

Death :—and Beyond.

“Treasure, things new and old”—for the consolation of the bereaved and of those who are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and for the aid of those who are privileged to minister to their relief: collected

BY

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Author of “St. Botolph, Aldersgate.”

“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.”

—1 Thess. iv. 13.

“I believe in the communion of saints.”

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TO
HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G., P.C.

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION, IN SYMPATHETIC
MEMORY OF HIS SON

HENRY ALGERNON GEORGE
EARL PERCY, M.P.,

WHOSE EARTHLY LIFE, FULL OF USEFULNESS AND PROMISE,
WAS CUT SHORT IN THE FLOWER OF ITS
EARLY SUMMER.

PREFACE.

THE purpose of this book is threefold. It is intended, firstly, to bring comfort to those who may be conscious that their earthly life is fast ebbing away: "To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide their feet into the way of peace." Secondly, to give consolation to those who mourn, and to teach them "not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Jesus." And, thirdly, to supply a little quarry, out of which preachers and teachers may pick a gem or two of precious thought. Shakespeare says:—

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Man is not made valiant, like Ajax, through ignorance, but through knowledge, and we believe that saving knowledge will be found in this book. "The preacher . . . gave good heed, and sought out and set in order many proverbs. . . . He sought to find out acceptable words." Let me give an example how a thought may be used by the Holy Spirit. For many years it was my privilege to conduct a daily service for men in connection with St. Botolph, Aldersgate, an old City church, situated under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. On a certain day, previous to

my addressing some five hundred men, a feeling came over me which moved me to discard the address which I had carefully prepared, and in its place to give an illustration which I had heard during the week. The illustration will be found under "Employment of Time for Eternity."

As an application I pressed home the truth, that every man starts life with a polar or guiding star; but after the Christian mariner has gone some way over the troubled seas of life, and passes into a new hemisphere of experience, the guiding star gives way to the Southern Cross, or cross of isolation. I urged my listeners to pray that, as the Portuguese navigator, after having rounded Cape Horn amidst storm and terror, found the ocean on which he had entered lying as if hushed asleep before him, and ascribed its calm to the glinting Southern Cross reflected upon its waters, designating it the Peaceful or Pacific ocean, so our years of loneliness might be made peaceful by the reflection of the Cross of the Prince of Peace cast upon them, enabling us to say with Him, "I am alone, yet I am not alone, for the Father is with Me." About three weeks later a man came to me at the close of one of my services, and said: "You remember some little time back preaching on the Polar Star and Southern Cross. Well a young sailor, who was not in the habit of attending church, happened to be passing, and being in no hurry listened to your discourse. The next day he returned to his ship, and in the execution of his duties fell from the rigging and was mortally hurt. Just before he passed away he kept on repeating to himself your

illustration, and his dying request was that I should tell you that the Cross had made his last voyage peaceful."

There only remains the pleasant duty of tendering heartfelt thanks to the various writers and preachers whose words I now pass on as torches in a dark world. In the words of Dr. Bonar: "Wave high the torch, and lift it high, the torch that lights Time's thickest gloom." Where I have been able to trace the authorship I have appended the name, but in not a few instances, even after careful investigation, I regret I have found it impossible to discover to whom the credit ought to be given. Should any right have been infringed, pardon is craved.

I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following authors and publishers who have most generously granted permission to me to quote extracts: The Rev. Canon Ince, Ch. Ch., Oxford, author of "Future Life," published by Messrs. J. Parker and Co., Oxford; The Very Rev. the Dean of Gloucester and Messrs. R. D. Dickenson and Co., "Treasury of Religious Thought"; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, for extracts from Dr. G. T. Stoke's "Acts of the Apostles"; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., for extracts from Archdeacon Hughes-Games' "On the Resurrection Body"; Messrs. T. and T. Clark and Co., for extracts from Dr. Salmond's "Christian Doctrine of Immortality"; The Sterling Tract Enterprise, for extracts from Bishop J. C. Ryle's writings; Messrs. Seeley and Co., for extract from Bishop Welldon's "Hope of Immortality"; Messrs. George Bell and Co., for extracts from the Bohn translation of "The

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If, under the blessing of God, truth embodied in a tale—as found in this book—simplifies some of the "mysteries of the Kingdom," I shall be more than satisfied. In borrowed, though perhaps slightly altered language I may say, "Mine has been the task to glean through every field, and cull the fragrant flower that each may yield, and now for public use present the store."

T. SELBY HENREY.

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DEATH :—AND BEYOND.

THE DIVINE EVIDENCES OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

St. Peter's Appeal to the Evidence of David's Tomb.

“St. Peter, in his first sermon after Pentecost, appealed to the evidence of David's tomb as demonstrating the fact that he was dead, and that death still held him in its power. Why did not his opponents appeal to the testimony of Christ's tomb? It is evident from St. Peter's argument that Christ's tomb was empty, and was known to be empty. The first witnesses to the resurrection insisted, within a few weeks of our Lord's crucifixion, upon this fact, proclaimed it everywhere, and the Jews made no attempt to dispute their assertions. Our opponents may indeed say, ‘We acknowledge the fact of the emptiness of the tomb, but the body of Christ was removed by St. Peter and his associates.’ How, then, we reply, do you account for St. Peter's action? Did conscious guilt and hypocrisy make him brave and enthusiastic?

“If they say, indeed, Peter did not remove the body, but that his associates did, then how are we to account for the conversation St. Peter thought he had held with his risen Master, the appearances

vouchsafed to him, the close converse, 'eating and drinking with Him after He was risen from the dead' ? St. Peter, by his appeal to David's tomb, and its bearing on the sixteenth Psalm, proves that we believe in no ideal resurrection, no phantasm—no ghost story, to put it plainly ; but that he taught the doctrine of the resurrection as the Church now accepts it."—"The Acts of the Apostles," G. T. Stokes, D.D., vol. i., p. 126.

In a room adjoining the traditional cœnaculum, or upper chamber, at Jerusalem, there was pointed out to me, when I visited the house, a sarcophagus, which is said to be the facsimile of that of David in the sepulchres below the building. If the Apostles really used this house at Pentecost, and the site of the tomb be authentic, it adds interest to St. Peter's reference to the burial of David.

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Difficulties of Scepticism.

"Christians often give their sceptical opponents an advantage over them by allowing them to state the difficulties of Christianity and never retorting the difficulties of scepticism. No difficulty on our side is so great as that which the sceptic has to meet in undertaking to explain, on purely natural grounds, the rise and success of Christianity on the very spot and at the very time its Author had been crucified."—G. T. Stokes, D.D.

Soberness of Bible Narratives a Proof of their Genuineness.

One of the many strong features which stamp the authenticity of the Scriptures, and the genuine-

ness of the Bible writers, is the utter absence of speculation and exaggeration. We cannot fail to note in these sacred writings the presence of a great restraint, and the absence of all pandering to idle curiosity. Indeed, it often seems as though too little rather than too much is said.

It is instructive to compare these sober narratives with the fabled stories, fanciful pictures, and carnal conceptions of false religions.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Death as a Dissolution.

“St. Paul speaks of death as a dissolution, when writing about his own death to the Philippians during his first imprisonment, and when writing to Timothy about it during his second imprisonment. ‘I have a desire to be dissolved,’ he says in the one place; ‘the time of my departure’—it should be ‘of my dissolution’—‘is at hand’ he says in the other. The idea of death which this expression involves is that of a severance between the physical and the spiritual parts of man’s complex being, just as the body itself, when the vital principle has deserted it, is chemically resolved into its constituent elements. When writing to the Corinthians, St. Paul speaks of death as ‘our earthly house of this tabernacle’ being ‘destroyed’ or ‘dissolved.’ Here he is plainly thinking of the soul as the personal, the enduring being—as the real man, which is only lodged for a while in the bodily tent or envelope, which passes forth from it at death. St. Peter says of himself, ‘As long as I am in this tabernacle, I think it right to put you in remembrance.’

Here St. Peter, too, is speaking of his body as a tent in which his soul will dwell for a little longer, until at length its curtains will be rent by the martyrdom which awaits him.”—Canon Liddon.

Dr. Arnold on the Evidence of Christ's Resurrection.

“Thousands and tens of thousands have gone through it piece by piece, as carefully as ever judge summed up on a most important cause. I have myself done it many times over, not to persuade others, but to satisfy myself. I have been used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them, and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort to the understanding of a fair inquirer.”—“Rugby Sermons,” Dr. Arnold.

A Strong Proof of the Resurrection.

Some time ago the following conversation was overheard in a public place in London. Two working men were conversing on the life of our Blesséd Lord. One asked the other, “But how do you know that Christ has risen from the dead and is alive?” To which the other replied, with the deepest sincerity and emotion, “Because He is living in me.”

SOUL AND BODY.

One who returned from the Dead.

A man often argues that if he only had an instance of one who had returned from the other world he would have no tears for departed dear ones and no fear himself of dying. Surely it is the privilege of a Christian to be able to assure such a person that he can be satisfied on the very point on which he seeks knowledge. One has returned from the grave to this earth as a guarantee of the life beyond. Not a mere man, because we might imagine that there had been some deception, mistake, or fraud : but God, knowing the yearnings of the human heart after such knowledge, sent the God-man, Jesus Christ, to take human nature, and, with the greatest publicity, to die before friends and enemies, to be buried, and after having been three days in the tomb to rise again. During the space of forty days He appeared to friends ; on one occasion was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, and ascended to Heaven in view of His disciples. What better proof can we have of the resurrection of the dead ? Oh, mourner ! oh, anxious one over thine own future, be comforted ! Lord, increase my faith, help me to believe in the message of the crucified, risen, but now ascended Saviour, who said : " Because I live, ye shall live also."

—T. Selby Henrey.

Views of Death among the Very Early Christians.

“The following is an extract from the apology of Aristides, addressed to the Emperor Hadrian, or Antoninus Pius, written not earlier than A.D. 124, and probably not later than A.D. 140. It is therefore the earliest Christian apology extant:—

“‘Now the Christians, O King, by going about and seeking, have found the truth, and as we have comprehended from their writings, they are nearer to the truth and to exact knowledge than the rest of the peoples If any righteous person of their number passes away from the world they rejoice and give thanks to God, and they follow his body, as if he were moving from one place to another: and when a child is born to any one of them they praise God; and if, again, it chance to die in its infancy, they praise God mightily, as for one who has passed through the world without sins.’”—“The Newly-recovered Apology of Aristides,” H. B. Harris.

Man's Body Never Two Seconds the Same.

“Let it be remembered that even for a *body* to be the same, it is not at all necessary that it should consist of the same particles of matter. Our bodies are undergoing during life a constant change of substance, from continual waste and continual renewal. Why then should it be supposed that the same identical particles of matter which belonged to anyone's body at his death must be brought together at his resurrection in order to make the same body, when even during his lifetime the same particles did not remain, but were changed many times over?

“Nor is it necessary in order to constitute the same *person* (whether we call it the same *body* or not) that the body should be the same in form, in magnitude, or in any of its qualities. Everyone who says that so many years ago *he was* an *infant* knows well that an infant is extremely different, in body and in mind, from a grown man, and yet implies by the very expression that he is the *same person*, since otherwise he could not say that *he was* that infant.

“What is it that constitutes a man one and the same person through all periods of his life I shall not undertake to explain; but it is plain enough what it is *not*. It is plain that it is not resemblance to any qualities either of body or mind. Likeness or unlikeness have nothing to do with it. The *same person* who *was* an infant and *is* a man is not called the same person from any resemblance between an infant and a man.

“With respect to the *sameness of our bodies*, it seems clear enough that a man’s body is called *his* from its union with the soul, and the mutual influence of the one on the other. Any one of his limbs he calls a part of his body, or a part of himself, on account of its connection with the rest of the body and with the mind. If the limb were cut off he would no longer call it, properly, a part of his body, but would say that it *was* so and is no longer.”—“Future State” (abridged), Archbishop Whately.

The Vital Germ.

“In the natural world the plant is *substantially* identical with the seed from which it springs; that seed being the plant itself in an undeveloped state.

Just so, for the preservation of the corporeal individuality it is only necessary that there should be some germ—the λόγος σπερματικός of Origen—which was in the buried body, and from which the risen body, as it were, originates, as does the wheat plant from the sown seed.”—“Nature of the Resurrection Body” (p. 114), Archdeacon Hughes-Games.

Invisible Germ of Life.

“Theologians ‘have pointed to the fact that the body which we know is like a mass of loose moving particles in perpetual flow, in which there are an unceasing passing away of the old and an equally unceasing acquisition of the new, while the sameness of the subject continues. . . . They have imagined that through all the stages of existence and in all that befalls the body some invisible germ of life remains, some indistinguishable point of elementary matter, which contains all the potentialities of the future : that some organic principle of being is lodged in the body at its first formation, which continues, preserving the identity of the body and securing its future.’ ”—“The Christian Doctrine of Immortality,” Dr. Salmond.

Humanity in Human Infancy.

“‘That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural.’ What our childhood was to our manhood—something imperfect followed by that which is more perfect—so will it be hereafter ; our present humanity, with all its majesty, is nothing more than human infancy.”—F. W. Robertson.

Souls do not Sleep.

"What," inquires Tertullian, in the second century, "is to take place in the interval? Shall we sleep? But souls do not sleep even when men are alive; it is, indeed, the business of bodies to sleep, to which also belongs death itself, no less than its counterfeit, sleep. . . . But, again, must the soul always tarry for the body in order to experience sorrow or joy? . . . How often, without any pain to the body, is the soul alone tortured by ill-temper, and anger, and fatigue? . . . Full well does the soul, even in Hades, know how to joy and to sorrow even without the body, since when in the flesh it feels pain when it likes, though the body is unhurt, and when it likes it feels joy, though the body is in pain. Now, if such sensations occur at its will during life, how much rather may they not happen after death by the judicial appointment of God?"—"De Anima," lviii., Tertullian.

The Body of our Humiliation.

It is told of the late Archbishop Whately that, when he lay in agony on his deathbed, his chaplain tried to comfort him with the portion of Scripture commencing with the words, "Who will change our vile body." (Philip. iii. 21). "Read it," the Archbishop said, "again." The chaplain read the passage from our English Bible. "Read it," said the dying prelate, "in the Apostle's own words." "Who shall change the body of our humiliation." "Ah, that is it; nothing that God has made is vile."

The Body is not Me, but Mine.

“ My body is not *me*, it is *mine* ;
Man is a Soul, and he *has* a body.”

The View of Hymenæus and Philetus on the Resurrection.

“ It is to be observed, however, that there is no reason to suppose that Hymenæus and Philetus (1 Tim. i. 20 ; 2 Tim. ii. 17) and the rest to whom Paul alludes as denying the *resurrection*, necessarily taught that there is no *future* state, and that the present life is the whole of a man's existence. Some, indeed, it appears, *did* teach this ; but there is no reason to conclude that all of them did so. It was the *resurrection*, namely, the resurrection of the *body*, that they denied ; many of them teaching, doubtless, that the *soul* was to exist in a *separate* state without the body for ever ; a doctrine which many of the heathen philosophers taught, and at least professed to believe.”—Archbishop Whately.

Lord Tennyson's Faith in the Word of God.

Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, told how Lord Tennyson's mother was one of his parishioners, and he officiated at her funeral. After the service one of those present said : “ We must not look for any other resurrection ; her spirit has returned to God who gave it—that is the true *anastasis*.” Tennyson promptly replied : “ I don't think that is the teaching of the Scripture we heard read in the church before we went to her grave.” As the Bishop put it, “ his faith was anchored on the Word of God.”

THE APPEARANCE OF THE GLORIFIED BODY.

Man's Glorified Body to be like Christ's.

“Our future bodies are to be ‘fashioned like unto the Saviour’s *glorious* body.’ There seems here to be an allusion to the manifestation on Tabor. There the Saviour appeared in the midst of a bright aureole of heavenly magnificence. ‘His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light.’ The Saviour’s body was the true Shekinah of the Divine presence, which was always luminous. He dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory. On several occasions was brightness associated with His appearance after His glorification (Acts ix. 3; Rev. i. 14). The bright glory which thus blazed forth at intervals, both in the Old and New dispensations, will shine forth in Heaven always, as the central glory of that holy of holies. ‘The city hath 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. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.’ Like this glorified body of the Redeemer our future bodies are to be fashioned. Then shall be fulfilled the Saviour’s promise: ‘Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father.’ ‘And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to

righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' Thus there may be more than a figure in those passages which speak of 'Saints in light,' and represent those who have attained to the resurrection as 'clothed in white robes.'"—Rev. H. Harbaugh.

The Beauty of Holiness.

"If in this life holiness maketh the face of a man to shine, by an irradiation from the heart, what shall be the beauty of the body glorified? Surely, though it be not deified, yet shall it be purified, or perfected and immortalized. Our vile bodies shall be changed and fashioned like His glorified body; such glory have all His Saints."—Henry Montagu, Earl of Manchester.

The New Powers given to Glorified Bodies.

"The idea that the Saints in their glorified bodies may have the power of transporting themselves at will, and almost instantaneously, from place to place, has been often suggested. The body of Elijah, and that of our Saviour, were freed from the power of gravitation, endowed with the power of ascending on high, and of traversing space. Why should not our bodies have the same capacity, when once what is sown in weakness shall be raised in power? Then it may be literally fulfilled in the case of the Saints, 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles.' Equal unto the angels: for they not only hover around the Throne, and range the heavenly realms, but soar to distant worlds on excursions of joy, or on quick errands

of mercy and love.”—“Future Life,” Rev. H. Harbaugh.

Eternal Youthfulness.

St. Augustine has a curious speculation, quotes Dean Cowie in chap. 15, book xxii., of the “City of God.” He supposes that men shall rise with the form which they had when about 30 years of age, because men are then in the prime of life, and because of that being about the age of our Saviour when He died and rose again. On the first Easter Day the holy women came unto the sepulchre, and entering . . . “they saw a *young* man sitting on the right side.” “A beautiful symbolism,” observes Dr. Parker; “a young man seated in the vacant sepulchre. There is no old age in Heaven, we leave our old age in the tomb, and pass away into immortal youth.” In a vision of Heaven; given in the last chapter of the Bible, St. John says, “I saw a new heaven and a new earth and He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.” St. Paul writing to the Ephesians (ii. 10) says, “For we are His workmanship,” in the Greek *ποίημα*, which may be translated into the English word “poem.” What a glorious creation then is man—God’s poem! “It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.” Now under the power of matter, decay and death; but destined very shortly to be superior to them.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Christ’s Resurrection Body.

It is instructive to notice how the risen Saviour appeared or disappeared and made Himself known

to the disciples after His resurrection. Christ's risen body shewed itself superior to material obstructions : " When the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews came Jesus and stood in their midst " (St. John xx. 19). " As He sat at meat with them their eyes were opened and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight " (St. Luke xxiv. 31). Our Lord's personality remained unaffected by bodily change. Recognition through the *eye*—some familiar mannerism of the hand : " and it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him " " And they told what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread " (St. Luke xxiv. 3, 35). Recognition through the *ear* : " Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master." Much has been written on the voice being the truest expression of the personality. Personal appearance may change, but the characteristic tone of the voice remains. As no two faces have been created alike, so no two voices have been attuned alike. What ear would not respond to the old familiar voice calling the old familiar name ?

Decay manifests Hidden Life.

" All decay is but the manifestation of a hidden life, throwing off its rougher limitations, that it may grow into perfect freedom. Beneath death there is a deeper life. Life is older and stronger than death, and hence ever seeks to surmount it.

Death is only death as viewed from the earthly side; as viewed from the heavenly side, it is *birth*! Death is ever swallowed up in victory.”—Rev. H. Harbaugh.

The Happy Meeting of Body and Soul at the Resurrection.

“When we pluck down a house with an intent to new build it, or repair the ruins of it, we warn the inhabitants out of it, lest they should be soiled with the dust and rubbish, or offended with the noise, and so, for a time, provide some other place for them; but when we have new trimmed and dressed up the house, then we bring them back to a better habitation. Thus God, when He overturneth this rotten room of our flesh, calleth out the soul for a little time, and lodgeth it with Himself, in some corner of His kingdom, but repaireth the bracks of our bodies against the resurrection, and then, having made them decent, yea, glorious and incorruptible, He doth put our souls back again into their acquainted mansions.”—St. Chrysostom.

Soul and Body meet Again.

Speaking of the Christian's grave, can we express the matter better than by saying: “Here, while the spirit has gone to the keeping of the God it served, ‘the earthly house of this tabernacle’ will rest till ‘the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound,’ the spirit gathers to itself the body of the resurrection. And ‘when I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.’”

MAN'S TRUE IDENTITY.

Identity not Always the Same.

The identity of an inanimate body, like a statue, lies in the material particles of which it is composed: in the case of man it is not so. Let me take a very simple illustration: At the main entrance to Windsor Castle there is a lifelike statue, by Sir Edgar Boehm, of Queen Victoria. During the latter part of her reign, the Queen might often have been seen driving past this monument. The identity of the statue lies in the bronze of which it is composed, and it never alters or changes. Break or melt it and it has no further existence as a representation of the Queen; but the identity of the gracious lady herself lay in something far different, seeing that, though her physical frame was subject to the rapid changes which scientists tell us completely alter our bodily fabric every seven years, yet her identity and personality remained unaffected, and, we firmly believe, have even survived the greatest change of all—that of death.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Things Death cannot Destroy.

“Death is the great destroyer, but there are three things death cannot destroy—life, personality, love. It cannot destroy life. It laid hold on Jesus Christ, but Jesus Christ burst its bonds and rose triumphant, and in His resurrection we have risen.

