is endless punishment right?" They are undoubtedly entitled to ask that question. Yet how can we argue even with them? They all eliminate from religion the very idea of right and wrong, of guilt and justice, of any judicial acts on the part of God. How can we discuss with them whether anything is right, if they ignore or deny the reality of all such ideas as moral right and wrong? Here at least the common reason of the race cannot understand them. Now, does not the very fact that this life is a state of probation, a life introductory and preparatory to another after life—does not this very idea imply the finality, permanence, endlessness of that state that comes after this? Does not every one feel this to be the logical inference?

Again, does not the natural conscience in man, does not man's moral nature, show and prove the moral nature of the Creator, intimate to us the kind of government we are under, and give the unavoidable suggestion that we are and will be dealt with as moral and accountable beings? Again, does not the principle of future reward contain in it, at least does it not necessarily imply, the principle of punishment? If there is reward, there must be punishment also; for even the final loss of, exclusion from, reward, would itself be endless punishment. Again, is not justice to the sinner mercy to the public, goodness to the universe, implying good to all creation forever and ever? And ought not those sceptics who talk and write so loudly a boastful doctrine of "self-sacrifice," to confess it right that the one shall be sacrificed for the highest good of the rest? Yes, for the achievement or preservation of any highest good at all? Again, and especially, sceptics have sought to make the doctrine hateful by representing the future sufferings as the extremest torment and most revolting tortures. But what have they to do

with the degree of the suffering? They deny any suffering; so that the only question between them and us is, will there be any suffering in the future fixed abode? We know nothing at all about the degree of the suffering; the Bible gets its words in a figurative sense from Sodom and the valley of Hinnom; but the lowest imaginable degree of endless suffering would support the meaning of the very strongest expressions in the Bible. In one word, the Judge of all the earth will do right, and if any particular degree of punishment is more than is right—why, it will not be inflicted. This meets every possible objection from consideration of what is right. Again, to complete this last answer to the sceptics, every different degree of guilt will receive its own different degree of punishment. The differences of guilt are almost infinite; so will be the difference of punishment. Here is infinite room for every demand of right and reason.

—*W. Feffers, D. D.*

The doctrine of future punishment is scriptural, and can be overthrown only by a form of reasoning which destroys all faith in the Word of God. The criticism which extorts any other sense from the language of Christ and his apostles, can as easily maintain polygamy, vindicate slavery, or teach modern spiritualism. Every man, except the abandoned criminal, or sensualist, is abstractly a believer in retribution. When some great crime stirs the blood and unites men in a common purpose to avenge the wrong, their speculative notions of universal toleration, and mercy to passive culprits, vanish like gossamer.

—*J. M. Arnold.*

#### WHY WE BELIEVE THE DOCTRINE.

1. *It is safe doctrine.* We run no risk by believing that the punishment of the wicked will be eternal. Those who believe that all will finally be saved run a tremendous risk. What good can result from their belief? What motive have they in their belief? Their character will tell us, and hence we believe their punishment will be eternal.

2. *Because this is the belief of the good.* We like good company, and we look with suspicion upon a doctrine that is found

in bad company. Who believe that all men will finally be saved? Infidels, Deists, Unitarians, etc. We grant that some moral persons have been led into this error, and retained their good moral character; but their creed did not improve their moral character any. When do they believe this, before or after their conversion? Generally before their conversion. We doubt that any converted person can believe this monstrous doctrine, because it is not in harmony with the design of the Gospel, which teaches us that "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly." They can never join in the prayer, "Sanctify them through thy truth," because the effects produced by preaching this doctrine are not seen in the conversion and sanctification of those who believe it. The doctrine is not truth, because it will never convert a man, and it will never make a moral man of one who is immoral. We have here the reason why there are few conversions among those who professedly believe that the punishment of the wicked will be eternal. Their faith is weak, and they flatter themselves that somehow or other *they* will escape. But those who believe that all will escape at last, are wicked men who wish to escape, but who love their sins so much that they refuse to part with them. "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness."

3. This doctrine is in harmony with the main scope of the Bible, but the doctrine of universal salvation is not taught without giving a false and forced interpretation of those passages which refer to the future punishment of the wicked. Hence the hope that God will in future ages "put an end to sin and suffering" is "a baseless fabric of a vision."

4. It is *hated* and *opposed by ungodly men*. Wicked men hate the truth; this doctrine is hated by the wicked, therefore it is true. If Christ and his apostles had taught that all men will be saved, they would not have been opposed and persecuted, and they would never have awakened those terrible fears which led men to ask, "What must we do to be saved?"

5. If the punishment of the wicked is not endless, it is *not revealed* that the duration of it is limited. We ask for proof that it is not endless; but, after they have twisted a few passages of Scripture to suit their purpose, the advocates of this doctrine can only find two or three texts that may be so interpreted, that "possibly they may not mean absolutely endless."

6. But it is *plainly revealed* that it is endless. If it is not endless, then Christ was an imperfect revealer of the Father's will, and the apostles were all impostors, and the Bible is a very cunningly devised fable. Even Theodore Parker admitted that Christ taught the doctrine of eternal punishment, though he refused to accept it on his authority. If we accept the authority, we must accept the doctrine. If the punishment is not eternal, then no language can express the idea, for it is now as plain as language can make it. It is "everlasting fire," "the fire that never shall be quenched." "Their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched." "Their end is destruction—everlasting destruction." The wicked will be "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." "The smoke of their torments ascendeth up forever and ever." Besides, in many passages it is stated that they *shall not escape*. "Lord, are there *few* that be saved?" Christ said, "Many will seek to enter in, and *shall not* be able." "Sinners shall not stand in the congregation of the righteous." "They *shall not see life*, but the wrath of God abideth upon them." Their sin *shall not be forgiven* "in the world to come."

7. There will be *no way of escape* from that punishment. It is admitted that the fire is everlasting, though it is denied that the punishment is. How will they escape? God is angry with the wicked, and his anger will remain long as their sin and guilt will remain. They can't escape his wrath. Out of that prison they *shall not* come till they have *paid the last mite*. How will they pay the *first* mite? Will their sufferings atone for their sins? "A great ransom will not deliver them." "The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever." Christ shall reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet, and after that he will deliver up his kingdom, and the wicked "shall be

punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."

Again: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Will penal fire take the place of the Holy Ghost, and change the hearts of the damned? Will the flames of hell have more cleansing power than the afflictions of life? "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Again: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." But suffering will not produce repentance. "Ye will revolt more and more." "*It is impossible* to renew them again into repentance." "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer." *How will they get rid of their sin?* Some say "by the sovereign act of God." He will extinguish all evil. Then they will not escape because they will have suffered long enough. But if the sovereign will of God can extinguish evil, then the death of Christ was unnecessary. That argument will not stand. Others say, the wicked will escape when they will have suffered long enough. Then their salvation will be through suffering, and will have merit; but the Bible says, "Ye are saved by grace." Others say, that in future ages the wicked will see their sin and folly, and repent and believe and be saved. This carries man's free agency into hell, and, with it, there will be increased ability to refuse and resist. Others say, they will not always be able to resist the love and mercy of God. They must yield at last. This will destroy their free agency then, for if they *must* yield, they will have no choice.

How hard it is to defend error! Some one has said, "It takes more faith to believe that they will escape, than it takes to make a man a Christian."

8. This doctrine is in harmony with *the perfections of God*. Universalists say it is not just that man should be punished forever, for the few sins of this life. Is it just that he should suffer at all? Who can vindicate the justice of God, so far as the sufferings of this life are concerned? Who can tell the infinite demerit of sin? If it is not just that he should suffer, why does he not cease from sin? If men suffer for their sins, and it is just, then it is just that they should suffer forever, if their sins

remain forever unrepented and unforgiven. Besides, if they will be saved after they have suffered long enough, their salvation will not be through mercy. They could then demand admission to heaven; but there they sing "unto him that washed us."

The *mercy of God* is a favorite theme with many. He is too merciful to punish forever. But evil does exist in the face of mercy. If mercy could save the sinner at last, why not now? Will God be any more merciful hereafter than he is now? Will the sufferings of the sinner make him compassionate? Mercy is free and sovereign, not bought or deserved. Mercy does not conflict with justice and holiness.

The *wisdom of God*, we are told, can devise some way to get rid of sin and suffering, and deliver the wicked out of their future torments. If infinite wisdom can devise a better scheme than has been devised, then the wisdom of God was at fault in not putting it in execution. But if the blood of the atonement cannot save a man, nothing else will save him, for "there is no other name given under heaven, or among men, whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus."

The *power of God* is equal to man's need; and we are told that he can, *if he will*, put an end to sin and suffering. We know he is able to save the whole race. He wills not the death of any; but the will of man frustrates the will of God.

—W. S. McC.

#### WHAT DENIAL INVOLVES.

It is a fact, that the denial of post-mortem retribution necessitates one of two conclusions, both of which are equally contrary to the Scriptures. Only three conceptions can be formed in the case: first, that there is no future life; or, second, that the future life is one of reward and blessing for the good, and of punishment and misery for the wicked; or, third, that the future life is a scene of equal blessedness for all alike. There are no other possibilities to be thought of.

Now, if we take the first of these theories, we plainly contradict the Scriptures. Christ died; but it was not the end of him. He rose again the third day, reappeared unto men, and avouched

his continued existence by forty days' converse with men prior to his ascent to glory. Moses died, and was buried; but more than a thousand years afterwards he was seen, recognized, and heard to speak, in company with Elijah, amid the glories of the mount at the transfiguration of Christ. The man spoken of in the text died, and was buried; but his existence, his consciousness, and his sensible animation, were, in some sort, continued. Abraham died, and was buried; but Christ represents him as still living as to his spiritual being. Death is not the termination of the entire being, or else he that killeth the body doth at the same time kill the soul; but Christ says that they that can kill the body *cannot* kill the soul. Nor is there anything clearer than that the Scriptures teach the doctrine of a life beyond death.

Then, if we deny the doctrine of future punishment, there is nothing left to us but to believe that all who enter the next life are alike happy. But this involves us in consequences as shocking to all reason and instinct as they are contrary to the teachings of the divine word. If there be no penal retribution hereafter, then the inherent and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, between good and evil, between morality and crime, is utterly confounded, and we are driven into straits which torture all our feelings of propriety, and dislocate all sensibilities of right. Deny that there is a future punishment, and you must believe that the holiest saint and the vilest sinner are precisely on the same footing for eternity—that the prayerful, obedient, self-denying, and devout Christian, suffering even to death for his faith in his Redeemer, is no better off when he dies, and has no higher portion for his pains, than the blasphemous atheist, who has made it his religion to give entire license to all the wickedness to which his evil heart prompted—that the best and worst of men will all sit down in one and the same happy fellowship in the eternal kingdom! Deny future retribution, and you must believe that the monstrous butcher of his unoffending wife and defenceless children need only apply a loaded pistol to his brain to find himself in the midst of holy angels, welcomed to their embraces, and freed forever from all

regrets, all remorse, all danger of being called to account for his bloody deeds! Deny future retribution, and you must believe that he who dies in a brothel, drunk and cursing, and wallowing in his filth, goes at once to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and to receive the crown of a glorious immortality! Deny future retribution, and you must believe that the dying sot, stupid as a brute from the misuse of what was needed to give his starving children bread, wakes from his Bacchanalian sleep and degradation to join in the anthems of seraphim and cherubim! Deny future retribution, and you must believe that it is not in the power of man to forfeit heaven, or to stay out of it by any possibility. He may lie, and steal, and riot, and murder, and roll in deepest infamy, until his wickedness becomes an inconvenience, and then only needs to open an artery in his own body in order to go and eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God! Deny future retribution, and you must believe that a few cents' worth of arsenic or opium will do more for a man, and transfer him quicker to the blessedness of the redeemed, than all the lifelong toil, devotion, and faithfulness of a true servant of God! Deny future retribution, and you must conclude that the sheerest unwisdom, folly, and spending of strength for naught, is not at all on the side of the wicked and ungodly, but wholly on the side of the prophets, apostles, martyrs, reformers, and self-sacrificing servants of society and their kind, seeing that they are not a whit advantaged by it, beyond any of the vile herd who eschew all faith and all charity! Deny future retribution, and you must take it as your expectation to have as your immortal associates such people as Judas, who betrayed his Lord; Herod, who butchered a thousand babes to destroy the life of the Son of God; Nero and Caligula, who tormented the saints for pastime, and all the marauders, pirates, prostitutes, drunkards, blasphemers, and base villains that ever disgraced humanity! All this is most harsh, intolerable, revolting to every feeling of congruity or propriety. It contradicts conscience. It stultifies reason. It tramples every instinct of man under foot. It plucks up by the roots all idea of righteousness. It transmutes virtue

itself into a species of crime against one's own well-being. Yet this we must accept if we admit a future existence, and yet deny that there is a hell.—*Joseph A. Seiss, D. D.*

#### THE FACT NOT CHANGED BY HUMAN FEELINGS.

Human opinions and human feelings have no bearing on this doctrine. They do not, they cannot affect it. The Bible travels on from age to age bearing the same fearful doctrine, and is unchanged in its warnings and appeals. Some of each generation listen, are admonished, and saved; the rest pass on and die. Human opinion does not alter facts. Human opinion does not remove death-beds, and graves, and sorrows, nor will it remove and annihilate the world of woe. Facts stand unaffected by the changes of human belief; and fearful events roll on just as though men expected them.

Nine-tenths of all the dead expected not to die at the time when in fact they have died, and more than half now listen to no admonition that death will ever come. They who have died had an expectation that they would live many years. But death came. He was not stayed by their belief or unbelief: he came steadily on. Each day he took a stride towards them—and step by step he advanced, so that they could not retreat or evade him till he was near enough to strike; and they fell. And so, though the living will not hear, death comes to them. And so the doom of the sinner rolls on. Each day, each hour, each moment, it draws near. Whether he believes it or not makes no difference in the fact; it comes. It will not recede. In spite of all attempts to reason, or to forget it, the time comes; and at the appointed time the sinner dies. Cavil and ridicule do not affect this. There is no power in a joke to put away convulsions, and fevers, and groans. The laugh and the song close no grave, and put back none of the sorrows of the second death. The dwellers in Pompeii could not put back the fires of the volcano by derision, nor would the mockery of the inhabitants of Sodom have stayed the sheets of flame that came from heaven. The scoffing sinner dies, and is lost just like others; the young man that has learned to cavil and deride religion dies just like

others. No cavil has yet changed a fact; none has ever stayed the arrow of death.—*Albert Barnes.*

A false attitude toward the truth of God is wicked and fatal. Arsenic is not nutritious to the man who may believe it to be so. The little child that believes a lighted candle to be a pretty, harmless plaything, and puts its fingers in the flame, is not saved from torture by its belief. No more certainly will physical than moral truth assert itself against all wrong faiths.

—*Bishop E. M. Marvin, D. D., LL. D.*

#### EMPLOYMENTS OF THE LOST.

We can hardly think of employment in such a state of disorder and wretchedness. Employment indicates order, social organization, confidence, and security at least in some degree. And, moreover, employment is associated with the idea of acquisition, and possession, and benevolence, and the supply of wants, and is therefore a source of contentment and enjoyment. None of these can have place in that region of anarchy and despair. On this subject thought and expression can be only negative.

There will be no worship there, no service of God, no recurring day of rest, no refreshing exercise for the troubled, anguished spirit, no pleasant service or exercise for body or mind.

“In that dark realm of deep despair  
No Sabbath’s heavenly light will rise,  
No one to God address a prayer,  
Or heavenward lift imploring eyes.”

There will be no voice of prayer, no hymn of praise, no confession or thanksgiving. Not even the songs of drunkenness and ribaldry will be heard there. There will be neither heart nor harmony of soul to sing. Rather, if any sound breaks the sullen silence, it will be the voice of cursing and blasphemy, hoarse tones of discord and groans of pain, “weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.”

There will be no pursuit of knowledge, no acquisition, no oc-

cupation, no diversion, no relief, no hope, but one continuous monotony of pain and woe.—*E. Adkins, D. D.*

The eternity of future punishment seems to have been a general tradition, previous to the appearance of Christianity, among both Jews and pagans, and has been the doctrine of the Christian world ever since.—*Dr. Hartley.*

#### RETRIBUTIVE SUFFERINGS.

Now, the Bible is continually representing the wicked as receiving from God positive inflictions, and not merely as being abandoned to themselves. Even when it speaks of many sources of misery which might seem to be the natural consequences of their sins, it often represents these consequences as being administered by the direct agency of the Almighty. So that the two things seem to be combined. "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." "God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow and made it ready." These passages teach that sinners will not merely be left to the natural consequences of sin. The ideas of arrest and of execution are here presented; the transgressor is not left to himself, with merely his sin for his punishment. Then, again, we read: "Woe unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." "Yea, woe unto them also when I depart from them." Even though the wicked should not suffer otherwise, nor to a greater degree, than they are capable of suffering in their minds here, yet, if they are to be punished, these sufferings must be kept active by an outward power; for their natural tendency is to harden and stupefy, or to excite passions whose gratification affords a certain redress.

All this we may believe without venturing one step into the dominion of fancy to depict the kind and manner of those inflictions which are necessary to constitute punishment. Nor is it necessary: for, knowing as we do by experience and observation

what the passions of the human heart are when restraint is weakened or removed, we need no external images of woe to represent what it must be for God to minister excitement to them by his presence and his intercourse with them. In a sense he departs from them, as he did from Saul. By this is signified the withdrawal of everything merciful, alleviating, hopeful, and of a restraining reformatory nature. Yet he will always make his presence to be felt; for "if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." While, therefore, material images of woe, if too specific, seem to degrade the subject, and are apt to pass over, in their effect on some, from the extreme of horror to the grotesque, they are not objectionable on the score of over-statement; nothing which fancy ever depicted being capable of expressing the misery which must be felt by a depraved soul opposed to God and with God for its punisher. We have only to think of what is sometimes felt at funerals and closing graves, to see what future misery must be in one of its merely incidental forms—the loss of all good forever. If God shall but keep perpetually fresh such sorrows as men feel here, he will fulfil a large part of that which the Saviour and the apostles have declared to be the future portion of the wicked. So that when good men like Leighton, Baxter, Andrew Fuller, the Wesleys, Watts and Edwards, portray, according to their several conceptions, the pains of the wicked, they fall far below the truth; and their representations, if at all objectionable, are not so for the reason that they surpass the dread reality; for that is impossible.

—*Nehemiah Adams.*

Human nature revolts from the very name of future punishment. But the sacred Scriptures seem to be on the other side.

—*Dr. Thomas Burnett.*

### THE PLAINT OF A LOST SOUL.

My little span  
Of mortal life, inured and stereotyped,  
Is branded on the tablet of my soul  
Each year, each month, each week, each day, each hour.

As drowning men have lived their bygone life  
 Again in one brief minute, so to me,  
 Each minute of these ages without end,  
 My past is always present. Now I see  
 Myself. 'Twas not apostasy alone  
 Damn'd me : this seal'd my ruin ; but my life  
 Was one rebellion, one ingratitude.  
 God would, but could not save me 'gainst my will,  
 Moved, drawn, besought, persuaded, striven with,  
 But yet inviolate, or else no will,  
 And I no man—for man by birth is free.  
 Angel, He would, I would not. Further space  
 Would but have loaded me with deeper guilt.  
 Yea, now I fear that if the Eye of flame  
 Which rests upon me everlastingly  
 Soften'd its terrors, sin would yet revive  
 In me and bear again disastrous fruit,  
 And this entail more torturing remorse.  
 Better enforced subjection. I have ceased,  
 Or almost ceased, to struggle against the Hand  
 That made me. For I madly chose to die :  
 I sold my immortality for death ;  
 And death, eternal distance from his love,  
 Eternal nearness to his righteous wrath,  
 Death now is my immortal recompense.  
 I know it, I confess it, I submit.—*Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

#### OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

A man who opposeth the doctrine of eternal punishment reasons in this manner : Which way soever I consider a being supremely perfect, I cannot persuade myself that he will expose his creatures to eternal torments. All his perfections secure me from such terrors as this doctrine seems to inspire. If I consider the Deity as a being perfectly free, it should seem, although he has denounced sentences of condemnation, yet he retains a right of revoking, or of executing them to the utmost rigor ; whence I infer that no man can determine what use he will make of his liberty. When I consider God as a good being, I cannot make eternal punishment agree with infinite mercy ; *bowels of compassion* seem incongruous with *devouring flames* ; the titles *merciful* and *gracious* seem incompatible with the execution of this sentence, *Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire !*

In short, when I consider God under the idea of an equitable legislator, I cannot comprehend how sins committed in a finite period can deserve an infinite punishment. Let us suppose a life the most long and criminal that ever was; let the vices of all mankind be assembled, if possible, in one man; let the duration of his depravity be extended from the beginning of the world to the dissolution of it: even in this case sin would be finite, and infinite everlasting punishment would far exceed the demerit of finite transgression, and consequently the doctrine of everlasting punishment is inconsistent with Divine justice.

There are libertines, who invent these difficulties, and take pains to confirm themselves in the belief of them, in order to diminish those just fears which an idea of hell would excite in their souls, and to enable them to sin boldly. Let us not enter into a detail of answers and replies with people of this kind. Were we to grant all they seem to require, it would be easy to prove, to a demonstration, that there is a world of extravagance in deriving the least liberty to sin from these objections. If, instead of a punishment enduring forever, hell were only the suffering of a thousand years' torments, were the sufferer during these thousand years only placed in the condition of a man excruciated with disease; must not a man give up all claim to common sense before he could, even on these suppositions, abandon himself to sin? Are not all the charms employed by the devil to allure us to sin absorbed in the idea of a thousand years' pain, to which, for argument's sake, we have supposed eternal punishment reduced? How pitiable is a man in dying agonies who has nothing to oppose against the terrors of death but this opinion—Perhaps hell may be less in degree, and shorter in duration, than the Scriptures represent.

Some Christian divines, in zeal for the glory of God, have yielded to these objections; and, under pretence of having met with timorous people, whom the doctrine of eternal punishment had terrified into doubts concerning the divine perfections, they thought it their duty to remove this stumbling-block. They have ventured to presume that the idea which God had given of eternal punishment was only intended to alarm the impeni-

tent, and that it was very probable God would at last relax the rigorous sentence. But if it were allowed that God had no other design in denouncing eternal punishments than that of alarming sinners, would it become us to oppose his wise purpose, and with our unhallowed hands to throw down the batteries which he had erected against sin? Let us preach the gospel as God hath revealed it. God did not think the doctrine of everlasting punishment injurious to the holiness of his attributes. Let us not pretend to think it will injure them.

