

The Sabbath Recorder

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Published by GEORGE B. UTTER

"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

TERMS—\$2 00 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME XX.—NO. 16.

WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, APRIL 21, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 1004.

The Sabbath Recorder.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round his face
And woman's tears fell fast, and children
Wailed aloud.

Then rose another man and said,
In laboring accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye for that aged friend in death?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the
ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are
attuned.

Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departing, spread
O'er the warm colored heaven and ruddy
mountain side.

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 past;

While the soft memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright
sun is set?

His youth was innocent; his ripening age,
Marked with some act of goodness every
day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm,
and sage.

Faded his late declining years away,
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well-
spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not his slave,
To mock him with her phantoms and misdeeds.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limbs,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for
him.

And I am glad, that he has lived thus long,
And glad, that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem, that kindly Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.

When his weak hand grew palsied, and his
eyes
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time
to die.

REV. T. STARR KING.

The following interesting account
of the last hours of Rev. T. S. King,
is from the San Francisco Evening
Bulletin of March 4th:

About two weeks before his death,
he first complained of not feeling
well, and of some trouble with his
throat. His friends urged him to be
more careful, and not expose himself
to the air; but he thought it was
only an ordinary case of sore throat,
and declined to confine himself, or
call in the aid of a physician, until
Friday last. In the evening he had
his regular reception, and between
10 and 11 o'clock went down to a
social gathering at the church, where,
though still suffering. On Saturday
evening, he had invited a number of
friends to supper, but when evening
came he was unable to appear at
table. While supper was going on,
however, a bridal party came to be
married. Mr. King had received no
intimation of such a visit, and sent
down asking to be excused, saying
that he was sick and confined to his
bed.

The party replied that they had
set their hearts on being married by
Mr. King, and would come up to his
bedside sooner than he defeated in
their desire. With that spirit of
self-sacrifice for which he was so re-
markable, he then said he would get
up and go down into the parlor. He
did so, and went through the cere-
mony, but though it was performed
in a very few minutes, he was so
weak at its conclusion, that he had
to be assisted up to his room. On
Sunday morning his congregation
were alarmed by the announcement
that he was unable to preach. The
attending physician pronounced it a
serious case of diphtheria, and said
he should have been called at least a
week sooner—it had been too long
neglected. The disease gained
strength, and the patient's prostra-
tion increased. On Wednesday,
however, the complaint seemed under
medical control, but so prostrated
was the patient that for two days it
had been difficult to keep up his vital
energies.

Yesterday he was visited by an at-
tack of pneumonia, and experienced
great difficulty of respiration. At 6
o'clock last evening the attack was
very severe, and Dr. Eckel feared
that it might prove fatal, but the
patient possessed wonderful recupera-
tive power, and seemed to revive,
passing a very comfortable night.
[It was always a peculiarity of Mr.
King, that he possessed a remarkable
degree of vitality, and that notwith-
standing his feeble frame, he would
endure a vast deal of fatigue, being
sustained by the sheer force of in-
domitable will. It was remarked,
also, that his constitution yielded to
medical treatment with remarkable
ease, a half grain of quinine produc-
ing more effect on him than two
grains would on an ordinary man—
so sensitive and delicate was his
physical organization, that he could
drink neither coffee nor strong tea.]
A consultation of physicians yester-
day had pronounced the disease
checked, though they feared his sys-
tem might not be able to recover
from its prostration. During last
night light stimulants were adminis-
tered him to keep up the vital forces,
and he seemed getting along remark-
ably well, until about half past 5
in the morning, when a second attack
of pneumonia set in—the doctor hav-
ing previously stated that he feared
that his patient could not survive an-
other attack.

This second attack was not more
violent than the first, but the patient's
strength was so exhausted that there
was little or nothing for medicine to
build upon. When taken with the
first attack, Mr. King had remarked
to some one standing by: "I know
what this is—it is a severe attack of

pneumonia." When the second oc-
curred, he said to the doctor, "What
is this? Is this pneumonia, too?"
The doctor replied that it was. Mr.
King then asked, "Can I survive it?"
The doctor told him no—he thought
he could not. "How long can I
live?" he asked. "Not half an
hour." "Are you sure I cannot live
longer than that?" The doctor told
him he feared he could not. Friends
then asked him if he had anything
to say. He replied, "Yes, a great
deal to say; I want first to make
my will." Up to this time, for two
or three days, he had not been able
to speak above a whisper; but re-
sponding to the power of his will,
his voice now resumed its old power
and tone, and he spoke nearly as
loud as ever.