It cannot destroy personality. Each of us will be himself when we have reached the other side of the grave : you will be you, and I shall be I. This is the teaching of Jesus Christ. He calls Abraham, Abraham ; Isaac, Isaac ; Jacob, Jacob, after they are dead. He tells us we shall sit down with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob in the Kingdom of God. He calls Lazarus His friend, and His disciples' friend after his death. And St. Paul, when he would comfort the sorrowful Thessalonians, who thought that when Christ came they would be caught up to meet Him, and their blessed dead left behind, tells them that they shall both, the living and the dead, be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air. What comfort would this be if they did not know one another ? Tennyson, you remember, in his great poem, gives expression to a true thought when speaking of his lost friend. He says :—

Eternal form shall still divide
Eternal mind from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

And death cannot destroy love. Are we to suppose that God would mock the hearts which He has Himself made, so capable, so hungry for love, by giving us for a little time those who are bound up with our very existence, and then snatch them away from us for ever ? Nay, it is impossible. The love of the Christian on earth will be perfected in Heaven.”—“ Plain Words,” Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool.

FUTURE REUNION AND RECOGNITION.

Reunion after Death in the Old Testament.

“That the Jews expected to meet and know each other in the other world is evident from the manner in which they usually spake of the death of their friends — that they were ‘gathered to their fathers,’ or ‘gathered to their people.’ ‘Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered to his people.’ It cannot mean that his *body* was gathered to his forefathers, for some of them lived and died in Ur of the Chaldees; Terah, his father, died in Haran (Gen. xi. 32), and was no doubt buried there. Abraham himself was buried in Machpelah, in Canaan, and Sarah, his wife, was the first of the sacred families buried there; for he only purchased it at her death (Gen. xxiii. 19). It must be regarded, as its natural meaning, that *after* he died, and *before* he was buried, his soul was gathered to his people, who had departed this life before him, and who were now in that ‘city which hath foundations,’ in that ‘better and heavenly country,’ for which they all ‘looked,’ while they ‘confessed themselves pilgrims and strangers on the earth.’

“‘And Isaac gave up the ghost and died, and was gathered unto his people.’ Here, again, he was gathered to *his* people.

“ ‘When Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people’ (Gen. xlix. 33). That this has not reference to the patriarch’s body being entombed with his people is evident from the fact that he was not buried till forty days after his death.

“How, then, could it be said that he was gathered to his people when he died, if by this expression we understand merely his burial by their side? He had said just a little before (verse 29) to his sons: ‘I am about to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers.’

“If, now, ‘to be gathered to his people’ is equivalent to being buried with them in the grave, these words of Jacob just quoted would be a tautological absurdity.

“When God sent Moses up into Mount Nebo, He said to him, ‘Get thee up and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people, as Aaron, thy brother, died in Mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people’ (Deut. xxxii. 50). How can this mean that Moses should be buried with his forefathers, when it is afterwards said that ‘no man knoweth of his sepulchre’? (Deut. xxxiv. 6).”—Rev. H. Harbaugh.

Family Life in Heaven.

“We read of Abraham that he ‘died in a good old age . . . and was gathered to his people’ (Gen. xxv. 8), according to the promise made him before the birth of Isaac: ‘Thou shalt go to thy *fathers* in peace.’ This patriarch was not buried with his people nor with his fathers, but in a foreign land.

“The same is recorded of Jacob: he expired, ‘and was gathered unto his people’ (Gen. xlix. 33). Nathan to David: ‘thou must go to be with thy fathers’ (1 Chron. xvii. 11).

“The following passages in the New Testament are interesting, viz.: St. John xvii. 11, 21, 22; 1 Thes. ii. 19; 1 Thes. iii. 12, 13; St. Matt. xxvi. 29; St. Mark xiv. 25; St. Luke xxii. 18. For an enlargement of knowledge, see 1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10, 12. Names in the Book of Life, see Phil. iv. 3.

“When our Lord promised his Apostles that they should eat and drink at His table in His Kingdom (St. Luke xxii. 30), is it credible that the friends and kinsmen, Peter, James, and John, each conscious of his own identity and history, should be there mutually unknowing and unknown? When our Saviour speaks of ‘Many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of Heaven’ (St. Matt. viii. 11), would it not be absurd to suppose that the pious and perfected father, son, and grandson, while thus closely associated, continue strangers to each other?”—Ex. Sheppard, 1850.

The Saints to know each other in Heaven.

If this (Col. i. 28) be rightly interpreted, then it affords the manifest and necessary inference that the Saints in a future life will meet and be known again to one another; for how, without knowing again his converts in their new and glorious state, could St. Paul desire or expect to present them at the last day?

Shall we know one another in Heaven?

“David said, when his child was dead, ‘Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me’ (2 Sam. xii. 23). What can these words mean but that David hoped to see his child, and meet him again in another world? This was evidently the hope that cheered him and made him dry his tears.

“St. Paul said to the Thessalonians, ‘What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?’ (1 Thes. ii. 19). These words must surely mean that the Apostle expected to recognize his beloved Thessalonian converts in the day of Christ’s second advent. He rejoiced in the thought that he would see them face to face at the last day; would stand side by side with them before the Throne, and would be able to say, ‘Here am I, and the seals which thou didst give to my ministry.’”—Bishop J. C. Ryle.

Future Reunion.

“You know how St. Paul has to deal at Thessalonica with the disappointment of those who had seen their friends die, and their fear that by the fact that they were dead they would be deprived of the joy they were so eagerly anticipating, and how St. Paul makes in substance the same reply which Isaiah made to such fears: ‘We would not have you ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as those who have no hope.’ Only with St. Paul what had been hope

had become certainty. 'For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, then they also which have fallen asleep with Him will God bring with Him.'"—Bishop Gore.

Early Christians on Future Recognition.

"St. Cyprian owns that our parents, brethren, children, and near relations expect us in Heaven, and are solicitous for our good. St. Jerome comforts a good lady on this account, that we shall see our friends and know them. St. Augustine endeavours to mitigate the sorrow of an Italian widow with this consideration, that she shall be restored to her husband and behold and know him."—Harbaugh, on the "Future Life."

Nearness of the Spirit World.

Carlyle, writing to his wife on the death of her mother, says: "Patience, my darling! She is gone whither we are swiftly following her. Perhaps, essentially, she is still near us. Near and far do not belong to that eternal world which is not of space and time. God rules that too."

Queen Victoria and Tennyson on the Future Life.

"After luncheon I saw the great poet, Tennyson," writes Queen Victoria in her private Journal, "in dear Albert's room, for nearly an hour; and most interesting he was. He is grown very old; his eyesight much impaired. But he is very kind. I asked him to sit down. He talked of many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world

where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that, were such a thing possible, God, who is love, would be far more cruel than any human being."

Future Recognition by Homer and Virgil.

The old Greeks believed it. Homer, writing about 800 B.C., makes Ulysses meet his mother, Anticleia, in Hades, and they not only recognize one another but hold a long conversation.

Virgil records how Æneas also visits the lower world, and recognizes and converses with his aged father, Anchises, and others whom he meets there.

Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.—Alford.

'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.—Keble.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.—Longfellow.

WHAT HEAVEN IS LIKE.

The Kind of Life the Faithful are to lead.

“With respect to the kind of life which the faithful are to lead, the information furnished by Scripture is, as might be expected, very scanty. We are told rather what it will *not* be than what it will be. ‘In the resurrection,’ said our Lord to the Sadducees, ‘they neither marry nor are given in marriage: for neither can they die any more’—that is, while in this world the human race is continued by the birth of one generation to succeed another that dies, in the next world, on the contrary, there is neither death nor birth, but all are immortal.

“The sacred writers dwell not so much on the abstract thing—Happiness—as on an intimate union with our Divine Master, and enjoyment of His presence, in a more perfect manner than we can do in our present state. They speak of ‘departing and being *with* the Lord’; of ‘our vile bodies being made *like* unto *His* glorious body’; ‘if we suffer we shall also *reign with Him*’; and ‘so shall we ever be *with the Lord*.’ ‘We know not,’ says the beloved disciple, John, ‘what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.’

“In the Scriptures we are told *whom* we are to prepare to meet in that other world: ‘We know

that when He shall appear we shall be *like* Him, for we shall *see* Him as He is; and every man that hath *this hope* in him *purifieth* himself, even as He is pure.'

"We should remember that both worlds are the work of the same Author; this present world of trial and the eternal world—'the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' All that is suitable to this world alone will be removed from that other; what is evil will be taken away, what is imperfect will be made complete, what is good will be extended and exalted; but there is no reason to suppose that any *further* change will be made than is *necessary* to qualify the faithful for that improved state; that their human character will be altered any further than it *wants* altering, and its dispositions and whole constitution unnecessarily reversed. This life is a *preparation* for a better world, which implies that the condition into which the Christian is required to bring himself in this life must bear some degree of resemblance to that which is promised in the next, or else there could be nothing of *preparation* in the case.

"I see no reason why those who have been dearest friends on earth should not, when admitted to that happy state, continue to be so, with full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue (as there is every reason to suppose) a social being, and *capable* of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him of the like exaltation."—"Future State" (abridged), Archbishop Whately.

Where is Heaven ?

“We speak of Heaven as some region above the sky, up in the pure empyrean. But if we reflect we soon perceive that this cannot be literally a correct representation. For that region which to us is above our head is to the dwellers at the antipodes below their feet. What is really meant by such language is that, as all our earthly notions of progress, improvement, aspiration, imply upward movement, as we think of God dwelling in the highest, we naturally associate the idea of the perfect happiness to which we look forward with things above ; on these we set our affections, and not on things on the earth.”—Dr. Ince.

Nearness to Heaven.

Let us remember the words of brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who, just before his little frigate of 10 tons went down in a storm in mid-Atlantic, cried out cheerfully to his companion vessel : “We are as near Heaven by sea as by land.”

Heaven begins on Earth.

“It was said of an old Puritan that Heaven was in him before he was in Heaven. That is necessary for all of us ; we must have Heaven in us before we get into Heaven. If we do not get to Heaven before we die we shall never get there afterward. An old Scotchman was asked whether he ever expected to go to Heaven. ‘Why, man, I live there,’ was his quaint reply.”—C. H. Spurgeon.

Home is a Name for Presence.

Have we ever realized what constitutes a home? How we loved the house where we spent our childhood! It was to us the most hallowed spot on earth. But the course of years has brought about a change, and now, except for the fact that every nook, cranny, and tree are associated with the tenderest and most sacred memories, that house is no longer the home of former years. What has brought about the change? Is it not because those who have been everything to us in the past are no longer there? Home, therefore, is another name for presence; without that presence home is no longer home. Heaven will be our eternal home because we shall be in the presence of our Heavenly Father, of our Elder Brother Christ, and of those who have made the joy of our earthly homes. In Ezekiel xlviii. 35 we read, "and the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there," and when our Lord spoke of His departure He called it "going to the Father."

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Music of Heaven.

When Handel was writing the "Hallelujah Chorus," he saw into Heaven, so he tells us. He seemed to be hearing the angels sing, and he tried to reproduce their notes.

Earth the Shadow of Heaven.

"What if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to the other like more than on earth is
thought?"—Milton.

Obsolete Words.

Whilst consulting a dictionary, we sometimes see a dagger at the foot of a page with the word "obsolete," signifying that the word referred to is no longer used colloquially. So in the language of the redeemed such words as "sin," "sorrow," "crying," "pain," "death," will be for ever relegated as obsolete.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Bunyan's Answer to an Enquirer.

John Bunyan was once asked a question about Heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures : and he thereupon advised the enquirer to live a holy life and go and see.

Humbleness of Mind the Passport to Heaven.

"Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go :
High is the roof there, but the gate is low."

Seed Thoughts.

"Little faith will bring your soul to heaven," said Mr. Spurgeon, "but great faith will bring Heaven to your soul."

"Everyone will get to heaven who can live there."

"Death may hide but not divide,
Thou art but on Christ's other side."

"Death is not departure but arrival—it means reaching the Father."

OCCUPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

The Vision of God.

“What are to be the occupations of Heaven? Men have pictured them according to their own ideas of what constitutes to them the highest happiness. Great intellects, like Origen, have thought that the principal enjoyment will be the gratification of the desire after knowledge; then we shall understand all the types of the Old Testament, all the dealings of Providence, all the laws and reasons of the constitution of the physical universe. Men of deep social instincts have looked forward to the supreme happiness of seeing with their own eyes patriarchs, apostles, prophets, martyrs, all the great heroes of sacred history, all their own loved relatives now for ever reunited in intercourse. Others, again, imagine to themselves a state

Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

All these are, in different ways, but faint, shadowy, infantine guesses at truth. What the New Testament does chiefly intimate to us is that the chief joy of the life everlasting will be the knowledge, the vision of God.”—Dr. Ince.

Worship in Heaven.

“The Saviour alludes to the idea of the identity of earthly and heavenly worship when He says,

in reference to the solemn celebration of the Communion in the Last Supper: 'I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom' (Matt. xxvi. 29). We need not, for our present purpose, insist that this shall *literally* take place in Heaven. We may regard the language as figurative, but we must beware of the folly of supposing that it is a figure which means nothing. If it is not such a communion in form, it must be in substance and in spirit."—Rev. H. Harbaugh.

Heaven seen through the Open Door.

When the "door was opened in Heaven" St. John caught a glimpse of what its glorified inhabitants were doing inside; "they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come"; again, they "serve Him day and night in His temple."

With Christ enough.

Faraday, the distinguished scientist, was once asked, "Have you conceived to yourself what will be your occupation in the next world?" Hesitating a while, Faraday replied, "'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' I shall be with Christ, and that's enough."

The Ministries of Heaven.

“For doubt not but that in the worlds above
There must be other offices of love,
That other tasks and ministries there are,
Since it is promised that His servants there
Shall serve Him still.”

—Archbishop Trench.

“Thou art not idle ; in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.”

—Tennyson.

The Rapture of Worship.

“We shall know then, not partially as now, but fully. We shall understand the deep mysteries of Providence. But the knowledge, the revelation will issue in an unspeakable rapture of worship. Thus in the imagery of the Apocalypse it is ever worship which fills the picture of the unseen world. ‘The four and twenty elders fall down before Him that sat on the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power : for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created’ (Rev. iv. 10, 11).”—Bishop Welldon.

THOUGHTS ON A FUTURE LIFE FROM THE CLASSICS.

Socrates on a Future Life.

In Socrates' speech, after the judges had condemned him to death, he said: "If death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I, indeed, should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients. At what price, my judges, would not anyone estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy, or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, whom one might mention, both men and women?—with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness."—"The Apology of Socrates" (Bohn's translation).

Last Discourse of Socrates.

In the "Phædo" we have a record of Socrates' last day, and his last discourse, in which he avows his conviction of the soul's immortality. In a conversation with Cebes: "The deity, indeed, I

think," said Socrates, "and the idea itself of life, and if anything else is immortal, must be allowed by all beings to be incapable of dissolution."

To which Cebes replied, "By all men, indeed, and still more, as I think, by the gods."

"Since, then, that which is immortal is also incorruptible, can the soul, since it is immortal, be anything else than imperishable?"

"It must of necessity be so."

"When, therefore, death approaches a man, the mortal part of him, as it appears, dies, but the immortal part departs safe and uncorrupted, having withdrawn itself from death?"

"It appears so."

"The soul, therefore," he said, "Cebes, is most certainly immortal and imperishable, and our souls will really exist in Hades."

"Therefore, Socrates," he said, "I have nothing further to say against this, nor any reason for doubting your arguments."

Later on in the day Socrates says: "A man ought to be confident about his soul, and having adorned his soul, not with a foreign but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him."

In reply to Crito's question, "But how shall we bury you?" Socrates said, "Just as you please, if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And at the same time, smiling gently and looking round, he said: "When I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed. Crito,

when he sees my body either burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. You must have a good courage then, or say that you bury my body."

At the close of the day, the sun still on the mountains, Socrates on seeing the man that was to administer the poison, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echecrates, neither trembling, nor changing at all in colour or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking stedfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to anyone, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink." "I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure hence thither may be happy." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly.

To the tears of his friends, Socrates said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I, indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

Socrates, having walked about, said his legs were growing heavy, and laid down on his back.

His extremities were growing stiff and cold. Then Socrates touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. When uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."—Bohn's translation of "Plato" (abridged).

Seneca on a Future Life.

Seneca, consoling Polybius concerning the death of his brother, exhorts his friend to think: "If the dead have any sensations, then my brother, let loose as it were from a life-long prison, and at last enjoying his liberty, looks down from a loftier height on the wonders of Nature and on all the deeds of men, and sees more clearly those divine things which he had so long sought in vain to understand. But why should I be afflicted for one who is either happy or is nothing? To lament the fate of one who is happy is envy; to lament the fate of a nonentity is madness."

The Body not the Real Self—the View of Epictetus.

"But suppose any one should come and murder me when I am alone? Fool! he would not murder thee, but that insignificant body of thine."—Epictetus.

The Duty of Charon.

In Grecian mythology, Lethe was the river of forgetfulness in the lower world, from which

souls drank before passing into the Elysian Fields, that they might lose all recollection of earthly sorrow.

The Styx was a river of Hades, round which it flowed seven times, and over which Charon conveyed the shades of the departed.

Charon's duty was to ferry the shades of the dead across the river of the under-world. For this service, he exacted an *obolus* from each, and in consequence a coin of this kind was placed in the mouth of the dead. If this rite was neglected Charon refused to convey the unhappy shade across, and it was doomed to wander restlessly along the shores of Acheron. Charon is generally represented as a gloomy old man, with a rough beard and wretched clothes.

Seneca's View of Death.

"When He comes that will separate this composition, human and divine, I will leave this body here where I found it, and return to the gods."—Seneca.

Odysseus' Talk with Achilles on Death.

"You know, in the great poem of Homer on the Odyssey, how Odysseus visits the world beyond, and has intercourse with the great Achilles, and talks to him and asks him about his life there, and congratulates the hero and hopes he does not mind being dead, and you remember the answer which the poem puts into the great hero's lips: 'No, speak not lightly to me of death, O great Odysseus.

I would rather, if only I were above ground, be another man's hireling, yes, a poor man's hireling, drudging in the fields all day, who had but scanty victuals, than bear sway over all the realms of the dead.'

"A shadowy, unsubstantial life, joyless, bloodless, that was the idea that men got."—Bishop Gore.

"The ancients dreaded death: the Christians can only fear dying."—"Guesses at Truth."

FEAR OF DEATH.

Natural Fear of Physical Death.

“‘Fear not.’ True, we can never be wholly reconciled to death. Darwin used to go into the London Zoological Gardens, and standing by the glass case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass while the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin’s mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him, yet whenever the venomous thing struck out the scientist dodged. Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him there, his instinct making him shrink. The instinct was stronger than will and reason. And it is much like this with the Christian’s attitude toward death; he knows that its sting cannot harm him, but an instinct within causes him to shrink whenever he comes into contact with the ghostly thing; but this instinct will not be altogether denied, whatever the Christian reason may say. But in this shrinking is no terror or despair.”—“Studies in Christian Character,” W. L. Watkinson.

The Valiant never taste of Death but Once.

“Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.”

—“Julius Cæsar,” ii. 2.

And a modern writer has added to this thought the words: “a Christian dies—never.”

Don't Trouble Trouble.

"There is a saying old and rusty
(But good as any new) ;
'Tis 'Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.'

* * * *

"Then don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you ;
You'll only *double* trouble,
And trouble others too."—Cornish.

Men who have feared Death.

"Crown me with flowers," Mirabeau said at the hour of dissolution ; "intoxicate me with perfume ; let me die with the sound of delicate music." When death came nearer, he said : "My sufferings are intolerable ; I have within me a hundred years of life, but not a moment's courage !" and under the influence of opium he passed away. "Physician," exclaimed Voltaire on his death-bed, "shall I live six months ?" "Sir," replied the doctor, "you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell !" and soon after breathed his last. When Thistleton, the Cato Street conspirator, was on the threshold of eternity, his agonizing wail was, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul !"

Death Not the End.

"Death, death ! It is this harping on death that I despise so much. Without death, which is our own crape-like, churchyard word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that

which we call life. For myself, I deny death as the end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead.”—Robert Browning (letter to a friend).

O God, Unseen yet Ever Near.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.”—Isaiah xliii. 2.

The Spirit the Mightiest Force.

“I cannot give up the miracles, because I should be giving up the great doctrine that the *mind* is greater than matter, and without that doctrine we should be poor indeed. I hold to the supremacy of mind; my belief is that the Spirit is the mightiest force in creation. GOD is a Spirit. If we had less body and more spirit we should be quieter, mightier, wholly grander.”

“I would say with the great Pascal, to the sun, ‘I am greater than thou; thou couldest fall and crush me, but I should be conscious of defeat, whilst thou wouldst be unconscious of victory.’”—Dr. Parker.

Two Old Divines, on Death.

“I have such a hope,” said the Rev. Andrew Fuller, “that with it I can plunge into eternity.”

“I cannot say,” remarked an old divine, “that I have so lived as not to be afraid to die; but I

can say that I have so known Christ as not to be afraid to die."

How Sir John Franklin in the Polar Regions viewed Death.

Among the few remains of Sir John Franklin that were found far up in the polar regions there was a leaf of the "Students' Manual," by Dr. J. Todd—the only relic of a book. From the way in which the leaf was turned down, the following portion of a dialogue was prominent: "Are you not afraid to die?" "No, no!" "Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "Because God has said, 'Fear not, when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'" This leaf is preserved in the Museum of Greenwich Hospital among his other relics.

A Great Soldier's Preparation for Death.

When Sir Henry Havelock lay dying he said to his friend and fellow-soldier, Sir James Outram, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

Death of Charles Kingsley.

On the morning of January 23, 1875, the Rev. Charles Kingsley in a clear voice was heard to repeat the words of the Burial Service: "Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge

eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee." Then he turned on his side, and never spoke again; and before midday, without a sign or struggle, breathed his last breath, so gently that one could scarcely tell that all was over. Twenty years before, and often since, he had thus expressed his longing for that moment: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." And now the great secret that he had craved to know was revealed to him, and he was satisfied.—Charles Kingsley's "Life."

Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

One can frequently see the truthfulness of the old saying, "The ruling passion strong in death," from the last words of notable men. Napoleon the Great, "Head of the Army." Lord Nelson, "Kiss me, Hardy, I thank God I have done my duty." Mozart, "You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and my delight." John Knox, "Live in Christ, live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death." John Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us."

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Hope of John Knox.

"Hast thou hope?" they asked of John Knox, when he lay a-dying. He spoke nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upwards, and so he died.—Carlyle.

Men with no Hope.

It is reported that in the Tamul language there is no word for *hope*. Alas! poor men.

Bishop Butler's Death-bed.

On his death-bed Bishop Butler was troubled by a deep sense of sin, as he found much of imperfection even in his best endeavours to serve Christ. One of his chaplains said: "Admit, my lord, all you say to be true; that your very alms have partaken of sin, that the "Analogy" itself would condemn you for mingling your glory with that which should have been given solely to God. Yet, why all this anxiety or alarm? Jesus has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' and in that promise you should find peace."

The Bishop raised himself in bed and said: "How wonderful that, often as I have read every line of the Bible, the full force of that passage has never struck me before! It gives the assurance that no amount of sin, no depth of guilt, will prevent God from receiving and accepting men if they come to Him through Christ. His blood has atoned for all, and His righteousness will hide the iniquities of all who accept his offers of mercy."

Bishop Butler lived for some weeks after this incident took place, and he preached to all who approached him the full and free salvation of the Gospel, as contained in that blessed passage.

Need we fear Death?

"What I feel certain of is this: that as we have grace to live by, day by day, so we shall have grace

to die by when it comes. I am certain the experience of the parish priests working in this parish would agree with me when I say that out of the numbers to whom we have ministered as they died we cannot remember, when it came to the point, many who were at the end afraid to die. It is a sign that God gives us grace to die by as He gives us grace to live by.”—Bishop of London.

Sir James Brodie on Dying.

“Sir James Brodie, as the result of his extensive practice and long observation, not only decides that the act of dying is seldom in any sense a painful process, but also declares that he has ‘never known but two instances in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death.’ ”—“Over the River,” Thayer.

Comfort for the Dying.

“A lady once said to Mr. Spurgeon, ‘I have read your sermons for years, and I have learned to trust the Saviour. I know I cannot live long, but I am very sad as I think of it, for I am so afraid to die.’ To which the preacher replied, ‘Then you would like to go to Heaven but not to die?’ ‘Yes, just so,’ she answered. ‘Well, how do you wish to go there? Would you like to ascend in a chariot of fire?’ That method had not occurred to her, but she answered, ‘Yes, oh yes!’ ‘Well,’ Mr. Spurgeon said, ‘suppose there should be just round this corner horses all on fire, and a blazing chariot waiting there to take you up to heaven; do you feel ready to step into such a chariot?’ She looked

and said, 'No, I should be afraid to do that.' 'Ah,' the preacher said, 'and so should I, I should tremble a great deal more at getting into a chariot of fire than I should at dying. I am not fond of being behind fiery horses. I would rather be excused from taking such a ride as that. Let me tell you what will probably happen to you. You will most likely go to bed some night and you will wake up in heaven.' She gave herself up for her Heavenly Father to take her home in His own way, and she passed away, as Mr. Spurgeon suggested, in her sleep."—Ex. "Life of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon."

Died Abner as a Fool dieth?—(2 Sam. iii. 33).

Mr. Robert Owen, the celebrated freethinker, once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family grave. Owen, addressing him, said, "There is one advantage I have over Christians: I am not afraid to die. Most Christians are afraid to die; but if some of my business was settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment."

"Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear of death—have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause, he replied, "No!" "Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "You are on a level with that brute: he has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."

Archbishop Tait, when dying, remarked, "It is really nothing much after all."

CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

"The Sting of Death."

"One warm autumn day a mother was teaching her little boy his Bible lesson, in which these words happened to occur : '*Jesus should taste death for every man*'; '*Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,*' and '*Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.*'

"Suddenly, according to this old story, a large, excited bee flew into the room where they were sitting, and hovered threateningly around the lad's head. He ran to his mother for protection, and she hastily threw her long white apron over him, but, as she did so the angry insect settled on her bare arm, and stung her. 'Now, my boy,' she said, 'you can come out; the naughty bee has stung me, and done all the harm it could, and the sting will be its death. Mother is in some pain, but will soon be well again, and you are safe.'

"The Christian may see in this story a fine, and deep, and touching lesson. Like the devoted mother, suffering in place of her child, Christ our Saviour, tasting death for all of us, suffered the sting of sin and the bitter pains of the agony upon the Cross. By His sufferings and 'with His stripes we are healed.' And 'knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him.'" — F. W. Christian.

Death's Sting.

To see how men have viewed the sting of death in connection with Christ's death must always be a profitable study. Here are the views of some thinkers who have influenced their day and generation. It is Coleridge who says:—

Is that a deathbed where a Christian dies ?

Yes ; but not his—" 'tis Death itself that dies."

Burkitt, the commentator : " Death shot its sting into our Saviour's side ; there left it, and there lost it." Romaine : " Death stung himself to death when he stung Christ." Christmas Evans : " Death shot his last arrow at Christ upon the Cross, and it went straight through the heart, and fixed upon the Cross, but when he tried to pull it out he left the sting behind." To two others we owe : " As the life of Christ is the life of life ; so the death of Christ is the death of Death," and " To have destroyed death by living would have been wonderful ; but to have destroyed death by dying, this is the miracle of miracles." Thomas Le Blanc writes : " Alexander the Great acknowledged at death that he was a feeble man. ' Lo ! ' exclaimed he, ' I am dying, whom you falsely called a god.' But Christ proved that He was God when, by His own death, He overcame and I may say slew Death." When the celebrated Zinzendorf's little son Ernest John was nearing the end of his earthly life his friends anxiously enquired, " Is Ernest dying ? " To which the boy replied, " No, I am not going to die, though they say so : it is only pain that dies."

—T. Selby Henrey.

Christ's Sepulchre on the First Easter Morn.

On the first Easter morn two men approached the sepulchre of our Lord in the spirit of ignorance. "For as yet they knew not the Scriptures, that He must rise again from the dead"; when something was seen which caused the Evangelist to state "They saw and believed." What was the cause of this sudden change of mind from such dulness of intellect to positive certainty? Canon Melville, whom Dr. Gladstone considered to be the greatest preacher of his day, delivered a sermon to prove that St. John xx. 7 was intended to show that what St. Peter and St. John saw within the tomb were two piles of linen clothes, scrupulously folded, and the lesson to be learned was neatness. The famous preacher makes no allusion to the 100 lb. in weight of myrrh and aloes that Nicodemus had given and which he and Joseph of Arimathea had packed in the folds of the grave-cloths. But two neatly folded heaps of cloths could hardly have been sufficient to bring about such a sudden change of mind on the part of the Apostles, of whom it is recorded they saw "the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself."

The following view is the one current in Jerusalem, and is held by some recent writers on the subject: "Seeth the linen clothes lie." Clothes can be better translated "cloths," that is, bands of linen about 6 inches in width, which had been wrapped round the sacred body, with spice packed in between the folds. The word "lie" is strongly emphasized in the Greek, and conveys the meaning of being

undisturbed from their original position left by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. "The napkin that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped." The napkin refers to a cloth which was "wrapped"; the Greek implying that it had a "twist" in it naturally points to the turban. "In a place by itself," the word "apart" is emphasized, pointing to a short distance from the cloths on the sacred shoulder.

It was too dark for Mary to see into the tomb. St. John at first only saw the cloths which had wrapped the sacred body; the napkin which had surrounded the sacred head could not be seen at the angle which he evidently occupied. But what St. Peter and afterwards St. John saw were the linen cloths precisely as they were left by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus—extended at length, collapsed at the most—in the form of the human body, with the turban at the head, the only difference being that the sacred body had risen. The chrysalis was left: the body evanescend. Christ had thrown off the limitations of the human body and was now able at will to appear and disappear through stone walls and closed doors.

The extended grave-cloths in the form of a man's body and the turban therefore became an infallible proof which immediately confirmed the Apostles' faith in the resurrection.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Lessons learnt from Our Lord's Death.

"In the first place He was quite certain that death could not touch His personal existence. 'Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.' 'Father,

into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.' It was absolutely clear to His human spirit that in that moment that He bowed His head, and His Spirit passed from His body, and His body lay a lifeless thing upon the cross, that He would be living on. And the same conviction is borne in upon His disciples. Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; living or dying we are the Lord's. Bishop Westcott has said that what underlies the fear of death is this, that men had thought that it touched their personal existence. Well I know that it does not; that it is simply living on under the conditions of that personal existence; that probably in the moment of that change there is no real suspension of interior consciousness; that I am conscious on that dying bed one minute, and consciously free from the burden of the flesh in the presence of God in another. My death draws nigh; I have faced the thought of it; it is a relief to me to get hold of this thought, whatever death does it cannot touch *me*.

"The *second* thought that comes to us is this: His absolute conviction that not only did it not touch His personality, but it could not touch His union with God. Whatever is involved in the changed conditions of life, one change there is not: as I live in my Father's hands here, I shall live in my Father's hands there. God will be to me then, only in fuller sense than He is now, a supreme reality. 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' Never losing myself in suspension, I am alive in God.

"And, *thirdly*, there is this conviction, that the

life into which He is passing will be a life of peace and rest. 'Thou shalt be with Me in paradise.'"—Canon Body (as reported in a newspaper).

An Important Thought.

"Where you die, when you die, or by what means, is scarcely worth a thought, if you do but die in Christ" (Phil. i. 21).—Rowland Hill.

The Grave warmed by Christ.

"The believer 'longs to be down in that bed of rest, since his Lord lay in it, and hath warmed that cold bed and purified it with His fragrant body.'"—Archbishop Leighton.

Christ and the Grave.

"Our Blessed Lord hath perfumed the bed of the grave by His own lying in it: so that a pillow of down is not so soft to a believer's head as a pillow of dust. He whose head is in Heaven need not fear to put his foot in the grave."—Birkett.

In the Fiery Trial.

"Bishop Wilberforce, writing in the year 1861 to a friend, says: "In this fiery trial point to the presence of that fourth form, 'like unto the Son of God.'"

St. Ambrose's Vision of Jesus.

St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, when passing away, remarked that he saw Jesus approaching him with a smile on His face.

The Evidences of Christianity.

As a platform speaker the late Dean of Rochester was always heard to great advantage. Perhaps Dr. Hole's most telling public utterance was at the Manchester Church Congress in 1888. During a lull between the set speakers of the men's mass meeting he was descried by some of the audience, whereupon the air was rent with a volume of sound coming from some four thousand men of Lancashire—"Canon Hole!" Now, being called upon by the chairman to address the meeting on the given subject for the evening, which was "The Evidences of Christianity," he stood up and said: "My brothers, you have just heard some of the best speakers of the day on this subject, and now you call upon me to address you without a minute's preparation. What shall I say about this solemn subject, Christian Evidences? . . . I don't like to talk about personal experiences, but a time comes into my thoughts when I stood beside the grave of one whom I loved best on earth—my mother, for whom I would have given my life—and when the glorious hope of the resurrection seemed to speak to my heart, 'Not lost, but gone before.' That hope of reunion changed my whole life, and I never sorrowed over the loss of my dear mother again. And that is the greatest evidence I have experienced of the truth of Christianity.' Words could not describe the wonderful effect which that simple speech exerted upon the meeting, and I have no hesitation in saying that those few impromptu words were the most heart-thrilling utterance I have ever heard.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Robert Browning on the Death of His Wife.

Robert Browning, the poet, wrote in his wife's Bible after her death these words of Dante's: "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamoured."

Christ fills the Empty Chair.

"Mary was grieving at the death of her Son—her Son gives her another to be as a son—that son takes her to his own home. This was her consolation, and the lesson we learn from it is this, that God never removes one comfort, never takes away the means of subsistence from any of His people without raising up another in its place. Joseph was dead, Jesus was dying—still the mercy of the All-Merciful is unbounded, and God again provides for Mary. St. John, the beloved disciple of a despised Master, is chosen to fill the holy post."—Rev. John Purchas.

Affliction sanctified.

Dr. Simpson, who first discovered the use of chloroform in 1862, lost a beloved son. The faith and patience of the dying boy made a deep impression on the father's heart. As the boy was dying he said, "How precious it is to speak for Jesus!" The father, mother, and children knelt around the bed, and Dr. Simpson prayed that the affliction might be the means of leading all closer to Christ.

All in Christ.

Mourner, remember how Andromache, when she recollected that she had lost all her relatives except her husband, gazed on him with delight, and said: "While my Hector still survives I see my father, mother, brethren, all in him." May not a believer say the same of the Lord Jesus?

Almost in Heaven.

Matthew Henry's grandmother, shortly before her death, used to say: "My head is in Heaven, and my heart is in Heaven; it is but one step more, and I shall be there, too."

Earth's Loss Heaven's Gain.

"Earth holds one gentle soul the less,
And heaven one angel more."

Tribute to a Mother.

The English historian, Henry T. Buckle, paid a tribute to his mother which lingers in the memory, and with one swift stroke shows us what manner of woman she was. He said that no mere arguments for immortality had ever had much weight with him, but that when he remembered his mother he could not disbelieve in it.

God's Will is Perfect Love.

A stricken wife, standing beside the coffin of her noble husband, said to a friend: "There lies my husband, my only earthly support, my most faithful human friend, one who has never failed me; but I must not forget that there lies also the will of God, and that will is perfect love."

Paralysis of the Soul.

The Bishop of London, at one of his Lent missions, received the following communication, to which he gave the subjoined answer:—

“I was a communicant until four years ago, when I had a great trouble. My brother was found shot in his room.” “Remember this: Every blow stuns for a time. It is just as if someone hit you a blow on the head. A blow on the soul has exactly the same effect. For a time it seems to paralyse all the functions of the soul, faith and hope and love. You must remember that you have not really lost your faith, but the blow has paralysed you for a time. Wait in patience, and in time your life will come back to you.”

Love's Continuation.

“There's a land where those who loved when here
Shall meet to love again.”

Faraday on Death.

“Perhaps I do not feel the awe that I ought at the thought of death,” wrote Faraday to a friend on the death of his mother; “it is, to me, only like being in another country.”

The Tomb of Ruskin's Mother.

On Ruskin's mother's tombstone these words are to be found: “Here, beside my father's body, I have laid my mother's. Nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in Heaven.”

Singing in the Presence of Death.

Susannah Wesley had been a most devoted Christian, and John owed much to his mother's influence and counsel. She died July 23, 1742, rejoicing in Christ. Her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, was: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a hymn of praise to God." And accordingly the children, in obedience to her desire, lifted up their hearts and voices in a psalm of thanksgiving as soon as her spirit departed.

It was on Sunday, August 1, that she was buried, and her son, John, notes in his journal as follows regarding the funeral: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scriptures from which I afterwards spoke was Rev. xx. 11, 12. It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity."

Inscription on a Child's Tomb.

The following inscription is on a child's tombstone in an English churchyard: "'Who plucked that flower?' cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden. His fellow-servant answered, 'The Master'; and the gardener held his peace."

The same thought is used by a modern preacher who says: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." "It is the Lord's doing." A gardener walked through the conservatory and looked upon the valuable flowers that had just come

into bloom, and, seeing one of them freshly plucked from its stem, he said to his servant, "Who plucked that flower?" The servant said, "The master," and the gardener answered never a word. "I was dumb and silent, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." . . . But blessed be God! What is a mystery to us is no mystery to Him. And He says to us, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It is God's doing. It behoves us to keep silence; to accept the mystery and wait patiently.

A Thought on a Child's Death.

"Perhaps God does with His heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly stock it from nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear."—Dr. Guthrie.

Why Death takes Little Children.

"I asked Death what he had done with the beautiful flowers which he had stolen from our earthly garden, for he had done that thing to me, and I felt that I had a right to ask. He replied very calmly: 'You should not say stolen, for I am not a thief. There is One that owns all the flowers upon your broad, green earth, and He has a right to transplant them when and where He pleases. He sends me to your gardens.' 'But why,' I asked, 'do you snatch them so rudely, and leave hearts all torn and bleeding?' 'Alas!' replied Death, 'why do not mortals let them go? Little

children are the flowers of Paradise : of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. But be the world ever so bleak and desolate, mortals would keep them here : so they bind them with cords, lest they be taken away, and these cords are twined with their own heart-strings. How can I loosen the one without breaking the other? ’ ’—Dr. Elon Foster (“ Cyclopædia of Illustrations.”)

The Flower on the Grave.

A little child lost her mother, a kind, Christian mother, and for a time could not be consoled. A friend took the child to the grave, and bid her plant a seed. One day there appeared a tiny green leaf, which grew stronger and stronger, until at last it was crowned with a lovely and sweet flower. The child was taken often to the grave, and was taught by the emblem to understand the happiness of the Christian’s resurrection hope.

A Little Lamb to entice the others.

I have read somewhere how a traveller resting by a ford of the Jordan watched a shepherd trying to entice his flock of sheep from the eastern to the western side of the river. Walking in front of them he used every means in his power to induce them to follow, but without success. At length, when all other means had failed, he caught up a little lamb and bore it over in his arms ; whereupon, first the mother and then the rest of the flock followed in his steps. Thus, thought the traveller, the Good Shepherd at times removes a lamb from the flock and carries it across the Jordan—the stream of

death—to the Promised Land beyond, in order that the thoughts of the parents may be turned heavenwards; “for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

—T. Selby Henrey.

Talitha Cumi.

“Talitha cumi” (St. Mark v. 41) is well translated by the following: “My little lamb, awake!” And its beauty is greatly enhanced when we know that it was the common term of endearment with which loving Syrian mothers awoke their children.

Unending Love.

Those who love in the Lord never see each other for the last time.

Children shielded by God.

“God often takes children away lest they should be corrupted and ruined eternally by the wickedness of the world. When we come into another world we shall see the reason and the mercy of those providences which now we are apt to murmur at because we think them severe.”—Bishop Nilson.

The Christian's Good-byes.

Our happiest and brightest good-byes and farewells must ever be mingled with a certain degree of regret. Nothing reminds us so much of the uncertainties of human life. What hallowed memories are bound up in our good-byes, especially with dear ones just previous to their joining the larger home-circle in the home above. Does not

our most holy faith teach us something in respect to good-byes? Imagine the first Good Friday about noon just after the Lord Jesus had uttered His third word from the Cross. The beloved disciple St. John might have been seen leading away from the Cross the heartbroken mother who had looked for the last time upon that face which even in the agonies of suffering was expressive of so much tenderness. Imagine the feelings of St. John, who, whilst taking the mother of the Lord to his own home, could not forget his good-bye to Him on whose breast he had leaned during the previous night.

One perfect spring morning I stood on the tower of the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives, whence a fine panorama of the Holy Land may be seen. The view roused in me much solemn thought. Bethlehem and the shepherd-fields were nestling on the hills of Southern Judea; the village of Bethany on the eastern slope of Olivet, with the descending road to Jericho clearly traceable; the broad valley of the Jordan with its sacred river some 4,012 ft. below; then almost the entire surface of the Dead Sea overlooked by Pisgah, beyond which the mountains of Moab rose like a high wall. Westward at my feet was mapped out the whole of the city of Jerusalem with all its hallowed surroundings; on the horizon the dim haze of the Mediterranean. In a burying-place near where I was standing, a poor body was being committed to the grave, surrounded by a band of Mohammedans wailing their last farewells. A sad spectacle, I thought, for the mount on which the crowning scene of the Ascension took place.

Now contrast the good-bye of Calvary with that which took place forty-two days later on the Mount of Olives. There are assembled the disciples with the Master in their midst. Whilst they watch He is parted from them and carried towards Heaven and a cloud receives Him out of their sight. In the first good-bye we have an afflicted mother and a sorrow-stricken disciple returning to Jerusalem through the Damascus gate from the hill of Calvary. In the second the disciples who have looked upon their dear Lord for the last time on earth and bade him a loving good-bye, returning unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet with great joy. A cloud had hidden him from their eyes. Yes, it is clouds that divide us from immeasurable space where there are worlds larger than our own ; beyond the clouds there is expansion and life more abundant. To the Christian's cloud of separation there is, indeed, a silver lining. Let us not sorrow over our dear ones' death, but rather joy over their ascension.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Eye of Faith fixed on Christ.

Dr. Andrew Bonar relates that to the question "How does dying appear to you now that you are so near the end?" one thus addressed replied, "I never look at dying. I keep my eyes on Christ, who has the keys of hell and death."

A Suggestion for Tombstones.

Might not one, with great advantage, substitute for the word "died" another more expressive of Christian hope? For instance, "In memory of

——, who passed into the higher life ”; or, “ who ascended,” adding the date.

Foretastes of the Heavenly Country.

To those for whom the sands of the hour-glass are fast ebbing out. Sailors, it is said, when on a voyage, drink to “ friends astern ” until they get half-way across, and then to “ friends ahead ” for the rest of the voyage. With some of us it has been “ friends ahead ” for many years. The distant port is growing nearer day by day, and we have already, as it were, caught glimpses of the highest peaks of the hills of the Promised Land. From Cannes it is sometimes possible to see, at early dawn, the outlines of the Corsican Mountains. This range, the highest peak of which, Mount Bastelica, is 11,500 ft. in altitude, lies 100 miles away from the Riviera. Yet, for a few seconds before the sun rises, and whilst the intervening stretch of ocean is still veiled in the darkness of night, the tops of the peaks stand out against the sky brightly illuminated by the rays of the rising sun. Thus to those “ looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ” is sometimes vouchsafed a foretaste of the Heavenly Country. The prophet Isaiah says, “ Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land (heights) of far distances ”: also God occasionally gives a foretaste of the music of the Better Land as He did to St. John on the Isle of Patmos: “ I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters . . . and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sang a new song.”