None of these reflections remove the difficulty. We proceed then to open other sources of solution.

Observe this general truth. It is not probable God would threaten mankind with a punishment the infliction of which would be incompatible with his perfections. If the reality of such a hell as the Scriptures describe be inconsistent with the perfections of the Creator, such a hell ought not to have been affirmed, yea, it could not have been revealed. The eminence of the holiness of God will not allow him to terrify his creatures with the idea of a punishment which he cannot inflict without injustice; and considering the weakness of our reason, and the narrow limits of our knowledge, we ought not to say, Such a thing is unjust, therefore it is not revealed: but, on the contrary, we should rather say, Such a thing is revealed, therefore it is just.

Take any part of the objection drawn from the attributes of God, and said to destroy our doctrine, and consider it separately. The argument taken from the liberty of God would carry us from error to error, and from one absurdity to another. For, if God be free to relax any part of the punishment denounced, he is equally free to denounce the whole. If we may infer that he will certainly release the sufferer from a part, because he is at liberty to do so, we have an equal right to presume he will release from the whole, and there would be no absurdity in affirming the one after we had allowed the other. If there be no absurdity in presuming that God will release the whole punishment denounced against the impenitent, behold! all systems of conscience, providence, and religion fall of themselves, and, if

these systems fall, what, pray, become of all these perfections of God, which you pretend to defend!

The objection taken from the liberty of God might seem to have some color, were hell spoken of only in passages where precepts were enforced by threatenings: but attend to the places in which Jesus Christ speaks of it. Read, for example, the twenty-fifth of Matthew, and there you will perceive, are facts, prophecies, and exact and circumstantial narrations. There it is said, the world shall end, Jesus Christ shall descend from heaven, there shall be a judgment of mankind, the righteous shall be rewarded, the wicked shall be punished, shall go away into *everlasting punishment*. How can these things be reconciled to the truth of God, if he fail to execute any one of these articles?

The difficulty taken from the goodness of God vanisheth, when we rectify popular notions of this excellence of the divine nature. Goodness in men is a virtue of constitution, which makes them suffer when they see their fellow-creatures in misery, and which excites them to relieve them. In God it is a perfection independent in its origin, free in its execution, and always restrained by laws of inviolable equity, and exact severity.

Justice is not incompatible with eternal punishment. It is not to be granted, that a sin committed in a limited time ought not to be punished through an infinite duration. It is not the length of time employed in committing a crime, that determines the degree and duration of its punishment, it is the turpitude and atrociousness of it. The justice of God, far from opposing the punishment of the impenitent, requires it. Consider this earth, which supports us, the sun, which illuminates us, the elements, that nourish us, all the creatures, which serve us; are they not so many motives to men to devote their service to God? Consider the patience of God, what opportunities of repentance he gives sinners, what motives and means he affords them. Above all, enter into the sanctuary; meditate on the incarnate word, comprehend, if you can, what it is for a God to *make himself of no reputation* and to *take upon him the form of a*

*servant*: Phil. ii. 7. Consider the infinite excellence of God, approach his throne, behold his eyes sparkling with fire, the power and majesty that fill his sanctuary, the heavenly hosts which around his throne fulfil his will; form, if it be possible, some idea of the Supreme Being. Then think, this God united himself to mortal flesh, and suffered for mankind all the rigors that the madness of men and the rage of devils could invent. I cannot tell what impression these objects make on you. For my part, I ingenuously own, that, could anything render Christianity doubtful to me, what it affirms of this mystery would do so. I have need, I declare, of all my faith, and of all the authority of him who speaks in Scripture, to persuade me, that God would condescend to such a humiliation as this. If, amidst the darkness, which conceals this mystery, I discover any glimmering, that reduces it in a sort to my capacity, it arises from the sentence of eternal punishment, which God has threatened to inflict on all who finally reject this great sacrifice. Having allowed the obligations, under which the incarnation lays mankind, everlasting punishment seems to me to have nothing in it contrary to divine justice. No, the burning lake with its smoke, eternity with its abysses, devils with their rage, and hell with all its horrors seem to me not at all too rigorous for the punishment of men who have trodden under foot the Son of God, counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, crucified the Son of God afresh, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace: Heb. x. 29 and vi. 6. Every objection against this doctrine finds an equally ready solution. Take the doctrine of degrees of punishment. I have often observed with astonishment the little use that Christians in general make of this article, since the doctrine itself is taught in Scripture in the clearest manner. When we speak of future punishment, we call it all Hell indifferently, and without distinction. We conceive of all the wicked as precipitated into the same gulph, loaded with the same chains, devoured by the same worm. We do not seem to think there will be as much difference in their state as there had been in their natural capacities, their exterior means of obtaining knowledge, and their various aids to assist them in their

pursuit of it. We do not recollect, that, as perhaps there may be two men in the world who have alike partaken the gifts of heaven, so probably there will not be two wicked spirits in hell enduring an equal degree of punishment. There is an extreme difference between a heathen and a Jew; there is an extreme distance between a Jew and a Christian; and a greater still between a Christian and a heathen. The gospel rule is, Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required: Luke xii. 48. There must therefore be as great a difference in the other life between the punishment of a Jew and that of a pagan, between that of a pagan and that of a Christian, as there is between the states in which God has placed them on earth. Moreover, there is a very great difference between one Jew and another, between pagan and pagan, Christian and Christian. Each hath in his own economy more or less talents. There must therefore be a like difference between the punishment of one Christian and that of another, the punishment of one Jew and that of another, the sufferings of one pagan and that of another: and consequently, when we say, a pagan wise according to his own economy, and a Christian foolish according to his, are both in hell, we use very vague and equivocal manner.

To how many difficulties have men submitted by not attending to this doctrine of degrees of punishment! As eternal punishment has been considered under images, that excite all the most excruciating pains, it could not be imagined how God should condemn the wise heathens to a state that seemed suited only to monsters, who disfigure nature and subvert society. Some, therefore, to get rid of this difficulty, have widened the gate of heaven, and allowed other ways of arriving there beside that, *whereby we must be saved*: Acts iv. 12. Cato, Socrates, and Aristides have been mixed with the multitude redeemed to God out of every people and nation: Rev. v. 9. Had the doctrine of diversity of punishments been properly attended to, the condemnation of the heathens would not have appeared inconsistent with the perfections of God, provided it had been considered only as a punishment proportional to what was defective in their state, and criminal in their life. For no one has a right to tax

God with injustice for punishing pagans, unless he could prove that the degree of their pain exceeded that of their sin.

But, above all, the doctrine of degrees of punishment elucidates that of the eternity of them. Take this principle which Scripture establisheth in the clearest manner; press home all its consequences; extend it as far as it can be carried; give scope even to your imagination, till the punishments which such and such persons suffer in hell are reduced to a degree that may serve to solve the difficulty of the doctrine of their eternity; whatever system you adopt on this article, whatever difficulty you may meet with in following it, it will always be more reasonable to make of one doctrine clearly revealed a clue to guide through the difficulties of another doctrine clearly revealed too, than rashly to deny the formal decisions of Scripture. I mean to say, it would be more rational to stretch the doctrine of degrees too far, if I may venture to speak so, than to deny that of their eternity.—*James Saurin.*

#### THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

If there were only one passage in the whole Bible plainly teaching the doctrine of future retribution it would outweigh all the sentimental objections of the skeptical world. But instead of one there are hundreds, nay, this truth is so completely interwoven in the whole inspired fabric that to reject it is practically to shut out the entire volume and render its teachings of none effect. In other words, if the Bible doctrine of hell be invalidated, so also is the Bible doctrine of heaven, redemption and Christian experience.

But these doctrines cannot be overthrown. As far as Scripture can be put to the test of experience it is found to be true. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Millions who have believed testify to the experience of salvation. They have tested the promise and realized its fulfilment. Now, why should not the remainder of the same passage prove true also—"He that believeth not shall be damned?" It certainly will. He that believeth not is condemned already, and only waits God's order to find that condemnation fixed and eternal. This

is the natural course of things. The current of evil bears guilty souls downward to perdition. The sinner's career inevitably ends in hell.

Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Given a nature that cannot be annihilated, that death must prove eternal, and involve all the horrors depicted by inspired or uninspired men.

True, the evangelical doctrine of future retribution is fearful, but it is "better to fear hell than to feel it." Were exaggeration possible at this point, it would be safer than modification. Give the outlaws of the land, who now often escape man's punishment, the slightest reason to suspect that they can escape God's punishment, even after ten thousand ages, and there is no surer way to let riot loose. Fear of hell is a more powerful motive to hold some in check than desire for heaven. They need to hear the terrors of the law as well as the peace of the gospel. No faltering tongue should proclaim to them,

"The sinner's doom, the sinner's doom,  
How dark the agony  
That haunts transgressors to the tomb,  
Then preys on endlessness to come,  
Whose worm may never die."

How unnecessary is the peril in which the impenitent involve themselves! By the death of Christ a way of escape is provided. It is too strait for sin, for selfishness, for worldliness, for unbelief, but wide enough for faith, for obedience, for love, human and divine. Jesus is the light of that pathway, and that radiance is health, joy, peace, holiness, and heaven. All who will may walk therein, and finding life, experience a foretaste of unending bliss hereafter. It is this blessed truth which relieves the doctrine of future punishment of every imputation of cruelty or injustice. "As I live, saith God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live."—*The Editor.*

**REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS**

The happiness of the soul in its glorified state is a doctrine which commands the united faith of Christendom. Here righteousness and peace have met together ; mercy and truth have kissed each other.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”—John xiv. 2, 3.

“There is a land where everlasting suns  
Shed everlasting brightness; where the soul  
Drinks from the living streams of love that roll  
By God’s high throne! myriads of glorious ones  
Bring their accepted offering. O! how blest  
To look from this dark prison to that shrine  
To inhale one breath of Paradise divine,  
And enter into that eternal rest  
Which waits the sons of God.”—Bowring.

## REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

### THE BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

**A**N angel once took a man and stripped him of his flesh, and lifted him up into space to show him the glory of the universe. When the flesh was taken away the man ceased to be cowardly, and was ready to fly with the angel past galaxy after galaxy, and infinity after infinity, and so man and angel passed on, viewing the universe, until the sun was out of sight—until our solar system appeared as a speck of light against the black empyrean, and there was only darkness. And they looked onward, and in the infinities of light before, a speck of light appeared, and suddenly they were in the midst of rushing worlds. But they passed beyond that system, and beyond system after system, and infinity after infinity, until the human heart sank, and the man cried out, "End is there none of the universe of God?" The angel strengthened the man by words of counsel and courage, and they flew on again until worlds left behind them were out of sight, and specks of light in advance were transformed, as they approached them, into rushing systems; they moved over architraves of eternities, over pillars of immensities, over architecture of galaxies, unspeakable in immensities and duration, and the human heart sank again and called out, "End is there none of the universe of God?" And all the stars echoed the question with amazement, "End is there none to the universe of God?" And this echo found no answer. They moved on again, passed immensities of immensities, and eternities of eternities, until, in the dizziness of uncounted galaxies, the human heart sank for the last time, and called out, "End is there none of the universe of God?" And again all the stars repeated the question, and the

angel answered: "End is there none of the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning."—*Richter*.

#### GRANDEUR OF THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

Heir of immortality, bow before thine own majesty. Debase not thyself by sordid actions. A royal infant, while in his nurse's arms, though unconscious of his dignity, is yet born to sway the sceptre and fate of nations, and should be trained up in habits according with his august destinies. Whilst thou art pursuing every idle phantom, thou forgettest the dignity of thy nature and the infinite grandeur of thy destinies. But thou wast born for great things. Those eyes were formed to see great things, and that soul to experience amazing sensations. Man, thou hast a world in thyself. Child of death, thou hast a concealed treasure in thy bosom (alas! too concealed), which the exhaustless Indies could not purchase. Crowns and kingdoms sink to nothing before it. It is worth more than the sun, moon and stars, if the sun were gold and every star a ruby. If, from the birthday of this earth, Omnipotence had been exerted to create as many worlds in a moment as there are dusts in this, and all these worlds were gold and diamond, and possession to be given for eternity, they would all be like filth of the street to the value of thy soul.—*Rev. E. D. Griffen, D. D.*

#### THE VISION OF THE DEITY.

In every inspired description of heaven, the Shekinah, or the visible presence of God, is made prominent. This might be expected if the antitype corresponds with the type; and, if heaven be an advanced stage of the manifestation of the Deity to man, we should look for a richer display of the divine glory, and a more perfect consciousness of the divine presence. Hence the city selected to prefigure the eternal residence was not classic Athens or imperial Rome, though adorned with statuary, studded with temples, and rich in historic fame. No, but the capital of Judea, because there Jehovah's presence was wont to be displayed to his worshippers. Yet this is the New Jerusalem, because of its purity and the richer glory which fills it as the

shrine of the divine majesty. "And I saw no temple therein," says the enraptured John, as he gazed on its unearthly radiance; "I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." The allusion here cannot be misunderstood. In the holy of holies of the earthly Jerusalem there was neither natural nor artificial light: no golden lamp shone within its walls, and not a ray of the sun could enter there; nor was there need for them, for that sacred place was illumined by the glory of the Shekinah, which occasionally filled the temple with supernatural brightness, and shone forth to the view of the joyful crowd of worshippers without. So in the heavenly city, the sun and moon shed not their rays. Nor is there need for the reflection or emission of light from any natural luminary, because the actual personal presence of Jehovah fills it with glory. Even the temple itself is dispensed with in the celestial city, because the vision of God is there unveiled, and access to him is without the intervention of symbolic rites. The earthly temple, while forming a shrine for the Shekinah, was a mode of its concealment from the ordinary view of the people. The glory was curtained off and shut in, so that the radiant symbol was enthroned in solitary majesty in the most holy place. But in the New Jerusalem no temple is seen, for no external shade is required; and in the brightness of a better dispensation, concealment and restriction have disappeared. In leaving earth, the spirits of the just leave the outer court and enter within the veil, into the Holy of holies—into heaven itself, the presence-chamber of the Divine Majesty, and live continually within its brightness. No walls there form a barrier between God and his people, not even the temple walls, not even the veil of the temple, for the saints dwell in his immediate presence. No cloud shrouds his radiant Majesty from their gaze; but they all with open face behold his glory, and there is neither darkness nor distance between them and God.

Nor are these representations of the saints, as dwelling in the

divine presence, to be denuded of their import by the cold criticism that would resolve them into mere figures of speech. The type and symbol belong to earth, the divine reality belongs to heaven. In speaking of believers dwelling in the divine presence, the Scriptures mean an actual dwelling and an actual presence. In speaking of the saints seeing God, they mean an actual view of the Deity. The benediction promise of the Saviour is, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" the prayer of the Saviour is, "That they may behold my glory which thou hast given me;" and the promise that immediately follows the description of the blessed in the New Jerusalem is, "And they shall see his face." These refer to a true and proper vision of the Deity. As certainly as the Jews of old saw the symbol of God's presence when it filled the sanctuary; as certainly as Moses saw the glory of God from the cleft of the rock; as certainly as Moses and Elias saw the Redeemer when he was transfigured on the mount; as really as the high priest entered the Holy of holies, and saw the radiant cloud between the cherubim over the mercy seat; so truly shall the saints enter heaven and see the Deity face to face. They shall dwell where he is; they shall see him as he is. For then, "behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Here, then, is the first consummation of the believer's aspirations and hopes. At last the wilderness is left, and the promised paradise is gained; the weary pilgrim has arrived at home; the absent son and heir has entered his father's house. The journey of faith ends in realizing vision and actual possession. On earth he loved the Saviour with supreme affection, though he saw him not, "whom having not seen he loved; in whom though he saw him not, yet believing he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Satisfied and delighted with God as his portion, he exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." But love longs for the sight and presence of its object, and while faith and hope anticipate, love stimulates the desire for the

happy hour of realization and possession, and the bitterest sorrows and the deepest sufferings are patiently endured under its expectation. Now is that hour come. The happy spirit is with Christ, sees him, and at the sight of him eternity opens with ever-during bliss. O what a recompense for all our sorrows, conflicts and tears, will be found in the first moment we have of gazing on the glorified Saviour! Well, poor, tempted, tried, despised and persecuted believer, be patient a little longer, persevere through a few more conflicts and sorrows, and thy Lord shall call thee home, and thou shalt be forever with him, to behold the King in his beauty, and the land that is afar off.

—*William Cooke, D. D.*

A going-down star is not annihilated, but shall appear again. If he hath casten his bloom and flower, the bloom is fallen in heaven in Christ's lap. And as he was lent a while to time, so is he given now to eternity, which will take \*yourself, and give you a meeting with him. With him? Nay, but with a better company—with the Chief and Leader of the heavenly troops, that are riding on white horses, that are triumphing in glory.

—*Samuel Rutherford.*

#### WHAT HEAVEN IMPLIES.

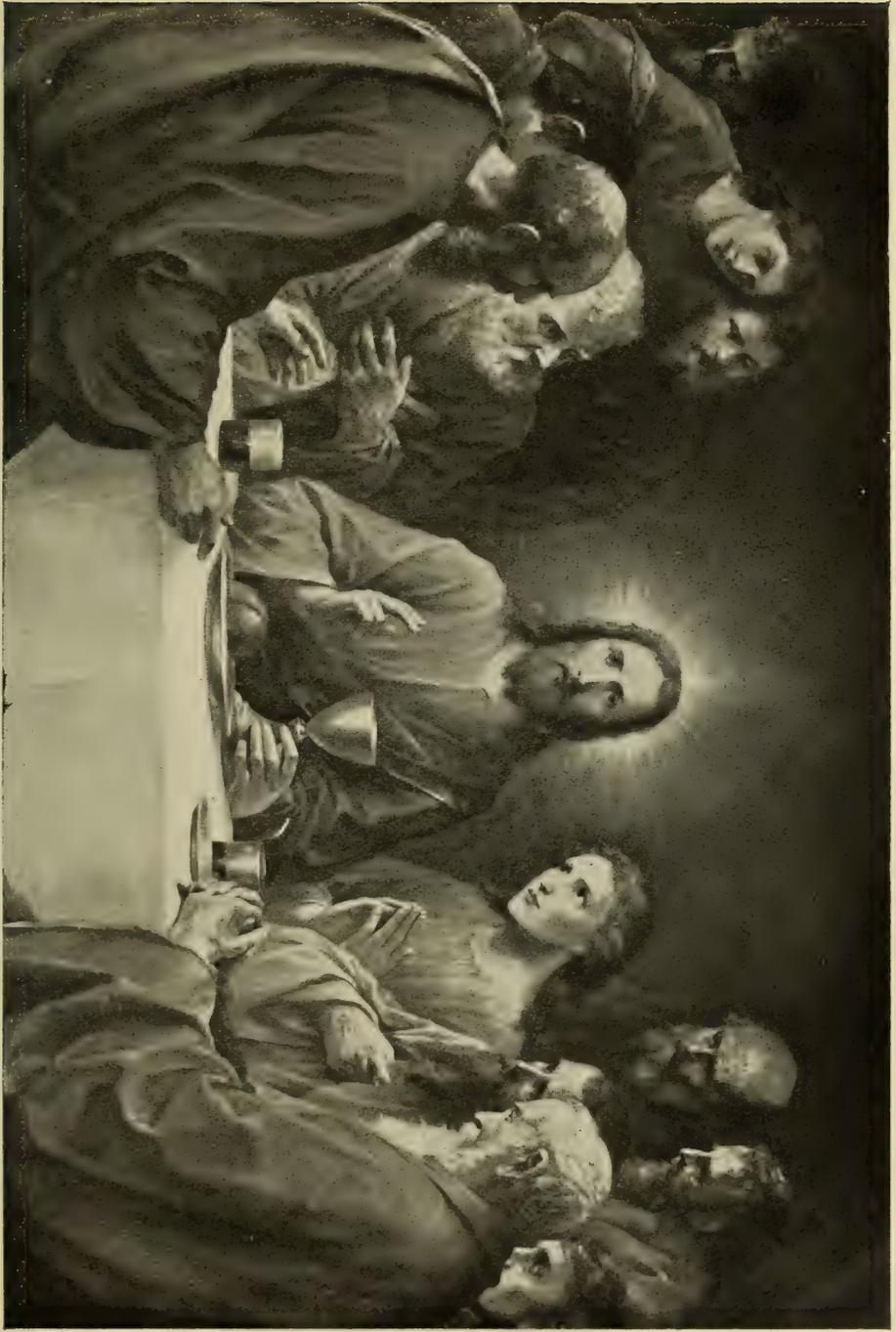
The state of eternal glory implies three things: 1. An absence of all suffering, pain, sin, and evil. 2. The presence of all good, both of the purest and most exalted kind. And, 3. The complete satisfaction of all the desires of the soul, at all times, and through eternity, without the possibility of decrease on the one hand, or of satiety on the other, or of any termination of the existence of the receiver or the received. This is ineffably great and glorious, but the apostle exceeds all this by saying, "an heir of God." It is therefore not heaven merely; it is not the place where no ill can enter, and where pure and spiritual good is eternally present; it is not merely a state of endless blessedness in the regions of glory; it is GOD HIMSELF; God in his plentitude of glories; God who, by the eternal communications of his glories, meets every wish and satisfies every desire of a deathless and imperishable spirit; which he has created for himself,

and of which himself is the only portion. To a soul composed of infinite desires, what would the place or state called "heaven" be, if God were not there? God, then, is the portion of the soul, and the only portion with which its infinite powers can be satisfied. How wonderful is his lot! A child of corruption, lately a slave of sin and heir of perdition; tossed about with every storm of life; in afflictions many and privations oft; having perhaps scarcely where to lay his head; and at last prostrated by death, and mingled with the dust of the earth; but now, how changed! The soul is renewed in glory; the body fashioned after the glorious human nature of Jesus Christ; and both joined together in an indestructible bond, clearer than the moon, brighter than the sun, and more resplendent than all the heavenly spheres; and, having overcome through the grace of Christ, is set down with Jesus on his throne to reign forever and ever.—*Dr. Adam Clark.*

#### HEAVEN A PLACE.

We are accustomed to say that space and time are only conditions of our finite and composite natures, and that to unfettered spirits there would be recognition of neither space nor time. Whether this be so or not, no man can tell. It is a transcendentalism that it is folly to talk about. Time and space are absolute necessities to our thinking. Every conception of our mind is formed on them as a foundation; and we can have no idea of God himself except as in time and space. Hence we must (whether we will or no) take the word "place," in the passage, "I go to prepare a place for you," in a literal sense. Even if it be not literally a place, we *think of it* as a place, for we cannot think of it in any other way. We are not up to this. And, moreover, from the words being used when our Saviour might have said simply, "I go to prepare for you," we may infer that it is actually a place (as we understand the word) that is meant here. Farther than that perhaps would be only fancy, and in that region of fancy we cannot find it profitable to wander. But that on which we may dwell with profit is, first, that the place is prepared *by our Lord*; and, secondly, that it is pre-

“I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU.”—*The Last Supper.*





pared *for us*. What a place must that be which Christ prepares, which his almighty power and infinite love combined make ready for our abode! It must be a place where every purified desire of the heart shall have perpetual satisfaction, and where Christ's own happiness shall be shared by those for whom he died. If these are to be the characteristics of that future home, it makes very little difference what the special forms of occupation, or the objective elements beheld by the soul in that better world may be. The inner soul longs for happiness—it is only the outward and changeable sense that would dictate its form. That it is pure and holy and that it has Christ, our Lord and Saviour, in it—this is enough. We know the delicious contents of the vessel, if we do not know the shape and color of the vessel containing. "To depart" is "to be with Christ."