A friend sat by his bedside, and he
dictated the will—it was read to him
afterward, and he assented to its cor-
rectness by saying "all right" at
the end of each paragraph, exclaim-
ing at the close, "It is just as I want
it." He then hesitated a moment,
and dictated an important correction.
A pen was given him, and he signed
it in a handwriting as firm and bold
as he ever wrote in his life, even
punctuating the abbreviation of his
name, and putting an accustomed
flourish beneath the signature. Then
came the sad task of bidding his
friends who were present good-by.
One by one they came up to his bed-
side; in every instance he greeted
them with a cheerful smile, as though
he were only going on a journey of a
day or two, grasping their hands
and saying, in that sweet, pleasant
voice of his, "Good-by."

Some one asking how he felt, he
said: "Happy, resigned, tranquil"
then, repeating the twenty-third Psalm
in a clear and well modulated voice.
At the verse, "Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of
death, I will fear no evil, for Thou
art with me; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me," he raised his finger
and his eyes as calmly as though
in his pulpit, his voice as firm and
strong as ever. After this exertion
his strength seemed to fail him.
Sinking back in bed, he said: "It is
all right for me, but she will feel it"
—pointing to his wife. Friends
again gathered round his bedside,
and he bade and smiled them good-
by. His little son being brought in,
he said: "Dear little fellow—be a
beautiful boy!" kissing his hand to
the child as the nurse carried it away
in her arms. This was the last act
on earth. Calmly closing his eyes,
he seemed to go to sleep. A great,
and good, and generous man, was
dead.

ETERNITY.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUTLER.

"I never can forget that word
which was once whispered to me in
an inquiry-meeting." "What word
was it?" "It was the word eternity."
A young Christian friend, who was
yearning for his salvation, came up
to me as I sat in my pew, and sim-
ply whispered "eternity" in my ear
with great solemnity and tenderness,
and then left me. That word made
me think, and I found no peace till
I came to the cross of Christ for sal-
vation.

It is enough to make any one
think. My friend, have you ever
taken the measure of that word? Have
you ever weighed it? You
are wearing out life, perhaps, in the
desperate endeavor to grow rich;
have you ever asked yourself how
much you will be "worth" in eter-
nity? Some men will be millionaires
in heaven; men like Paul, and Ober-
lin, and Luther, and Wilberforce;
how rich will you be when death has
reduced your form to a house of six
feet by two? You are anxious, per-
haps, about your society on earth;
have you thought, With whom shall
I spend my eternity? and where?

Eternity! Dwell on that portentous
word. Revolve it. Study it. Hang
over its infinite depths; fathom it,
if you can. Gaze upward, and
ascend its heights, if you can. Stretch
away over its illimitable breadth;
measure it, if you can. Give wings
to your imagination and speed on-
ward; find its end, if you can.

Think of us as many centuries as
there are drops in yonder Atlantic.
When these have all passed away,
begin a few series of as many cen-
turies as there are sands on the At-
lantic shore. Multiply all these cen-
turies by the number of the stars in
the sky, and then remember, that
eternity has begun! The music
of heaven just opened! The re-
morseful agonies of the pit still in
their first pangs of wretchedness;
the death of the lost soul ever undy-
ing! Let but the lost soul be left to
itself—let it only grow worse and
worse by the natural law of growth
in iniquity—let all grace be totally
withdrawn, and the soul be given up
to upbraid itself, and torture itself,
and sting itself with hateful memo-
ries forever, and you need not con-
ceive of no material hell. You need
no accessories. We are not obliged
to conceive of a sulphurous lake
foaming in crests of fire, nor of un-
dying worms shooting their fangs
into writhing forms; the simple with-
drawal of God's love forever from a
drieked soul, and the imprisonment
of that soul forever in a dungeon of
depravity, without a ray of hope, this
will be a "death everlasting" too
fearful to think of, without a shud-
der.

At the end of myriads of centuries,
these pangs will have just begun!
The worm yet undying—the fire of
remorse yet unquenched! The damna-
tion—unslumbering! On every
wall of this vast prison-house of de-
struction the self-tortured soul will read,

as in letters of fire, "Ye knew your
duty, and ye did it not."