—T. Selby Henrey.

Through the Valley.

"All must die! Thou, too, O my soul's guest, thou frail body, thou must turn to dust, and all thy thoughts and schemes and resolves must then perish.

"Nay, the thoughts that are born of God cannot die. My thoughts outrun my life and outlive my death, when my affections are on things above—where Christ my Master sitteth.

"But the taking down of the tabernacle is painful; the passage from this world to the other is dark, and the river of death is deep and cold, and the further bank lies in a cloudy distance, and there I must go forth alone! Nay, not alone. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thou, O Shepherd of my soul, art with me. Thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'"—"Thoughts on Prayer," Bishop Carpenter.

"Now in the Place where He was crucified there
was a Garden."

There are three gardens mentioned in the Bible which have a special reference to man. In the Garden of Eden sin triumphed, and the sons of men became subject to death. In the fulness of time, after Christ, the Son of Man, had overcome sin and death on the Cross, we are told, "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre."

A part of one of the happiest afternoons of my life was spent in the garden and tomb which I verily believe, are the ones mentioned by the Evangelists. They are a few yards beyond the

Damascus Gate, on the caravan route which St. Paul followed as he set out on his errand of persecution. Overshadowing the garden on the north is Calvary, now a Mohammedan cemetery, a rocky, limestone ridge of about 70 ft. in height, bearing a most remarkable resemblance to a human skull; from its summit the chief buildings of Jerusalem can be seen. This elongated knoll is the traditional site where Jeremiah wrote his Book of Lamentations; it is also the stoning place of St. Stephen. It is known to the Jews as the Hill of Execration; they often may be seen on passing to throw a stone at it, the act being accompanied by the words, "Cursed be the man who ruined our nation by calling himself a King." Calvary shelves gradually at the south-west corner right on to the garden, which would have made Joseph of Arimathea's labour of love in moving the sacred body a comparatively easy undertaking. A fellow-traveller of mine has photographed an earthquake rent which is still visible in the rocks. From the garden twelve steps lead to the rock-hewn sepulchre, which is cut into the face of Calvary; the entrance is by a door, before which the inclined groove for the circular stone is still to be seen. On the right side of the door is a small window. The interior of the tomb is 11 ft. 2 in. wide, 14 ft. 6 in. long, and 7 ft. 6 in. high. An antechamber is divided from the main chamber by a wall 8 in. in height. The main chamber has loculi for three bodies, one at the end and one on either side lengthwise, thus affording sufficient space for two angels—as we are told—"in white, sitting, the one at the head and the other at the

feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Near this spot an ancient slab was recently discovered, bearing the words ". . . buried near his Lord," in Greek.

This tomb frequently bears the name of "Gordon's Tomb," because General Gordon's attention was drawn to it in 1883. The garden and tomb are now vested in the hands of some English people. The property was purchased for £2,000, and enclosing it with a wall and laying it out as a garden cost a similar amount.

One might have thought that such a place as the Lord's sepulchre would have been associated with the emblems of mortality. But no, "the garden" is symbolical that death has been robbed of its terrors; that the valley of the shadow of death has been converted into a garden of life, beauty, and hope. Neither did these things happen in Nature's winter of death; but in the midst of her glorious spring, when all was radiant with colour and pregnant with resurrection life. Friday, the 14th day of Nisan, corresponds with our 7th day of April, when the sun rises about 5.20 a.m. and sets about 6.40 p.m., and the Holy Land is at the height of her floral loveliness—carpeted with the lilies of the field, cyclamen, iris, tulips, crimson poppies, and the scarlet anemone, known as the "Rose of Sharon," which has suggested the significant name of "the Saviour's blood drops." In this hallowed garden, bright with flowers, I read the Gospel narratives of the death, burial, and resurrection of the Saviour of mankind, and so accurately did the surroundings

tally with the Divine account that one could almost imagine the sacred drama being re-enacted.

Are no lessons to be gathered from our Lord's sepulchre being in a garden, and the time of His burial synchronizing with the Spring of Nature? Surely the emblems of the resurrection growing round our Saviour's tomb cannot fail to remind us that "the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

The third garden of Scripture is that mentioned in the Revelation of St. John: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Those eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the throne of God :
 Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white?

—T. Selby Henrey.

Christ died for Thee.

"Thou know'st He died not for Himself, nor for
 Himself arose,
 Millions of souls were in His heart, and thee for
 one He chose."

To set in Cloud to rise in Glory.

As we sometimes see the sun setting amid clouds and gloom though about to rise in another clime in undimmed splendour, so some who sink in their

death, surrounded by the darkness and the shadows, may have all the more glorious an entry into "their own Land."

Our Friends are Gifts of God.

"It should not be forgotten what Hobson, the late noted carrier of Cambridge, said to a young student receiving a letter of the sad tidings of his uncle's decease (who maintained him at the University), and weeping bitterly, and reciting the cause of his grief, he replied, '*Who gave you that friend?*' Which saying did greatly comfort him.—Samuel Lee, quoted by C. H. Spurgeon, "The Treasury of David," vol. ii., p. 299.

Trust Yourself Implicitly to your Guide.

A clergyman, on visiting the Great Pyramid in Egypt in 1880, learned an illustration of complete trust. The ascent of the "Great Gallery" was difficult, but the descent was much more so, along a narrow, slippery shelf, the only light being a bit of candle held by one of the Arab guides. At length they came to a sharp corner, the path beyond being several feet lower, narrower, and still more slippery, and over a deep chasm; and to make it worse the candle had gone out. Here Mr. W. was required to trust himself to an Arab to be carried on his shoulders round the corner over the chasm, and set down on the other side. This he hesitated to do, and tried to find some other way. "Let me rest one hand on the rock and the other on you," he said.

"No, you must rest *both* on me," was the answer.

"I will try *myself* and you will *help* me."

“No ; you lean all weight on Arab.”

“But wait till I see what you are standing on.”

“No ; you are quite safe resting on Arab.”

“But I am heavier than you think.”

“You are quite safe if you trust all to Arab.”

Mr. W. saw there was no alternative, and did as he was told, and was carried safely to the other side ; not without thinking of a deeper chasm, and of One on Whom the whole weight of a sinner's trust is to be laid.

Look Beyond Death.

“We are conquerors of death when we are able to look beyond it.”—F. W. Robertson.

Gold is Indestructible.

“Gold is absolutely indestructible, resisting the action of fire itself. Expose water to fire and it dissolves in vapour ; wood, and it vanishes in smoke and flame, leaving but grey ashes behind ; iron, and it is covered with rust ; but fire may play on gold for a thousand years without depriving it of a degree of its lustre or an atom of its weight.

“Beautiful emblem of the saints of God, gold cannot perish—their trials, like the action of fire on this precious metal, but purifying what they cannot destroy.”—Dr. Guthrie.

Christ the Way.

When on a camping tour from Damascus to Jerusalem, one of the many places where we pitched our tent for a night was just outside Nazareth. It was the 10th of March, 1905 ; the sun having set, the Syrian sky was just losing its

beauty, when I asked a native youth to tell me the way to the post office. "I am the way," he replied, and walked before me. But this was not what I really wanted. I should have preferred him to describe the way, to tell me the turns of the road, and some particulars of the route, that I might know what was ahead and what to expect. Nevertheless, he persisted on leading me personally, and repeated, "I am the way," laying emphasis on the "I." At a later stage of my travels in Palestine I learned that this youth's attitude to an enquiring traveller was common to the Holy Land; and, instead of expecting information from his guide, the stranger must place implicit faith in him if he wishes to be led to the desired goal.

I have since often thought of how, a few hours previous to our Lord's death, when He told His disciples that He was about to leave them, and cheered them by saying: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me," St. Thomas said unto Him, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Jesus saith unto him, "I am the Way." In all reverence may we not say that Jesus as a lad learned the expression at Nazareth, and in after years incorporated it into His teaching?

Doubtless St. Thomas would have liked the way to those heavenly mansions fully described, but no:—"I am the Way"; not knowledge, but a personal Guide; ask no questions, but put implicit faith in Me, follow My steps:

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Kingsley's Words to His Dying Wife.

"It is not darkness we are going to, for God is Light.

"It is not lonely, for Christ is with us.

"It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there.

"O Saviour of the world, Who by Thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us ; and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord."

The Gospel in Action.

An incident in connection with the terrible Hamstead colliery disaster, which occurred during March, 1908, gives a most inspiring example of what faith in Christ Jesus will do for men when they are in the very jaws of death. *The Times*, recording heartrending scenes says, the search party, on coming to the bank, reported that they had found six of the missing men. They were found lying at a door in a peaceful attitude, and on a board was written in chalk : "The Lord preserve us." Then followed the names of the men—"H. Curtis, J. Guest, H. Watts, T. Coles, T. Johnson, Joe Hodgkins ; for we are all trusting in Christ."

Could a more powerful sermon be preached to show that the love of Christ is strong as death, and can be experienced by us even when in the presence of the King of Terrors ? Could a better text be found than the sixty-second Psalm : "My soul, wait thou only upon God : for my expectation is from Him . . . in God is my salvation and my glory : the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in God. Trust in Him at all times."

—T. Selby Henrey.

Archbishop Whately's Death-bed.

The dying hours of Whately were in harmony with the tenor of his life and the spirit of his writings. His intellect was unclouded by illness, he could think and speak. Someone said to him, "You are dying, as you have lived, great to the last"; the reply was, "I am dying, as I have lived, in the faith of Jesus." Another said, "What a blessing that great, glorious intellect is unimpaired"; he answered, "Do not call intellect glorious, there is nothing glorious out of Christ." Another said, "The great fortitude of your character now supports you." "No, it is not my fortitude that supports me, but my faith in Christ."

Solitude of Life—Nearness of God.

To the bereaved, feeling the isolation of life, how wonderfully does Nature afford an illustration to float and carry the great argosies of the imagination. Who has not admired the fleeting moments of an expiring day, as darkness silently but surely deepens, and line after line of woodland, broken by hollow or dell, becomes filled with vaporous wreaths of mist, the old gnarled trees casting the shadows of their weird forms athwart the grass, the air becoming resonant with nocturnal voices, and then the mountain ridges melting into a dim, rugged outline, from whose background there is seen to soar the evening star sailing in solitary dignity, gilding the contour of the mountains—alone. Now lost amidst fleeting clouds that sweep across the sky, then in its solemn loneliness scaling

high above the world. We watch, and as the gloom deepens its solitude is dispelled, cheered by the celestial hosts which break from their places of ambush to keep it company throughout the midnight hours. It is a sight provocative of deep reflection. For it is not often the lot of man to rise aloft, and, like Hesperus, in solitude to fight some mental struggle alone, with no other visitants but the ghostly shadows created by the scudding clouds of earth, as he offers up his vesper hymn :

Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !”

There may be companionships veiled from mortal ken until a higher light breaks in to enable us to see, as Elisha’s servant did, the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire ; and the young man’s encouragement be ours : “ Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.”

It was the Son of Man’s wont to retire at eventide, making the hoary hills the altars at which He offered His prayers to His Father ; and, O man, as thou standest apparently alone upon thy spiritual height of overwhelming sorrow, Christ’s ejaculation will be echoed, “ Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.” There will come forth the silvery moon to bear thee company and seem to say, “ Ah, if thou art forgotten on earth, I am the representative of those in Heaven, and though forgotten on earth, yet thou art being remembered in Heaven.”

—T. Selby Henrey.

A New Light on Death.

It has been very significantly remarked that not one of the four Evangelists when recording our Lord's passion uses the word "death." St. Matthew says, "Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost." St. Mark: "Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost." St. Luke: "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit; and having said thus He gave up the ghost." St. John: "It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Surely the wording was inspired to teach us that by Christ's death He had overcome death and had opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers who would now through the grave—the gate of death—pass to their joyful resurrection. And further the "loud voice" mentioned by the first three Evangelists implies dying, not through physical exhaustion, but by a voluntary surrender of life: "No man taketh it from Me, I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won:

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;

From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia!

“I Fly from one Death for Refuge to Another.”

“I have had an irreparable loss ; and no man can feel a loss of this consequence more sensibly than myself ; but the cross of a dying Jesus is my support ; I fly from one death for refuge to another.”
—Grosvenor.

The day of death is the birthday of eternity.

Death's Younger Brother.

“Sleep,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “is Death's youngest brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers.”

“God's finger touched him, and he slept.”—Lord Tennyson.

Growth during Sleep.

S. T. Coleridge, the poet, says : “Physiologists hold that it is during sleep chiefly that we grow ; what may we not hope from such a sleep on such a bosom ? ”

Death a Necessity.

“I look upon death,” says Franklin, “to be as necessary to our constitutions as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.”

Christ the First-Fruits.

“Christ is the ‘first-fruits of them that sleep.’ According to the Levitical law, before the harvest could be gathered the sickle was to be put into the corn, and the ‘sheaf of the first-fruits’ was to be brought unto the priest, who was to ‘wave the sheaf before the Lord.’ This sheaf was to be

offered on the morrow after the Sabbath, that is, on the Lord's day—the day on which we celebrate the resurrection of Christ from the dead. What a wondrous figure of the resurrection of Christ! The waving is a sign of life, and He had life from the dead on the day after the Jewish Sabbath. The wave-sheaf, too, was an earnest that the whole field should be reaped, as well as a sample of the harvest.' —Pilkington.

Christ with the Believer in Death and Sickness.

"It is reported as a matter of great honour to the celebrated painter, Leonardo da Vinci, that he expired in the arms of Francis I., who came to pay him a visit in his last illness. The believer in Jesus hath the God of heaven and earth bestowing real blessings while he lies upon his couch, and (to use the emphatic expression of the Psalmist) 'making all his bed in his sickness.' He gloriously expires in the bosom of his Redeemer, and is carried to the blissful habitations of the saints in light."—Buck.

Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.

"Be not afraid, therefore, even to die; for to the Christian, 'to die is gain.' I recollect, at a funeral, when we laid the body of one of God's saints in the grave, a dear minister prayed: 'Lord, we thank thee that, though our dear friend has come so low as to be in his grave, he cannot go any lower, for "underneath are the everlasting arms," and in due time Thou wilt bring him up again in those everlasting arms, raised in the likeness of his Lord.' That is true of all believers; therefore, let this text

come sweetly home to your heart: 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.'"—C. H. Spurgeon.

A Dying Example.

The brilliant essayist, Addison, during his last illness summoned his stepson, the young Earl of Warwick, to his bedside, and with perfect dignity and composure bade him mark "how a Christian man can die."

How Death should be Painted.

A Christian, seeing a painter painting Death as a skeleton with a scythe, beautifully remarked: "For my part, I should paint Death as an angel with a golden key."

God's Will.

"Thy will be done, though in my own undoing."
—Sir Thomas Browne.

The Burial Place of St. Monica.

"The burial place of Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, is worthy of remembrance. She had with great care provided her a sepulchre near unto her husband, who died at Tagasta, in Africa, and was there buried, proposing to lie by him; but the Lord so disposed that she left her life at Ostia, in Italy, and being ready to depart she said unto her son, 'Bury my body where you think good; take no great care for it.' And being asked if it grieved her not to leave her body so far off from her own city, she gave this answer: 'No place is nearer to God than other; neither am I to fear lest the Lord should not as well raise me up in this place as in my own city.'"—John Spencer, A.D. 1648.

The Loosing of the Cable.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ" (Philip. i. 23). Dean Farrar remarks, "'To depart' (*anulusai*), literally, 'to loose.' Sailors loose the cables when a ship is about to sail." Dean Alford, speaking on this passage, quotes Calvin, who says, "This place suffices to refute their folly who dream that our souls sleep when separated from our bodies; for Paul openly declares that we enjoy Christ's presence when we are dissolved in death."

Prayer of St. Patrick.

"The King on one occasion, greatly enraged against St. Patrick, called him before him, for he meditated killing the man of God. God manifested the King's intention to St. Patrick. On setting out for Tara to meet the King, St. Patrick prayed: ". . . God's right to uphold me, God's wisdom to guide me, God's eye to look before me, God's ear to hear me, God's word to speak for me, God's hand to guard me, God's way to lie before me, God's shield to protect me, God's heart to secure me. . . ."

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,
Christ in me, Christ below me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right, Christ at my left,
Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in height,
Christ in the heart of everyone who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of everyone who speaks of me,
Christ in the eye of everyone that sees me,
Christ in the ear of everyone that hears me.

—Dr. Stoke's "Life of St. Patrick" (abridged).

MISCELLANEA.

God's Inexhaustible Love.

"A London friend sent Mr. Austen, of Rochester, the following most extraordinary, sublime lines in manuscript, said to be written by nearly an idiot (living still, March 16, 1779) at Cirencester :—

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was the whole earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
Was every man a scribe by trade :
To write the love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Tho' stretch'd from sky to sky."

—"The Olio," by F. Grose, A.D. 1793.

Seeking for Light.

"There were two men in the United States Senate ; one of them I personally knew. Both were men of distinction, and took an active part in the politics of their day and generation. They were men of intellect, and one of them, at a later period, gave to a friend this anecdote : He said that when he entered the Senate he became in a short time intimate with one of his colleagues, and, though attentive enough to the routine of public duty, they daily returned to each other, and spent much time in conversation on the immortality of the soul. When my friend at last left Congress, they parted, his colleague remaining there, and, as their homes were widely distant from each other, it chanced that he never met him again, until, twenty-five years

afterwards, they saw each other, through open doors, at a distance, in a crowded reception at the President's house in Washington. Slowly they advanced towards each other, as they could, through the brilliant company, and at last met, said nothing, but shook hands long and cordially. At last my friend said, 'Any light, Albert?' 'None,' replied Albert. 'Any light, Lewis?' 'None,' replied he. They looked in each other's eyes silently, gave one more shake each to the hand he held, and thus parted for the last time. Now I should say that the impulse which drew these minds to this enquiry through so many years was a better affirmative evidence than their failure to find a confirmation was negative."—R. W. Emerson on "Immortality."

Man's Body a Hired House.

"Look upon a man that dwells but in a borrowed house, expecting every hour when he shall have warning to avoid (evacuate); he doth not trouble himself to bestow any cost either in repairing or trimming up thereof, because he hath no time in it, no lease for term of years to come. Such is the condition of every living man; his body is but, as it were, a house lent unto the soul, but whence it looketh daily and hourly to depart. Why should he, then, be so careful to clothe this body with rich and brave apparel, when (God knows how soon) it must be laid down in the earth, there to rot and perish, and, in the meantime, neglect to adorn and beautify his precious soul with heavenly grace which is immortal?"—John Spencer.

Last Words of St. Monica.

“ More than fourteen centuries ago, on the shores of the Italian Sea, that eternal life of which I have been speaking was the subject of discourse between a woman who was drawing near to the end of life and a man, still in the prime of his years, who had just consecrated himself to the work of Christ. We may have seen the engraving from a picture by Ary Scheffer, at the bottom of which are inscribed the words, ‘ St. Augustine and his mother Monica.’ We may have noticed their two faces turned towards the same Heaven, where one seems to be seeking some foretaste of an approaching felicity, and the other the strength and the courage which should fit him for his arduous task as the future champion of the Faith. In the page which inspired the painter, Augustine thus speaks : ‘ When the day drew near on which my mother was to leave this life, it chanced that we found ourselves alone, she and I, leaning upon the sill of a window which looked on the garden of the house where we had stopped at the Port of Ostia. There, far from the crowd, after the fatigue of a long journey, we were waiting for the moment when we must set sail. We were alone, conversing with indescribable sweetness, and forgetting the past and stretching forward towards the future. We asked ourselves what shall be for the saints that eternal life “ which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which hath not entered into the heart of man ” ? And borne aloft on the wings of love towards Him who is, we climbed, as it were, up through those celestial regions whence

the stars, the moon and the sun send us their light. And rising still higher in our thoughts, in other words, in our admiration of Thy work, O Lord, we sought in our own souls to attain to that uncreated wisdom which is that which it hath been, that which it shall be always, or rather in which there is no *hath been*, or *shall be* but only *is*, because it is eternal.

“ ‘That day my mother said to me, “My son, so far as I am concerned, there is nothing more to bind me to life. What should I do in it? There was one thing for which I desired to continue in life, and that was to see you a Christian before I die. Thy God has granted me that, and more than that; why should I tarry here any longer?” ’ ’—
Quoted in Bishop Perowne’s “Hulsean Lectures.”

What is Death?

“Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death; to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers. . . . Rest they may; rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care; this is true rest. . . . The rest of God, who works for ever and yet is at rest for ever; as the stars over our heads move for ever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously, fulfilling the law which God has given them.

“Death is not death, then, if it kills no part of us save that which hindered us from perfect life.

Death is not death if it raises us from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the fount of life. Death is not death if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death if it gives to us those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again. Death is not death if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth and then destroy. Death is not death, for Christ has conquered death.”—Charles Kingsley’s “Life.”

We must see Death.

“Though some men will not hear of death, yet every man must ‘see death.’”—Psalms lxxxix. 48.

The Hospital and the Palace.

“God’s house is a hospital at one end and a palace at the other. In the hospital end are Christ’s members upon earth suffering with various diseases. What sort of a patient must he be who would be sorry to know that the hour is come for his dismissal from the hospital, and to see the doors thrown wide open for his admission into the King’s presence?”—Adams.

Hope is left.

“We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. Have we then lost all? Alexander, starting for the Orient, having given away all his treasures, was asked by his

friends what he had left for himself; he answered proudly, 'My hopes.'—"Intimations of Eternal Life."

Life a Lighted Torch.

"Our life is indeed a lighted torch, either blown out by some stroke or some wind; or, if spared, yet within a while it burns away, and will die out of itself."—Archbishop Leighton.

The Shortness of Life.

"Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire."—Addison.

Many Short Graves.