—*Chancellor Howard Crosby, D. D., LL.D.*

#### THE BLESSED LAND.

But now ~~they~~ desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.—Heb. xi. 16.

O holy dwelling-place of God!  
 O glorious city all divine!  
 Thy streets, by feet of seraphs trod,  
 Shall one glad day be trod by mine!

In thee no temple lifts its dome,  
 No sun its radiant beam lets fall;  
 For there—of light the eternal home—  
 God and the Lamb illumine all!

There from exhaustless fountains flow  
 The living waters, gushing o'er,  
 Which whoso drinks thenceforth shall know  
 Earth's ever-craving thirst no more.

There fresh and fair on every hand,  
 Where one unfading summer lives,  
 The trees of life unwithering stand,  
 Whose fruit immortal vigor gives.

All lovelier flowers than Eden bare  
 When God pronounced his work complete,  
 All matchless forms of beauty, there  
 The never-wearied eye shall greet.

## REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Within the burnished gates abide  
 Of God's redeemed the countless throng,  
 Who ever while the ages glide  
 Serve—in seraphic ardor strong.

To them the Lamb that fills the throne,  
 In love divine unveils his face;  
 While they, with bliss to earth unknown,  
 Adore the beauty and the grace.

No wasting sorrow there is found,  
 No cheek is wet with burning tears;  
 Whom those eternal walls surround,  
 No foe can reach, no pang, no fears.

Land of the blest, on faith's keen eye,  
 Faint glimpses of thy glory break;  
 Oh, when in earth's last sleep I lie,  
 Mid thy full splendors let me wake!—*Ray Palmer, D. D.*

## HEAVEN AS A CITY.

(Rev. xxi. 21; xxii. 5.)

The city is real, with walls and gates, like the gorgeous capitals of the East. No strange form meets our eye, no awful, unbearable brightness. We can imagine ourselves among the multitude pausing beside the clear river, delighted with the waving glory and luscious fruitage of its living trees. Yet there is nothing gross, nothing unspiritual, such as repels us in the best descriptions of uninspired pens.

The splendor of the city, who can paint it? "Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal," and the city came into the apostle's view a resplendent flash of mingled hues. These he unravels into gleaming foundation stones and glowing gates of lucent pearl, through which the very streets blaze forth in transparent gold. Earth's rarest gems are scarce rich enough to build the habitation of the saints; its costliest ore must have an added glory to pave those streets.

Another wonder of the city is its size. The angel measured its circuit fifteen hundred miles, more than five times the circuit of all Palestine, plainly symbolizing the great capacity of

heaven. Think you the Almighty has purposed to save but few? Every soul of the true spiritual Israel shall be gathered out of all nations. . . .

That city is abiding. It hath foundations. There no blight falls upon youth and health, no anguish crowds into the place of love. Are there any sick, any homeless, any heartbroken on earth? Look beyond!

The city presents itself to us as the place of perfected humanity. A city is the most complete form of human society. In the focus of its concentrated wealth, arts and refinements have their most luxuriant growth. Social life is most delightful in its cultivated circles. All that man can do for man is most perfectly done in the city.—*Rev. C. M. Southgate.*

#### 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,

## REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

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.*

## THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.

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 ones 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 Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect:" Heb. xii. 22-24. 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 King, even all the days of eternity: Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4, 5; xxii. 5. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; "for the former things are passed away:" Isa. lxxv. 16, 17. You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, 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: Gal. vi. 7, 8. 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: 1 John iii. 2. 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 your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. 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. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the City, you shall go too with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him: 1 Thess. iv. 13-17; Jude xiv. 15; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.

—*John Bunyan.*

What would all the external splendors of the celestial city be to the besotted sensualist! He would, amid them all, pine and perish for his meats and drinks, as a horse haltered by a golden chain to a marble manger, filled with diamonds, would starve for want of provender.—*Professor F. A. Thome.*

### THE LAND WHERE BEAUTY NEVER DIES.

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

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,  
 Whose fields are ever vernal;  
 Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
 But blooms for age eternal.

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

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

But sometimes—when adown the shining 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 of love! O, land of light divine!  
 Father, All wise, Eternal!  
 Guide me, O guide these wandering feet of mine  
 Into those gates Supernal!—*Nancy A. W. Priest.*

## THE MOUNT OF GOD.

Sometimes, when faith's sky is clear and this atmosphere is luminous in Christ's smile, the mount of God stands out so boldly, it draws so nigh, as if the distance were a mere step of thought, as if the summit stooped to kiss us—but always it is there, clad in evergreens, kindred immortals. The day dawns of access and of ascent; and when we climb its lofty peaks, and shout in its celestial breezes, and sit upon its gentle slopes, and seize its tireless, endless prospects, it shall be a home to us as solid in its structure and as rooted in its base as it is lofty in its grandeur and eternal in its ages, and we shall find in the restitution of all things the restoration of every hallowed tie, the plenitude of every sacred fellowship, the reward of every Christian love. Sometimes after long absence, and the vicissitudes of years, we return once again, and perhaps once for all, to an earthly homestead, where the silver locks are whiter and the golden ringlets flash with sunnier hues, and while that tremulous voice quavers in the blessing cry of humble supplication, blended with a tone of patriarchal majesty, and while soft eyes melt, and eagle eyes glitter at the board, and hearts surcharged vent fitfully, the only sadness steals in sweetness from a portrait on the mantel, the only sigh broods an instant over some grave, imprisoning a form that should have throbbled at our side. That is a touching hour. But there comes a day alike of nobler thanksgiving and of sweeter feasting, a scene of richer rapture and of brighter brilliance, a home where there shall be no child far away in heaven, and no parent tottering thither—a home where heaven shall bring its company, and shed its glory, and lift its psalm, and strike its harp. And we shall talk with those whose talk was joy, and sing with those with whom we sang God's praise.—*H. S. Carpenter.*

## HEAVEN AS A HOME.

The saints will be blessed with a delightful sense of *home*. Home is the dearest spot on earth, the scene of our purest enjoyments. But oh, how precarious are all its pleasures and endearments in such a world as this! How few, comparatively, are favored

with a genuine home! The greater part of mankind are wanderers, sojourners, tenants at will. And this is the lot of God's dear children as well as others. But even at best an earthly home fails to satisfy the innate longing of the soul. The Creator has placed within us aspirations which conform to a nobler, happier destiny. Those who are "made heirs of God according to the hope of eternal life," are sensible of this, and cheerfully acquiesce in the thought that they have here "no certain dwelling place," nor perfect objects of affection, while they look upward with joyful anticipations to their future heavenly home. And these hopes will not be disappointed when Christ shall take his elect to himself, when they shall receive their inheritance in his everlasting kingdom and dwell in the blest mansions prepared for them. Kings' palaces are but temporary, comfortless booths compared with the "everlasting habitations" into which they will be received; and the sweetest domestic enjoyments are scarcely a foretaste of the blessedness of those heavenly connections and associations amid which they will dwell. There will be no precariousness, or imperfection, attendant upon that blissful home. In it the feeble earthly foretaste will be exchanged for complete fruition. The soul's indefinite longing will be satisfied, its ideal realized. Home with God, with loved ones, among kindred spirits loving and beloved, and in the midst of all things lovely—what more could be desired?

—E. Adkins, D. D.

#### OTHER FIGURES OF HEAVEN.

It is held forth to our view as a *banquet*, where our souls shall be satisfied forevermore; 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. As an *inheritance*; but there an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. 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 *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 nature in the person of Immanuel is worshipped 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. Joseph Beaumont.*

#### FUTURE GLORIES SURPASS ALL PRESENT EXCELLENCIES.

You often hear us declaim on the nothingness of earthly things; we frequently diminish the worth of all that is great and glorious; we cry, with Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity:" vanity in pleasures, vanity in grandeurs, vanity in riches, vanity in science, vanity in all. But yet how substantial would this vanity be—how amiable would this nothingness appear—if, by a happy assemblage of all that the world hath of the beautiful, we could acquire the reality of a life, of which it is easy to form to one's self the idea! Could I extract the choicest dignities and fortunes; could I inhabit the most temperate clime and the most pleasant country; could I choose the most benevolent hearts and the wisest minds; could I take the most happy temper and the most sublime genius; could I cultivate the sciences and make the fine arts flourish; could I collect and unite all that could please the passions, and banish all that could give pain: a life formed on this plan, how likely to please us! How is it that God, who hath resolved to render us one day happy, doth not allow us to continue in this world, and content himself with uniting all these happy circumstances in our favor? It is good to be here: O that he would allow us here to build

our tabernacles, Matt. xvii. 4. Ah! a life formed on this plan might indeed answer the ideas of happiness which feeble and finite geniuses form: but such a plan cannot even approach the designs of an infinite God. A life formed on this plan might indeed exhaust a terrestrial love, but it could never reach the love of an infinite God. No, all the charms of this society, of this fortune, and of this life; no, all the softness of these climates and of these countries; no, all the benevolence of these hearts and all the friendship of these minds; no, all the happiness of this temper and all the sublimity of this genius; no, all the secret of the sciences and all the discoveries of the fine arts; all the attractions of these societies and all the pleasures of the passions, have nothing which approaches the love of God in Christ Jesus. To accomplish this love there must be another world; there must be new heavens, and a new earth; there must be objects far more grand.—*James Saurin.*

#### THE SUPERIOR GLORY.

It is to such a destiny that human beings are invited freely. It is to the substance, of which all earthly good is but a hint. It is to the glory, of which all beauty here is but a shadow. It is to a joy, of which all sordid joy is but a mockery, all human joy is but a dream. It is to a rest, of which all rest below is but a glimmer. It is to music, of which all melody upon these ears, all melody within these hearts, is but a fluttering cadence, a mournful stanza, dying on the wind—a faltering echo in the barren rocks. It is to a home, of which all earthly homes are only canvas daubs and tantalizing touches. It is to a day for which all other days were made. It is to a Sabbath, of which the balmiest Sabbath is an emblem, a fragrance spent upon the air. It is to a city, to which the grandeur of all earthly cities is as the glow of cinders in an ashy heap. It is to a liberty, a franchise, before which all citizenship on earth is bondage and a dungeon doom. It is to a worship, of which all other worship is but as the chattering of parrots, chattering human speech. It is to a life, for which all other life is but a bubble breath, a fleeting sigh. It is to God's own house. The dim, dusk ore which

we call terrestrial life and time—was one vast mine, minted and refined at last, in transparent gold of glory.—*H. S. Carpenter.*

#### PERSONAL THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

It is sometimes affirmed that everybody expects to enter heaven at last. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, especially the hope of somehow and at some time gaining an admission into Paradise. Even the worn-out veteran of iniquity will not yield the point that, like the dying thief, he may be remembered in the hour of dissolution by the merciful Saviour. It would be well for such to examine the ground of their expectation ere the period of their probation ends, and they lift up their eyes on the nether side of the impassable gulf. God is merciful, but his mercy would better be displayed in protecting his saints from the approach of anything that defileth, than in admitting to the purity and joy of heaven those characters which on earth persisted in open rebellion against his will, and in positive acts and conditions of wickedness. The Scriptures plainly and repeatedly unfold the purpose of the Deity against the workers of iniquity.

But what are the popular ideas of heaven that a desire to enter its pearly portals should become so general, even with the wicked? Usually the mind pictures heaven to be the direct opposite of all that is personally obnoxious on earth, and the completion and consummation of all that is personally gratifying and delightful. This means very different things to different persons. One finds on earth special satisfaction in the pursuit of knowledge. His heaven is therefore to be one of intellectual advancement to all eternity. Another experiences the highest joy in the contemplation of the beautiful in nature and art. To that mind heaven is a magnificent city, with flowing fountains, gorgeous temples, cosy bowers, rippling streams and blooming gardens. Another never reaches the acme of earthly bliss until the soul is constantly pouring forth its notes in the melody of song. Heaven to such an one is a grand musical organization, with perfectly trained choirs, golden harps, tireless voices and divinest harmony. Another still is not content without as a

traveller flying hither and yon, from country to country and from shore to shore, over the continents and seas of earth. The world of light stands out in the visions of that mind as boundless in its extent, endless in the variety of its glories, and limitless in its facilities for transportation and comfort. And so on to the end of human organization and tastes. Perhaps every pure conjecture of the character of heaven will be more than fulfilled in the actual realization, but it should be remembered that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

A greater number might agree as to what is *not* in heaven than as to what is. Poets have sung and divines have proclaimed the negative attractions of the upper world until the impressions in that particular are complete. Thus Samuel Stennett sang :

"No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more."

So Philip Doddridge expressed it in his immortal lines :

"No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

"No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

Thousands of people have looked forward to heaven with fond anticipations of being free from some terrible malady or misfortune that had fastened itself upon them and rendered their lives a burden. Thus Jessie Glenn, while mourning over the terrible calamity of blindness, expected deliverance bye-and-bye :

"Then is there no joy for the sightless one? Say,  
Must the beauties of earth all unseen pass away?"

Then I will up to a bright world above,  
 Where all shall be happy and peaceful in love,  
 And there from this darkness my eyes shall be free,  
 For then I shall see! I shall see!"

Not less touchingly did James Montgomery refer to what is to many a voiceless and silent world:

"The song of birds, the water's fall,  
 Sweet tones and grating jars,  
 Hail, tempest, wind and thunder, all  
 Are silent as the stars.

"Yet hath my heart an inward ear,  
 Through which its powers rejoice;  
 Speak, Lord, and let me love to hear  
 Thy Spirit's still, small voice.

"So when the archangel from the ground  
 Shall summon great and small,  
 The ear now deaf shall hear that sound,  
 And answer to that call."

There is another idea of heaven, comforting to a still greater number. It has been observed by Young:

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;  
 Resumes them to prepare us for the next."

It is difficult for the sorrowing spirits of this weeping world to count it only a minor joy of heaven that they are to be reunited with the dear ones long since gone. The devoted Bishop Gilbert Haven fondly anticipated a renewed companionship with her who had been a constant presence in his soul, though for fourteen years she had also been a presence among the angels of God. Once in the company of a few choice friends, he said: "I would willingly start and make a pilgrimage around the earth on foot to spend one hour with my Mary." And when he knew he was about to die, he said, as if overwhelmed by the weary labors and journeyings through which and over which he had dragged himself, in spite of sickness and sorrow and pain, for all these long, lonesome years: "After I have seen

the Lord, I shall want to rest for the first thousand years with my head in the lap of my Mary."

There are mothers whose hearts have been wrung with anguish again and again, as the tender plants God had given them for brief nourishment were torn from their convulsive grasp. Will it be a slight thrill of gladness these mothers shall feel when they clasp to their breasts once more the glorified spirits of their long mourned children, knowing that death shall never more divide them asunder? Southey thought not:

"O! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night—  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight?"

Certainly the blissful gratulations of heaven's redeemed is a matter which well may stir the ardor of human thought. The prospect is balm to the wounded heart and support to the sinking spirit.

"Blest hour when righteous souls shall meet—  
Shall meet to part no more;  
And with celestial welcome greet  
On an immortal shore!  
Each tender tie dissolved with pain,  
With endless bliss is crowned;  
All that was dead revives again,  
All that was lost is found."

Turning to inspired examples for personal ideas of heaven, what do we find? There was David, whose heart was attuned to the divine symphony, and whose psaltery was awake to sacred melodies. Looking forward to the future, when his own frail and troubled life should terminate, and when his voice and his harp should join in the celestial lays, he lifted his soul to God and exclaimed: "Thou wilt show me the way of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

There was Peter, ardent, bold, impulsive, devoted Peter; he

had forsaken all, and had followed Christ. Under the strengthening influence of the Divine baptism he had wrought nobly for his Lord. His was a genuine sacrifice; business, pleasure, life, all, were in that offering. Contemplating the end of earth's transitory things, and the beginning of heaven's permanent possessions, what else could he do but bless his God, who, according to his abundant mercy, had begotten him again unto "a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for himself and all who are kept through faith unto salvation.

There was Paul. He had the courage of opinion. He dared to express his convictions in the face of friend or foe. Grand, courageous, persecuted, triumphant, humble Paul. His epistles are read in all the churches; his instructions have enlightened mankind; his appeals have moved the world. What does he think about heaven? Oh, how sublime was that conception of the future which enabled him to declare, after labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft; thrice beaten with rods, once stoned, thrice shipwrecked, a night and a day in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, bearing continual cares; after all these experiences, how sublime, we say, must have been his conception of the future, to say, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us;" and again, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

And then there was John, the loving and tender apostle, the majestic and inspired seer. Time would fail to express his

glorious views of heaven, for to his vision the veil was lifted, and he saw the city itself descending down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, having the glory of God and the light of eternity flashing from gate to gate across the streets of purest gold as it were transparent glass.

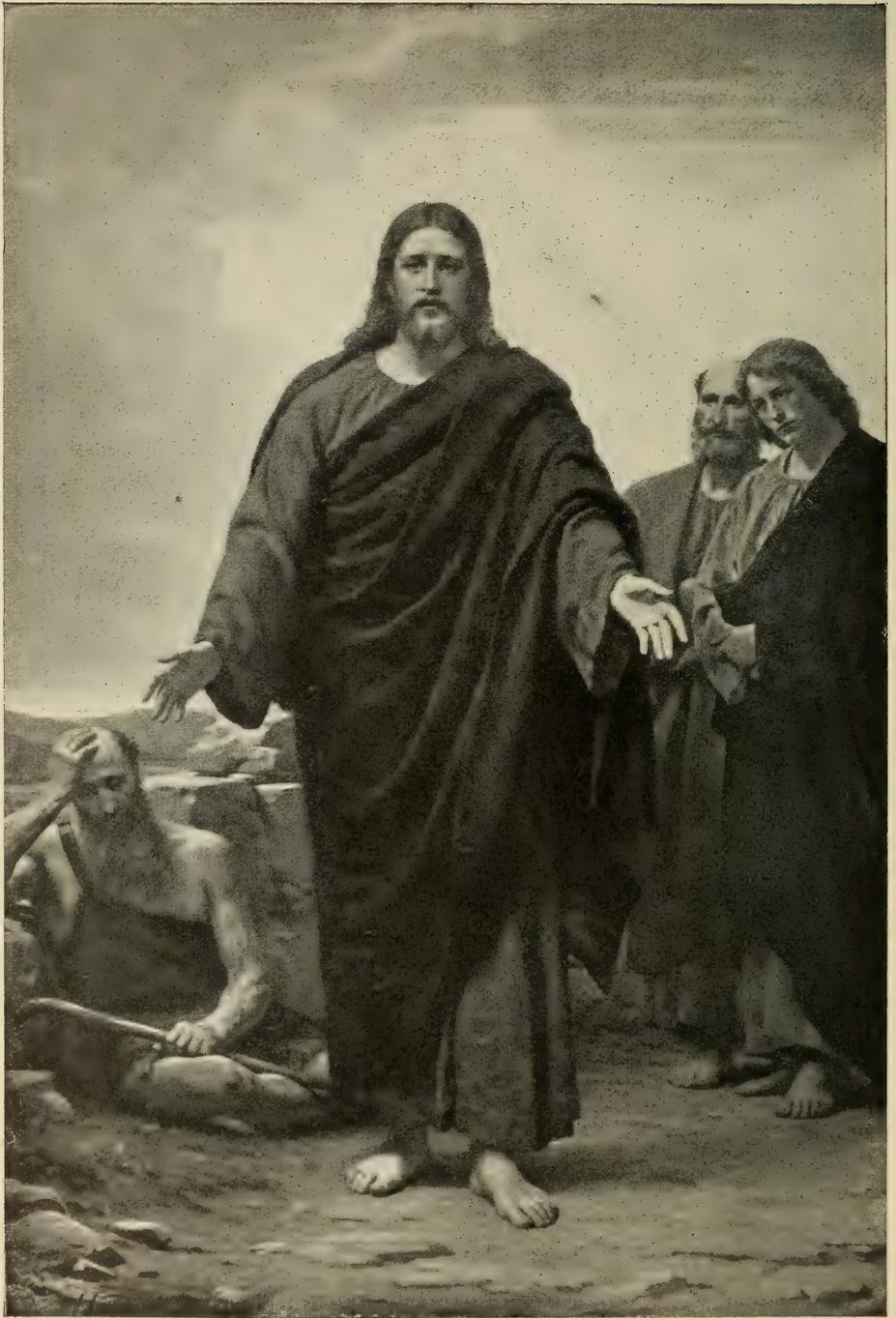
But there is one thought expressed by John so characteristic of his sweetness of spirit and purity of imagination that it may be accepted as his own idea of the glory world. One of the elders stood with him on the heavenly hill and inquired, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" John answered, "Sir, thou knowest." And he said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

No wonder that redeemed humanity longs for the coming of such a kingdom. No wonder that the tired ones of earth would fain escape the turmoils and strifes of this dark world and bask in the radiance of the eternal throne. Valuable and delightful as are many of the things of time and sense, they do not always satisfy even the common aspirations of men. By a thousand tokens they declare plainly that they seek a better country, that is an heavenly. And God has prepared it for them. The walls of their everlasting habitation gleam in splendor before the eye of faith. Like a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid, its portals are full in view.