Heaven will be as endless in its
joys as hell is endless in its remorse-
ful agonies of soul. So I read, for
one, the revelations of God's Word.
In heaven a new joy must open every
hour. New recognitions of the
Lord; new discoveries of God's un-
exhausted truth. New strains of
rapture will fill the ear; new ban-
quets of God's beauty and glory fill
the soul. And yet newer, fresher,
sublimar, more magnificent revela-
tions ever bursting upon the glorified
spirit!

"How long art thou, eternity?"
"As long as God is God—so long
Endure the pangs of sin and wrong;
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh! endless joy! oh! endless pain!
Ponder, oh man! eternity!"

This eternity is just at the door.
You and I may be launched into it
before to-morrow's sun goes down.
What is time to us but the brief hour
for preparing to meet the deities of
that eternal state? What have
we to do but to save our souls, and
to save others, too, with the utmost
alacrity of Christian love? Every
moment spent for God and our fel-
low-men now will yield its centuries
of bliss. Let us live—as earth's
best, and holiest have lived—in the
light of eternity.

"Here, take this watch, my friend,"
said the noble Lord Russell, when he
mounted the scaffold to die as a pa-
triot-martyr; "take this watch—I
have no more to do with time. My
thoughts are now about eternity."

So would I say to many a reader
with whom I have grown intimate in
these columns—take your Bible, my
friend; learn from it how to live,
and how to die. You will soon have
done with time. Let your thoughts
be about eternity.—Independent.

JEWIS AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The last Report of the London
Jews' Society sums up the labors of
the year with the following hopeful
view. Among all the "signs of the
times," there are none more striking
than those which concern this an-
cient and covenant people of God:

"In reviewing our report, we are
struck with the singular coincidence
of testimony as to the desire on the
part of the Jews to possess the New
Testament, and their great interest
in reading it. It is quite a feature
this year in the history of our mis-
sions. Nor can we regard this other-
wise than as an indication of a con-
siderable and important change. The
book is better known among them;
the Society has greatly increased the
facility of procuring it, and multi-
plied the opportunities of coming in
contact with it; and there is a grow-
ing conviction that the Christianity
which it teaches, has truth in it.
Many circumstances tend to estab-
lish this conviction; conversions are
constantly taking place; almost
every Jewish family, at some point
or other, finds itself in contact with
Christianity; and a large majority of
those who make a profession, show no
tendency to abandon their new faith,
but remain steadfast, and even suffer
persecution. The book itself also
usually excites the deepest interest,
when any portion of it is attentively
perused; throwing a singular satis-
factory light on the Old Testament,
and without presenting any formal
comment, disclosing counterparts to
many of its statements, and solutions
of many of its difficulties, which the
intelligent and thoughtful Jew has
sought elsewhere in vain.

Thus, while there are those, in the
present day, to whom the advantage
of a Christian education has failed to
furnish a clear conception and stead-
fast conviction of the truth of the
Christianity, we have found Israel-
ites, thought to be too hardened to
be open to any impression, delighted
with this sequel to their own sacred
story, and perusing, as it were spell-
bound, the revelations of this hither-
to repugnant volume. Possibly this
favorable feature may be owing in
some measure to that restlessness of
the Jewish mind which still contin-
ues. Many of them, disgusted with
Talmudical teaching, sought refuge
for awhile pleased themselves
with the idea that they had discover-
ed perfection in their new idol; but
it has failed to satisfy them, and the
worshippers are again in quest of a
system of satisfactory service. But
they seek it in vain in any mere for-
mal recognition of the God of their
fathers. Those words, formerly spo-
ken to one of their nation with whom
they were at variance, are applica-
ble, in their sternest truth, to the
Jewish people themselves, and may
now with the strongest propriety be
addressed to them by Gentile lips—
"God is a spirit, and they that wor-
ship Him, must worship Him in
spirit and in truth." "Ye worship
ye know not what; and we know
what we worship." And, though the words
which follow—"Salvation is of the
Jews"—are still true, yet, owing to
his rejection of the Messiah, the Jew
has lost his personal interest in
them; and that which others have
derived through him, and owe to him
entirely as the channel of convey-
ance, is altogether unavailing for his
own blessing.