A young prince asked his tutor to give him some instruction about preparing for death. "Plenty of time for that when you are older," was the reply. "No," said the boy, "I have been to the churchyard, and measured the graves, *and there are many shorter than I am.*"

No Leisure to look up.

It is storied of Henry IV. of France, that he once asked the Duke of Alva if he had observed the eclipses happening in that year; whereupon the Duke answered that he had too much business on earth to find leisure to look up to heaven.

Death is a Birth.

"It is only death in a certain respect: when in a higher and more considerable respect it is a *birth*

rather, a dying out of one world and a being born at the same time into another—a much more light-some, a purer, and a more glorious world.”—John Howe.

A Man is born.

“We go to the grave of a friend, saying, ‘A man is dead’: but angels throng about him, saying, ‘A man is born.’”—Beecher.

Ready for Death.

“I shall not hasten my death by being ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die sooner but the better.”—Warwick.

What has a Man died worth ?

On the announcement being made that a man is dead his fellow men enquire, “What has he died worth?” while the angels of Heaven ask, “What good deeds has he done?”

The Sunny Side.

“Ah,” said one to an aged Christian friend the other day, “you are on the shady side of 70, I suppose.” “No,” was the reply: “I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side nearest to glory.”

What the Scriptures teach.

“The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.”—John Flavel.

A Veiled Future.

“One of the best gifts of Providence is the veil that conceals futurity,” said Lady Blessington. And Lord Lytton wrote: “The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.”

Darkness reveals the Stars.

Darkness does not put out the stars, but reveals them.

Life a Solemn Reality.

"Thy life is no idle dream ; it is a solemn reality, it is thine own ; it is all thou hast with which to front eternity."—James Montgomery.

The one Book for the Dying.

"Lockhart," said Sir Walter Scott on his death-bed, "Lockhart, hand me the Book." "What book, Sir Walter ?" "Lockhart, there is only one book for a dying man ; hand me my Bible. May we be Berean-like!"

We shall not all Sleep.

" . . . the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first : Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—1 Thess. iv. 16-18. Again St. Paul writes, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall be all changed."—1 Cor. xv. 51. Death is not the inevitable end of this life. "We shall not all, says St. Paul, necessarily sleep, but we shall all be changed. The change from the earthly to the spiritual body is absolutely necessary. To some it will come through the ordinary process of death ; to those who are alive at Christ's advent it will come suddenly, and in a moment. The dead shall be raised, but we (the living) shall be changed."—Bishop Ellicott's commentary.

The Torch of Life.

The torch of our life burns the better and blazes the brighter for the change of death. The breaking of the pitcher which now surrounds the lamp and conceals the glory will permit our inner life to reveal its lofty nature, and ere long even the pitcher shall be so remodelled as to become an aid to that light.

Vowels and Consonants.

I have sometimes compared the *great* men of the world and the *good* men of the world to the *consonants* and *vowels* in the alphabet. The *consonants* are the most and the biggest letters, they take up most room and carry the greatest bulk; but, believe it, the *vowels*, though they are the fewest and least of all the letters, yet they are the most useful; they give the greatest sound of all; there is no pronunciation without vowels. Oh, beloved, though the *great* men of the world take up room and make a show above others, yet they are but *consonants*, a company of mute and dumb consonants for the most part. The *good men*, they are the *vowels*, that are of the greatest use and most concernment at every turn; a *good man* to help with his prayers; a *good man* to advise with his counsels."—John Kitchin, 1660.

Premonitions of Death.

Mozart wrote his "Requiem" under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his remains. When life was fleeting

very fast, he called for the score, and, musing over it, said, "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death chant?" *Hogarth* and his picture "Finis": When he gave this, his last work, the last touch, he seized his palette, broke it in pieces and said: "I have finished."

Patience in Death.

It is said of Kepler, whose genius discovered the laws which govern the movements of the planets, that when he was dying, reduced to great misery, and his labours despised by his contemporaries, a friend asked him if he did not suffer intensely in thus quitting the world without seeing his discoveries appreciated. "Why, friend," he replied, "God waited 5,000 years for one of His creatures to discover the admirable laws which He has given to the stars, and cannot I wait also until justice is done me?"

A Nest Beyond.

PARABLE OF A HEATHEN THANE: SPOKEN IN THE WITAN ASSEMBLED BY EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA TO DEBATE ON THE MISSION OF ST. PAULINUS.

An old Norse king was sitting in his hall, whilst outside howled the tempest. A little bird flew in at one door, passed through the hall, and then out at another door, back into the wind and rain. "Such," said the king, "is the life of man! Out of darkness into light; then out of light into darkness—to be lost in the blackness and the storm again!" "True, sire," said an old warrior, "but the bird has its nest beyond!" Where are we building?

Death to Young and Old.

Seneca well says, that "though death is before the old man's face, yet he may be as near the young man's back."

The Child's Idea of the Stars.

How frequently man has held sweet converse with those silent witnesses made manifest as the natural darkness sets o'er this world! The stars are beautifully described by the child's fancy as the gimlet-holes in Heaven's floor, permitting its splendours to be shot earthward to tell that—

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

—T. Selby Henrey.

Inscription on Hindhead.

The summit of Hindhead, some 900 feet above the level of the sea, is marked by a granite cross, the inscription on which, composed by a Chief Justice of Common Pleas, runs: "After darkness, light; in light, hope; in death, peace; after death, salvation."

From the Poorhouse to the Heavenly Mansions.

An aged Christian, living in the poorhouse, while conversing with a clergyman, showed signs of much joy. As a reason for it, she said, "Oh sir! I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poorhouse to the Heavenly Mansions!"

An Unbeliever's Belief in Heaven.

"I was not long ago, in the Potteries, addressing a number of working men, when a smartly-dressed young fellow came up and said, 'I do not believe in all that rot; nobody believes in religion now. There are no such places as heaven or hell: we die, and there is an end of it.'

"I said to him, 'Is your mother dead or alive?' He said, 'She is dead.' I then said, 'Your mother, according to your creed, then, is no better than the dead cat I saw my little child crying over.' The young man put his fist in my face, and said, 'If you say a word against my mother I will punch your head. She was a good woman, and she has gone to heaven.'"—H. A. Colville.

The Vision of the Heart.

The literal translation of I. Thes. ii. 17 opens up a most suggestive line of thought. The upper line is the A.V., while the lower is the rendering given in Alford's "Exposition of the New Testament."

Taken from you	for a short time	in presence,	not in heart.
Orphaned of you	for the space of an hour	in face,	not in heart.

"Literally," said Dr. Parker, "for one hour: sixty minutes and no more: a vanishing orphanage. 'Taken from you,' that is a common experience; 'not in heart,' that is a special experience. They are separated who have no heart-fellowship. Proximity is not brotherhood: the man sitting next you is separated from you maybe by the diameter of the universe; to be near is not necessarily to be identical. Separation of hearts: that

is woe : where there is no kinship in love. I think the experience of the Master and the experience of the disciples often identical, each being taken in its own degree. 'Yet a little while, and ye shall not see Me.' But we can always see the soul we have loved? We, but not the face, which is the outward and visible symbol of that soul. Our friends come back to us in vision. They do not need the face of flesh. Has the soul no eyes? Is there no vision of the heart, no sight of the soul, no perception of the immortality that throbs in every human heart?"

The Soul does not Age.

"The soul does not age *with the body*."—R. W. Emerson.

Sublimity of Wisdom.

"The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying."—Jeremy Taylor.

The dead are not really dead, because their lives still live, wrought by love into the very texture of lives that remain after them.

Biblical Figures of Death.

"'The king of terrors,' Job xviii. 14. 'Sleep,' Acts vii. 60. 'Putting off the tabernacle of the body,' 2 Cor. v. 1. 'Cut down like the grass or flower,' Psalm xc. 6. 'Cut off like the weaver's thread,' Isaiah xxxviii. 12; or 'the ears of corn,' Job xxiv. 24. 'Fleeing as a shadow,' Job xiv. 2. 'Carried away as a flood,' Psalm xc. 5. 'The consuming of

snow-water, Job xxiv. 19. '*Water spilt upon the ground,*' 2 Sam. xiv. 14. In some Eastern lands in ancient times they poured water into the grave in token of man's frailty. '*Departing like a vessel from the harbour,*' Phil. i. 23. '*The river Jordan,* the entrance to the land of rest. *Sowing like seed,*' 1 Cor. xv. 42-45. '*Resting as in a tranquil bed,*' Isaiah lvii. 2. '*Returning to dust,*' Gen. iii. 19; Eccl. xii. 7. '*Going the way whence there is no return,*' Job xvi. 22. '*A war from which there is no discharge,*' Eccl. viii. 8."—Bowes.

The Broken Shells.

"Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back part of the garden. Julia found the nest. It had four speckled eggs in it. One day after she had been away some time, she ran into the garden to take a peep at the speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs, there were only broken, empty shells. 'Oh!' she said, picking out the pieces, 'the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken!' 'No, Julia,' said her brother, 'they are not spoiled, the best part of them has taken wings and flown away.' So it is in death, the body left behind is only an empty shell; while the soul, the better part, has taken wings and flown away."—Dr. E. Foster, "Cyclopædia of Illustrations."

At God's Door.

A divine once exclaimed: "I will creep as well as I can to Thy gates; I will die at Thy door; yea, I will be found dead on the threshold of Thy mercy, with the ring of that door in my hand."

A Fixed Heart.

“O, God, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed.”
As in a pair of compasses one part is fixed in the centre, whilst the other part wandereth about in the circumference, so whatever subjects we may think upon, the soul must stay on Christ, and be fixed on him.

Death and Love.

“Death and Love,” said Michael Angelo, “are the two wings which bear men from earth to Heaven.”

Men are Mortal.

Men think all men mortal but themselves.

Not Lost.

“They are not lost whom we love in Him whom we cannot lose.”—St. Augustine.

The Gate of Death.

The City of Life can only be entered through the gate of death.

Seeing the Land of Promise.

“It is the goodness of our God that He will not have His children die anywhere, but where they may see the land of promise before them” (Deut. xxxiv. 1-4).—Bishop Hall.

The Silent Voice.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

Last Words of Two Great Authors.

Shortly before he died, Sir Walter Scott said: "I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a great comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles; and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should like to blot out."

CONTRAST.

Thomas Paine's last words were: "I would give worlds that my 'Age of Reason' had never been published."

You must Die a Pauper.

Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, once said in St. Paul's Cathedral: "There is, at least, one hour in the life of every man in which he finds himself absolutely helpless and poor, and that is at the last. Rich you may live, but you must die paupers." An old saying tells us: "There are no pockets in a shroud."

The Last Voyage.

When Columbus came to die, he who had sailed on so many voyages and made so many discoveries, and met with such cruel ingratitude, said, "I shall sail forth on one last voyage, where I shall not meet with disappointment."

That which Lasts.

"That which lasts for ever is all important; that which must end some day is but a trifle" (Ps. ciii. 15, 16).—St. Bonaventura.

Life Relived.

“There is a moment when a man’s life is relived on earth. It is that hour in which the coffin lid is shut down, just before the funeral. . . . Then the whole life is, as it were, lived over again in the conversation which turns upon the memory of the departed. The history of threescore years and ten is soon recapitulated; not of course the innumerable incidents and acts which they contained, but the central governing principle of the whole.”—F. W. Robertson.

“The good old English word *grave* means a keeper; so we have the Landgrave, or keeper of the land; and the Margrave, or keeper of the borders; and we have the grave, which is the keeper of the body. It is a blessed thought that one day our poor tempest-tossed, weary bodies will rest beneath the grass, safe in God’s Acre, safe in the Fair Haven.”—Wilmot Buxton.

The Dead like Stars.

The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eyes,
But not extinct they hold their way
In glory through the skies.

Knowledge of Life and Death.

Life. “If we are to live after death why don’t we have some certain knowledge of it?” said a sceptic to a clergyman. “Why don’t you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?” replied the cleric.

The Torch of Life.

"We notice frequently over cemetery gates, as an emblematic device, a torch turned over, ready to be quenched. Ah, my brethren, it is not so; the torch of our life burns the better and blazes the brighter for the change of death. The breaking of the pitcher which now surrounds the lamp and conceals the glory will permit our inner life to reveal its lofty nature, and ere long even the pitcher shall be so remodelled as to become an aid to that light; its present breaking is but preparatory to its future refashioning. It is a blessed thought that the part of us which must most sadly feel the mortal stroke is secured beyond all fear from permanent destruction. We know that this very body, though it moulders into dust, shall live again; these weeping eyes shall have all tears wiped from them; these hands which grasp to-day the sword of conflict shall wave the palm-branch of triumph."—C. H. Spurgeon.

Deathbed Repentance.

"There is *one* case of deathbed repentance recorded, that no one should despair; and only one, that no one should presume."—St. Augustine.

Short Reckonings.

"He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die will have the sin but of one day to repent of. Short reckonings make long friends."—P. Henry.

Birth and Death.

"It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other."—Bacon.

Life and Death.

“Life is sweet, and death is bitter ; but the life to come is more sweet, and the death to come is more bitter.”—Bishop Hooper.

The House, the Body ; the Man inside, the Tenant.

The frame compacted with transcendent skill
 Waxes and wastes : I call it *mine*, not *me*.
 New matter still the mouldering mass sustains :
 The mansion changed, the tenant still remains.
 —Arbuthnot.

On Growing Old.

“Grow old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made :
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith, ‘A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all nor be
 afraid !’ ” —R. Browning.

The Time for Death.

“Some men make a complaint that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask, What time ? Is it that of Nature ? But she, indeed, has lent us life as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then the complaint if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition you received it ? ”—Cicero.

Wesley's Dying Words.

“It is a great comfort,” said John Wesley to his weeping wife and children, as they surrounded his dying bed, “to have you with me ; but the best of all is, God is with me.”

Wesley's View of Death.

A lady once asked John Wesley, “Supposing that you knew, Mr. Wesley, you were to die at

12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now; I should preach at . . . converse and pray with my family as usual, retire to my room at 10 o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

Religion Necessary for Salvation.

Religion as far as a child may understand is what is necessary for salvation.

Xerxes and his Army.

It is told of Xerxes that he burst into tears at the sight of his army strewn like sand on the shores of Abydos, and of his fleet on the Hellespont. When asked why a sight so magnificent should move him to tears, he replied, "Because in a few years not one of that vast army will be of the living."

Constantine the Great and the Miser.

Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance and marked out a space of ground the size of the human body, and told him: "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

Death as a Preacher.

Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister: "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I have met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a

corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death—greatest of all street preachers!

Death the Great Leveller—Game of Chess.

“As in chess play, so long as the game is in playing, all the men stand in order, and are respected according to their places; first the king, then the queen, then the bishops, after them the knights, and last of all the common soldiers; but when once the game is ended, and the table taken away, then they are all confusedly tumbled into a bag, and haply the king is lowest and the pawns upmost. Even so it is with us in this life; the world is a huge theatre or stage, wherein some play the part of kings, others of bishops, some lords, many knights, others yeomen. But when the Lord shall come with his angels to judge the world all are alike, no difference betwixt the king and the peasant, the courtier and the clown; and if great men and mean persons are in the same sin, *pares culpæ, pares pænæ* (they shall be sharers in the same punishment).”—John Spencer, A.D. 1648.

Timeless Life.

Dean Farrar, writing on John iii. 36, “He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life,” says: “Eternal life is not merely ‘endless’ life, nor is it something which belongs exclusively to the future world. The true believer has it now. It is a spiritual and a timeless life. Those who cannot grasp the essential antithesis between ‘eternal’ (*aionios*) and ‘everlasting’ (*aidios*) miss some of the most vital conceptions of the New Testament.

The word *aidios* occurs only twice in the New Testament (Rom. i. 20; Jude vi.), but *aionios* is used seventeen times by St. John in the Gospel, and seven times in his first epistle.

“‘Eternity,’ when understood as it is set forth in Scripture, involves *the absolute exclusion of the conception of time*, and sequence, instead of its endless prolongation. To the eternal God one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. In the true point of view eternity belongs to a timeless order. Life—true spiritual life in God—is eternal. . . . Time has no existence except as a necessary limitation of our finite imperfection.

“St. John vi. 40: eternal life is here (as always) regarded, not only as something *future*, but as the actual life of the regenerated soul. Also, John xvii. 3: ‘This is *the* life eternal,’ not only begun now, but fully possessed and realized.”

God's Indications of the World Beyond.

Some 450 years ago Christopher Columbus might have been seen walking along the sea-shore, and having picked up a branch of a tree with its leaves, and bearing fruit of a kind unknown to south-western Europe, the thought came to him that there was land towards the setting of the sun, which he supposed must be part of Asia. This thought developed, grew into a conviction, and the conviction urged the man to risk all to go and see. During the August of 1492 he hoisted sail from Palos on the Spanish coast. For weeks the little craft ploughed its way without any encouraging sign, when a flight of birds was seen, then two pelicans,

and floating driftwood came along the ship's side. One day brought a log of wood, another a stick wrought with an iron band, and again on a subsequent day a bough covered with dog-roses. All these things—though so commonplace—filled the brave mariner's heart with hope, for they were indications of land ahead, on which he was destined soon to plant the Cross and to name San Salvador. But the continent which ought by right to have been called after Columbus, through the irony of fate was to bear the name of Amerigo Vespucci. In not a few respects we are all like Christopher Columbus. We have our convictions that we "shall behold the land that is very far off." Our faith is right, though some of the expectations may prove to be mistaken ones. Realities will exceed our anticipations. Along the voyage through Time to Eternity God sends us indications to cheer and to encourage. And though this life does not always give us the reward of our labours we have the conviction that our faith is the victory that overcometh the world, and we shall see and enjoy the true country of the San Salvador.

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Crown of Life.

In Greece it is customary in funeral processions passing to the cemetery for the lid of the coffin to be carried by the man who leads, immediately followed by the surpliced clergy, then the coffin, the corpse being so raised that every passer-by may look upon the face and form of the deceased clothed in the ordinary dress of life. I remember meeting in the main street of Athens

the funeral cortège of a little girl. My coachman got up from his seat and crossed himself. It was a touching sight. Flowers and oranges were lovingly arranged on either side of the child. Her long flaxen hair was being wafted on the breeze, and around her head was a crown of orange blossom, which, I was informed, was always the case with young people, and could be traced to the sixth century. I could not help wondering whether this custom could not be traced further still.

This garland on the dead child reminded me of the Isthmian, Olympian, Pythian and Nemean games, which only freemen could enter, and then only after undergoing ten months' training and another month's exercise at the gymnasium: the victor being crowned with a garland of pine leaves and ivy, whilst poets immortalized his name in verse. "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

—T. Selby Henrey.

Chaplets of Amaranth.

The picture given by Homer, of the Thessalonians wearing chaplets of amaranth as they bore the body of Achilles to his tomb, may, with a higher Gospel meaning and certitude, be appropriated by the mourning.

Robes of Mourning Robes of Glory.

“We may not here below put on *dark* robes of mourning, when they have already put on *white* robes of glory.”—St. Cyprian.

Colour of Mourning.

In Europe black is generally used, as representing darkness, which death is like to. In China white, because they hope that the dead are in Heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt, yellow, representing the decay of trees and flowers. In Ethiopia, brown, the colour of the earth, from whence man is taken, and to which he returns. In some parts of Turkey, blue, representing the sky, where they hope the dead are gone. In other parts, purple or violet, because, being a kind of mixture of black and blue, it represents, as it were, sorrow on one side and hope on the other.

Flowers at Funerals.

Immortelles form the well-known tokens of human affections which we lay on our loved ones' graves. Floral tributes have formed the love language for the dead in all ages. Ambrose, in the fourth century, speaks of “basketfuls of lilies” as sprinkled in his time on Christian tombs. St. Jerome specifies “violets, roses, lilies, and purple flowers,” as similarly used to soothe grief of heart by these kind offices.—Smith's “Dictionary.”

The Majority.

We frequently hear it said of those who have died that they have joined the majority. May we not receive consolation from the thought that at our

departure we shall join a larger circle of loved ones than we leave behind on earth?

When Hopes are Brightest.

“Never are our hopes of the next world brighter than when our earthly hopes are dimmed.”—Fenelon.

No Return.

“The undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.”

Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph.

“The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms: yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.”—Franklin's Epitaph, written by himself.

This World likened to an Inn.

It is interesting to trace how often this world has been likened to an inn. “I consider this world as a place which Nature never designed for my permanent abode,” says Cicero, “and I look upon my departure from it, not as being driven out of my habitation, but as leaving my inn.” Archbishop Leighton used to liken this world to a large and noisy inn, and himself to a wayfarer, tarrying for a short time previous to hastening away to his Father's house. His great desire to pass his last moments on earth at an inn was granted, for on June 25, 1684, he passed away at the “Bell Inn,” Warwick Lane, just under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral.

There is recorded a conversation in the course of which Carlyle said to Tennyson : “Why should we expect a hereafter ? Your traveller comes to an inn and he takes a bed ; it’s only for a night, he leaves next day, and another man takes his place and sleeps in the bed he has vacated.” To which Tennyson replied : “Your traveller comes to his inn and lies down in his bed, and leaves the inn in the morning, and goes on his way rejoicing with the sure and certain hope that he is going somewhere, and that he will sleep the next night in another place.”

One bright day during the autumn of 1901 I paid a visit to the charming old British church of St. Martin, at Canterbury, and was much impressed with the resting-place of Dean Alford. On returning home I picked up the “Life” of the great commentator, and from its concluding pages quote the following lines :—

Among the papers of Dean Alford was found the following memorandum, which was carefully obeyed :—

“When I am gone, and a tomb is to be put up, let there be, besides any indication of who is lying below, these words, and these only :—

“‘Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis’” (*i.e.*, The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem).

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Land of the Living.

One of the Jewish names for a burying-place is *bethchayim*, which means the house of the living. An evidence of their belief in the future life.