"All hail, ye fair celestial shores!  
Ye lands of endless day!  
Swift on my view your prospect pours,  
And drives my grief away."

—*The Editor.*





"COME UNTO ME."

## TO BE WITH CHRIST.

Let us enter the privileged chamber where the saint of God, after a long and glorious warfare, struggles in the last dread conflict. His breathing is short and difficult; his pulse fluttering and failing; cold drops of sweat stand upon his marble brow; receding life leaves the pallor of death upon his countenance; his friends give utterance to their sorrow in the gush of falling tears, or in that anguish that is too deep for tears. Another step, and the transit of the cold Jordan of Death will be complete. Life is fast going out, but the beaming eye speaks of heavenly support. Just then he struggles for utterance, and is heard to exclaim, with faltering speech, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ!" A moment more, and all is over! The weary wheels of life have ceased to move! all is still! The body is no longer the home of the spirit! it is motionless and dead! *Where has that spirit gone? What is its state now?* What now has become of that hope of passing through the agonies of death to the glorious presence of Christ, and to the blissful vision of heaven? Has it been realized, or has it been blighted forever? What saint of God, who has been sustained in a dying hour, has not fixed his eye upon this one glorious hope—that of dying and *being with Christ?* Such seems to have been the views of the first martyr when he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

"One gentle sigh their fetter breaks;  
We scarce can say, 'They're gone!'  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne."

—*Bishop D. W. Clark, D. D.*

## TO BE LIKE CHRIST.

A likeness to Christ consists in its perfection in various elements. We are assured that we shall have a physical likeness. He shall change our vile bodies into the likeness of his glorious body. We are to bear, even on our redeemed and purified humanity, the likeness of our blessed Saviour. Death shall come upon our friends; they shall be "sown in corruption," but they

shall be "raised in incorruption;" they shall be "sown in mortality," they shall be "raised in immortality." Christ has ascended to the right hand of the Father, the first-fruits of them that slept; he has gone up before the throne to carry our humanity with him. He came with his divinity to earth; he took our humanity, and though that humanity died and was laid in the grave, it rose again. In his divine power he has ascended triumphant to the right hand of the Father; and there, as the first ripening heads of grain in the commencement of harvest were laid up at the temple, so Christ hath taken up even his human body, and it is the pledge of our glorious resurrection. We shall bear his image.

And has it occurred to you that the type of the Christian, the resurrected Christian, is to be that of full maturity and vigor—not of infancy nor of old age? Christ was taken away in the prime of life, in the vigor of humanity, in the fulness of his strength, and his glorified body is to be the likeness of ours. "We shall be like him;" not these wrinkles on our brows; not this stoop in our frame; not these gray hairs upon our heads; not these marks of disease and imperfection; but we shall be in all the vigor and in all the strength of a glorious youth of immortality.

But the likeness is not to be merely physical. Thought, mind, are far superior to matter, and the likeness, in part, of the glory-crowned is to be an intellectual likeness. Comprehending the thoughts of Christ, and his great plans over the universe for its control, its government, its grand changes, we shall recognize such a beauty, such a propriety, such a grandeur, that our souls shall drink in the likeness of his plans, and we shall become like Christ mentally, because his thoughts shall captivate our thoughts: we shall see that they are the grandest thoughts that could possibly be conceived; and we shall mount up into an elevated position. Our nature shall become thus like Christ's nature. What more could man ask? When we are bowed with sorrows and our hearts are pressed down with care, when these frames of ours are sinking with disease, when we see loved ones fading like the early flower, and when we bear our kindred

to the tomb, let us cherish these thoughts of revelation, that they and we shall be like Christ. Standing by the verge of the tomb, so cold and so dark, think not merely of the dust which crumbles, think not merely of the worm that riots, think not merely of that dark and narrow prison-house, but think of the morning of the resurrection, when these friends of ours shall shine in the likeness of Jesus.—*Bishop Simpson, LL. D.*

#### TO KNOW AS WE ARE KNOWN.

“Now we know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.” In another line of thought we know only in part the work and movement of his providence. I cannot tell you why it is that that little child in that home of luxury and comfort, with all the advantages of Christian culture, trained to be a child of God, with all the chances of education, with everything to make its promises for the future large, is smitten and carried away, while that one having an inheritance of shame, degradation and crime, should grow up to make society tremble, and increase the burden and the weight of the world’s sin. I cannot tell you why it is, because I see such a small part of it. I do not know why it is that that boy whose heart is fixed on doing God’s will, who is determined, if possible, to take hold of men, even at the bottom of society, and lift them up into the light and comfort of God, and into fellowship with him, should be touched in his sight and slip out into the darkness to be a burden to his friends, while that boy who uses his sight only for purposes of evil, who uses his eyes only to plan the destruction of the innocent and unwary, is permitted to live and see his way to destruction. I cannot comprehend it at all; I may find it out by and by, as I understand this way; I shall know by and by something about this. I may find out that we cannot weave a garment and not have the threads touch each other; I may find out that we cannot perpetuate the race without keeping in all the links in the chain. I may find out that God purposed that that boy in the alley should have the largest chance from his start; that, by looking into the face of some Christian man, and by hearing his voice from the pulpit, and the word out of his

book, he must have some chance of getting a home yonder. It may all come clear in what I call now "the mystery of my freedom;" but this I do know, that somehow, some time, by and by, I shall know.

We cannot see the significance of many things that happen in this life. It was a dark day for you when he took that little lamb out of your arms where it was warm, and put her away in the cold earth. You could not understand it at all; she was so gentle and full of smiles and tenderness; she was unto you all in all. You know how you trembled and quaked when she grew thin; you thought you would never see the sunshine again. When you put her in the silent house, away in the darkness, you did not understand it, and do not understand it to-day. It may be you have carried that little grave these many years; it is a sad fact in your experience, but you shall know by and by. Oh! sometimes it seems a weary, worn way! We go along heavy paths; we carry hard loads and stagger under them, and one after another falls; we see ourselves left alone with nobody in the universe but God. We think it strange; we take a little more hope and gird ourselves for the race. But know this, even though we run in the darkness, we shall see and we shall know even as we are known. Time hacks out our frames; we grow gray, and thin, and wrinkled; we wonder how those who went away when we were young and in the vigor of our early manhood will ever know us, what changes will come over them, and how we shall see them, but we shall know even as we are known.—*Bishop C. H. Fowler, D. D., LL.D.*

#### THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

Death may separate the believer from some object that he loves, but it draws him nearer to the object he mainly loves. It is, indeed, delightful for the believer to think that the friend who first visited him in his lost estate, and who cherished him all the way through the wilderness, is the very friend whom he is to meet in the mansion above. Death does no violence to such a man; it produces no break in his feelings or affections. Led to love the Lamb of God when on earth; trained by the Spirit of

God and by all the dispensations of God to love him more and more, he finds when he has entered the dark valley and the shadows of death that the first object that meets his eye, and the most conspicuous object, is a lamb as it had been slain.

We cannot speak of that which is unspeakable, or delineate that which is indescribable, and therefore we cannot delineate that joy unspeakable and full of glory which the believer will enjoy throughout all eternity. The word of God does not furnish us with any particular account of the holy exercises and joys of heaven. Two very excellent reasons can be given for this: One is that a vivid description of the joys of heaven as fascinating the fancy might rather draw away the mind from the practical duties of life; and the other is that the joys of heaven are such that man in his present state cannot so much as conceive them. Enough is revealed of them, however, that the Lamb is slain to be the grand source of the joys of the saints. There will be joys springing from the holy affections, confidence and love, which Christ by his spirit has planted in the breasts of his people. The grace flowing and overflowing and increasing will be a source of great and ever-augmented happiness throughout eternity. Again, there will be joys springing from the glorious society of heaven, from the company of saints and angels. Brethren in Christ, you are even now walking on the very road on which all the men of God have travelled from creation downwards, and at its termination you shall meet with all those who come from the east, the west, north and south, to sit down in the kingdom of God. They are one of many kindred, but they all unite with melody of voice and heart to sing praises to the Redeemer. Out of every people, but now all kings and priests, reigning under God and his anointed! Out of every nation, but now all brought together in the heavenly Canaan! Here you will meet with all the great and good, who shall have lived from the time of creation downwards. The patriarchs and prophets converse face to face with God, not in clouds or darkness, but in the sunshine of the better land. There the sweet psalmist of Israel is one of the choir of the redeemed, and joins his harp with the harp of angels. The apostles are there, and

the disciples of love may lean on the bosom of Jesus and look up to him and behold his glorification and in very truth see the Lamb as it had been slain in the very midst of the throne of God. Ye will be in the heavenly Jerusalem in company with Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and his saints.

—*President James McCosh, D. D., LL. D.*

How will the heavens echo of joy when the bride, the Lamb's wife, shall come to dwell with her husband forever!

—*John Bunyan.*

#### GOOD WORKS OF HEAVEN.

There are good works in heaven, and far more and better than on earth. There will be more life and power for action; more love to God and one another, to excite to action; more likeness to God and Christ in doing good, as well as being good; more union with the beneficent Jesus, to make us also beneficent; and more communion, by each contributing to the welfare of the whole, and sharing in their common returns to God. What the heavenly works are, we must perfectly know when we come thither. We shall join with the whole society, as Scripture particularly describes, in giving thanks and praise to God and our Redeemer. All passions earnestly desire to be freely exercised, especially our holy affections of love, joy, and admiration of Almighty God. In expressing such affections, we naturally desire communion with many. Methinks when we are singing the praises of God in great assemblies with joyful and fervent spirits, we have the liveliest foretaste of heaven upon earth, and could almost wish that our voices were loud enough to reach through all the world, and to heaven itself. Nor could I ever be offended with the sober and seasonable use of instrumental music, to help to tune my soul in so holy a work, in which no true assistance is to be despised. Nothing comforts me more in my greatest sufferings, nor seems more fit for me, while I wait for death, than singing psalms of praise to God; nor is there any exercise in which I would rather end my life. Should I not, then, be willing to go to the heavenly choir, where God is praised with perfect love, and joy,

and harmony? Lord, tune my soul to thy praises now, that sweet experience may make me long to be where I shall do it better.—*Richard Baxter.*

#### EMPLOYMENTS OF HEAVEN.

The reader will recollect certain expressions occurring in the parable of the talents, Matt. xxv., which have an important bearing on this point, and which are repeated so often and in such connections as authorize us to regard them as general principles in the government of God. When he who received five talents came and brought other five talents which he had gained besides them, his Lord said to him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Thou hast been faithful here on a small scale of trust; I will give thee higher responsibilities and more abundant joy hereafter. I will make thee ruler over many things. Thy trustworthiness shall be amply rewarded. A nobler sphere of labor and of honor is before thee.

Compare with this another passage, Rev. iii. 21: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sit down with my Father in his throne." The Bible often alludes to the fact that Christ is gloriously exalted on account of his obedience unto death, and his voluntary humiliation for and in the work of human redemption. He fought a glorious fight on earth, and rose to his ineffable reward: he now promises the same reward to all who follow in his footsteps. Amazing, incredible though it be, he speaks of taking them to sit with himself on his own throne of glory! This must mean something; and though it does not yet appear in all points what it does mean, yet none can doubt that it speaks of glory and honor immortal, far too exalted for the comprehension of mortal thought. These are some of the intimations which Scripture gives on this subject.

We said there were also some probabilities as to the future condition of the saints, which are derivable from known facts in Jehovah's kingdom. It is not probable that such mental and

moral powers as our Creator has given us will lie inactive through eternity. The most sublime feature in the human mind is its law of unlimited progression. Place it under circumstances favorable for development, and there is no limit to its onward progress. Verily, such minds were made for heaven—made for a sphere where God is to be known—where we come into perfect sympathy with the Infinite Mind, and where both mental and moral powers will be eternally active, and where consequently such attainments as angels make will be our perfect blessedness.

Again, it is not probable that in such a universe as this there can be any lack of ample field for effort. God has not thrown worlds and systems of worlds from his creative hand, peopling universal space with material globes for nothing. Those twinkling points of light have some other object than to excite the wonder or task the science of mortals on earth. We cannot doubt that God has peopled them all with sentient beings, and probably most, if not all, with beings of intelligence. If so, there is ample enough space in this universe of God for eternal study, even though our minds are eternally progressing in capacity, and forever enjoy the mental and moral vigor of an archangel. It is not probable that, launched abroad upon such a universe, there will be any lack of created things, the study of which will forever reveal more and more of God: nor will there be any lack of intelligent beings with whom we may have the sweet intercourse of mind with mind and heart with heart.

Again, it is not probable, considering the cost, so to speak, of the arrangements and provisions for the redemption of the race, that God will suffer the whole scheme to go into oblivion in his kingdom, or to be confined in its influence to an insignificant portion of his universal empire. It cannot be that he will fail to make the most of it for the well-being of the moral universe. Indeed we are told that "we are a spectacle to angels;" that they sung the birth-day song of human salvation; that they strike a fresh note over every fresh convert; minister to each heir of salvation through his earthly toils and trials; blend their voices in the mighty pæan of universal praise to God and to the

Lamb that was slain, forever and forever:—how then can we doubt that they will catch the story of redemption in all its thrilling details from the lips of redeemed saints, and help to bear it far away and away to the remotest provinces of Jehovah's empire. It is not on earth alone that we have missionary work to do. The next great commission will be—Go ye through all this outspreading, far-reaching universe, and preach the glad tidings to every creature. Tell them for their joy what infinite love has done. Tell them how God's own dear Son was given up; came down from his co-equal throne to earth; allied himself to mortal flesh; endured reproach and death from those he would save; tell them the whole story of the cross; lay open the scenes of Calvary, and then disclose the scheme of God's providential agency and of his spiritual agency to turn from sin to holiness a countless people to the praise of his grace; let each saint tell his own story and show how God followed him with mercies, converted him by his power, and then kept him through faith unto salvation; go, you have enough to say; testify to those minds in that far-off world, that they may learn more of their own Maker and Father." Such may be a part of the employments of the heavenly world.

—*President Asa Mahan, D. D.*

### THEY PRAISE HIM DAY AND NIGHT.

They are perfectly blest—the redeemed and the free—  
Who are resting in joy by the smooth glassy sea;  
They breathed here on earth all their sorrowful sighs,  
And Jesus has kissed all the tears from their eyes.

They are happy at home! They have learnt the new song,  
And warble it sweetly amid the glad throng;  
No faltering voices, no discords are there—  
The melodious praises swell high through the air.

There falls not on them the deep silence of night;  
They never grow weary—ne'er fadeth the light;  
Throughout the long day new hosannahs they raise,  
And express their glad thoughts in exuberant praise.

E'en thus would we praise thee, dear Saviour divine—  
 We too would be with thee—loved children of thine;  
 O teach us, that we may sing perfectly there  
 When we too are called to that city so fair.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

#### A 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 æons 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., LL. D.*

#### MEASURELESS AGES.

This life is but the threshold of our existence—a breath; we gasp once here and live forever; if we owned the whole world it could not attend us a step beyond the grave; but if we once obtain the heavenly inheritance, we shall carry it with us down through the revolving ages of eternity. If want and affliction beset us here, death will soon close the distress; but if we lose our soul the loss will be forever. This is that last death which death itself cannot destroy. The fashion of this world passes away; the earth will soon grow crazy with age; the sun itself shall wax dim in its orbit; the stars shall fall like the leaves of autumn; but the deathless soul shall survive the wreck of worlds. And when another period, as long as the world's age, shall have passed, and as many such periods as there were moments in the first, the soul will have just begun its course. To stand on some eminence like Pisgah and look away into eternity, O what a prospect rushes on the eye! Let imagination spread all her pinions and swiftly pursue the flying soul, through ages of joy enough to dissolve mortal flesh—and keep on wing and still pursue, through periods which human numbers cannot calculate, until the fancy has got so far from home as hardly to be recalled—it must still return and leaving the flying soul to explore ages after ages—a boundless eternity of inexpressible bliss. And when it returns to earth, how it sickens at worldly glory, and calls mortal life a blank, a point, no time at all.

—*E. D. Griffen, D. D.*

#### TIME ENOUGH IN HEAVEN.

Anything less than eternity would make being but a mockery to man, a curse instead of a blessing; for I honestly say to you that if there be no eternity, in which these souls can expand and live on, better, better would it be never to have been. If the problem were put to me to-night to die now forever, or to live five hundred years and then die with no hereafter, I would say,

let me go now. If there be no eternity, life is a vain mockery, a delusion which had better never have been. But with eternity, with bodies strong and healthful forever, with every sense acute and trained, with minds open to knowledge from every source, and hearts free to the sweet impulse of love—then the blessed thought of time enough will be with us forever. You do not know how much meaning there is to me in that thought. How many things we would gladly undertake, but we have not time. I would like to travel, but I haven't the time. I would like to sail, not only on the Hudson but on the Nile, not only on the lakes of our own country, but on the oceans of the earth; I haven't time. I would like to study the musty records of Egypt and Babylon, but I haven't time. I would like to study so many things, but there isn't time. There is time enough over there. I would like to give a few hundred years to botany, and win the love of every tree and flower upon the earth. I would like to study for a few thousand years in the strange and accurate combinations of numbers. I would like to read history, beginning back in the far-off past when the hieroglyphs of Egypt were written. I would like to read everything that has ever been written or spoken by the great thinkers of earth. I would like to give thousands of years to music. I would like to make the acquaintance of every soul in this city, in this State, and in this vast country. I haven't time. But there is time enough there, and I am looking for the day when you and I will gather on the other shore, no longer feeling that it is twelve o'clock or one o'clock, that the sun is sinking, we must hurry home. We shall not feel that we have only a few more years, but we shall wake up in the fair morning of eternity feeling that a youth of endless years is ours. Then we shall begin to plan and work forever; then we shall sit down by the rippling stream and talk till the heart is satisfied; wander through groves of stately trees and by paths strewn with flowers; listen to sweet voices as they may come to sing from other planets, till the heart is satisfied. Time enough for every study, every journey, every love. What learning man may gather in the endless beyond—what friendships he may have—what a traveler he may be—what a singer,

what a reasoner, what a philosopher, may the years of endless experience develop! O, summer-land of the soul! land of beauty, land of flowers, land of love! Often when the soul is weary here, when the shadows are deepening, when the grass grows above the graves of loved ones, do we think of thy far-off shores, and glad will be the day when the angels shall open the gate for us to enter in. God grant, my friends, that this hope of a future world may be yours and mine. God grant that we may listen to sweeter music than we have heard here, know a deeper joy, a dearer truth, and live in a holier love in the long forever.—*H. W. Thomas, D. D.*

### THE LULL OF ETERNITY.

Many a voice has echoed the cry for a "lull in life,"  
Fainting under the noontide, fainting under the strife  
Is it the wisest longing, is it the truest gain?  
Is not the Master withholding possible loss and pain?

Perhaps if He sent the lull we might fail of our heart's desire,  
Swift and sharp the concussion striking out living fire:  
Mighty and long the friction resulting in living glow,  
Heat that is force of the Spirit, energy fruitful in flow.

What if the blast should falter—what if the fire be stilled?  
What if the molten metal cool ere the mold be filled?  
What if the hands hang down when a work is almost done?  
What if the sword be dropped when a battle is almost won?

Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong wind drives the skiff,  
When a lull might drift it onward to fatal swirl or cliff;  
Faithful the guide who spurreth, sternly forbidding repose,  
When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid Alpine snows.

The lull of time may be darkness, falling in lonely night,  
But the lull of eternity neareth, rising in full, calm light;  
The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep and cold,  
But the heavenly lull shall be music, sweeter a thousandfold.

Here, it is "calling apart," and the place may be desert indeed,  
Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our busy need;  
There! why should I say it? Hath not the heart leapt up,  
Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full, full cup?

Still shall the key-word ringing echo the same sweet "Come!"  
 "Come," with the blessed myriads safe in the Father's home;  
 "Come," for the work is over: "Come," for the feast is spread.  
 "Come," for the crown of glory waits for the weary head.

When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest of hope is past,  
 The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at last.  
 No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,  
 But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away.

Time, with its pressure of moments, mocking us as they fell,  
 With relentless beat of a footstep hour by hour the knell  
 Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed away,  
 Leaving a grand, calm leisure—leisure of endless day.

Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch of time or place;  
 Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite space;  
 Full, and yet ever filling; leisure without alloy;  
 Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heavenly joy.

Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek and to know  
 Marvels and secrets and glories Eternity only can show;  
 Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest love,  
 Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite peace above.

Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's will,  
 For a rest that seems never nearer, a hush that is far off still?  
 Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear  
 The sound of His gentle footsteps, drawing, it may be, near?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noonday glare and heat  
 Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high and sweet?  
 What though a "lull in life" may never be made for thee!  
 Soon shall "a better thing" be thine—the lull of Eternity.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

#### IMMORTAL YOUTH.

There is an idea that goes with us in all our wanderings, and which casts a soft radiance around our minds—I refer to the idea of an *eternal youth*. The thought is beautiful, and the very sound of it is exceedingly pleasant. We keep repeating the words—keep listening—thinking—cherishing as it were the prolonged echo of a hymn sung by the angels. The idea awakens in us a sigh for a loftier realm, and for a purer region than is found here. It may seem strange that there is not a

passage in any part of the Bible that gives us a direct statement touching an immortal youth. It is only indirectly, by way of inference, that we catch the thought. The angels who were seen at the sepulchre of Christ were called *young men*. They appeared as such; yet thousands of years had passed away since their creation. The glorified bodies of the saints must always have the freshness of youth about them from the fact that they are never to show any signs of decay—they are to be immortal bodies. We never could think of the divine man as appearing old. Young comparatively he was when he ascended to heaven, and young he will be forever. Eternal youth will mark all his followers. . . . When we stand far up on the mountain summits of heaven, close beside God, we shall be young. . . . It has been said that to “want a star is the beautiful insanity of the young.” That insanity clings to us all. The aged man and the child, the good and the bad, the sick and the well, all want a star. We sigh for a day that is brighter than any we have seen, for a home that has in it no evil of any kind, for eternal vigor and youth amidst the heights and glories of the Lord.—*Rev. John Reid.*

#### IMMORTAL STRENGTH.

At the threshold of eternity the Christian will drop this weak, corruptible and inglorious body, and ere long will receive in its place a body endued with undecaying vigor, and clothed with unfading beauty; a body which may mock at the power of death, and which can move as if upon the lightning to execute God's high commissions in other worlds. And the intellect—oh, how it will brighten and expand; how it will rise to that which is lofty, and sink into that which is profound, and never tire either in the sublimity of its excursions or the depth of its researches! And the moral faculties—with what incalculable energy will *they* operate when God's Spirit has given them a perfect direction, and there is all the beauty and glory of the third heavens to call them into exercise! Is it not reasonable that the Christian should hail the day when he shall be taken up to that region of immortal strength?