Now the New Testament throws
light at once upon this unsatisfac-
tory condition; and when the Jew
comes to read it carefully, suggests
its explanation and reveals its rem-
edy. No wonder, therefore, that when
he, once so far overcome his prej-
udices, as to give the New Testament a
fair and candid examination, he finds it dif-
ficult to lay aside a book which at

would turn my back upon you all
to be with Christ. O commend Jesus;
there is none like Christ, none like
Christ. I have been looking at Him
these many years, and never yet
could find a fault in Him but was of
my own making, though He has seen
ten thousand faults in me. Many a
comely person have I seen, but none
so comely as Christ. I am weak,
but it is delightful to find one's self
in the everlasting arms. O, what
must He be in Himself, when it is He
that sweetens heaven, sweetens
Scripture, sweetens ordinances, sweet-
ens earth, sweetens trials?"

When Rowland Hill was dying, all
his thoughts were centered on be-
holding the person of his Lord and
being where He was.
"I do believe," said the dying
man, "that in ten thousand
years after we enter the kingdom of
glory, it will be all surprise."
"But will this surprise never end?"
"Never while we behold the per-
son of our Lord."
"You are going to be with Jesus,
and see Him as He is," said a friend.
"Yes," replied Mr. Hill, with em-
phasis, "and I shall be like Him, that
is the crowning point."

A MINISTER WANTED.
BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.
Thriftyville wants a minister. They
are looking far and near to find one;
but they want the "right man." Thrif-
tyville is not one of your worn-out
places. It is a place grown up
quickly on Rapid River, in the beau-
tiful valley of Eureka. It is a very
important place—standing directly
over the center of the earth, so that
if a hole were dug, and a stone drop-
ped into it, it would pass through the
very center of this great world. It
has a growing population, and boasts
of "a circle of very intelligent peo-
ple." Moreover, it seems to be "the
center of a great moral influence,"
and it now wants a minister second
to none. They want to get the soci-
ety out of debt, to repair the old
wastes which time has already made
in their half-built sanctuary, to gar-
den in the young, to "draw" a full
house, and to make the concern every
way prosperous and respectable, and
easy to support.

Now for the qualifications desired.
They are so few and simple, that
"the right man" probably stands at
your elbow.
Item. He must be a man mature in
intellect, and ripe in experience—
and yet so young that all the young
people will rush after him.
Item. He must be quick, ardent,
flashy, nervous in temperament, so
that he may kindle quick and burn
bright, prompt, ready, and wide-
awake—
and yet a man of the most consum-
mate prudence, whose nerves shall
never be unstrung, nor out of tune.
Item. He must be a man of great
burning zeal, so that he can startle,
arouse, and kindle, and move the con-
gregation—
and yet, so cautious, so cool, that he
is always safe, calm, self-possessed,
unperturbed.

Item. He must have the power to
awaken and arouse the Church—
and yet, let them be quiet and look
on while he does all that is done for
Christ.
Item. He must urge and move men,
and lead the whole people to sal-
vation, and get them all into the
Church—
and yet, so judicious that he can
make a difference between the chaff
and the wheat, and let none but real
converts into the fold.

Item. He must be strong and origi-
nal in the pulpit, and bring none
but beaten off there—
and yet, be at leisure to receive any
call, any interruption, be prepared
for every occasion, and like the town
pump, never sucking for water, or
giving out dry.
Item. He must be a workman who
shall go down deep into the mines of
truth, and quarry out its pillars, and
set them up, and make men come
and wrestle around them—
and yet, the most gifted man in light
and conversation, and on all that floats
in the every-day world around him.
Item. He must have health, so that
his body never wears, his nerves
never give—a real specimen of
muscular Christianity—
and yet, a hard, severe thinker, a
close reasoner, and a most diligent
student—getting his books from any
quarter.

Item. He must be poor in this
world's goods, to show that money
is not his object, and so that he can
sympathize with the poor, and so
that he can't help feeling humble and
dependent—
and yet, his family must be the most
hospitable and entertain more com-
pany than any other in town—his
children must be second to none in
education and training—they must
be respectably dressed—they must give
away more, and more cheerfully, than
any man in the place—not even ex-
cepting Esquimaux Rich himself, and
his family must all be models, in all
respects, for the community.