“I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.” How the Psalmist’s words have grown in depth and meaning since the light of Christ’s teaching has been shed upon them ! The last

words of Edward the Confessor were: "Weep not, I shall not die but live; and as I leave the land of the dying I trust to see the blessings of the Lord in the land of the living."

It was a favourite remark of grand old Archbishop Leighton that the lover of the world can at best say, "Whilst I breathe I hope"; but that the Christian can triumphantly say, "Whilst I expire I hope."

It is storied that Owen in his last hours dictated a letter to his chaplain. On the letter being read to the great divine before receiving his signature, he discovered that the amanuensis had added, "I am yet in the land of the living." "Stay," said Owen, "change that sentence into 'I am yet in the land of the dying, but I hope soon to be in the land of the *living*.'"

Sir Richard Baker, commenting on Psalm xxvii. 13, "*The land of the living*," writes: "Alas! what a *land of the living* is this, in which there are more dead than living; more underground than above it; where the earth is fuller of graves than houses; where life lies trembling under the hand of death; and where death hath power to tyrannize over life! No, my soul, *there* only is the *land of the living* where there are none but the living; where there is a church, not militant, but triumphant; a church, indeed, but no churchyard, because none dead, nor none that can die; where life is not passive nor death active; where life sits crowned, and where death is swallowed up in victory. What a wonderful wealth of comfort is in the forty-eighth Psalm when rightly translated." Andrew Bonar says: "It is

not 'our guide *unto* death,' for the Hebrew means 'shall lead us *over* death.' Surely it means, 'It is He who leads over death to resurrection—over Jordan to Canaan . . . beyond the time of death.' . . . Yes; He it is who leads us on to this last victory; He swallows up death in victory, and leads us to trample on death."

—T. Selby Henrey.

Moses died by the Kiss of God.

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the Word of the Lord" (Deut. xxxiv. 5). Canon Driver says in his "Commentary on Deuteronomy": "*According to the command (mouth) of Jehovah. Mouth in the sense of command is a common Hebrew idiom . . . the Jews understood it here literally . . . hence the Rabbinical legend that Moses died by the kiss of God.*"

"By seeking myself I lost myself; but in seeking Thee only, I found both myself and Thee."—
"De Imitatione Christi."

Love of God in Christ.

"Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me.
Why love me so?
I do not know:
I only know
That nothing less than love divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine."

—James McLeod.

When an eminent preacher was asked, "Why did Christ choose Judas?" he replied, "I cannot tell; but I know a greater mystery—Why did He choose *me*?"

"The merit of Christ procures Heaven, the presence of Christ makes it."

Wingless Victory.

When St. Paul stood on Areopagus to deliver his discourse on the Resurrection of the dead his eye must have rested on the exquisite Temple dedicated to Wingless Victory, erected, no doubt, to perpetuate the great victories of Marathon and Salamis, as well as to teach the citizens that the success which had alighted on their city should never depart. Hence a Wingless Victory—a victory which had come to stay! Subsequent history tells us how false such a conception proved. Standing on Mars' Hill I could not but reflect how paltry the Wingless Victory must have seemed to St. Paul when contrasted with the abiding Victory of Jesus—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—over the grave! When writing to the Corinthians some five years after, may St. Paul not have compared the Christian's victory with the Athenian as he wrote, "Death is swallowed up in victory O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Godet says, "The word which we translate *victory* is one of the most beautiful in the Hebrew language. It denotes the state of perfect inward vigour which excludes all possibility of outward decay, and hence: eternal duration. The expression *in victory* seems to have the meaning: "Death is absorbed in imperishable life."

—T. Selby Henrey.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME FOR ETERNITY.

Lux Crucis.

'Neath the bright glory of a tropic night,
 O'er arching phosphorescent summer seas,
 Where faintly blows the equatorial breeze,
 Polaris 'neath the horizon hides his light.
 But as the Pole-star fades upon our view,
 Now flashing out like jewels in the sky,
 The Southern Cross in golden majesty
 Irradiates the watery waste anew.
 And so, when sets for us in sorrow's night
 Some pole-star of our love, and trust, and hope,
 'Tis then, as we in doubt and darkness grope,
 The Cross shines out with its divinest light.

God is Nowhere—God is Now here.

The story is told of a dying man who, having all his life long professed to be an unbeliever, was, at the eleventh hour, brought to the Saviour through the above words. As he lay, weak and ill, in bed, his little daughter hung twelve letters which she had cut out of cardboard on the wall in front of him. When he woke from a troubled sleep he saw them, and they formed the words, "GOD IS NOWHERE."

"Ah!" said the sufferer, "that's true enough! It has been the creed of my life, and little comfort has it brought me! God! Where is He? Nowhere!"

His eyes closed and he slept again. Once more he woke; a curious change had come over the

letters. They seemed to form a new sentence: "GOD IS NOW HERE."

The dying unbeliever spelt the words over slowly: "GOD—IS—NOW—HERE!" Then the light broke in on his darkened soul, and he found forgiveness and peace at the feet of the Saviour who had patiently sought and followed him through the weary wanderings of a wasted life.

This same set of twelve letters is given to each of us that we may arrange and read as we see fit; men divide the words differently.

A man lies dying; a horror of great darkness hangs around him—a blackness of despair; for in his weakness he thinks he has lost God; life is falling away from him, and he has nothing to cling to. Near the bed a woman sits with an open book on her knee; she reads: "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." Then the man says: "GOD IS NOW HERE! I have found Him! He was here all the while, but my dim eyes could not see His form. A veil has been drawn aside, and His glorious face is revealed. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' 'I will go in the strength of the Lord.'"

—T. Selby Henrey.

'If we be sad, if we possess a grief; the grief should be the slave, and not the king.'—Mackay.

Two Instances of Strong Faith.

In sacred history, Job says: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." In secular history,

Seneca's pilot, in the midst of a storm and a raging sea, exclaims : " Neptune, you may sink me, or you may save me, but I will hold the rudder true ! "

" If there is no enemy, no fight ; if no fight, no victory ; if no victory, no crown. "—Savonarola.

Family Likeness in Death.

Southey says : " Did you ever notice how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses ? " A similar thought is expressed by Tennyson in his " In Memoriam " :—

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race.

Children having to face the World.

" Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children. "

" As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings : so the Lord alone did lead him " (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12). Many writers and preachers have drawn spiritual lessons from this verse of how God educates the younger members of a family for the battle of life by disturbing a happy home, sometimes by the death of the breadwinner. The following extract from Davy's " Salmonia," also from " Bochart's " Hierozoicon," ii. 181, may be provocative of deep thought :—

" I once saw a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manœuvres of

flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain, in the eye of the sun; it was about midday, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, holding them on their expanded wings when they appeared exhausted, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually ascending spiral."

The Duty of Service.

"I remember one poor woman who came to me only a few days ago. Her only sister and her cousin had been killed in a moment, in a carriage accident. Now, the only possible way to face such things which may happen in a moment is to have a sense of the continuity of life. When a young surgeon in the hospital died not very long ago trying to suck the poison from the throat of a child that was dying, and the child died too, the world thought that it was a terrible waste of life, but the *Spectator* of that week hit the true point when it said that what the angels saw was 'a young man enter perfect life and in his arms a little living child.' Now, I am certain of this—the way to stop the shock of sudden death is to feel the continuity between our life here and the life there." —Bishop of London.

A Good Home to go to.

Meade, a prominent Puritan, when he was very old, leaning on his staff, was asked how he was,

and he answered : “ Why, going home as fast as I can, as every honest man ought to do when his day’s work is done ; and I bless God I have a good home to go to.”

Eternal Life.

Eternal life does not simply mean a life that lasts for ever. That is the destiny of the soul—all souls, bad as well as good. But the bad do not enter into this “eternal life.” It is not simply the duration, but the *quality* of the life, which constitutes its character of eternal.

Not how to Die, but how to Live.

Spinoza said that “the proper study of a wise man is not how to die but how to live,” and that “there is no subject on which a sage will think less than death.”

Knowledge coming too late.

“Sir Thomas Smith, secretary to Queen Elizabeth, some months before his death said that ‘it was a great pity men knew not to what end they were born into this world until they were ready to go out of it.’ ”—Charles Bradbury.

A Great Rabbi’s Advice.

A Jewish rabbi, pressing the practice of repentance upon his disciples, exhorted them to be sure to repent the day before they died. One of them replied, that the day of any man’s death was very uncertain. “Repent, therefore, every day,” said the rabbi, “and then you will be sure to repent the day before you die.”

God is Better than His Promises.

“He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but wasted. Besides, God is better than His promise, if He takes, from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a greater value.”
—Fuller.

Venerable Bede—“It is Finished.”

In the eighth century a translation of the Gospel of St. John was completed in the Anglo-Saxon language by the Venerable Bede, who was the ornament of the age. Previous to his death, his amanuensis said, “Dear master, one sentence is still wanting.” Bede replied, “Write quickly.” The scribe added, “It is finished!” And the old man sang, “Glory be to the Father” and expired as he uttered the last words.

Found at the Post of Duty.

Philip Henry called upon a tanner, who was so briskly employed in tanning a hide that he did not notice the minister’s approach, and, on looking round, he apologized for being found so employed. Philip Henry replied, “Let Christ, when He comes, find me equally well employed in the duties of my calling.”

The Dominating Force of Life.

“St. Augustine, in his ‘Confessions,’ tells us of a dream in his early Christian life, when as a young lawyer he was intensely absorbed in Cicero, and all his tastes were Ciceronian. He thought he died and came to the celestial gate. ‘Who are you?’ said the keeper. ‘Augustine, of Milan.’

‘What are you?’ ‘A Christian.’ ‘No; you are a Ciceronian.’ Augustine asked an explanation, and the angelic gatekeeper replied: ‘All souls are *estimated in this world* by what *dominated in that*. In you, Augustine, not the Christ of the Gospel, but the Cicero of Roman jurisprudence, was the dominating force. You cannot enter here.’ Augustine was so startled that he awoke and resolved that henceforth Christ, and not Cicero, should rule in his thought and heart and life. The dream is not all a dream. He only enters the Heaven where Christ is supreme and central whose life gives Christ here its inner shrine and throne.” —Dr. Pierson.

Before my Candle goes Out.

A woman when asked why she went on with her sewing when her fellow-seamstresses had left off, replied: “I want to get my work finished before my candle goes out. It is the only one—I have not got another.” “Work while it is day”—we have only one candle—“the night cometh when no man can work.”

Sir Henry Havelock’s Preparation for Death.

When Sir Henry Havelock lay dying, he said to his friend and fellow-soldier, Sir James Outram, “For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear.”

The Way to Heaven.

Laconic sayings often hold in a small space great stores of truth. Perhaps there is no

concise saying which has been more quoted or better known than that which is associated with the name of Samuel Wilberforce, the great Bishop of Winchester. When asked the nearest way to Heaven he replied, "Take the first turning to the right and go straight on."

Wishing to ascertain which of the many settings of this jewel was the correct one, I made enquiries of a member of Bishop Wilberforce's family and received this answer: "If appeal were made to headquarters it would probably end in the destruction of the story altogether." However that may be, the truth enshrined in the story gives value to it. Mr. Spurgeon has made two references to the same truth, which I think are well worth remembering. "If there is but a step between you and death," says the great preacher, "yet there is only a step between you and Jesus. There is only a step between you and salvation. God help you to take that step! You know the description of the way to Heaven: take the first on the right by the Cross and keep straight on." It is not a step even; it is only a look.

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

On another occasion he remarked, "There is no going to Heaven but by Weeping Cross," says the old proverb. And there seems no way of even seeing Heaven, and the Heavenly One, except through eyes that have wept. A military word of command might be employed to show the best and quickest way to Heaven, namely, "Halt, right about turn, quick march!"

—T. Selby Henrey.

Contemplation.

“Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection ;
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of Resurrection.”—Cowper.

Distance measured by Time.

“We measure distance by time. We are apt to say that a certain place is so many hours from us. But how near must we say Heaven is?—for it is just one sigh—we get there. Why, my brethren, our departed friends are only in the upper room, as it were, of the same house. They have not gone far ; they are upstairs and we are down below.”—Spurgeon.

Keep on Going Up.

“‘I know the way to Heaven,’ said a little girl. ‘Well, won’t you tell me how to get there?’ ‘Oh, yes ! I’ll tell you. Just commence going up, and keep on going up all the time, and you’ll get there. But, remember, you must not turn back.’”—Dr. E. Foster, “Cyclopædia of Illustrations.”

Three Steps to Heaven.

A poor man told Roland Hill that the way to Heaven was short, easy, and simple, comprising only three steps—“*Out of self, unto Christ, into glory.*”

To be Mindful of Death at all Times.

“There was once a discourse betwixt a citizen and a mariner: ‘My ancestors,’ says the mariner, ‘were all seamen, and all of them died at sea ; my

father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather were all buried in the sea.' 'Then,' says the citizen, 'what great cause have you, when you set out to sea, to remember your death, and to commit your soul to the hands of God.' 'Yes, but,' says the mariner to the citizen, 'where, I pray, did your father and your grandfather die?' 'Why,' says he, 'they died all of them in their beds.' 'Truly, then' says the mariner, 'what a care had you need to have, every night when you go to bed, to think of your bed as the grave, and the clothes that cover you as the earth that must one day be thrown upon you.'"—John Spencer, A.D. 1648.

To be a Friend of God.

Friendship depends upon common interests, providing topics of conversation equally attractive to both friends. A bosom friend of one period of a man's life may not be the chosen companion of later years; not necessarily because of any fault, but simply on account of the interests of one or both having changed. So for man to have relationship with God he must love the things of God. As St. James has said: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Why? Because there is nothing in common. "Enoch walked with God." "Abraham believed God. . . . and he was called the Friend of God." "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." "David, a man after God's own heart." And our Lord struck the true note of divine friendship when he said:

“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” And on the eve of our Lord’s own death he refers to that friendship which survives death by telling his disciples: “I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.”

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Guiding Star.

“Because there are rocks and shoals and quicksands in the course the mariner has to take, must he never lift up his eyes to the stars, but keep them steadily fixed on the waters? ‘Why,’ he will say, ‘I guide my way across this world by the light of other worlds.’ And so the Christian mariner can say: ‘I guide my course through this world by the light and the hope and the influence of the other world, and am not afraid of being misled.’”—Rev. F. Binns.

A Pen in God’s Hand.

“Towards the end of Baxter’s days a man followed him into the pulpit to prevent his falling backwards, and to support him, if needful, in the pulpit. It was feared, the last time he preached, he would have died preaching. Yet such was his humility, that when reminded of his labours on his deathbed, he replied, ‘I was but a pen in God’s hand, and what praise is due to a pen?’”—Bowes.

Immortal till my Work is Done.

Wesley used to say, “I am immortal till my work is done.” Be sure you are on God’s side, and neither man nor devil, disease nor pestilence, accident nor alarm, can hurt you.

Kingsley, on Long Life.

Kingsley said in New York in 1874, "One of the kind wishes expressed for me is long life; let everything except that be asked for me. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace; get to our journey's end as soon as possible."

"Church-going by Proxy."

"There lived in London a working-man, quiet and industrious, but not of a particularly religious turn of mind. On Sundays he used to send his wife to church and his children to Sunday-school, and then think he had performed his whole duty. One night he had a very vivid dream. He dreamed that his wife had died, and that he also had died a little while after her, and that he was seeking admission at Heaven's gate, through which his wife had passed already. Presently St. Peter looked out and asked him who he was and what was his business. He told St. Peter that he was a man who had always paid his way, and never done any harm to anybody, and that he had always sent his wife to church and his children to Sunday-school every Sunday regularly, and that he wished to follow his wife who had gone before him into the Happy Land."

"'I do not know you,' said St Peter, 'I know your wife well enough. She went to church for both of you when you were on earth together, and she has gone into Paradise for both of you now you are no longer on the earth. Remember that no man may deliver his brother.' So saying, the Saint closed the door, and the poor man was

left outside disconsolate. And he gave forthwith such a bitter screech of despair that he woke himself up, and lo! it was but a dream. He felt most uncommonly thankful to find himself and his wife still in the land of the living, and like a sturdy, sensible Briton, he resolved to fulfil no more Christian duties by proxy, but became a regular churchgoer.”—F. W. Christian.

The King and His Fool.

You know how, in olden days, a great monarch always had in his court a man who was good at making jokes and giving clever answers; and who, sometimes, could teach great lessons in a homely way. Such an one was called a “fool” or “jester.”

Well, the jester I read about was much beloved by his royal master, who trusted him, and allowed him great liberty of speech; indeed, a real friendship existed between the King and his humble follower.

One day, in pleasant banter, the King gave the jester a favourite walking-stick which he was wont to carry, saying: “Take this—my gift to you—and do not part with it, unless perchance you find a greater fool than yourself! Then, give it him!”

The fool took the stick and thanked the giver. “Some day,” he thought, “I may turn this to good account.” Then, for a time, the incident appeared forgotten.

Years passed, and the King’s health began to fail; he grew sad and despondent. One day he called the jester to him and said: “Alas! poor fool, I shall never laugh at your kindly wit again. I am about to take a long journey to an unknown country.”

"And does my lord know anyone who has visited that far-off land?"

"No; for the travellers I have seen set sail for its shores have never come back from thence."

"How long will you be away, Sire—a week?"

"More than that!"

"A month, then?"

"Nay, more than a month!"

"Ah! a year, perchance?"

"More than a year! I shall never return, my friend."

"And what preparation," asked the jester, anxiously, "has my royal master made for this journey to a country 'from whose bourne no traveller returns'?"

"None, whatever!" answered the King, sadly.

"NONE!" exclaimed the jester. "Then take back the stick you gave me! See! here it is! For indeed I have at last met a greater fool than myself! Even I—with all my folly—would not undertake a journey to so far-off a land without making such preparations as would insure my safe arrival and a goodly welcome!"

Dear friend, we are all travelling to a far country from whence none return. *What preparations have you made?* If Christ's call should come to-night, would you be found ready? Have you washed your "robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" The Lord Jesus says: "I am the Way." . . .

—T. Selby Henrey.

Just within Heaven.

Some, thinking of Heaven, say: "Well, I shall be thoroughly contented if I can only just get

behind the door of Heaven—I want to go no further.” Just like a schoolboy, anxious to scrape through his examination at the end of term with the minimum number of marks. Such men may be reminded that there have been people throughout the ages of the past who have lived to scrape through and stand just within the portals of Heaven, and that in all probability the crush must be so great that there is hardly standing room. Much better, like the sturdy man in the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” to ask, “Is my name written down?” Then reading from God’s Word that abundant entrance has been promised you, to put on helmet and armour, and sword in hand, take the Kingdom of Heaven, as the Lord commands, with a strong hand, and valiantly win your way into a good place where there is standing room and to spare.

— T. Selby Henrey.

An Inspired Outlook.

“Two men looked out of prison bars, the one saw mud, the other stars.” And Canon Kingsley is recorded to have said: “I do not see my way, I do not care to see it, but I know God sees His way, and I see Him.”

The greatest men have always recognized a greater.

Sir H. Lawrence’s Epitaph.

Let us live so that there may be inscribed on our tombs, as on that of Sir H. Lawrence, at Lucknow :—

Here lies one who tried to do his duty.

DEATH OPENS OUT THE FUTURE.

"Mors janua vitæ," said the Romans (death is the gate of life).

Mystery of Death.

"Oh, what an extension in the domain of knowledge on that blessed morning when the day shall break and earth's twilight shadows flee away for ever.

The mysteries in Providence. The deep things in Scripture. The apparent discrepancies in God's moral government all unfolded, vindicated, explained."

"In Thy light, O God, shall we see light."—
On a tombstone in Ealing Cemetery.

The Testimony of Dying Saints.

The dying Isaac (Gen. xxvii.), the dying Moses (Deut. xxxii.), the dying Joshua (Josh. xxiv.), the dying Samuel (1 Sam. xii.), the dying David (2 Sam. xxiii.), in the Old Testament; the dying Simeon, the dying Paul, and the dying Peter in the New Testament—prove for us the fact—that the spirit of devoted men of God, in anticipation of death, soars to an elevated consciousness, and either in priestly admonitions or prophetic foreseeings attests its divine nature, its elevation above the common life, and its anticipation of a new and glorious existence.

"The testimony of antiquity is harmonious in respect to such facts,—even heathen antiquity. So declared the dying Socrates, that he regarded himself as in that stage of being when men had most of the foreseeing power."—Plato, "Apologia Socratis."

"Pythagoras taught that the soul sees the future when it is departing from the body. In Cicero and other writers we find similar declarations" (see Knobel, p. 49).—Lange, on Genesis.

Ne Plus Ultra.

"Spain once held both sides of the Mediterranean at the Straits of Gibraltar. So highly did she value her possessions that she stamped on her coins the two pillars of Hercules, and on the scroll thrown over these were the words '*Ne plus ultra*' (no more beyond). But one day a bold spirit sailed far beyond the pillars and found a new world full of beauty. Then Spain, wisely convinced of her ignorance, struck the word '*ne*' from the coin and left '*plus ultra*' (more beyond). How many a man whose conceit is great thinks he has reached the limits of knowledge, when further investigation would open to him a continent of truth before unknown!"—Bishop Simpson.

The Limit of Illumination.

"Men are always asking for finality; but there is no finality—not in science, politics, learning, social life, nor in anything else. We move from evil to good, from good to better, from better to better still. Some while ago a representative of the Board of Trade stated that his Board was not without a

hope that a limit might now be reached in which the lighthouse authorities might agree as being the limit of illumination beyond which no practical advantage could result to the navigator. Dr. Tyndall was very angry with this attempt to fix the 'limit of illumination.' Yes, indeed, you must not attempt in any direction to fix the limit of illumination—it is against the whole genius of the age. Every new discovery fills us with wonder and delight, and we are prone to stay with it, to rest in it, as if it were the ultimate glory; but God keeps saying to us, 'Thou shalt see greater things than these'!"—Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

Victor Hugo on Immortality.