I would not live alway, because I do not wish always to be an heir to these clustering infirmities of immortality. I would bear patiently the pains, the groans, the tossings, to which this poor body is subjected; but I would rather be beyond their reach, and wear a body that could bid defiance to disease; that could shine with an angel's beauty and move with an angel's strength. I would not complain of the feebleness of my mental operations; and yet I would hail with gratitude the expansion of these powers into something yet greater and brighter; I would prefer the noble thoughts of glorified manhood, to the narrow conceptions of this infancy of my existence. I would be thankful for what God has made me, and humble for what I have made myself; but I would wait in exulting hope of a complete renovation of my nature, in which I shall have strength imparted to me to bear an eternal weight of glory.

—*William B. Sprague, D. D.*

#### ETERNAL LOVE.

The mutual love of souls is eternal, like the souls themselves; eternal, like God and his love. It is true, all earthly ties are dissolved between the living and the departed spirits, but our spiritual brotherhood in God continues, and God is the Father of all. In the better world we shall all be equal, as the angels and the higher powers and forces in the creation are equal.

That which belongs to the body dies with the body. The spiritual alone endures. The power, the faculty of growing in perfection alone continues. Our relations must be of a different nature in heaven to what they are on earth, for they must be purified and spiritualized; but how we cannot imagine. The occupations of the blessed spirits in the next world we are equally incapable of conceiving. Most assuredly they are neither the same as on earth, nor similar to them; and everything that has been said on the subject by presumptuous men is nothing more than idle dreams. We know not how the spirit works in a disembodied state, nor do we know how, when by the almighty power of God it is clothed in more beautiful rai-



“IN MY FATHER’S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS.”



ment, it will act through this. For who knows the power of God? But this much we do know, and a thrill of happiness passes through the longing soul at the thought: the loved ones who died here on earth still live in a more exalted state. That which has once been present is still present in the universe, and that which has once lived, still lives. For "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."—*Zschokke*.

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#### MANY MANSIONS.

Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." It is thought by some that he alludes to the various apartments in the temple, and the vast number of people that lodged there. Perhaps the allusion, in a more general sense, may be to the palaces of kings, and the various apartments which they contained for the accommodation of the domestics and the numerous persons belonging to the royal court. The original term here used, literally translated, signifies quiet and continued abodes. Our Saviour intends to afford encouragement and comfort to his disciples, by assuring them that, in the place to which he was going before them, there was ample room to receive them, and everything prepared to accommodate them in the most delightful manner.

These "many mansions" are doubtless designed to teach us that in heaven there is sufficient room for the millions of redeemed and blood-washed spirits who shall finally inherit that happy place as their everlasting home. So ample is that place, so numerous are those mansions, that no faithful soul will lack for room, or want any of the accommodations necessary to render his happiness complete. All will find mansions there prepared for their reception; none will be left to wander homeless and destitute. The people of God, while in this world, are many of them afflicted and poor, and, like their divine Master, have not any place to lay their head which they can call their own; but in heaven it will not be so. Poor as they may have been in this world, in the heavenly mansions, in their Father's house,

they will have a splendid dwelling, and everything that their hearts can desire. They belong to the royal family of the King of kings, and they will finally inhabit the many mansions of the heavenly palace, and enjoy all the riches, the glory, and the bliss of their delightful abode.

“Large are the mansions in thy Father’s dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.”

—*James Spencer, M.A.*

Think of heaven with hearty purposes and pre-emptory designs to get thither.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

#### A PROGRESSIVE LIFE.

The soul will have a progressive life there. This is its present nature. Begin with it as you find in the infant, and watch it until it attains the power and brilliancy of a Newton’s or Shakespeare’s, and have you not sufficient evidence that it is a progressive entity? It will continue thus.

There will, however, be one striking difference between its progress here and its progress on the higher fields of its endeavors. While here it encounters many things which check it in its unfoldings; hereafter it will be free from such bafflements, be enabled to achieve more rapid advancement and more brilliant. Here it is tempted to sin; there it will not be, for the centre of temptation is in the material nature, and that is to be discarded. When temptation ceases sin must cease.

The future life may be represented as an inclined plane, on whose radiant surface all souls shall ascend farther and farther as eternity rolls along its immense cycles. Over it will hang the holy, genial, inspiring presence of God, across it float winds freighted with heaven’s aromas, into its meandering avenues fall the light of the Infinite Love, and out of its crystal fountains gush waters of rarest sweetness. No tear of grief shall fall on its fadeless flowers, no word of unkindness disturb its placid air, no sighs of suffering blend with its seraphic music, and no discord sweep in midst its blessed harmonies.

- “ We speak of the realms of the blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed,  
But what must it be to be there?
- “ We speak of its pathways of gold,  
And its walls decked with jewels most rare,  
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,  
But what must it be to be there?
- “ We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
Of the church of the first-born above;  
But what must it be to be there?
- “ Then let us, 'midst pleasure and woe,  
Still for that sphere our spirits prepare;  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.”

—Rev. D. M. Reid.

#### DEGREES OF GLORY.

There are to be different degrees of bliss in a future heaven. One star is to differ from another star in glory. There are to be rulers over five, and rulers over ten cities—those who are to be in the outskirts of glory, and those basking in the sunlight of the Eternal Throne! Is this no call on us to be up and doing?—not to be content with the circumference, but to seek nearness to the glorious centre—not only to have crowns shining as the brightness of the firmament, but to have a tiara of *stars* in that crown? It is the degree of holiness now that will decide the degree of happiness *then*—the transactions of *time* will regulate the awards of eternity.—*J. R. McDuff, D. D.*

#### SHAPING THE FUTURE.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
 The shadows which it gathered here,  
 And, painted on the eternal wall,  
 The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
 Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;  
 Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,  
 The pictures of the past remain—  
 Man's works shall follow him.—*John G. Whittier.*

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Heaven is viewed not only as a retreat from pain, and sin, and death, but as the consummation of eternal felicity. In this world our joys are transient and precarious; but in heaven there is fulness of joy; and at God's right hand, where Christ reigns, are pleasures forevermore. The vast capacity of the soul is filled with the emanations of God. His perfections, shining in all the radiance of the divine nature, overshadow and delight the soul; and the unfolding of his eternal providence and grace shall be a source of pleasure always pure, always new, and grateful to the high circles of celestial society. What, then, are all our trials, if God shall count us worthy to behold his face in righteousness?—*Joseph Sutcliffe, A. M.*

#### ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

It is so difficult to conceive of one's living forever in heaven without acquiring any new ideas, or any deeper impressions from ideas already received, that it is generally believed that holy creatures will forever grow in capacity and enjoyment. And there are certainly passages of Scripture which favor this opinion. I shall venture no assertion on this point; but, taking the thing for granted at present, what an august being will a human soul become! Observe its progress in the present life, and the dignity which it here accumulates. Yesterday it was a

babe, weeping in its mother's arms; to-day it is a child, and we chide it; to-morrow it is a philosopher, and we revere him. Let this progress be extended to a million of years, and how great has that creature become! A thousand times more difference between him and a Newton, than between Newton and an infant. Mark that miniature of man just opening its eyes on the light; yet that minim of being contains a soul which will one day outstrip the ranges of the widest imagination. That spark will grow to the flame of a seraph; that thinking thing will fly through heaven.

Observe that poor Christian, doomed to hard labor, covered with sweat and dust. The world sweeps by him without deeming him worthy of a look, and considers him only an animal. Yet that same poor man will soon be greater than a nation combined. While carrying burdens on his bending shoulders (ye know him not), he is an angel in disguise: the reverse of the stage, where a poor man acts the king, but, passing behind the curtain, dwindles to a pauper; for here a king acts the pauper, and as soon as the curtain falls, ascends the throne. See that mingled throng in the streets, fluttering about like insects in the summer's sun—the reputed creatures of a day. How little is it considered that every one of that number, and of those human shapes in the filthy dungeon, is destined to eternal progression, and will one day be greater than kings in glory, or equally great in misery. Fix your eyes a little upon that throng, and silently mark whither they will go when they disperse. I follow one with my eyes to his secret apartment; I see the shiverings of death stealing upon him; the tears of mourners fill the room; the soul bursts its cerement, and is an angel now: wings are lent it, and I trace it soaring through the regions of light. I follow it in its course of endless progress until it has become greater than Gabriel was. I pursue it till it has become greater than the whole human race were in this infant world—till it has become greater than all the angels together were when it left the body; and I leave it still progressing towards God, approximating towards his infinite dimensions—a point at an immeasurable distance, but at which it is eternally stretching away. We are lost, we are swallowed up in the boundless prospect.

Upon the principle of eternal progression (however slow that progression may be), these are the destinies of the feeblest soul that ever enters heaven.—*Edward D. Griffin, D. D.*

Look above thee—never eye  
 Saw such pleasures as await thee;  
 Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy  
 As are there prepared to meet thee;  
 Light undying, seraph's lyres,  
 Angel welcomes, cherub choirs,  
 Smiling through heaven's doors to greet thee.—*Bowring.*

### THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE.

We exist here only in the small, that God may have us in a state of flexibility, and bend or fashion us, at the best advantage, to the model of his own great life and character. And most of us, therefore, have scarcely a conception of the exceeding weight of glory to be comprehended in our existence. If we take, for example, the faculty of memory, how very obvious is it that, as we pass eternally on, we shall have more and more to remember, and finally shall have gathered more into this great storehouse of the soul than is now contained in all the libraries of the world. And there is not one of our faculties that has not, in its volume, a similar power of expansion. Indeed, if it were not so, the memory would finally overflow and drown all our other faculties, and the spirits, instead of being powers, would virtually cease to be anything more than registers of the past.

But we are obliged to take our conclusion by inference. We can see for ourselves that the associations of the mind, which are a great part of its riches, must be increasing in number and variety forever, stimulating thought by multiplying its suggestions, and beautifying thought by weaving into it the colors of sentiment endlessly varied.

The imagination is gathering in its images and kindling its eternal fires in the same manner. Having passed through many trains of worlds, mixing with scenes, societies, orders of intelligence and powers of beatitude—just that which made the apostle in Patmos into a poet by the visions of a single day—

it is impossible that every soul should not finally become filled with a glorious and powerful imagery, and be waked to a wonderfully creative energy.

By the supposition it is another incident of this power of endless life, that, passing down the eternal galleries of fact and event, it must be forever having new cognitions and accumulating new premises. By its own contacts it will, at some future time, have touched even whole worlds and felt them through, and made premises of all there is in them. It will know God by experiences correspondingly enlarged, and itself by a consciousness correspondingly illuminated. Having gathered in, at last, such worlds of premises, it is difficult for us now to conceive the vigor into which a soul may come, or the volume it may exhibit, the wonderful depth and scope of its judgments, its rapidity and certainty, and the vastness of its generalizations. It passes over more and more, and that necessarily, from the condition of a creature gathering up premises, into the condition of God, creating out of premises; for if it is not actually set to the creation of worlds, its very thoughts will be a discoursing in world-problems and theories equally vast in their complications.

In the same manner, the executive energy of the will, the volume of the benevolent affections, and all the active powers, will be showing, more and more impressively, what it is to be a power of endless life. They that have been swift in doing God's will and fulfilling his mighty errands, will acquire a marvellous address and energy in the use of their powers. They that have taken worlds into their love will have a love correspondingly capacious, whereupon also it will be seen that their will is settled in firmness and raised in majesty according to the vastness of impulse there is in the love behind it. They that have great thoughts, too, will be able to manage great causes, and they that are lubricated eternally in the joys that feed their activity will never tire. What force, then, must be finally developed in what now appears to be the tenuous and fickle impulse, and the merely frictional activity of a human soul?

On this subject the Scriptures indulge in no declamation, but only speak in hints, and start us off by questions, well under-

standing that the utmost they can do is to waken in us the sense of a future scale of being unimaginable, and beyond the compass of our definite thought. Here they drive us out in the almost cold mathematical question, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Here they show us, in John's vision, Moses and Elijah, as angels, suggesting our future classification among angels, which are sometimes called chariots of God, to indicate their excelling strength and swiftness in careering through his empire to do his will. Here they speak of powers unimaginable as regards the volume of their personality, calling them dominions, thrones, principalities, powers, and appear to set us on a footing with these dim majesties. Here they notify us that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Here they call us sons of God. Here they bolt upon us, but "I said, Ye are gods;" as if meaning to waken us by a shock! In these and all ways possible, they contrive to start some better perception in us of ourselves, and of the immense significance of the soul; forbidding us always to be the dull mediocrities into which, under the stupor of our unbelief, we are commonly so ready to subside. Oh, if we could tear aside the veil, and see for but one hour what it signifies to be a soul in the power of an endless life, what a revelation would it be!

—*Horace Bushnell, D. D.*

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Remember what peace with God in Christ, and the presence of the Son of God, will be to you when eternity shall put time to the door, and ye shall take good-night of time, and this little shepherd's tent of clay, this inn of borrowed earth.

—*Rutherford.*

#### RULE OF RANK IN HEAVEN.

What then, we may ask, shall be the rule of rank or order in that invisible world? What the law of relative position? Shall an arbitrary or an accidental location be admitted, or shall there be an invariable prevalence of some principle, founded upon the reason of things, and the qualities of the subject? The latter,

Absolute uniformity takes place . . . where *one or two*

*causes operate upon a simple and single substance.* Now if there be truth in this maxim, then it would seem more than barely probable that, in the region to which souls are consigned (those denuded rudiments of life), each spirit shall fall into its rank, as if in obedience to the law of its actual affinity with the divine nature. Or as if the concentric circles of worship that embrace the tabernacle of glory should determine the position of all spirits, according to the rule of love and purity. How many those circles may be, or how vast the space they enclose, we know not. Perhaps the disparity in light and joy between the inner circles, and the remotest orbits, may be immense. These matters are all beyond surmise. Meanwhile, and until truth and knowledge burst upon us, we may each revert to the secrecy of the soul; and each may ask how such a law of rank as we have imagined would affect his particular case? Or whether the habits of the mind, its ordinary and characteristic emotions, would bring it near to the Majesty in the heavens, or remove it to the very verge of joy and hope.—*Isaac Taylor.*

#### THE CONDITION OF REWARD.

As the life of adult age depends upon infancy; or the reward upon the work; or the prize of racers or soldiers upon their running or fighting; or the merchant's gain upon his voyage: so the life to come depends upon this present life. Heaven is won or lost on earth; the possession is there, but the preparation is here. Christ will judge all men in another state, as their works have been in this. First, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" then, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,"—must go before the crown of righteousness "which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give." All that we ever do for salvation must be done here. It was on earth that Christ himself wrought the work of our redemption, and here also must we do our part. The bestowing of the reward is God's work, who, we are sure, will never fail. So that if we will make sure of heaven, it must be by "giving all diligence to make our calling and election sure" upon earth. If we fear hell, we must fear our being pre-

pared only for it. And it is great and difficult work we have to do upon earth; as for instance, to be cured of all damning sin; to be born again; to be pardoned and justified by faith; to be united to Christ, made wise to salvation, renewed by the Spirit, and conformed to his likeness; to overcome all the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil; to perform all the duties toward God and man, that must be rewarded; "with the heart to believe in Christ unto righteousness," and with the mouth to make confession unto salvation; also to suffer with Christ, that we may reign with him; and to be faithful unto death, that we may receive the crown of life. Thus on earth must we so run that we may obtain.—*Richard Baxter, D. D.*

#### POSITIVE REWARDS.

Besides being exempt from all earthly trials, and having a continuance of that happiness which we had begun to enjoy even here, we have good reason to expect hereafter other rewards and joys, which stand in no natural or necessary connection with the present life; for our entire felicity would be extremely defective and scanty were it to be confined merely to that which we carry with us from the present world, to that peace and joy of soul which result from reflecting on what we may have done which is good and pleasing in the sight of God, since even the best men will always discover great imperfections in all that they have done. Our felicity would also be incomplete were we compelled to stop short with that meagre and elementary knowledge which we take with us from this world—that knowledge so broken up into fragments, and yielding so little fruit, and which, poor as it is, many good men, from lack of opportunity, and without any fault on their part, never here acquire. Besides the natural rewards of goodness, there must therefore be others which are positive, and dependent on the will of the supreme Legislator.

On this point almost all philosophers are, for the above reasons, agreed—even those who will admit of no *positive punishments* in the world to come. But for want of accurate knowledge of the state of things in the future world, we can say nothing defi-

nite and certain as to the nature of the positive rewards. In the doctrine of the New Testament, however, positive rewards are considered most obviously as belonging to our future felicity, and as constituting a principal part of it; for it always represents the joys of heaven as resulting strictly from the *favor* of God, and as being *undeserved* by those on whom they are bestowed. Hence there must be something more added to the natural good consequences of our actions here performed.—*M'Clintock and Strong.*

#### THE GROUND OF REWARD.

The distribution of earthly trusts is a little different, perhaps, from our idea of what it ought to be. In the first place, they are unequal as to the amount entrusted. One man receives one, another two, and another man five, and blessed is that man who is not offended at this distribution. We sometimes become offended at God in this distribution. Then they are various as to kind. He gives one man wealth, but not much personal influence; he gives another man personal influence, and not much wealth; he gives one man business tact, constituting a great power; he gives another man gifts in prayer and exhortation; he gives another a gentle, persuasive, winning manner, quietly reaching the hearts of the people and bringing them to Jesus; he gives another man the gift of utterance, with power to convince the reason, to arouse the conscience, and to move the hearts of the people to decision upon great moral ideas by the force of truth. He makes one man a son of thunder, and with the thunder of God's word, gleaming with the lightning of the Spirit, he comes crushing down amid the formalities and hypocrisies of earth like a storm in the forest. There is variety as well as inequality in the distribution of the trusts of men. Is this inequality the result of an unjust favoritism? No, no! It is justified and vindicated by two considerations. To every one according to his several ability; not according to the ability he thinks he has, but according to the ability that God knows he has. To every one according to his several ability, because it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

Up to that point it seems clear; but, then, how about the reward? If a man has one talent, will he have the same reward as a man who has five talents? That can be answered in two ways. I want to answer it in the affirmative. I call your attention to this fact, that in the story of the talents, the man who came with two talents, and found other two talents which he had made, received just as hearty a welcome as the man who brought five talents with precisely the same words. Now, I conclude from this that it is not according to the largeness of the sphere in which a man moves, not according to the splendor and greatness of his talents, that he is to be rewarded hereafter, but according to the industry and fidelity with which he administers the trust, whether it be a large one or whether it be a small one. My eye has rested, within a few days, as I addressed a little country Sabbath-school, upon a tender, delicate female member of the church, sitting at the head of a little class of six girls, faithfully and industriously teaching those children the way of life. She, if faithful to that trust within that small sphere of life, will wear as bright a crown and receive as hearty a welcome as the minister who has swept a continent by his influence and power; and for this simple reason, that it is not according to the number of talents that God commits to us, but according to the fidelity and the industry with which we administer the talents, whether it be one or whether it be two, or whether it be five.

The covenant between God and man in this distribution of trusts is sealed on this wise: he requires absolutely for all that he commits to us. Oh! I do not realize that, now that I have said it, I do not realize it in my own soul, you do not realize it—you think you do—that God absolutely requires of us that we give an account for all that he has committed to us—every dollar, every talent, every personal influence, every moment, every influence, conscious and unconscious—absolutely requires us to give an account for all. I sometimes think we have very loose notions about the judgment day. We think it is all a figure about opening the books. I hear men talk lightly of going to judgment. My brethren, when I remember (and God help me

to remember it every day of my life more and more) that God absolutely holds me responsible for everything that he has committed to me, whether temporal, spiritual, or intellectual, I tremble for myself, I tremble for my brethren, I tremble for the church of God.—*R. L. Dashiell, D. D.*

#### THE LOSS OF OUR WORK.

He who trifles with the "truth as it is in Jesus," does so at his peril. He who is careless with respect to any truth connected with the doctrine of Christ, however remotely, will be so at heavy cost. For he who loses his work in eternity, though he himself be saved, will doubtless find it a great loss. It will be an eternal loss. The man whose work abides will find it to enter in the most vital way into his fortunes in the eternal world.—*Bishop E. M. Marvin, D. D.*

#### WHAT IS NOT IN HEAVEN.

There is no *night* there. Who does not want to go where no night is? No night, no *natural* night—none of its darkness, its damps, its dreariness; and no *moral* night—no ignorance, no error, no misery, no sin. These all belong to the night; and there is no night in heaven. And why no night there? What shines there so perpetually? It is not any natural luminary. It is a moral radiance that lights up heaven. "The glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." No need have they there of other light. This shines everywhere, and on all. All light is sweet, but no light is like this.

And not only no night there, "but no more *curse*." Christ redeemed them from the curse of the law, being made a curse for them. And "no more *death*." The last enemy is overcome at last. Each, as he enters the place, shouts victoriously, "O death, O grave!" "Neither *sorrow*." It is *here*. O yes, it is here—around, within. We hear it; we see it; and at length we feel it. But it is not there. "Nor *crying*"—no expression of grief. "Neither shall there be any more *pain*." And what becomes of *tears*? Are they left to dry up? Nay, God *wipes* them away. And this is a sure sign they never return. What

shall cause weeping when he wipes away tears? "The former things are passed away."