Item. He must be a man who can
be permanent—(though vastly su-
perior to Dr. Soun of the next town,
who has been with his flock over
thirty years!) and his congregation
must hear the same voice, on the
same subject, several times every
week—
and yet, he must come every time, as
original, as fresh, as glowing as if
were done but once a year.
Item. He must be able to live in a
glass house, always acting in public,
coming in contact with all sorts of
men and of prejudices, so original
that all will respect and fear him—

and yet, never odd, eccentric, morose,
repulsive, or awing in manners. He
should have the lofty attributes of
an angel, with the sympathies, the
gentleness, and softness of the little
child.
Item. He must be always ready,
lofty, keyed up to do the best possi-
ble—
and yet, so calm in spirit, and word,
and look, that nothing can disturb
the repose.
Item. He must never preach so
that the people are not proud of him
when they have a stranger in their
pew, or so that the echo of his ser-
mon shall not come back when he
goes abroad—
and yet, every sermon must be so
beautiful that all the young people
will admire it, and wonder over it,
and the little child can carry it all
home, and repeat it to her grand-
mother.

Item. His wife must be the model
of all models. She must be young
and handsome, but not indiscreet or
vain. She must be worthy of the
admiration of all the people, and yet
think she is the humblest of all. She
must watch, and discipline, and
prune, and lead, and make her hus-
band the embodiment of all excel-
lence, but she must never be aware
of her power—lest she become over-
bearing. She must be the model of
a lady, have a fair face and white
hands, though compelled to do all the
work of her family. She must be
ready to meet everybody with a
smile, take her hands from the flour
at any moment, wear a checked
apron, and still be dressed like a
lady. Her face must never be other-
wise than cheerful, her head must do
its aching in secret, and she must
give no occasion to call her extrava-
gant, or to call her mean. She must
be able to alter the same dress four
times, turning it thrice, and fitting it
to a smaller child each time. She
will be expected to be the very life
of the great Dorcas Society, the most
zealous member of the All-Labor So-
ciety, the very back-bone of the Ma-
terial Association, the warm leader
in the Female Prayer-meeting, the
head and mover in the Reading Cir-
cle, and the visitor-general of the
poor. (She will be expected to be at
the prayer-meetings, and let how
many soever brethren be present, she
will be looked to, to set the tune for
each hymn. As she receives no sal-
ary, of course her qualifications are
not so important, though the above are
essential!)

Item. The minister must be sound
in doctrine, able to lay his hands on
the naked foundations of Zion—
to fortify and defend the hill of truth—
and yet, must never preach the old-
fashioned doctrines. They are not
spicy. They are not taking. They
will never "draw" a full house.
Item. It is rather desirable that he
should be a pious man, and one who
loves his Master—
and yet, as this article, piety, has not
acquired great value in Thriftyville,
it would be well for him not to make
that too obtrusive.

Such, in a few words, is the man
they want for Thriftyville. If they
can light on him, they will pay Five
Hundred Dollars annually! and not
let it run behind unreasonably. This
is not, to be sure, half what their
clerks receive, but they think that
the minister, if he be only the "right"
man, can "manage" to live on it.
Who is ready?

N. B.—All applicants must put an
extra postage stamp in the letter, or
it will receive no attention.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

In a select religious circle of gen-
tlemen and ladies, the conversation
turned upon Heaven as the home of
the Christian. After an exchange of
views upon various questions relat-
ing to the place, the society, and the
employments, it was proposed that
every one present should mention,
briefly, the particular element of
blessedness which made Heaven to
him or her especially interesting and
desirable. The suggestion was read-
ily accepted, for every one was con-
fident of ability to respond, being
conscious of an expectation that in-
cluded one prominent object of de-
sire. As all concurred in regarding
the presence of the Saviour as the
primary joy, it was agreed that the
statements should be confined to
what every one considered as the
highest secondary joy of that happy
realm. All were attentive.

"I find," said an eminent philan-
thropist, "a special satisfaction in
thinking of Heaven as a place of
perfect love." A man devoted to
science said he was "accustomed to
anticipate Heaven as a place where
knowledge can be easily and rapidly
acquired." A third, on whom rested
heavy public burdens, declared that
he "looked to Heaven as a place of
rest." A fourth, who had passed
years on the judicial bench, said,
"Heaven is desirable to me, because
there all will be obedient to law." A
fifth, who had studied largely the
evils of a divided church, expressed
his preference for the idea that "in
Heaven is no sectarianism." "A sixth,
had a physical sufferer, said, "I find
comfort in the assurance, 'Neither
shall there be any more pain.'" Thus
to the last of the group, a lady in
mourning, who gave as her "sweet-
est thought of Heaven, that it would
contain so many little children." All
were tenderly affected by her answer,
and confessed that to them the idea
was new, and for the remainder of
the evening that element of heavenly
blessure was the topic of refreshing con-
versation.