At the close of his life Victor Hugo spoke as follows: "I feel Immortality in myself. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous as the bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. *There* I breathe at this hour, as I did at the age of twenty, the fragrance of lilacs and violets and roses. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds to come. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, yet a fact."

Last Words and Acts of the Dying.

The dying do not seem to feel the solemn mystery and sorrow of separation as the sorrowing

friends feel it. How many pathetic memories can we recall of dear ones speaking and acting as simply and naturally on the very verge of death as if they were going a short journey?

Not the Way but the End.

“The way is good,” says St. Chrysostom, “if it be to a feast, though through a dark and miry lane; if to an execution, not good, though through the fairest street of the city. Not the way, but the end, is to be mainly thought of.”

The Way of Heaven lies Open.

St. Cuthbert was once in a snowstorm that drove his boat on the coast of Fife. “The snow closes the road along the shore,” mourned his comrades; “the storm bars our way across the sea.” “There is still the way of Heaven that lies open,” said the Saint.

A Christian's Life and Funeral.

It is storied that Bishop Ken always carried about with him his shroud, so that among all the ceremonies of life he might be reminded of death. By his own request he was buried “just at sunrise,” and before the mourners left the grave they sang the Bishop's own morning hymn, “Awake, my soul, and with the sun,” and his own evening hymn, “Glory to Thee, my God, this night.” When remembering the daily life of Bishop Ken one sees how appropriate the third verse of this latter hymn was :—

“Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.”

—T. Selby Henrey.

No Death.

There is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

The Emigrant.

The great painter, Albert Dürer, lies buried in his native city of Nuremberg, and on his tombstone is the word, “Emigravit”; (he has gone to another country, or he has emigrated).

Going into Life.

F. D. Maurice said shortly before his death, “I am not going to death, I am going into life.”

Leighton on Death.

Leighton has many beautiful thoughts about death. He would compare the heavy clod of clay with which the soul is encumbered to the miry boots of which the traveller gladly divests himself on finishing his journey ; and he could not disguise his own wish to be speedily unclothed, instead of lingering below until his garments were worn out and dropped off through age.

The Cape of Good Hope.

“The southern cape of Africa used to be known as the Cape of Tempests, from the violent and

dangerous storms encountered by early navigators in doubling it. But a Portuguese navigator, discovering a safe passage round this bold promontory, the old ominous title gave way to a more auspicious one. He said: 'Henceforth it shall be Cabo de Bon Esperanza' (Cape of Good Hope). Even the stormy Cape of Death has been changed into the Cape of Good Hope since Jesus sailed round it and opened a safe passage for all believers."—Dr. Pierson.

Death compared to the Morning Star.

What Belfrage says of St. John is true of the departure of every believer. It is not like the evening star sinking into the darkness of the night, but like the morning star, lost to our view in the brightness of day.

The Duke of Clarence's Last Moments.

Speaking at the Stockport Sunday-school, the occasion being the annual sermon, the Rev. Canon Fleming, Chaplain to the Queen, said he was commanded to preach at Sandringham the funeral sermon of Prince "Eddie." Before he did so he had a few minutes' private conversation with the Princess of Wales, who had nursed her son all through his illness. The royal mother told him that two hours before her son's death he rose on his elbow and exclaimed, "Who's that calling me?" Her reply was, "It's Jesus." He (Canon Fleming) wished to know if any parson, or any mother, could have given a better or more tender reply, or exercised greater presence of mind at such a critical moment.

Immortality viewed through its Negative.

"For my own part I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. . . . The belief can be most quickly defined by its negation, as the refusal to believe that this world is all. The materialist holds that when you have described the whole universe of phenomena of which we can become cognizant under the conditions of the present life, then the whole story is told. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the whole story is not thus told."—John Fiske.

The Doctrine of Immortality held by Savage Nations.

"Looking at the religion of the lower races as a whole," says Dr. Tylor, "we shall at least not be ill-advised in taking as one of its general and principal elements the doctrine of the soul's future life."—"Primitive Culture."

"If any race might have been expected to be destitute of such a belief it is the natives of the New Hebrides. Yet Dr. Paton tells us how different the case proved to be from what he had expected. He found these rude people believing in the existence of the spirits of their ancestors and heroes, possessed of the thought of an invisible world, speaking of a heaven under the symbol of the best bit of earth they knew, and interested above all in the mention of a resurrection."—Quoted by Dr. Salmon.

Photinus on Death.

With wonderful appropriateness did Photinus say, when dying, "I am struggling to liberate the divinity within me."

Toplady's Last Hours.

It is recorded of A. M. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," who died in the year 1778, that "when he drew near his end he said, waking from a slumber, 'Oh, what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?' He praised God for what is most of all, His abiding presence and the shining of His love upon his soul. 'The sky,' said he, 'is clear; there is no cloud; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'"

A Mother's Dying Presage of Heaven.

"Dr. E. H. Plumptre (the Dean of Wells) relates the following incident: 'The mother of one of the foremost thinkers and theologians of our time was lying on her deathbed in the April of 1854. She had been for some days in a state of almost complete unconsciousness. A short time before her death the words came from her lips: "There they are, all of them, William and Elizabeth, and Emma and Anne"; then, after a pause, "and Priscilla, too." William was a son who had died in infancy, and whose name had for years never passed the mother's lips. Priscilla had died two days before, but her death, though known to the family, had not been reported to her.'" — *Spectator*, August 26, 1882.

Gainsborough on Dying.

Gainsborough told Sir Joshua Reynolds that his chief regret in dying was that he felt he had just now begun to see what his deficiencies were, and thought he understood how to remedy them.

Kingsley on Death.

"Death, beautiful, wise, kind death, when will you come and tell me what I want to know?"—Kingsley, "Life and Letters," vol. ii. p. 330.

The Great Awakening.

"As we grow older each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood. The full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary. The old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is the grave, then, the last sleep? Ah, no! It is the last and final awakening."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

Beethoven on Death.

Beethoven said, only a short time before his death: "I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes. I hope still to bring forth great works."

The Unseen Universe.

"When He had said these things, as they were looking, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

"The Book of the Acts of the Apostles does not describe our Saviour as thus ascending through infinite space. It simply describes Him as removed from off this earthly ball, and then, a cloud shutting Him out from view, Christ passed into the inner and unseen universe wherein He now dwells. Scripture asserts the existence of such an unseen universe, and the Ascension implies it. The Second Coming of our Saviour is never described as a descent from some far-off region. No, it is

always spoken of as an Apocalypse—a drawing back, that is, of a veil which hides an unseen chamber. The angels, as the messengers of their Divine Master, are described by Christ in Matt. xiii. as ‘coming forth’ from the secret place of the Most High to execute His behests. What a solemn light such a scriptural view sheds upon life! The unseen world is not at some vast distance, but, as the Ascension would seem to imply, close at hand, shut out from us by that thin veil of matter which angelic hands will one day rend for ever.”—“The Acts of the Apostles,” page 47, by Rev. G. T. Stokes, D.D.

The Divine Idea of Immortality.

Vergniaud, on the eve of execution, at that strange “last supper,” with his fellow-Girondists, which, by permission, they had together in the Conciergerie, told them that “death is the most important event in life only because it is the passage to a higher state of being. Were it not so, man would be greater than God; for he would have conceived what his Creator could not execute. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud.”

“Think not that He in whom we live doth mock our dearest aspirations.”—Robert Southey (ex. ‘Is there a Future Life?’ by W. Garrett Horder).

The Faculties developed in a Future Life.

“Am I wrong in looking forward to the life to come? Shall I develop all my faculties and talents there?” were questions asked the Bishop of London at one of his Lent missions, to which the pre-

late replied, "I think this is exactly what you will find, that in the life to come every power and faculty we have expands in the glorious sunshine and power of Paradise."—Bishop of London.

Schiller's Death.

An hour or so before Schiller died he said, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me"; and, again, when some one asked him how he felt, he answered, "Calmer and calmer."

Five Minutes after Death.

"Now we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

"There is a story that a great traveller once was speaking to his friends of all that he had seen during his experiences of life, and he finished his narration with these words, 'But I expect to see something much more wonderful some day!' They looked at him with surprise. Was he going to travel further? Was he going to explore some part of the world he had not yet seen? 'No,' he said; he was too old for that. 'I mean, five minutes after death I expect to see something much more wonderful than I have ever seen on earth.'

"Five minutes after death! It makes us think, we who live in a city where someone dies every eight minutes, day and night. Five minutes after death! It makes us think. What shall we say? What shall we be doing? What shall we be feeling five minutes after death?"—Bishop of London.

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please."—Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

The Luminous Side.

The eternal side of death has been called the "luminous side of death."

God's Care for the Individual.

"God is Omnipotent, caring for every one of us as if caring for that one only, and caring for all as if all were one."—St. Augustine.

Death, an Unveiling.

"Uncover (Heb. unveil) my eyes, and I will look."—Psalm cxix. 18.

Living rather than Dead.

In the "Life of Canon Fleming" it is narrated : "He had seen a letter which Tennyson had written to a friend who had lost a son. In this letter Tennyson said: 'My own belief is that the son whom you so loved is not really what we call dead, but more actually living than when alive here.' These words were running in Canon Fleming's mind as he journeyed by train to Sandringham to preach the funeral sermon of the Duke of Clarence on January 24, 1892."

My Work will be continued next Morning.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, satire, ode, song. I have tried all; but I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. *My day's work will begin again the next morning.* The tomb is not a blind alley. *It is a thoroughfare*; it closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

Sleep to Awake.

“One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”—R. Browning.

Efficacy of Prayer not limited to Time, but
extended to Eternity.

Moses says, “I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon” (Deut. iii. 25). This prayer was not answered during the earthly lifetime of Moses, but who would deny that Moses did stand on that “goodly mountain and Lebanon, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan” at the Transfiguration—1,500 years after offering up the prayer? Prayer breaks down the line between time and eternity and things seen and unseen, making this life and the life to come not two lives but one. Prayer is not to be viewed simply in connection with time, but with eternity; we divide time into past, present, and future; but St. Peter says, “Be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.” The great Alpha and Omega — “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever”—is not affected by man’s arbitrary divisions of time, any more than the sun in its course is affected by man’s arbitrary divisions of the earth into empires, kingdoms, and republics.

—T. Selby Henrey.

THE INVISIBLE IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

The Reality of the Invisible.

Man during his higher moments of contemplation has ever recognized that he has a sight higher than the natural. The writer of the Hebrews said, "We see Jesus." But it was not by the eye of the soul that Judas saw Him—and sold Him; Caiaphas saw Him—and condemned Him; Pilate saw Him—and crucified Him. Did not Holman Hunt see his masterpiece, "The Light of the World," through the mental and perhaps the spiritual eyes long before he saw "The Light of the World" through his bodily eyes?

A critic once said to Turner: "Oh, Mr. Turner, I never see the sunsets you paint." "No," answered the painter; "don't you wish you could!" Victor Hugo says: "Some men deny the infinite; some, too, deny the sun—they are blind!" Some things can only be discerned by the inner vision.

As man's physical nature naturally responds to the visible side of life, so also his spiritual nature to the invisible. As his bodily eye, hand, and ear, see, touch, and hear the material, so his spiritual eye, hand, and ear, see, touch, and hear the immaterial. It is only when his two natures are developed that his manhood can be said to be truly educated. An education which shows him that, however wide a realm things seen occupy, things unseen occupy a still wider one. For let it be remembered that he is to spend his eternity in the invisible part of

God's creation, and, therefore, it cannot be looked upon as foreign to his nature. It is this higher vision which differentiates him from the lower creation.

Handel tells us that when he was writing his great master-work, he saw the heavens open, and seemed to hear the angels sing, which he endeavoured to reproduce in the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Faith teaches man that the invisible and the visible worlds are not necessarily two worlds, but one—God's Universe or Oneness. In this universe God lives surrounded by all His spiritual powers. Man is also here, though for a time endowed only with a sight which cannot discern more than the visible, except when it is spiritually aided. Because, as God created man, man's highest nature is best cultivated by his reliance upon the Unseen, where by faith he can see God, his Redeemer and Sanctifier.

It is an instructive study to trace how God would have man find spiritual power in the invisible world rather than in the visible. The natural man has ever sought to walk by sight, while those who have lived the noblest lives have walked by faith. In the great roll-call of Hebrew xi., "Abraham, when called, obeyed, in going out into a place which he was afterwards to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he was going." Also, Moses "forsook Egypt, for he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."

The natural man is represented by Elisha's new servant, who had recently taken the place of Gahazi; as he beheld Dothan surrounded by the

Syrian horses and chariots, he exclaimed, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" The prophet answered: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." But such knowledge the inexperienced youth could not understand. He had to be led up to the spiritual through the material. To show him where his master found his power, the Lord in response to Elisha's prayer gave a vision as an object-lesson as we are told, "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: 'And, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'"

When we come to the new dispensation, our Lord to be our perfect example showed in his manhood that He experienced what He taught. "Alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." Again, our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane prayed, and power came out of the invisible in the form of an angel to strengthen and support Him. Though the Cross was to deprive the disciples of the visible Christ, yet may we not say that the Appearances during the great forty days were partly intended to teach them that He would be very nigh unto them? To break the severity of the severance with the Christ after the flesh, Mary was permitted to hear and see her risen Lord, though she was forbidden to touch Him. To the two disciples at Emmaus Christ made Himself known in the breaking of bread. Eight days after, to the doubting Thomas "Jesus saith, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." A special manifestation

and charge was made to St. Peter and St. John. Our Lord revealed Himself to above five hundred brethren at once; and appeared unto His disciples by the space of forty days, by many infallible proofs.

Just before His ascension into Heaven, He assured them, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Confirming what was stated before the Crucifixion: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Every world of thought is made up of the seen which the rank and file of men can see, and the unseen which only the leaders can discern. The casual suppose that electricity is only present when it is visible in the lightning flash, while the learned detect it everywhere, even in the tiniest dewdrop. The one effect above all others which the artist or the sculptor is most desirous to produce when representing the highest form of manhood is the eye which is looking into the unseen. The clearness of the highest vision, the spiritual, comes from purity of heart. We have on the authority of the Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode."

The province of Christ's religion is to show men the spiritual realities that surround them. Experimental religion has innumerable examples of those who have been endowed with this spiritual sight into the unseen; as Isaiah prophesied, "The eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and out of darkness."

How many of God's children have experienced the words of the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law?"

How many live more conscious of the presence of God than of that of their fellow-men? How many face the mysteries of life with a spiritual discernment "that all things work together for good to them that love God"? How many face the agonies of death in the full realization that there is 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."

Centuries have come and gone, but the testimony of all has been that the humblest disciple of Christ may have a spiritual discernment which will allow him in the battle of life to see that he is compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses; a heavenly sight to enable him to be ever "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Power of the Mind.

Says Tyndall, "The mind of man has the power of penetrating far beyond the boundaries of his five senses. The things which are seen in the material world depend for their action upon things unseen."

Is light less real than the glass through which it passes, electricity less real than the iron rod it traverses? Astronomers assure us that we receive much more light from the vast number of invisible stars than from those we see.

Seeing the Invisible.

"Many things in Nature become visible to us only after we have developed the faculty of seeing

or appreciating. Thackeray once said that artists were an enviable people who could see the fairies when others only saw what was commonplace and familiar."—Rice.

Christ's Invisible Presence.

In the account of the evening meal at Emmaus, on the first Easter evening, we are told by St. Luke xxiv. 31: "'He (Jesus) vanished out of their sight.' Literally, *He became invisible*. . . . Christ had imparted comfort and insight, and had brought them into communion with Himself, and then they were to be taught that that communion was no longer to depend, as before, on a visible and localized presence."—"Commentary on St. Luke," Bishop Ellicott.

A Departed Mother's Appearance to Her Children.

"Mr. Ruskin once told Mr. Spurgeon a very remarkable story, for the truth of which he himself could answer. Mr. Ruskin related it with an impassioned tenderness and power.

"'A Christian gentleman, a widower, with several little ones, was in treaty for the occupancy of an old farmhouse in the country. One day he took them to see their new residence. While he talked with the landlord, the young people set off on a tour of inspection, and scampered here, there, and everywhere. Presently, when they seemed to have exhausted the lower and upper rooms, one of them suggested that the underground premises should receive a visit, so the merry band went helter-skelter in search of a way below, found a

door at the head of some dark stairs, and were rushing down them at great speed, when, midway, they suddenly stopped in startled amazement, for, standing at the bottom of the steps, they saw *their mother*, with outstretched arms and loving gesture, waving them back, and silently forbidding their further passage. With a cry of mingled fear and joy, they turned, and fled in haste to their father, telling him that they had seen 'mother,' that she had smiled lovingly at them, but had eagerly motioned them to go back. Search was made, and, close at the foot of those narrow, gloomy stairs, they found a deep and open well, into which, in their mad rush, every child must inevitably have fallen and perished had not the Lord in His mercy interposed.' Mr. Spurgeon, on being asked to give his theory of the nature of the appearance, replied that he could not explain it, but he thought that God had impressed on the retina of the children's eyes an object which would naturally cause them to return at once to their father, thus insuring their safety."—Ex C. H. Spurgeon's "Autobiography," vol. ii.

The Unseen Forces of Life.

We are living in an age when, almost daily, some unseen force which a previous age could not have imagined to have existed is being discovered. Yet man not infrequently thinks that the invisible hardly enters into his life, that it must, of necessity, be visionary, and have little, if any, actual existence, whereas, after a moment's reflection, he will admit that it is as real, if not more real, than the visible and material sides of life.

Life, in its true proportions, will be found to be composed of the invisible as well as the visible, and generally the latter is found to be the outcome of the former. Are not the greatest inventions conceived in the mind previous to their birth into the world?

The first need of the newly born babe is not what can be seen, but the invisible air. How much of childhood is made up of dreams of manhood?

Is there anything more real than the temptations of youth? Because the wrestlings of the mind and the battles of the heart are invisible, are they any the less real?

Does not man become more and more conscious the older he grows of the irresistible force of magnetic personality, the indescribable power of a sympathetic audience, the inspiration of numbers, the swaying power of public opinion? It is not the fierce animals of the forest which he now stands in awe of, but bacteria, bacilli, and animalculæ, which are invisible to the naked eye. Life's experiences teach him the realities of love, fear, regret, and hope. It is not fanciful to say that a man lives more in the future and in the past than in the present, and the mind and heart which are invisible are greater than the body which is visible. How often the words of Solomon are shown to be true: "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."¹ It is those things alone of life which his mind and heart appropriate and digest which go to make the Ego, and which alone he carries with him into the world beyond.

¹ Prov. xxiii. 7.

The more man knows of the world of Nature around him the more will he be impressed with the invisible operations of Nature's laboratory : the drawing and relaxing powers of the tides, the subtle influences of temperature, weather and altitude on the thermometer, barometer and aneroid, the chemical and atmospheric forces bearing on the invisible growth of plant life. The use of the microscope and the telescope imply that we do not see things as they really are. The human sight is constantly baffled, showing that man's eye is not a perfect organ.

With this great invisible world around man, why should he be sceptical in regard to a spiritual world? Hath "the god of this world blinded the minds of them which believe not?"¹ Do we seek another scene at Dothan, where "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw : and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire"?² The men who have been most conscious of the invisible world have been those who have done the most for the visible. It was the consciousness of the unseen power which caused our Lord to exclaim, "Alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me."³ It was to bring out the nobler part of man that the Saviour said, "It is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."⁴ St. Paul says, "We walk by faith, not by sight,"⁵ and in this truth "Abraham when called obeyed, in going out into a place which he was afterwards to receive for an inheritance ; and he went out, not

¹ 2 Cor. iv. 4. ² 2 Kings vi. 17. ³ St. John xvi. 32.

⁴ St. John xvi. 7.

⁵ 2 Cor. v. 7.

knowing whither he was going.”¹ Thus Moses “forsook Egypt, for he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.”² St. Paul, writing to Timothy, says, “Unto the King of the Ages, the immortal, the *invisible*, the only wise God.”³ And this invisible one is He that is greater “in you than he that is in the world.”⁴ Of whom we are told, “the Lord seeth not as man seeth : for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.”⁵ Again, “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”⁶ And further, so that man might differentiate the more clearly between the visible and the invisible, St. Paul says, “While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.”⁷ As the mariner is safely guided through rough storm and darkness by the aid of the needle of the compass, which is attracted by an unseen power, and whose operations are to a large degree unknown, so the spiritual mariner navigates his frail bark through trouble and doubt by the unseen operations of the Holy Ghost—the Unseen One—to that haven of rest which is as yet invisible but to the spiritual eye.

—T. Selby Henrey.

¹ Heb. xi. 8.

² Heb. xi. 27.

³ 1 Tim. i. 17.

⁴ 1 John iv. 4.

⁵ 1 Sam. xvi. 7.

⁶ 1 Cor. ii. 14.

⁷ 2 Cor. iv. 18.

IMMORTALITY OF MEMORY.

Awaking Memory.

“It is now very generally accepted by psychologists as (to say the least) a probable doctrine, that any idea which has once passed through the mind may be thus reproduced, at however long an interval, through the instrumentality of suggestive action; the recurrence of any other state of consciousness with which that idea was originally linked by association being adequate to awaken it also from its dormant or ‘latent’ condition, and to bring it within the ‘sphere of consciousness.’”
—“Mental Physiology,” W. B. Carpenter.

Waters of Lethe.

In classical mythology the river which divides this world from the Elysium Fields was called the Lethe, from the Greek *ληθη* (forgetfulness): a river in the unseen world whose waters when drunk caused forgetfulness of the past. In the words of a great preacher of our own day, “Believers in Christ want no river of Oblivion on the borders of Elysium. Calvary is on *this* side, and that is enough.”

Sin Blotted Out.