I have not said that there is no sin in heaven. I have not thought that necessary. If sin was there, night would be there, and the curse, and death, and all the other evils—the train of sin. These are not there; therefore sin is not. No, "we shall be *like* him; for we shall see him as he is."

—*Rev. W. Nevins, D. D.*

#### NO LAMENTATIONS.

In heaven there will be no regret for the past any more than for the present. Now we review our lives with a disapprobation which causes grief. However we may *disapprove*, in heaven there can be no grief.

Our past sorrows will not seem too many or too severe. We shall feel that we never suffered a pang too much. Whether it arose from repentance or from providence, whether it was seated in the body or in the soul, we shall feel that every pang came in the right form, at the right time, and in the right measure; that it was neither too light nor too heavy, too early nor too late. Every sigh, and tear, and groan, every deprivation and every persecution, will then be recollected with inconceivable gratification, and will provoke our complacency and gratitude.

Now, if our living is taken away or our honor is tarnished, if our health is impaired, or our friends fade and die, we are ready to exclaim against Providence, or to wither in silent despair. But the saints will remember and review such afflictions with unspeakable satisfaction.

In that blessed world the sins of this life will inflict upon the soul neither remorse nor repentance. Here gracious hearts are filled with godly sorrow at the remembrance of transgression and the remains of carnal appetite. But the hearts of the glorified will not lament. The just made perfect will feel no repentance, and the sanctified and spotless will have no carnal tempers. Now sin provokes in the believers self-reproach and indignation. Such cannot forgive themselves, even when God forgives them. They abhor themselves like Job, and repent as

in sackcloth. Their penitence is not distrustful and death-working, like the sinner's, but still it is penitence; and they are unwilling to part from it all the days of their life. The happiest hours of the best Christians are softened by this penitence. They may have ascended the mount of regeneration, the mount of faith, the mount of love; but on the loftiest summit they shall find no soil barren of repentance, no region so clear and lofty as never to see a cloud, or feel the refreshing moisture of its gently falling showers. Our earthly graces are moral buds and blossoms. They are most beautiful and fragrant when watered with drops of generous sorrow. When these buds of grace become the ripened fruits of glory, they can endure perpetual sunshine. There they will be garnered in a tearless heaven.

Not even sin in its recollections will afflict the sainted spirit. It had a sting on earth which cannot reach to heaven. The saved will not love sin. They will abhor it most intensely, but it will have no power to inflict pain or unpleasant regret on the redeemed and glorified. Sin purged away by the blood of the Lamb will be as though it had not been. The restitution of the soul to its original innocence and purity will be complete. Consider how much rapture must arise from perfect self-complacency!—*Bishop L. L. Hamline.*

#### HEAVENLY WORSHIP.

Part of the felicity of the saints in heaven shall consist in the worship of God.

And who would wish it otherwise? Could we find a man who would exclude from his idea of this place of blessedness, the eternal, ceaseless worship of his God, I would deny to him all claim to a single ennobling thought: that by itself would prove his total want of preparation for the kingdom of God. But it is not so; the tabernacle of God is with men, and to that they shall bring the homage of their hearts, and the tribute of their praises. So in the tabernacle of old: the sin-offerings, the peace-offerings, the thank-offerings, were all brought there; and with a variety of instruments and voices the praises of God were there sung. There, especially, were sung the songs which the sweet psalmist

received from the inspiring Spirit; songs, indeed, containing "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and which to our own day retain all their animation and power. It was this which made David say, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." And, when distant from it, he envied even the birds which found shelter in the sanctuary, were covered by its shadow and cheered by its sounds. And have we not felt the inspiration of worship ourselves? Wherever God is devoutly adored, feelings at once the strongest and the richest are called forth, from

"The speechless awe which dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love,"

to the thanksgivings which break from a heart overcharged with its grateful recollections.

These are the feelings which are to be heightened and perfected in heaven. The worship there shall be ceaseless and eternal; and it is an interesting view of it, that it shall be all praise. No prayer shall be there, for there shall be no sense of want; all is praise, for all is manifestation and light; all is praise, for all is triumph; all is praise, for all is blessedness and enjoyment. Whatever the feeling, praise, eternal praise, is the expression of it, from the breathing whisper of adoring love which flits through the prostrate ranks of the redeemed, to the full chorus of praise, the high, the universal shout of glory, and honor, and blessing, to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever.—*Richard Watson.*

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Perfect purity, fulness of joy, everlasting freedom, perfect rest, health and fruition, complete security, substantial and eternal good—such is heaven.—*Hannah More.*

#### MARTYRS IN HEAVEN.

Here pass the regiment of Christian *martyrs*. They endured all things for Christ. They were hounded; they were sawn asunder; they were hurled out of life. Here come the eighteen



TO THE REALM OF LIGHT.



thousand Scotch Covenanters who perished in one persecution. Escaped from the clutches of Claverhouse, and bloody McKenzie, and the horrors of the Grass-Market, they ride in the great battalion of Scotch martyrs, Hugh McKail, and James Renwick, and John Knox, and others whose words are a battle-shout for the church militant—men of high cheek bones, and strong arms, and consecrated spirits. Greyfriars churchyard took some of their bodies, but heaven took all their souls. They went on weary feet through the glens of Scotland in times of persecution, and crawled up the crags on their hands and knees; but now they follow the Christ for whom they fought and bled, on white horses of triumph. Ride on, ye conquerors! Victors of Dunottar Castle, and Bass Rock, and Rutherglen! Ride on!

Here comes the regiment of *English martyrs*. Queen Mary against King Jesus made an uneven fight. The twenty thousand chariots of God coming down the steep of heaven will ride over any foe. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Bishop Hooper, and Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's; and Archbishop Cranmer, who got his courage back in time to save his soul; and Anne Askew, who, at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words rising through the flames being a prayer for her murderers. O cavalcade of men and women, whom God snatched up from the iron fingers of torture into eternal life! Ride on, thou glorious regiment of English martyrs!

Look at this advancing host of a hundred thousand. Who are they? Look upon the flag, and upon their uniform, and tell us. They are the Protestants who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! Kill!" Oh, what a night, followed by what a day! Who would think that these on white horses were tossed out of windows, and manacled, and torn, and dragged, and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished, and cities were illuminated with infernal joy,

and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered the triumph of hell! Their gashed and bespattered bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevards of heaven.

“Soldier of God, well done!  
Rest be thy loved employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Master's joy.”

Ride on, ye mounted troops of St. Bartholomew's Day!

—*T. Dewitt Talmage, D. D.*

**AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.**

Pause, Christian pilgrim, journeying on  
Through life's long way of toil and pain;  
Here is a staff to lean upon,  
And rest thy trembling wearied frame;  
'Twill prove thy comfort, thy delight—  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

Thy morning may be overcast—  
Clouds may obscure the brightest sky;  
The gathering storm may burst at last—  
But oh, take courage, God is nigh.  
His promise puts all fears to flight!—  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

No mid-day's sun may gild thy path,  
To cheer thee on thy journey home;  
Yet still rely, by precious faith,  
On Jesus Christ, and him alone.  
Then is his promise his delight—  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

Now art thou near thy journey's end;  
A few more hours thy labor's done;  
Oh, tarry not; ere long thou'lt find  
The battle fought, the victory won.  
Christian, thy prospects then are bright,  
“At evening time it shall be light.”

Dread not the valley thou may'st pass;  
Fear not, the conflict soon is o'er;  
Trust Him, he's faithful to the last,  
He'll lead thee to the happy shore.

And thou shalt find, oh, welcome sight!  
"At evening time it shall be light."

Christian, now thy race is run—  
Thy heavenly Father calls thee home;  
There shalt thou shine fair as the sun,  
Before the uncreated One.  
No morning cloud, nor sable night  
Is there, but everlasting light.

### FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

A living divine says: When I was a boy I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls, and domes, and spires, and with nobody in it except white angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died, and I thought of a great city, with walls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in it at that time. Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock continually grew. But it was not until I had sent one of my little children to his Grandparent—God—that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls, and domes, and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth.

### THE FAMILIAR FACES.

Dr. Talmage says of our departed friends in heaven: Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children: do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father,

do not fret;" "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tip-toe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous hand-shaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

#### THEY WAIT TO WELCOME US.

Tell me, ye who have seen the open tomb receive into its bosom the sacred trust committed to its keeping—ye who have heard the sullen rumblings of the death-clods, as they dropped upon the coffin-lid, and told you that earth had gone back to earth—when the separation from the object of your love was realized in all the desolation of bereavement, next to the thought that you should ere long see Christ as he is, and be like him, was not that consolation the strongest which assured you that the departed one, whom God has put from you into darkness, will run to meet you when you cross the threshold of immortality, and, with the holy rapture to which the redeemed alone can give utterance, lead you to the exalted Saviour, and with you bow down at his feet, and cast the conqueror's crown before him? How sublime, how glorious these anticipations! Based as they are on the eternal truth of God, and embodied in the elements of a holy Christian faith, they seem almost to rend in twain the curtain that hides the invisible world from us.

—*Dr. Berg.*

Oh, if the feeble and pining mother, who sees her long-gone sea-boy, all sunburnt and joyous, re-entering her desolate cottage, starts up with renewed vigor and rushes forward to fall on

his neck in all the ecstasy of sudden restoration, how will you thrill with a thousand richer transports, when your vision shall open on the glorified groups of your sainted ones in heaven, all hastening, in beauty and blessing beyond your hope, and with love more glowing, pure, and sweet than ever, to meet you at the gate, and guide and welcome you to your home in the City of God forever!—*Stockton.*

#### STEPS IN THE WAY OF LIFE.

The first step in the way of life is a right will; the second, a strong will; the third, a devoted will; the fourth, a full will. In the first, the soul consenteth to the law of God, but, through weakness of the flesh, findeth not how to perform; in the second, it performeth, although heavily, yet firmly; in the third, it "runneth the way of God's commandments," because "set at liberty;" in the fourth are angels only, who will and perform with equal ease, because unhindered by the body.

—*St. Bernard.*

#### THE JOURNEY TO ETERNITY.

To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf, till, a few moments hence, I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. Oh, give me that book! At any price, give me the book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo unius libri*. Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I open, I read this book—for this end to find the way to heaven.—*John Wesley.*

## THE JOURNEY OF ETERNITY.

It is a solemn thing to be always journeying, without a moment's cessation or rest, and at the same time to be moving on with great rapidity from our point of departure, without ever lessening, in the least, the distance between us and our point of destination. This is the journey of eternity. There is great rapidity in the revolution of the wheels of duration. Onward we are rolled with the most eager velocity. Each revolution tells with solemn interest upon the future before, without in the least lessening the distance in prospect. There are but two roads across the "undiscovered country" to which we must soon take our departure. On the one or the other of these we must journey through the endless cycles before us. On the one "our sun does not go down, neither does our moon withdraw itself. God is our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning are ended," always in the focal centre of infinite light and love, with that blissful centre perpetually changing, only to enlarge our sphere of vision and to increase our bliss. On the other we endlessly journey on "through the land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." And now, reader, we are shaping our course for this journey. As our course is across the track of time, such to us will be the journey of eternity.

"Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
 To glorious happiness.  
 Ah, write thy pardon on my heart,  
 And whensoever I hence depart,  
 Let me depart in peace."

—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

## OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

Out of the shadow of sadness,  
 Into the sunshine of gladness,  
 Into the light of the blest;  
 Out of a land very dreary,  
 Out of the world of the weary,  
 Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow  
 Into the blissful to-morrow,  
     Into a day without gloom ;  
 Out of a land filled with sighing,  
 Land of the dead and the dying,  
     Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,  
 Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,  
     Dark as the wreck drifting o'er,  
 Into a land calm and quiet,  
 Never a storm cometh nigh it,  
     Never a wreck on its shore.—*I. W. Ryan.*

### MORE THAN MIDWAY.

(Sailors on their voyages touch their cups to "Friends Astern!" until half way over; then, to "Friends Ahead!" Reading this statement in another volume suggested to Miss Mills the following original poem.—*Editor.*)

Onward, we are ever sailing  
 Over life's rough, stormy sea ;  
 "Friends astern" the mists are veiling—  
     Friends we loved so tenderly.

Friends ahead, for us are waiting ;  
 Loved, not lost, but gone before ;  
 Come then, winds, our sails inflating,  
     Bear us quickly to that shore !

Light from yonder mansions streaming  
 Pales the sunlight's brightest ray ;  
 Just outside the shutters, gleaming,  
     Is the light of heaven's day.

Yes, eternity is dawning,  
 Smiles have calmed the breakers' foam ;  
 Night has given place to morning.  
     Lo ! the tireless songsters come.

O'er the lighted pathway flying,  
 Halleluia ! all is well !  
 Death is gain—if this be dying—  
     Back on earth the tidings tell.

Friends ahead, give unto Jesus  
 Blessing, glory, power and might ;  
 Friends astern, join in the chorus,  
     While we bid to earth "Good-night."—*Abbie Mills.*

## THE SONG OF THE NEW LIFE.

I shall never forget my own first impression of the morning song of the English skylark. In my zeal as a traveller to see all that could be seen, I had arisen with the sun, and had wandered off alone over the hills surrounding the old city of Winchester and its grand cathedral. The rays of the rising sun had changed the dew-drops into diamonds, and the early breeze had awakened the lark both to song and to flight; for, as this almost spirit-bird begins to sing, it commences also mounting upon its wings, and, mounting, it continues to sing, and, singing, it continues to mount higher and still higher, as if it had truly bid adieu to earth, as Jeremy Taylor has it, and had gone to mingle with the choirs of heaven. At last I could no longer see the bird. Its form was entirely lost to my vision, but its song was still heard; its glad notes still came floating down from heaven, like the music of an angel, and charmed my heart the more, since my eye could no longer discern the singer.

Such is the song of a holy life; for the Christian, as he commences the song of the new life, commences his upward course, and his song grows sweeter as he rises; and it is never so sweet, so moving, so attractive, as when the singer is lost to human vision, and the notes come floating down to us from the upper spirit-world. Listen! Can we not even now hear some notes of the life-song of some departed loved one? If the ear is too dull to catch the spirit strains, can not the heart discern the melody, and is there not awakened within us kindred harmonies? They tell us that when two lutes are attuned to the same key, and placed near each other, when one is struck the other is heard to send forth notes and tones of kindred harmony. May not our spirits be thus so nearly attuned to the same key with those of our loved ones who have gone before to heaven, and may we not draw so near to them in spiritual union and sympathy, that, even while we are yet upon the earth, our souls may send forth occasional strains at least of that song which fills all hearts and occupies all voices in the choirs of the redeemed? Yes, it is even so.—*J. Stanford Holme, D. D.*

## THE UPWARD FLIGHT.

Are we almost there in our homeward flight?  
 Are those the home-lights that gleam afar?  
 Have we bade farewell to the shadowy night,  
 And entered the realm of the morning star?

Faint to my ear come the sounds of earth:  
 Her wail of anguish and wild despair,  
 The hollow ring of her idle mirth  
 Are lost in the depths of this upper air.

And now a breath, like the breath of morn,  
 A light, a radiance spreads around,  
 And forms of that mystic radiance born  
 Seem floating hither glory crowned.

Oh, angel, lend me the shade of thy wing;  
 I see the portals of light unrolled,  
 With songs of welcome their arches ring—  
 The ransomed is safe in the heavenly fold.—*L. H. Hagner.*

## THE SOUL'S ARRIVAL IN HEAVEN.

And now they are gone. The struggles of reluctant nature are over. The body sleeps in death; the soul launches into the invisible state. But who can imagine the delightful surprise, when they find themselves surrounded by *guardian angels*, instead of *weeping friends*? How securely do they wing their way, and pass through unknown worlds, under the conduct of those celestial guides! The vale of tears is quite lost. Farewell, forever, the realms of woe, and range of malignant beings! They arrive on the *frontiers* of inexpressible *felicity*. They "are come to the city of the living God:" while a voice sweeter than music in her softest strains, sweet as the harmony of hymning seraphim, congratulates their arrival and bespeaks their admission: *Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors*, that the heirs of glory may enter in.

Here, then, let us leave the spirits and souls of the righteous; escaped from an entangling *wilderness*, and received into a *paradise* of delights! escaped from the territories of disquietude, and settled in regions of unmolested security! Here they sit down with *Abraham, Isaac and Jacob*, in the kingdom of their Father.

Here they mingle with an innumerable company of angels, and rejoice around the throne of the Lamb: rejoice in the *fruition* of *present* felicity and in the *assured expectation* of an inconceivable addition to their bliss; when God *shall call the heavens from above, and the earth, that he may judge his people.*

—*Rev. James Hervey, A. M.*

### THE FIRST HOUR IN HEAVEN.

Oh, what is this splendor that beams on me now,  
 This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,  
 While faint and far-off land and sea lie below,  
 And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,  
 With its rich jewelled shrines and its gardens of flowers,  
 With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,  
 And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,  
 Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they shine!  
 'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,  
 And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

There are millions of saints in their ranks and degrees,  
 And each with a beauty and crown of his own;  
 And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,  
 The nine rings of angels encircle the throne.

And oh! if the exiles of earth could but win,  
 One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,  
 From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,  
 And earth would be heaven; for heaven is love.

But words may not tell of the vision of peace,  
 With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires;  
 Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows shall cease,  
 And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

No sickness is here, no bleak, bitter cold,  
 No hunger, no debt, prison, or weariful toil;  
 No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,  
 No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God! and it was but an hour ago  
 That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains;  
 All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;  
 Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains.

Because I have served thee, were life's pleasures all lost?  
 Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won heaven for me?  
 Oh, no! one enjoyment alone could life boast,  
 And that, dearest Lord, was my service of Thee.

I had hardly to give; 'twas enough to receive,  
 Only not to impede the sweet grace from above;  
 And, this first hour in heaven, I can hardly believe  
 In so great a reward for so little a love.—*F. W. Faber, D. D.*

### TWO YEARS IN HEAVEN.

Two years ago he went to heaven. With us they have been long, long years, since we heard the sound of his sweet voice and the merry laugh that burst from his glad heart.

He was the youngest of our flock. Three summers he had been with us, and oh! he was brighter and sunnier than any summer day of them all. But he died as the third year of his life was closing. The others were older than he; and all we had of childhood's glee and gladness was buried when we laid him in the grave. Since then our hearth has been desolate, and our hearts have been yearning for the boy who is gone. "Gone, gone, but not lost," we have said a thousand times; and we think of him ever as living and blessed in another place not far from us.

*Two years in heaven!* They do not measure time in that world; there are no weeks, or months, or years; but all the time we have been mourning his absence here he has been happy there. And when we think of what he has been enjoying, and the rapid progress he has been making, we feel that it is well for him that he has been taken away!

*Two years with angels!* They have been his constant companions, his teachers, too; and from them he has drawn lessons of knowledge and of love. The cherubim are said to excel in knowledge; while love glows more argently in the breasts of

seraphim. He has been two years in the company of both, and must have become very like them.

*Two years with the redeemed!* They have told him of the Saviour, in whose blood they washed their robes, and whose righteousness is their salvation. The child, while with us, knew little of Jesus and his dying love; but he has heard of him now, and has learned to love him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." There are some among those redeemed who would have loved him here, had they been living with us; but they went to glory before him, and have welcomed him now to their company. I am not sure that they know him as our child; and yet do we love to think that he is in the arms of those who have gone from our arms, and that thus broken families are reunited around the throne of God and the Lamb.

*Two years with Christ!* It is joy to know that our child has been two years with the Saviour, in his immediate presence; learning of him, and making heaven vocal with songs of rapture and love. The blessed Saviour took little children in his arms when he was here on earth, and he takes them in his bosom there. Blessed Jesus! blessed children! blessed child! He often wept when he was with us; he suffered much before he died: seven days and nights he was torn with fierce convulsions ere his soul yielded and fled to heaven. But now for two years he has not wept. He has known no pain for two years. That little child, who was pleased with a rattle, now meets with angels, and feels himself at home. He walks among the tallest spirits that bend in the presence of the Infinite, and is as free and happy as any who are there. And when we think of joys that are his, we are more than willing that he should stay where he now dwells, though our house is darkened by the shadow of his grave, and our hearts are aching all the time for his return. Long and weary have been the years without him; but they have been blessed years to him in heaven. "Even so, Father." "Not our will, but thine be done."—*Rev. Dr. Prime in Thoughts on the Death of Little Children.*

**WILL INFANTS REMEMBER THINGS PERTAINING TO EARTH?**

In the case of some little children who have died, there may be a slight remembrance of having lived upon the earth; even as a child born in one country, and moving away to another when it is quite young, may remember a few things—a house, perhaps the one it lived in, a yard or street, a fence around the garden, or a certain tree that grew there, a bird that used to sing in a cage, a particular boy or girl that lived near by, a man or woman that had bestowed some favor, the physician who had to lance a certain part of the body. I have noticed this, however: that while young children remember at first several things connected with the place where they formerly lived, it is not long before they have forgotten all. The picture that was engraved upon the mind was so delicate that the rush of thoughts across it wore it all away.

Whether anything like this will take place with the child who has gone to heaven is a question. I should rather suppose that what was remembered at first would be remembered afterwards; that the heavenly child would not forget like the earthly one. We have mentioned as probable that there will be a quickening of the whole mental nature when the infant spirit reaches heaven. If this be so, then the *memory* will be strengthened; that which entered the mind at first will be remembered afterwards with great distinctness. Visions of the past will not fade away like the image from a coin; impressions will not be effaced like footprints in the sand by the force of the waves. It is certainly a pleasing thought that the little pilgrim who tarried with us for a night bore away with it to the skies some memorials of the earth; as if some of the golden grains of time clung to its feet when it departed, which, without even thinking, it carried upward to its home among the stars. Perhaps in this way many an infant in heaven will think of the mother who watched and wept over it; of the father whose voice was distinguished from that of others; of the sister who carried it about the room, or played with it during the passage of some quiet hour. The angels, when they come to see us, have always about them some of the fragrance of heaven, as if they held in their hand one of

the flowers of Paradise, so when the infant departs to glory it may have about its person some of the sweet perfumes of earthly love. It is possible that this may be so; it would be pleasant if it should be so. There would in this way be vestiges of a former home—reminiscences of a land and a life that are far away.