As we count up the merces that
contribute to the happiness of the

present life, are we aware how much
depends upon the presence of little
children? How illumined is a
home to which a child is introduced?
How darkened when that child is re-
moved? "Lord, children are a herit-
age of the Holy Spirit," says the
Scripture. How invaluable a treasure
to any community, and how
valuable to any family! How a
power to the world, and how a
moral culture of humanity, acting
through the affections as checks to
vice and as safeguards of virtue! A
lover of little children is seldom a
bad man. There is ordinarily the
happiest society where little children
are the most tenderly cared for, and
the most highly appreciated.

What a desolation was that which
by the order of Herod, all the little
ones in Bethlehem were massacred?
"Rachel weeping for her children,
and refused to be comforted, because
they were not!" A childless city or
town! Who would live there? We
should shudder at the thought of
living a year in a community where
are no young children. We instinct-
ively feel that there an essential
element of happiness were wanting.
Well, impatient reader, there is one
place in the universe where a young
child never has been, never will be,
and yet you are on your way thither!
Are you a parent?

There is a tender, beautiful signifi-
cance in the picture drawn by the
prophet Zechariah of Jerusalem when
she should be replenished with inhabi-
tants, and be eminently prosperous.
Among the elements of her prosper-
ity should be this: "The streets
of the city shall be full of boys and
girls playing in the streets thereof."

Who can estimate the number of
little children already in the New Jeru-
salem? One-half of all that are born
die under five years of age. Since
the death of the first, at least fifteen
thousand millions have thus been
gathered by the Saviour in His Father's
house of many mansions. "Wonder-
der not that Jesus said, concerning
little children, 'Of such is the king-
dom of heaven.' As to numbers,
how true the statement! 'Wonder-
not that John saw in glory a great
multitude, which no man could
number, of all nations, and kindred,
and people, and tongues.' However,
may be lost. Heaven will assuredly
have a large majority of our race.

"Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in."

Of those who have been there
thousands of years, we cannot speak
with certainty as to what they are
relatively; but who can show reason-
ably why all who enter Heaven
may not continue young; and as such
be forever objects of interest to one
another and to all the adult inhabi-
tants? This is a question upon
which the Revealed Word gives no
definite information, and on such
ground we would step with care-
fulness. But if we do not misread hu-
man consciousness, the heart loves
to regard the multitude of little ones
collected along the ages and trans-
ferred to Heaven as yet little ones,
making the place interesting by their
presence. John, in his vision of the
final judgment, saw "the small and
great" standing before God. Will
there ever be a period when there
will be no little children in Heaven?
Will not all who enter Heaven remain
so in perpetuity? Is not every man
an article of our creed; but it is a
cherished idea in the common imagi-
nation, and to annihilate it would
be a severe shock to the feelings.
As our friends pass on before us to
that blissful home, do we not ever
afterwards think of them as at the
same age as when they disappeared
from our view? Can we other-
wise conceive of them? They have
done with the succession of time.
All with them is eternity. Is not
the period of their earth life their
age forever? We can conceive of
their increase of knowledge—of their
advancement in everything that may
make them our qualified instructors;
but can we think of them as older
in appearance, than when they left
us?

The prevailing views as to the
recognition of friends in Heaven seem
to require that there should be this
element of their condition. Will
your little daughter be so altered as
to make an introduction necessary to
your knowing her among the happy
myriads? You expect to see her,
though it may be thirty years hence,
still the little one, as young as small
be interesting, as when Jesus took
her out of your arms into His own,
and bore her away, that he might
draw you after her. You may be
told that this is fancy; but you can
lack little of reality; and you would
count that man cruel, who should
throw around your hope a shade of
doubtfulness. You part with your
little son here for a few years, ex-
pecting when next you see him to
find him an adult, altered in physical
proportions. But no lapse of time
can make you think of the little one
whose precious dust you tenderly
committed to small graves, as man
and woman in Heaven.

An Indian mother, when her son
had died, replied to all endeavors to
console her, "No! No! No! My
children call me. I see them on the
side of the Great Spirit, and they
talk to their arms to me, and are
glad that I do not join them."

I hear the beautiful strains
Of spirit voices, the sweet melody
Calling the mourner from his dreary bed,
To joy's unclouded sky.

My beautiful, my beautiful,
I see them there by the Great Spirit's side,
With shining crowns, and robes of gold,
They wave to me, and say,
"Welcome to our happy home."