It may be that when an infant dies *quite young*, no relic of the earth and time goes with it. To all intents and purposes, heaven may appear as its native land. As the infant that has been laid down at some one's door on a dark night is taken up and placed in a family where it lives and grows, knowing no other father and mother but those who care for it, and no other home but the one in which it finds itself, so the young creature that lives in heaven, having no recollection of any other country, may think of that as its home. It is a blessed thing to begin life essentially in heaven. What a pure and peaceful land that is! Far removed from all human care and woe. This world is a weary place. The people that live here are not well. One almost wishes that he had died young, and that in heaven, amidst all perfection, he had found the blessed land. It fills the soul with a quiet joy to think of myriads of infant beings inhabiting the city of God, as if that was the place where first they saw the light; and dwelling in a palace home with the principalities and powers of eternity, as if no other home had ever sheltered them, and no other companions but sinless creatures had ever been theirs.

Will such infants be *taught anything about this earth*? I should suppose that they would. This is a dark world, and all the darker by reason of its contrast with heaven, yet I think it would be well for the saved child to know something about it. To know that it belonged to a fallen race, and that the Son of God had to suffer for man in order to redeem him, would be deeply important. The thought then would dawn upon the mind of the child that it had been *saved*. To be ignorant of this would be an injury to the soul; for in that case it could not be thankful—could not praise God for his salvation. But knowing this great central fact, it could join intelligently and heartily in

the song of redemption with the millions of the purified. It could know also that numbers of the human race became exceedingly wicked, and were finally lost, and that numbers died in infancy and were saved. This would make the young mind to see what a blessing it was to die at the beginning of life. If it had grown up like others in a world of evil, like others it might have been lost forever. In fact, the leading things relating to this earth could easily be revealed to the child as it was able to bear them—giving it in course of time a synopsis of human history.—*Rev. John Reid.*

### LOOK UP TO HEAVEN.

Look up to heaven, pale child of sorrow!  
Lift from the earth thy tearful eyes:  
See! there dawns a joyous morrow,  
Far in yonder skies.

Lo! the clouds are swiftly breaking—  
Hope's bright sun streams forth to cheer,  
Thy sad heart to gladness waking,  
From its night of fear.

Should misfortune's frown oppress thee,  
Should thou drain life's poisoned cup,  
*Jesus* stoops from *heaven* to bless thee—  
*He* will bear thee up.

Though by earthly friends forsaken,  
Those who once seemed true to be—  
Let thy faith remain unshaken—  
*Jesus* loveth thee!

To despair yield no dominion  
O'er thy spirit's drooping wing—  
Soon released on angel's pinion,  
Thou in *heaven* shalt sing—

Praises to the *Power* that led thee  
Through a world of sin and strife—  
He who by the wayside fed thee  
With the "bread of life"—

Gave thee drink from that blest fountain,  
 Whence such healing waters pour—  
 Dweller in "God's Holy Mountain,"  
 There thou'lt thirst no more.—A. G. C.

### THE PARTING AND THE MEETING.

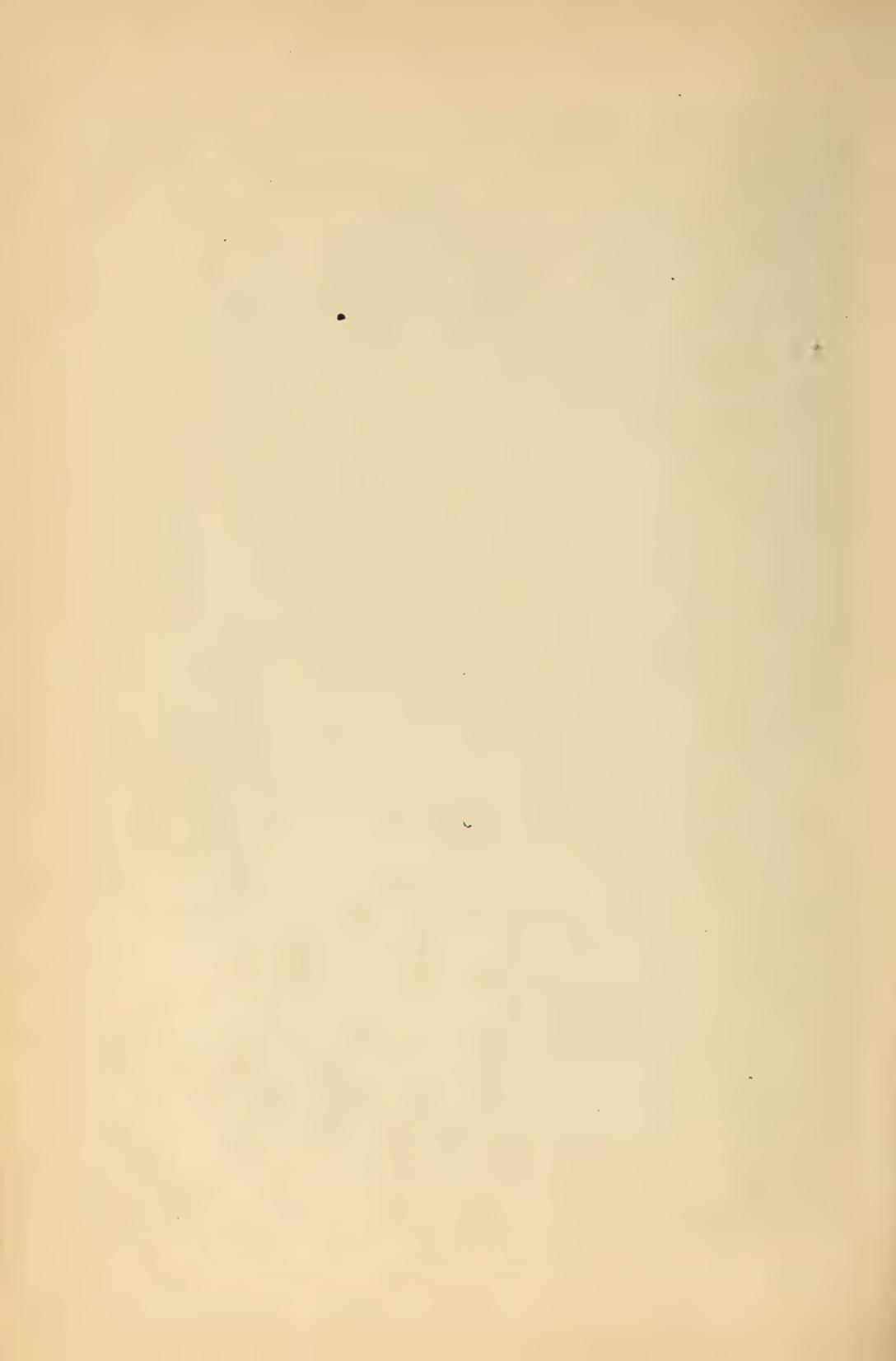
"To die is gain" to the Christian, because for him death transforms the future. To all of us now the future is full of fear. We know it will bring with it changes. If we be spared, yet we shall be called to part with those we love, and to lay them in the silent tomb. Old age means solitariness. One by one the companions of youth depart. Gray hairs speak not only of multiplied years, but also of added griefs. The man who by reason of strength attains to fourscore years, finds himself a stranger amongst a strange generation, without any to sympathize with him, with no other solace than this, that soon he too must go the way of all flesh. But for the Christian death changes all this. To him the future means reunion. Each year will bring home the dear ones. One by one they will come to complete the immortal circle.

You may have seen an emigrant vessel leave our shores. Oh, what tearful partings! What anguished cries! What heart-broken farewells! How those left behind strain their vision, and wave their tokens of love, so long as they can catch one glimpse of the departing sail! And when it has faded from their view, with what heavy hearts do they slowly seek their homes! But did you ever go with such a vessel to its destined port? Was there weeping there? Were there cries of anguish there? As the vessel hauled up to the dock, did you not behold, waiting with warm welcomes, loved ones who had gone before? Were not eager hands held out to press yours in loving grasp? In the pure joy of that hour, were not all the pains of parting and all the perils of the voyage forgotten?

And so it is with us here. Again and again we go down to the dark verge of eternity to bid farewell to departing friends. But a little way on their voyage can we see them. Sitting in our saddened homes, we behold not the shining ones waiting to receive them on the other shore. But while we weep, they



“LOOK UP TO HEAVEN.”



rejoice. Friends for whom they mourned have welcomed them to the better land. For us they mourn not; not because they have forgotten us, but because they know that in a little while we too will join them to part no more.—*R. A. Bertram.*

“IN THE LAND OF THE BLEST.”

“Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain.  
Has she sought some far country, her health to regain?  
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,  
For some warm sunny land, where the soft breezes blow?”  
“Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy mother is gone  
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;  
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest;  
There is health, there is peace in the Land of the Blest!”

“Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours?  
Are the rivers more clear and more blooming the flowers?  
Does summer shine over it all the year long?  
Is it cheered by the gladness of music and song?”  
“Yes; the flowers are despoiled not by winter or blight—  
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright;  
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addressed  
To the Lord, who reigns over the Land of the Blest!”

“Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear;  
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while *here*;  
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,  
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me.”  
“My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze  
On the long-severed friends of her earliest days.  
Her parents have found there a mansion of rest,  
And welcome their child to the Land of the Blest!”

“How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss!  
That land must be surely more happy than this;  
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,  
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and friends.”  
“Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright *clime*,  
But in patience I wait till the Lord's chosen time;  
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,  
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest!”

“Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy;  
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy;

Nor wilt thou, alas ! be withheld from its snares,  
 By a mother's kind counsel, a mother's fond prayers ;  
 Yet fear not, the God whose direction we crave  
 Is mighty to strengthen, to shield and to save :  
 And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,  
 To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest !"—*Mrs. Addy.*

#### HERE AND THERE.

Here, to get a new thing is to give up the old. There, to get a new thing is to fulfil the old. Here, to keep an old thing is to see it fade, and love its age not as you loved its youth, but somehow plaintively. Here, to take a new thing is to stare at its novelty, and to feel its newness, and to love it somewhat timidly, uncertainly. But there, there is neither new nor old—there is a steadfast freshening of all things. Here, incessant change washes my life shore like a tide, leaving me more shells to gather, but leaving only shells. There, incessant change brings me fresh treasures home, as waves bring ships to port. Here, to make a new friendship often debilitates the old, or else forgets it. There, every friendship is a furtherance, an intensity of all. Here, I cannot see the children growing up, but by seeing the strong men running down. There, we shall stand together and never fail. That which is venerable here is passing—that which is dewy with youth is only coming. There, that which is venerable is that which is young, and that which is coming has already come. Here, to visit is to leave home—to come home is to relinquish companionship. There, to be together is to be at home—to be at home is to be in boundless fellowship. Here, every morrow makes to-day a yesterday, and every to-day stands faltering between the two. There, to have to-day is to have yesterday, and the to-morrow is to-day. Here, day is known by night, and night can only wait for morning. There, dawn never fades, and tireless day-time needs no night.—*H. S. Carpenter.*

#### GROUNDS OF FUTURE RECOGNITION.

Paul before the throne is and inevitably must be the identical Paul who preached at Athens and was martyred at Rome.

When he longed to "depart and be with Christ," he expected not to be somebody else, but the same individual. Moses died fifteen centuries before the advent of Jesus Christ. Yet there was a personality still existing, who appeared at the time of Christ's transfiguration on the mount, and who was addressed by him as Moses. The prophet Elijah, who had died seven hundred years before, was there also. When the great apostle speaks of his Thessalonian converts as his "glory and joy in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ," he assuredly expected to meet the same persons in heaven that he had labored with in Thessalonica. If they were not the same people, and if he could not meet them there, how could they be to him a "crown" or a "joy?"

This point is clearly in accordance with common sense. Whatever change may be produced by death, personal identity will not be altered by one jot or tittle. The sinner who sins here will be the same sinner who will be punished in a world of woe. The believer who is welcomed with the glad salute, "Come, thou blessed of my Father!" will be the same person who on earth had done the Father's bidding. Without this preservation of perfect identity, the whole idea of a future retribution of rewards and punishments would be an absurd impossibility.

If identity is preserved in eternity, will the faculty of memory also survive the grave? Undoubtedly it will. The obliteration of memory would amount to a partial destruction of the individual. It would remove some of heaven's richest enjoyments. If I cannot remember what my Redeemer has done and suffered for me, how can I join in the ever "new song" of grateful praise before his throne? The obliteration of memory would take away the severest and bitterest of sin's just retributions in hell. Upon this point the description of Lazarus and of the selfish rich man "in torment," throws a distinct light, for Abraham said, "Son, *remember* that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things."

Put now together these two facts: (1) personal identity is not lost in eternity, and (2) memory remains also unimpaired. It

follows inevitably that we shall know each other in heaven. When David cried out over his dead boy, "I shall go to him; but he shall not return to me!" that bereaved father expected to meet again the child whose spirit had flown home to God. Certainly we shall not be more stupid in heaven than we are on earth. If I could recognize such a person as Chalmers in his pulpit, I cannot fail to recognize that same servant of God in his celestial appareling. Martin Luther, in his "Table Talks," makes much of this intercourse with father and mother and kindred in the heavenly home. Sharp, unpoetic old Dr. Emmons used to say, "I hope to have some talks with the apostle Paul in heaven." And who of us would not experience a fearful shock, even amid the hallelujah raptures of Paradise, if the sweet affections of kinship were to be obliterated forever. Surely God would not so punish those whom he so loves to bless.

That infants will be doomed to the everlasting weakness and helplessness and ignorance of infancy seems, to my mind, impossible. No mother would ever want to see her darling babe stunted to an unchanged babyhood even here. It would become a pitiable monstrosity. Half the charm of childhood is its constant growth; its delightful openings, like the rosebud, to new thought and development. The idea of an undeveloped infancy in heaven would be almost a libel on the Creator! My darling boy will be none the less my own child in the "Father's House," because (like another child at Nazareth) he has increased in stature and knowledge, and favor with God and man. That I shall know him there—if God's rich grace doth bring me there—I have no more doubt of than I have of the existence of a heavenly rest. Good Dean Alford struck a chord in every Christian heart when he sang:

"Oh! then what raptured greetings,  
On heaven's happy shore;  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!"

—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

**THE OTHER WORLD.**

It lies around us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see ;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitate the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,  
They have no power to break ;  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,  
So near to press they seem—  
They seem to lull us to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,  
'Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hope of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And gently drawn in loving arms,  
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are  
To feel all evil slink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side ;  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
 A dried and vanished stream;  
 Your joy be the reality,  
 Our suffering life the dream.—*Mrs. H. F. Stowe.*

When will Christian men, having the power of this world's healing in their hands learn to have confidence enough in it to apply it? We sing,

“Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal,”

thinking of death and bereavement, and waiting for heaven to do it when we are done with earth. But every sorrow, civil, political, financial, social, temporal and individual, would be cured immediately if heaven's principles could be applied at once.

—*Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.*

#### PERSONAL RECOGNITION.

This resurrection of the body makes certain a personal recognition in the life to come. We shall retain our human forms. Paul's analogy at least affirms this, that as a grain springing from seed is like to seed, so bodies springing from the tomb will be in their nature like a correspondent to the bodies deposited there. There will be a parting with flesh and blood, and all its deformities and deficiencies. Whatever pertains to its organism and functions here will not be needed in the new estate, but it is quite certain that the glorified body will be cast in the mold of the earthly form. Identity of person, individuality of being, seem to require this. When God fashioned a body for a soul, he made it a masterpiece of his handiwork. The soul and body joined together made the man. As in our flesh and blood life we bear the form of the man in whose line we come, so in the spiritual life we shall bear the form of the man glorified in whose line we are already made heirs of heaven.

Christ's risen body retained its original form, and doubtless retains it now in the perfection of the glorified state. There was a change in him, such a change as is coupled with the amazing fact of the resurrection. What the change was we cannot say. He doubtless had the majestic mien of the conqueror,

the divinity within refusing longer to be repressed, but withal, he was so identical with the form he had previously borne that he could readily be recognized.

Like that will be our resurrection forms. There will be no difficulty in discerning friends, and, more than this, it is probable that there will be no need of introduction to the heroes and heroines of the faith when Moses and Elias appeared with the Lord to the disciples on the mount of Transfiguration. They knew them, so far as we know, without a word of explanation. Doubtless we shall know Abraham and Isaac and Jacob as we sit down with them, and can pick them out of the celestial throng, and we shall be known as we know in that glad reunion of God's great family. There will undoubtedly be infinite aptitudes and facilities for getting acquainted.

And then the question arises, "Shall we know our dear ones there just as we left them here? Will the mother, from whose arms her babe was taken, have it given back to her just as it was, an infant, when, ten, twenty or more years ago, she kissed it for the last time?" There is no definite teaching of Scripture on this point. Each may cherish the conception that most satisfies the longing of his heart, only, of course, taking care that we do not reduce the level of higher life to the level and quality of this earthly existence. On one side, Mr. Bickstett, in his "Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever," takes the ground that the infant dead remains an infant, grows in perfection as a babe, but can never rise to the stature and perfection of an adult. Thus, a lily may be as perfect in its way as an oak, and the rose of Sharon as beautiful as the stately cedar of Lebanon. This conception is very beautiful and very comforting, and we may hold it if we prefer. There is, however, this objection to it: Not every mother wishes her babe to remain a babe always. Over against this idea may be set that familiar conception of Longfellow in his lines on "Resignation:"

"She is not dead, the child of your affection,  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our protection,  
For Christ himself doth rule.

“Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
 For when, with raptures wild,  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child,

“But a fair maiden in her Father’s mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace,  
 And beautiful with all the soul’s expansion,  
 Shall we behold her face.”

If we are to choose between those two views, it would seem that the greater truth lies in the latter, and if it suggests any disappointment, that disappointment is of a heavenly sort—the disappointment of beholding a rosebud blossom into the full bloom of which it was the prophecy.

These recognitions of friends do not need to be deferred until after the resurrection. They begin at once. It is a blessed thought with which to close a weary way and pilgrimage, that we shall one day be satisfied, and that day grows on apace. Not far hence there shall come an hour of blessed restoration for those whose husbands, parents, or children have been torn from them. We speak that word “death,” and feel our blood run cold. But if we put God’s meaning into it, our hearts would beat as if we heard the bells of heaven; for when it comes, not only shall the veil lift from those mysteries into which we vainly try to look, but with its lifting will come back the voices, faces, and forms of those gone before. And they will come to stay. No more farewells, no kissing of marble lips, no tears over grassy mounds; but, instead, home reached, where we and our beloved shall abide forever.—*E. P. Goodwin, D. D.*

#### WHAT IF FRIENDS ARE MISSED?

If we should miss in the groups that are clad in white robes, and that are around the throne, beloved ones that we revered and loved with nature’s warmest sympathies on earth, will not that be a gap? will not that be agony, and sorrow, and distress? And how is that compatible with the statement that in the age to come there will be neither sorrow, nor crying, nor tears, nor any more pain? I admit that this is a difficult question to

answer; but I submit what I think approximates to an answer, if it is not a perfect and complete one. May it not be that only the ties of nature, that have also been sanctified by grace, shall survive even in recollection, in sympathy and in thought? For instance, a Christian woman is married to an unregenerate and an unchristian husband. The tie of nature ceased when the husband died, or when the wife was gathered into everlasting glory. May it not be that this tie, not having been consecrated and baptized by grace, not having been glorified by Christian light and Christian love, may, having ceased to be a reality—for death separates wife from husband, and dissolves the marriage tie—cease also to be a recollection? It will be impossible to forget, because we have memories, that we once did sin upon earth. Yet the recollection of those sins, to those who are washed from them, will occasion no sorrow. In the same manner the glorified wife may have no pain at the recollection of the lost husband, or, at least, no pain from missing him there, because that tie, once so near and dear, dropped when nature died, and is remembered no more. (We scarcely think *pure* affection will entirely cease in heaven in any case, though earthly loves in so far as they were *sensual* will vanish, and even the *purest* will be of small consequence when swallowed up in the ecstatic rapture of immortal joys.—*Editor*.) Besides, may it not cast a little light upon this very difficult thing if we consider that the angels that are in glory must recollect that a vast battalion of their numbers is now writhing in endless agony? Angels fell; Satan is the prince of the fallen angels; yet the happiness of angels in heaven is not diluted by the recollection that many of those that were once there are not there now. There is also a text, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" that is, all ties, bonds, relationships, that are mere flesh and blood, and that never were consecrated, sanctified, or baptized by the Spirit of God, do not enter into the kingdom of heaven; are broken off and cease there forever and ever; not the memory, but the *fact* of them. And we have almost a dim presentiment of this from our blessed Lord's words: "While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without,

desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother;" as if the earthly relationship was absorbed and annihilated in the divine and the higher relationship of God.

But if it should be maintained by any that there is no recognition above, or before us, that would not diminish these supposed sorrows. If there shall be pain, or the possibility of pain, from the reminiscence that one is missing that we want to meet, if there be no recognition at all, we shall equally fail to be sure that those we wish to meet have been admitted there. You do not get rid of the difficulty by denying recognition in the world to come. But besides, of this we are absolutely sure, that all painful recollections are impossible there. We know from our own experience what may be a presentiment and prefiguration of it, that feelings of grief at the loss of near and dear ones, at first most poignant, almost intolerable, gradually subside into resignation. And so it may be, that missing in the groups of the saved some that we could wish to be there, our regrets may so subside into resignation to God's most excellent will that we shall be able to say, with an emphasis with which we never said it before, "Thy will be done here, even as it is done elsewhere in heaven."

But may it not be that as there is hope against hope respecting dead relatives which we feel here, it may be in mercy permitted to us, in the realms of glory, that we shall never be sure that some we expected to meet are not there? Our Father's house has all infinitude for its dimensions, all eternity for its duration; and though we may not meet some that we may wish to meet, that will not prove that they are not in some other chamber of the universal home, in some other compartment of our Father's house. But of this we are absolutely sure, that we

shall have no feelings, desires, or sympathies, that are not in perfect harmony with the will and the mind of God.

—*John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E*

### HOW SHALL I KNOW THEE ?

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time can wither sleeps,  
And perishes amid the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,  
If there I meet thy gentle spirit not :  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there,  
That heart whose fondest throbs were given ?  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,  
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me the sordid cares in which I dwell  
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll :  
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell  
Hath left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wearest the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
The same fair, thoughtful brow and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

## REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home  
 The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—  
 The wisdom which is love—till I become  
 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## HOW CAN I PREPARE FOR HEAVEN?

(One of our Armenian brethren called and inquired, with much solicitude, whether I could not point out some way by which he could keep himself free from sin. He remarked that he found sin continually returning upon him, and this was true of particular sins which he thought were long ago subdued. It was truly gratifying to me to see this instance of tenderness of conscience, and I gave our brother such counsel as appeared to me appropriate to his case.—*Journal of Mr. Dwight at Constantinople—Missionary Herald, January, 1844.*)

I ask thee not for thy golden dust,  
 As a boon to my poverty given;  
 For this I know would but weaken my trust  
 In the arm of my Father in heaven.

I ask thee not where the jewels are,  
 In whose search anxious mortals have striven,  
 For these I well know will never compare  
 With the stars in the bright dome of heaven.

I ask thee not for the pleasant fields  
 Whence thou by thy mission wast driven;  
 I seek better fruit than earth ever yields,  
 'Mid the plains and bright sunlight of heaven.

I ask thee not for the trumpet of Fame,  
 That my praise to the winds may be given;  
 I desire far more, that my worthless name  
 May be found on the pages of heaven.

But oh! I am told in God's blessed word  
 That transgressions must all be forgiven;  
 That sin must be vanquished and passion subdued,  
 Ere my soul sees the mansion of heaven.

Oh! tell me, then, tell, thou herald of God,  
 How, when storm and temptation have risen,  
 The powers of sin under foot may be trod,  
 And my soul be thus fitted for heaven?—*A. J. D.*

*Oberlin, January 12, 1844.*

**THE CONDITION OF ENTRANCE.**

(Translated from the Persian by W. R. Alger.)

To heaven approached a Sufi saint,  
From groping in the darkness late,  
And, tapping timidly and faint,  
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"  
" 'Tis I, dear Friend," the saint replied,  
And trembling much with hope and fear.  
"If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,  
To bear the scourging of life's rods;  
But aye his heart within him yearned  
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,  
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,  
Until, from faith's pure fires and tears,  
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"  
"It is thyself, beloved Lord,"  
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,  
But clasped and rapt in his reward.—*Dschelleddin Rumi.*

**HOLINESS THE BEATITUDE OF HEAVEN.**

Let it be remembered that nothing is admitted there which worketh wickedness or maketh a lie; and that, therefore, with every feculence of evil detached and dissevered from the mass, there is naught in heaven but the pure, the transparent element of goodness—its unbounded love, its tried and unalterable faithfulness, its confiding sincerity. Think of the expressive designation given it in the Bible, the land of uprightness. Above all, think that, revealed in visible glory, the righteous God, who loveth righteousness, there sitteth upon his throne, in the midst of a rejoicing family—himself rejoicing over them, because, formed in his own likeness, they love what he loves, they rejoice in what he rejoices. There may be palms of triumph; there may be crowns of unfading lustre; there may be pavements of emerald, and rivers of pleasure, and groves of surpassing love-

liness, and palaces of delight, and high arches in heaven which ring with sweetest melody—but, mainly and essentially, it is a moral glory which is lighted up there; it is virtue which blooms and is immortal there; it is the goodness by which the spirits of the holy are regulated here; it is this which forms the beatitude of eternity.

The righteous now, who, when they die and rise again, shall be righteous still, have already heaven in their bosoms; and when they enter within its portals, they carry the very being and substance of its blessedness along with them—the character which is itself the whole of heaven's worth, the character which is the very essence of heaven's enjoyments.

—*Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D.*

#### HOLINESS ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

When we think to take part in the joys of heaven without holiness, we are as inconsiderate as if we supposed we could take an interest in the worship of Christians here below without possessing it in our measure. A careless, a sensual, an unbelieving mind, a mind destitute of the love and fear of God, with narrow views and earthly aims, a low standard of duty, and a benighted conscience, a mind contented with itself and unre-signed to God's will, would feel as little pleasure, at the last day, at the words, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord," as it does now at the words, "Let us pray." Nay, much less: because, while we are in a church, we may turn our thoughts to other subjects, and contrive to forget that God is looking on us; but that will not be possible in heaven.

We see, then, that holiness, or inward separation from the world, is necessary to our admission into heaven, because heaven is not heaven—is not a place of happiness—except to the holy. There are bodily indispositions which affect the taste, so that the sweetest flavors become ungrateful to the palate; and indispositions which impair the sight, tinging the fair face of nature with some sickly hue. In like manner, there is a moral malady which disorders the inward sight and taste; and no man laboring under it is in a condition to enjoy what Scrip-

ture calls "the fulness of joy in God's presence, and pleasures at his right hand for evermore." . . . God cannot change his nature. Holy he must ever be. But while he is holy, no unholy soul can be happy in heaven. Fire does not inflame iron, but it inflames straw. It would cease to be fire if it did not. And so heaven itself would be fire to those who would fain escape across the great gulf from the torments of hell. The finger of Lazarus would but increase their thirst. The very "heaven that is over their head" will be "brass" to them.

—*John Henry Newman.*

#### PROBLEMS TO SOLVE IN ETERNITY.

I believe we shall derive great advantage in eternity from our fallible labors here at the glorious systems of truth. Men have, it seems to me, wrong views of eternity. They think it is a kind of inactive rest, a state of inglorious ease, a rest without labor. That is not my idea. The great system of truth is co-extensive with the attributes of Jehovah, and while created intelligence remains *finite*, the glorious realities of the universe, and of the infinite character of its Creator, will remain objects of wondering investigation and never-wearied research.

In eternity we shall have problems to solve. We shall have angels for our companions, those bright spirits who have for long centuries been prying with anxious search into the mystery of the redemption by Christ. With desire irrepressible, the glories of the Deity incarnate have inspired their angelic minds, to know the depths of the riches of infinite grace and mercy, to a fallen world. God threw it before them. What a mystery to the angels, to the universe! Angels sinned—the bolt leaped out from the Eternal Throne, and they descended thundering down to the regions of endless night. The justice of God drew forth hymns of adoring praise from the awe-struck myriads that people the fields of celestial light. By and by this world was ushered into being. At its birth the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Now was to rise a race of holy beings to supply the place of those who fell. But man fell too! He fell! And angels stood aghast, and

trembled, for they remembered that fearful day when God hurled Satan and his legions from among the morning stars. There was silence in heaven's courts. The Son of God presented himself before the throne, and beseechingly asked, "Shall man, too, go to hell?" The angels looked, and God, instead of sending his bolts to strike man quick to perdition, called an angel from the silent throng, and gave him command to go down to earth, exclude the sinning pair from Eden, but show them kindness, bid them go out and people the world. The angels heard the mandate. Is God just? There was mystery! From the throne of God, from the depth of the Trinity, one of the Persons was to proceed, and in some way atone for the sins of man. What was it? How was it to be? The Spirit was sent down, and prophets prophesied. A strain came up from Judea's hills: "To us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." Angels listened. What does it mean? Who can open the book and loose the seals? Who can solve the mystery? The prophets sang, and as the thrilling sounds vibrated on the air, methinks angels caught the strain, and it echoed from their lips across the eternal plains. It was rich and glorious. But what did it mean? What was it? As ages rolled on they bent over the book of the holy prophet, to search the import. By and by what was seen? From the depth of the Godhead the Son went forth, and as angels looked, he lay incarnate, the babe in Bethlehem's manger. Again from the waiting hosts was a messenger commissioned to go to earth and tell the welcome news: "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you this day is born a Saviour." The angels heard, and as the herald flew on his joyful errand, heaven was emptied of its inhabitants, and while the wondering shepherds listened to the divine visitant, Judea's plains and hills echoed the seraphic anthem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."





THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—*Matt. ii. 11.*

“Archangels leave their high abode,  
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
 The love of our descending God—  
 The glories of Immanuel.”

The mystery of mysteries began to be unrolled. They began to see the reason why man was spared, to comprehend how God could be just, and man forgiven. Was it not well that the angels were left for thousands of years to search and solve that mystery? Nor is it yet exhausted. The heavenly choir, believe me, do yet oft repeat that song :

“Glory to God on high,  
 And heavenly peace on earth,  
 Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 At the Redeemer’s birth.”

And how do we know that great problems are not laid up for us, to be offered for our solution in the world above? As the glorious future rolls along in the ceaseless cycles of eternity, there will be enough to fasten our souls in endless, rapt attention. There will be problems which will task our utmost power in their solution. And how shall we be prepared for such a state? Be constant, honest inquirers here. Be honest men and women. Push your research. Be indefatigable and faithful, and charitable to those who differ from you. If we cannot differ from a brother here without denouncing a curse upon his head, what shall hinder the same dark spirit from dwelling in our bosoms in eternity? And shall we carry the dreadful habit into the changeless future? I would not do it for the universe!

Who will go into this great field, throw open his heart to the infinite and boundless love of God, and enter upon the solution of the great and glorious mysteries of God’s universe? Those who will do it, shall take their place among the morning stars, and “shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever.”—*President Asa Mahan, D. D.*

#### THE SAINTS SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

Christian workers shall shine like the stars *in clusters*. In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and

sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walk every hour, anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they love God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears, and raptures, and congratulations. When they prayed, their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart-broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh! that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars, forever and ever!

Again, Christian workers will shine like the stars in *swiftness of motion*. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world-crag to world-crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois-hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of the observatory. Like petrels mid-Atlantic, that seem to come

from no shore, and be bound to no landing-place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—forever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles an hour. So, like the stars, the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of father, or mother, or child, sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh! the joy when you shall, in fulfilment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God. You are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin: you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law, that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not. But my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light, and love, and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion, as the stars, forever and ever.

—*T. Dewitt Talmage, D. D.*

#### MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Every believer is to have a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire round his own homestead. Over the homely and dingy street in the great city, not at all to be distinguished from the houses on either side of it, not to your eye, but to the eye of angels

there is a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire; and they are **not** in the next house, because its inhabitant is a child of unbelief. And the dwelling-places come first. There cannot be a cloud upon the assembly unless there is first a cloud in the dwelling-place. Consecrated homes bring consecrated congregations; consecrated homes bring the baptism of fire. When the people gather together the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a defence. Dear brethren, this is yours if you like to have it. It is the simple, quiet soul, that sits at the feet of Jesus and listens to his voice, that has all this done for him. Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation?

“ Which of the petty kings of earth  
Can boast a guard like ours,  
Encircled from our second birth  
With all the heavenly powers? ”

To be sure, we are brought into straits sometimes, just as the young man of Elisha was. Do you not remember when they were shut up in Dothan, and the knees of the young man began to knock together, because he looked over the walls and saw the Syrians about him, with their banners flying in the breeze and their spears glittering in the sun? He said, “Alas! Master, what shall we do?” All that the prophet said was, “Lord, open his eyes,” and as soon as his eyes were open he saw that round about him on the mountain were the chariots and horses of fire. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister? Perhaps you never thought of it, but those two words, in the original, are not the same, and there is very great beauty, too, in the feature of difference. Are they not all “worshipping” spirits, sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation? Do you not see the beauty of it? To my mind, it links heaven to earth more exquisitely than I ever conceived before. The spirits that come down to minister are the spirits that went up from worship.





MINISTERING SPIRITS.

“Once they were mourners here below,  
 And poured out cries and tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins and doubts and fears.”

But they got over that. They are safe forever, and they find their happiness in ministering. God honors them by permitting them to minister. Are they not all worshipping spirits, sent down to minister unto them that are heirs of salvation?

That explains to me what I never knew before, how it was in the glorious promise which the Saviour gave to Nathaniel, the “ascending” came before the “descending”—“Hereafter, you shall see the angels of God ascending and descending.” To be sure, they were to ascend first, in order that they might be fit for the ministry afterward. They are spirits of the just made perfect, and being made perfect, they watch with loving ministry over those they loved before. Are they not all worshipping spirits, sent down to minister unto them that are the heirs of salvation?—*W. Morley Punshon, LL. D.*

#### HEAVEN BEGINS ON EARTH.

Heaven is an outgrowth of the life of God; and wherever the life of humanity, by faith and obedience, in conformity to spiritual laws and the conditions of the kingdom of regeneration and holiness, is united to the life of God, there men are heavenly, and are certain to be found in heaven when heaven is more distinctly disclosed. Heaven is neither an *addendum* nor a substitute. By the incarnation and mediation, God’s life and man’s are made one, at once and always. Here is reconciliation, and it is not temporary. In the individual the heavenly life begins, germinally at least, at the moment of regeneration. After that it follows the laws of the new Family of Faith, being watered and fed and nourished graciously, through outward and inward helps and organs, by ordinances and the Holy Ghost, till what we now call outward is lost in what is unseen, and the glory comes which no eye hath seen or ear hath heard. The beginning is simple. The door is open. The covenant is sure; it is prepared from everlasting in the love of the Father. It waits

for us. We have not to wait for heaven. The Lord began his ministry by crying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." It had come in him. It was on the earth. "This is the true God and eternal life." The true tabernacle of God, which the Lord hath pitched, is with men, and in men.

—*Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D.*

#### SOON WE SHALL KNOW IT ALL.

Soon we shall know it all. A day may unfold it. It will burst upon us like a revelation. We shall be speaking tenderly to the weeping ones about us, sorrowing ourselves to leave them, dreading to go; our faith struggling with terrors of doubt; our frames shivering as our feet enter the cold river; darkness coming over us; the earth receding, *disappearing* alone out in the pitiless tempest; our senses closed up, death will have completed its work; eternity, heaven, opens on our eyes; our ears with sounds seraphic ring; lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly. O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene will change. While the weeping living are yet caressing the still warm clay, the loving watchers will be lavishing their kisses of welcome. Not as strangers approaching some lonely shore should we depart, but as loved and longed-for pilgrims, who return to open arms and welcoming hearts.

I long to see Jesus, and angels who have watched over me and befriended me, and all of the great and good whose virtues have enriched the ages. I know I shall hasten rapturously to worship my Lord; may-be he will take me in his arms to bear me over the river, and so to him I shall pour out my great and reverent love; but I am certain I shall see crowding down nearest the shore some forms that will give me their first caresses—forms that will be more to me than all the jewelled hosts that circle the eternal throne. The etiquette of heaven will recognize their right. Nor will it be for a day.—*Bishop R. S. Foster.*

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Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.—*Webster.*

## THE GOLDEN HILLS.

Beautiful stand the golden hills,  
 Whose feet are washed by the river **Death**,  
 We think of them with rapturous thrills,  
 With glowing hearts and fainting breath;  
 Those glorious hills of God, that lie  
 Beneath his love's unclouded sky.

Between us and their wondrous glow,  
 The cold, dark river swiftly glides,  
 And o'er its bosom, hanging low,  
 A veil of mist the glory hides;  
 No eye of love, with vision keen,  
 May pierce beyond that darksome screen.

Yet this we know, the bliss serene  
 There thrilling heart may not conceive,  
 No ear hath heard, no eye hath seen,  
 The waiting raptures God will give,  
 When, past the tides of earthly ills,  
 His loved ones gain the golden hills.

And when a pure and loving soul,  
 With rapturous eyes upraised in **prayer**,  
 Is borne to those bright tides that roll  
 Beyond the misty barrier,  
 A gleam of glory bursts its way  
 Across the waters cold and gray

And they who wait upon the strand  
 To watch the loved, receding face,  
 And see the pale and shadowy hand  
 Toward them wave a last embrace,  
 When on the stream that light appears,  
 Are comforted amid their tears.

And, rising from that hallowed place,  
 They take their way through life again,  
 Bereft, but with the power to trace  
 Henceforth, in darkest hours of pain,  
 The heavenly gleam that softly plays  
**Above** God's most mysterious ways.

## WAITING FOR THE DAWN.

We are waiting, Father, waiting  
 Through the long and dreary night,  
 Watching, 'mid the gath'ring shadows,  
 For the morning's promised light;  
 We are trusting, Father, trusting,  
 Though no ray of light appears;  
 And the night is filled with glory,  
 Though we see our God through tears

We are gazing, Father, gazing,  
 On a sky with clouds o'ercast,  
 And no sunbeam falls upon us,  
 Through the blackness, deep and vast.  
 E'en our Father's face is hidden,  
 But we know his loving smile  
 Lights the heaven beyond the darkness,  
 And will dawn on us erewhile.

We are bearing, Father, bearing  
 Burdens thou hast kindly given;  
 We are learning to be patient,  
 While earth's chains are being riven;  
 And the links that bind our spirits  
 To their destiny above,  
 Thou art forging from our sorrows,  
 Thou art riveting in love.

We are learning, Father, learning,  
 Not to murmur or complain,  
 Though our dearest friendships fail us,  
 And our fondest hopes are vain.  
 Thou dost hold us by a cable,  
 With its anchor in the sky,  
 And we wait, 'mid shattered idols,  
 For the dawning, by and by.

—Hayes C. French, M. D.

## THE MORNING OF THE EVERLASTING DAY.

Morning falls on the tomb. Morning wakes the eyes of the soul that had shut themselves for a season in sympathy with the poor body in the hour of dying. Morning reawakes all its powers and aspirations. That morning, dear brethren, may come to you and to me as now sometimes a morning comes to one who has

been in pain until the senses have become benumbed, and then had fallen asleep and now wakes in perfect ease. We may fall asleep in garret, or cellar, or mansion, lost in a forest, or afloat on a wreck. The shadows had gathered, the stars had become beclouded, the rain was falling, the winds were blowing aloof, night and clouds and weeping, fainting, senselessness—and then, morning! We shall wake in light and warmth and health. We shall see the skies of eternity, we shall breathe the airs of Paradise, we shall feel the vigor of immortality, we shall hear the voices of heaven—sweet voices, musical, not too transporting, nor yet the sound as of many waters, but voices attuned to our condition, mingling old familiar words and tunes with tones and cadences that could come only from hearts sweet with heaven, and through throats and mouths that had long breathed the air of heaven. Perhaps they may make us happy with a song of assurance which once drew tears from our eyes as a song of hope:

“ Here is rest for the weary,  
 Here is rest for the weary,  
     Here is rest for you.  
 On this morning side of Jordan,  
 In these sweet fields of Eden,  
 Where the tree of Life is blooming,  
     Here is rest for you.”

Can we refrain? Shall we not join them? Shall we not go with them? Shall we not quickly learn to sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb, the song of everlasting law and everlasting love? Shall we not see and hear and join “the great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia: Salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God?” It is morning! Hark! “The voice of a great multitude as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” We join that throng, we join that song. Where is Weeping now? Fled with the Night. He has wiped all tears from all eyes. O softest hand of everlasting love! O eyes forever brightened by the benediction of the touch of the Lord! O Morning, cloudless, tearless, brilliant, balmy and everlasting! O men, O brothers,

bear the weeping! The night is short. The morning comes. In the night weeping is a lodger, in the morning joy is an everlasting mate.

“ Brief life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there.  
 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown.”

Break, O Morning, break on the souls that are in the night of sin; and on our graves, break, O Morning of the Everlasting Day!—*C. F. Deems, D. D.*

#### REFLECTIONS.

The future discloses to us a life of darkness and a life of light. The life of darkness is the life of sin. Sin is darkness. The ungodly man walketh in darkness and knoweth not whither he goeth. If the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness! It is a darkness which shall deepen forever, unless chased away by the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. But if we choose the light, it shall be ours—a light shining more and more unto the perfect day. He that followeth Christ walketh not in darkness, but hath the light of life. He is delivered from the power of darkness, and is translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. He is passed from death unto life. The transition is a GOLDEN DAWN upon his soul. It irradiates his pathway, cheers his spirit, gladdens his years as they pass, penetrates the gloom of the dark valley before him, and flashes in peerless splendor on the eternal shore. This is the only light that furnishes any explanation of the mystery of life. An eminent jurist has said that the query, “Is life worth living?” would answer itself in the negative if this, the present state, is all there is. If nature stops with the grave worm, so far as conscious existence is concerned; if we toil and suffer only to enrich the soil, and return to the material elements, life is a very ‘lame and impotent conclusion.’ It is a fraud imposed upon us in helpless

infancy, and endured under duress through all our years. If it leads nowhere; if the process of nature is not progressive from one state of conscious being to another; if the grand instinct of immortality is not responded to in nature as other human instincts are, *cui boni?* Why stay here at all? Why carry the burdens of life? Why be poor, despised, ignorant? Why suffer for others? Why breast contumely, endure scorn, cling to duty, when its demands are irksome? Of what use the length or brevity of life? If it ends in nothing, why not end it? For in that case no man can give a satisfactory reason for living."

But the GREAT FUTURE, as seen in the light of God's truth, gives significance to human existence, and affords a grand incentive to the highest and holiest endeavor. Who, that believes he may progress from one state of being to another, and improve himself in knowledge and intelligence forever, can content himself with the mere consumption or accumulation of material things? A lady was walking in her garden. As she looked upon the opening buds, and withering blossoms, and drooping stems, and dying leaves, she became engaged in serious meditation. At length, upon a card, she gave expression to the following sentiment:

"To think of summers yet to come,  
That I am not to see;  
To think a weed is yet to bloom  
From dust that I shall be."

Carelessly she dropped the card, but next morning, when she returned to her accustomed walk, she found written upon its back:

"To think, when heaven and earth are fled,  
And times and seasons o'er,  
When all that can be shall be dead,  
That I shall die no more;  
Oh! where will then my portion be,  
Where shall I spend eternity?"

It is for each of us, dear readers, to determine what our future portion shall be. This is a solemn thought, and, indeed, it is a solemn thing to live in this world—a solemn thing to be subject to all the changes and influences to which we are and must be

subject here—a solemn thing to be forming characters for eternity. Yet, hastening as we are to the end of life, with a speed that knows no intermission, we should be thankful for the things which remind us of our journey's end, and force us to hold converse with ourselves and with God.

“The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,  
The glory of a passing hour.

“But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a brighter world on high,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.”

For that brighter world let us prepare. Let us use this world as not abusing it. Let us walk in spiritual light. Let us have fellowship one with another, knowing that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Let us follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Let us learn useful lessons from the past, and be deeply humble in view of our unfaithfulness. Let us look to the future with an entire distrust of ourselves, and with entire dependence on him who is able to make all grace abound toward us. Thus shall we serve him with fear, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon our heads.

“That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see;  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.”



THE ASCENSION.

And a cloud received Him out of their sight.—*Acts i. 9.*



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