“Is there, in the boundless resources at the disposal of Love Incarnate, any moral nepenthe which shall hush the mutterings, remorseful but righteous, of my buried sins? Christ has delivered

us from their penalty ; for ' there is no condemnation to them that are in Him.' . . . Is the efficacy of the Atonement such that it extends even to the laws which govern the mind of man ? Yes ; ' the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' ' I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.' ' I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more.' "—Dean Lefroy.

The Recalling of the Past Life in Drowning.

Many have read how, in the case of persons who have been rescued from drowning, the whole of the past life has been presented instantaneously before them ; but it is not often that one is privileged to hear such experience first-hand, as I have been this day (July 31, 1901). Talking to a most intelligent jeweller, the conversation led up to the subject of drowning. He told me that when he was a young man he had been rescued, almost at the last minute, from a watery grave. Bathing in a lock near Tunbridge, he was seized with cramp, and losing control over himself he sank. Distinctly he remembered, as he went down, seeing the green, transparent water, and the weeds and stones as he touched the bottom. Then he rose and went down the second time, with like experience. During the first and second descent there was a struggle for life, and grasping after the proverbial straw. Then came the third time of sinking, when a dreamy state, without any pain, came over him and his whole past life was vividly unfolded and taken in at a glance, the most prominent thing

being an act of disobedience in boyhood to his mother. He lost consciousness and knew no more until he found himself on the bank surrounded by friends resuscitating him from apparent death. On hearing this wonderful instance of the indestructibility of memory, I felt thankful to God for His statement in Hebrews viii. 12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

—T. Selby Henrey.

EVIDENCES FROM NATURE.

Mortality swallowed up of Life.

2 Cor. v. 4: "That mortality might be swallowed up of life."—(A.V.)

"That what is mortal may be swallowed up of life."—(R.V.)

In these few words we have an assertion seemingly at variance with everyday experience; yet absolutely true in fact. But there is nothing surprising in such an apparent contradiction, since, as a moment's reflection will assure us, we frequently find truth presented in the form of paradox.

How man must have laughed when he was first told the sun did not revolve round the earth, but the earth was carrying him round the sun at the stupendous velocity of over 19 miles a second. How strangely our Lord's words must have fallen upon the ears of those whom He addressed, when he proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount the beatitudes: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." How the Athenians must have mocked St. Paul when he proclaimed on Mars' Hill the doctrine of the Resurrection. How inscrutable must St. Paul's words have seemed to the Corinthians, when he wrote, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing: as poor, yet making many rich: as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

In dealing with truth we must ever remember the medium through which we behold it. We are reminded by an old divine that a straight stick put

into water will appear crooked. Why? Because we look at it through two mediums, air and water; there lies the deception, hence it is that we cannot discern aright. Thus truth, which in itself is straight, without the least deflection, seems to be paradoxical. Why? Because it is looked upon by man through the double medium of flesh and spirit. Death is not the end, it is only an incident on the road to Heaven. No one would say the Simplon Tunnel, though it is twelve miles in length, is the ultimate aim of the journey to Italy: our thoughts reach to the sunny land beyond. Two of the many sides of truth which spring out of St. Paul's statement are:

Firstly, that which is lower can only be raised by contact with that which is higher. Man apostrophizes Mother Earth: "O Earth, raise thyself and so fulfil thy purpose in creation." To which the Earth replies: "I cannot, until that which belongs to a higher kingdom comes and reposes itself in my lap. But let the seed come down to me, then I will be raised to put forth my latent powers to brighten the world with flowers, and to make the heart of man rejoice with my bountiful harvests."

In this age, when every method is put forth to raise man, it must not be forgotten that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground": "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." In man's natural capacity he is incapable of raising himself and doing anything pleasing to God—until One higher than himself comes to raise him. "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how small a thing is man."

This principle becomes the secret of St. Paul's life ; when writing to the Galatians he said : " My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ is formed in you." To the Corinthians he said : " Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature " : " Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Secondly, every successive development comes through a previous death : " Mors janua vitæ " ; or, to quote a modern writer, we do not live to die, but rather we die to live. In the *physical life*, the boy plants the cherry-stone. The sprouting of the seed implies, as in the case of every seed, that decay and death have set in. New life out of death. In a few years the tree puts forth fragrant flowers, which in due course flag and die, reminding the young man that the " birth of the fruit is the death of the flower." The bloom on the fruit speaks of death having invaded the fruit, and out of the sepulchre of the stone there will come forth the new life.

" All dies into new life, life out of death.
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know ? Shall man alone,
Imperial man ! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds ? "

To the Greeks who " would see Jesus," Jesus said : " Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

In the *intellectual life* one may trace the principle in the little child growing out of its nursery toys, the boy growing out of the pastimes of school ; and the man is not long in learning that it is only in proportion as he kills indolence

and the love of pleasure that he advances in the race of life.

Whilst in the *spiritual life* the great apostle of the Gentiles emboldens us with his confession; "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

The same principle is enshrined in our Baptismal Service: "Remembering always, that baptism doth represent unto us our profession; which is, to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him; that, as He died, and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness; continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

Again, as expressed by Longfellow:

St. Augustine, well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

Therefore, if every department of life—physical, intellectual, and spiritual—is made up of a series of object-lessons, showing that development comes through a previous death, why should man wince at the last incident in his earthly career, which is called death? Surely the only deduction that can be drawn from the previous phases is that the last death will emancipate the body from its limitations of time and place, the mind from its finiteness to the infinite. Then the soul, freed from

grovelling tendencies, through the blood of the Cross, will ascend to the perfect sphere known as Heaven.

“Why will ye call it death’s dark night?
Death is the passage into light;
Behind its gloomy purple gates
The everlasting morning waits.
Then fear not death, its pains, its strife,
Its troubles—these belong to life.
Death is the moment when they cease,
When Christ says Come, and all is peace.”

As a writer has told us, it is not the storm that pushes off the autumn leaf, but the growth of the bud behind; so it is the expansion of life immortal behind that pushes off this mortal life. The outward man perishes because the inward man is renewed day by day.

In conclusion, trace the thought “that mortality might be swallowed up of life” in the work of Christ. Firstly, in the Incarnation we have the representative of Heaven coming down to earth, representing the human race, raising fallen man into the Divine. In our Lord’s own language: “I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”

Secondly, at the institution of the Lord’s Supper Christ took the bread and brake it, so foreshadowing the breaking of His body on the morrow. Then he took the wine, saying, “This is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many.” And ever since, the world’s holiest lives, when on their deathbeds, with physical life at its lowest ebb, have confessed to the life-giving power of that sacrament of life out of death.

In the Crucifixion on Calvary's Cross of the Lord and Giver of life, the world has ever stood afar off and wondered at the greatest paradox in history ; while the disciples of the Crucified One have clung to the Cross and read in it a death unto sin, a new birth unto righteousness, and their hope "that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life."

"The Son of God must become the son of man,
If any of the sons of men were to become the sons of God ;
Christ must die if man was yet to live,
As now He ever lives that man might never die."

—T. Selby Henrey.

Faraday's Silver Cup.

"Here is a silver cup. I will tell you a story about such a cup which will illustrate the Resurrection. One time the famous scientist, Faraday, had some strong acid in a glass jar, and one of his assistants knocked from a shelf a silver cup like this, and it fell into the acid. Soon it disappeared, the acid having eaten it up. If you had gone and looked into that acid, which was as clear as water, you could have seen nothing. Faraday took some salt and threw it into the jar, and a thick cloud appeared in the acid. This was filtered out, and put into a furnace and melted, and out came a large piece of silver. This was sent to a silversmith, who made it into a cup precisely like the other ; he also engraved the man's name upon it. So Faraday handed him the cup again. So the cup, which he thought was lost for ever, was brought back brighter than before. It was the same silver, the same shape, and all."—C. H. Tyndall.

A Legend of the Flowers and the Rainbow.

"The legend of the American Indians declares that as the flowers fade in forest and prairie their lost beauty is gathered into the rainbow, and thus they glow again in richer colours than before.

"The earth is always being made the poorer by the departure of those whom we so sincerely admired or passionately loved. But these are neither lost nor injured: we look up to see them shine forth again in added grace and glory in the rainbow round about the Throne. Let us, so far from accommodating ourselves to the fashion of a world which passeth away, identify ourselves with the will of God. So shall we feel that we are being purified from every grossness, that we are being caught up to meet the Lord in the air, that we are becoming transfigured members in that ring of glory of which the Lord God and the Lamb are the eternal centre."—W. L. Watkinson (abridged).

The Butterfly.

The butterfly has been an emblem of the Resurrection from time immemorial. The Greeks called it *ψυχή*, using the same word for the insect and for the human soul, as the reader of Aristotle's "Natural History" will remember.

In Job xxv. 6, we read, "The son of man, which is a worm." We can go back over the centuries in thought and see Plato sitting by the bust of Socrates watching the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis. To come to our own day, the subjoined account of the funeral service of the Empress Frederick of Germany will show that the analogy still holds sway over the thoughts of men.

“The congregation, which was deeply moved by the sermon, had the privilege of hearing from the lips of an eye-witness a description of the following pathetic and symbolically significant incident: ‘A white butterfly—ever recognized as the emblem of the Resurrection—rested for a moment on the dying Empress, and then flew off through the open window out into the light, and soared towards the blue—meet type it seemed, indeed, of that pure soul departing and shaking from its white wings the dusts and dews of mortality.’ In a voice full of deep emotion the Canon (Teignmouth Shore) concluded his sermon as follows: ‘And so she accomplished her exodus, an exodus not to death, but through death to life eternal, an exodus from weakness to strength, from sadness to joy, from suffering to peace, from all the slavery of the body with its limitations and hindrances to the great liberty of the presence of God, where to-day, with eyes that have been purified with tears of sorrow, she beholds the King in His beauty, and sees the land which is very far off.’”—*The Times*.

Let us briefly trace the points of resemblance between the butterfly and the life of the soul.

During the caterpillar stage, corresponding to man’s sojourn on earth, the insect is tied to the ground, feeds on the coarse food of earth, and is limited to its surroundings, with tedious powers of movement. Microscopically, the naturalist tells us, the butterfly form can be discerned in the caterpillar. In the chrysalis stage, corresponding to man’s death, the little prisoner spins its own shroud which is wrapped around it, encoffined, not infrequently buried, under earth or water, apparently

lifeless for some time. The butterfly stage corresponds to man's glorified state—the shroud is rent, the tomb burst asunder, and the insect receives an aerial body of exquisite texture, delicate iridescent colouring, endowed with capacities for an existence above, rather than on, earth, with accelerated powers of locomotion, and an unlimited sphere of action, whilst it is fed on the nectar of flowers.

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Evening Star.

“The evening star is always the morning star. The bright orb that shines at sunset is the same that shines at sunrise. It disappeared at the close of day to reappear at the beginning of a new day. And so all that you loved and lost under the evening star will come back to you under the morning star, fairer and dearer than ever. ‘The morning of the eternal day will be the restitution of all things.’”
—H. Macmillan.

The Sun Sets to Rise.

With Christ, life and immortality were brought to light; the future should be one of sterling reality, and in the higher sense should be a continuity of all that is best and purest of the previous existence. We say on the death of a king, “The king is dead; long live the king!” In reference to the future, Christ has taught the Christian to say, even the most abject, “The man is dead; long live the man!” We only echo our Divine Master when we liken a closing life to the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never sets,

and merely leaves one country to rise and shine on another.

When Queen Victoria passed away it was remarked by the press that it was like the setting of the sun. Suns do not set to die, they set to rise. A thought which in days gone by found expression in the writings of Warwick: "When I see the heavenly sun buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to find a resurrection of his glory, why (think I) may not the sons of Heaven, buried in the earth in the evening of their days, expect the morning of their glorious resurrection? Each night is but the past day's funeral, and in the morning his resurrection; why, then, should our funeral sleep be otherwise than our sleep at night? Since, then, the glory of the sun finds a resurrection, why should not the sons of glory?" On Pisgah's solitary height Moses went down in loneliness and darkness; after fifteen centuries the great lawgiver rises on Lebanon range in transfiguration glory.

—T. Selby Henrey.

The Future Life taught through a Dream.

Gennadius, doubtful of the existence of a future life, saw one night, in a dream, a young man of agreeable countenance, who said, "Follow me." He followed, and arrived at a city where he heard music, so soft and harmonious that it surpassed all he had ever heard; it was the hymn of the Saints of the Blessed. He awoke, the dream faded away, for it was to him as a dream only.

On the following night the same young man appeared again and enquired, "Was it in a dream

or awake that you saw and heard ? ” “ In a dream,” replied Gennadius. “ True,” said the young man, “ it was in a dream, and only in a dream that you see now ; but where, at this moment, is your body ? ” “ In my bed,” said Gennadius, “ and my corporeal eyes are at present shut, and without perception I cannot see with them.” “ How is it, then,” said the young man, “ that you see me ? ” Then the young man added, “ You are in bed, your bodily eyes are shut and powerless, but you have other eyes with which you see me, and they serve you while those of your body are powerless and useless ; even so, when you are dead, although your corporeal eyes will not see, you will be capable of seeing and hearing. After what has passed be careful not again to entertain doubts of a life after death for all men.”

“ As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be.”—2 Sam. xv. 21.

“ And there went over a ferry boat to carry over the king’s household.”—2 Sam. xix. 18.

SOME ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF MAN'S FUTURE LIFE.

Though the writer personally believes that the doctrine of immortality is the special revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ, he, at the same time, thinks that many hints of this doctrine are given through Nature only. In pursuance of this idea he spent the evenings of a summer holiday at the Riffel-alp in thinking out what Nature has to say on the future life of man. It was, therefore, in the heart of the ice-world, under the shadow of the majestic Matterhorn, where amidst storm and sunshine Nature is seen on her grandest scale, that these thoughts on some of the natural evidences of man's future life were committed to paper.

The most momentous question that has been raised during the course of history by each succeeding race, and in every corner of the world, has been : "If a man die, shall he live again ?" "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," says the inspired writer, and there is no thought which occupies the heart of man that exerts so great an influence over his conduct as that which he entertains respecting the future life. The foundation of belief in man's immortality, though the oldest of studies, possesses as great a vitality as does Nature, which, as her name implies, is ever new.

Let us preface our remarks on the evidences of man's future life by saying that *evidence may be direct or circumstantial*. Man invariably seeks for direct evidence of the life beyond death; but is he wise in so doing? A judge and jury in a court of justice may be more easily misled by direct than by circumstantial evidence. In the latter there is an accumulation of indirect items of evidence, coming from unexpected quarters, which will often disprove false depositions, and may amount to conclusive proof. According to some authorities circumstantial evidence differs from direct in that the latter is the testimony of eye-witnesses, dependent on circumstances for its support. Therefore all testimony is more or less circumstantial. The legal adage runs: "Men may lie, but circumstances cannot."

In the chain of evidence we have a succession of items of a circumstantial character witnessing to man's future life. These, coming as they do from every quarter of the world, from every race and from every age, must be accepted as evidence of no trifling kind.

Many instructive articles are to be found on the theory of probabilities. Now, the natural evidences that can be advanced may not conclusively prove the future life, nevertheless they point to the probability of such a life. It may not occur to those who find objections to the circumstantial evidence, as well as to the probabilities of a future life, that, as a recent writer says: "There might be more objections to their objections than they are able to array against the doctrine to which they object."

The first witness that bears testimony to man's future life is his own natural inward impulse—the *religious instinct*. Paley's definition of an instinct is: "A propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction." And, says Emerson, "Here is the wonderful thought. But whence came it? Who put it in the mind? It was not I, it was not you." An instinct of the highest order is dependent on revelations and cultivation.

Let me offer you an illustration. Man is endowed with a musical instinct, and in an antiquity as remote as that described in Genesis iv. we read of Jubal, the musical instrument maker. Yet take man in his uncivilized state. With him the musical instinct finds expression in hideous noises and discordant sounds. You must reveal to him the science of harmony and melody. So, prior to Revelation, the religious instinct finds expression in grotesque idols, unworthy rites, material and curious notions of a future life. But, mark, there must be the musical instinct, else there would be nothing in the nature of man to respond to the science of harmony and melody. So likewise there must be the religious instinct, else there would be nothing in man's nature capable of being made to conform to the will of his Creator, that he should become a partaker of the Divine nature, and spend his eternity with his Heavenly Father, Redeemer and Sanctifier.

The belief in immortality entered into the thoughts of the ancient Egyptian at every turn. It is set forth in his Book of the Dead, painted on his marvellous buildings, and in the origin of the Pyramids. There is no symbol which recurs so often

as the Key of Life. In the temple of Qurnah at Thebes, over the centre door of the colonnade we see Rameses II. before the god, symbolically depicted by a hawk, who offers to the king the Key of Life. Strange that the symbol of the key of life bears a resemblance to a Latin cross. One of the most wonderful discoveries made in Egypt took place just previous to a visit I made to that country, and the following description caught my eye in connection with this find at Thebes: "A pathetic relic of a dead world is a mat of palm fibre on which the figure of Osiris was delineated in soft mould. Seeds were then sown in the mould, and in the green grass which sprang from them after the tomb had been closed and sealed the Egyptian saw an image and earnest of the resurrection."

The Egyptian calculated the soul's cycle at 3,000 years, after which period it would, they said, return to the body. Amongst them, mourners found relief in embalming the bodies of the dead, in placing corn and mummied food by their side, and in erecting tombs or pyramids over them. The ancient Greek mind pictured an old man of sorrowful countenance, with shaggy beard and weather-beaten garb, whose occupation was said to be that of rowing the shades of the dead across the river of the lower world. The name of this grim ferryman was Charon. In the mouth of each dead body, previous to burial, was placed an obolus as toll; but, should the friends of the deceased neglect to provide him with this passage money, Charon would refuse him a place in his boat, and the poor soul would be doomed to hover disconsolately by the shores of Acheron. The River Lethe symbolized

the bliss of forgetfulness, and souls drank deep of its waters in order to blot out all recollection of troubles endured during their earthly career previous to crossing over to the Elysian Fields. In the early stage of Greek history these fields of the blessed were portrayed as lying on the western offing of Oceanus, where the sun sets at eventide. The association of the idea with the underworld was a later thought. The Roman poet Ovid refers to the future in the following words: "The earth conceals the flesh; the shade flits round the tomb; the underworld receives the image; the spirit seeks the stars."

"There is," says Cicero, "I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls." We have here the conception of the mathematical Egyptian and the cultured classic; we may also trace the belief in a future life, though rudely expressed, amongst the unlearned and uncivilized. The North American Indian is laid to rest in his prairie grave by painted and feathered warriors, who place beside their departed friend his canoe, bow and arrows, to be at hand when required in the happy hunting ground—

"The Indian whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind.
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:
Yet simple nature to his faith hath given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hills, a humbler heaven,
Some safer world in depth of wood embraced,
Or happier island in the watery waste.

To be, contents his natural desire :
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that azure sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

But let us leave the far north for more southern climes. The Hottentot places the dead body of his friend in the cramped position of a foetus, in anticipation of a second birth. In the early days of the religion of Mahomet it was usual for the Saracen armies to rush headlong into the thick of the battle with the cry of "Victory or Paradise!" Such instances could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and must be considered presumptive evidence in favour of a life beyond the grave. In reviewing the beliefs of man respecting future life we are forced to admit that those who do not give credence to the doctrine form an exceedingly small minority. They are, in short, the exceptions that prove the rule.

There has never been anything so repugnant to man as the thought that he would cease to exist after this life. And why should he believe in annihilation? Is it not one of the canons of science that nothing can be annihilated? There may, of course, be exceptions to the stern laws of Nature. We know, for instance, that heat is always accompanied by expansion; yet in the case of ice heat causes it to contract! But those who have advocated the theory of man's ultimate annihilation have never been able to point to a single known exception to that law of Nature which declares matter to be indestructible. Surely man who is created after the likeness of his Creator, man who is destined to be lord of creation, is not called upon

to believe that he will himself become the sole exception to one of God's greatest laws. As a matter of fact, it would require a greater exertion on the part of man to disbelieve in a future life than to believe in it. Out of the myriads of persons who have peopled this planet, comparatively very few have faced death as though it had been the end. It has been said by one worthy to be heard: "The denial of a future life is an effort of the mind against its natural belief, and but few reach that position!"

Instincts found in animals and birds are never questioned. Experience teaches us that they are used by God to direct the ways of the lower creation.¹ As far as we know, they never lead astray. Who has ever heard of a swallow or nightingale being decoyed into a wrong climate by that mysterious prescience known as instinct? In the words of Browning:—

"I see my way, as birds their trackless way;
I shall arrive, what time, what circuit first
I ask not.
In some time—His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the birds—in His good time."

¹ Professor Gätke, in his standard work on migratory birds, tells us, as the result of his observations, that some small birds travel 1,600 miles from Egypt to Heligoland, leaving at sundown and arriving at sunrise; travelling at the rate of 180 miles per hour, and at a height of seven miles above the earth. Previous knowledge of the route appears to have nothing to do with the instinct displayed by the feathered leaders, as—during the spring migrations—the young birds are the first to start on the journey.

Why, then, should that which is so deeply and universally implanted in man be looked upon as a perversion of the mind, or as an exploded myth?

We remember the legend of the "Swallows of Citeaux." The good monks, we are told, being distracted at their studies by the constant twittering of swallows which had built their nests under the monastery eaves, asked the prior's permission to destroy all the eggs in order that the birds should desert the locality. The prior, however, refused to grant their request, saying, "Not so, my brothers; wherefore should we destroy the houses of the birds whilst we pray God to protect our own home? Learn a lesson from their migratory instinct. By and by they will leave their nests, as we also shall one day leave our tabernacles of clay, to seek another country to which God shall guide them." After this the monks no longer complained of the twittering of the swallows, but treated them as their most honoured guests, and protected them.

Nature often gives evidences of a future life. *The embryo or miniature tree or plant is frequently to be found in the seed.* In the ash-tree seed the rudiments are white, while in the spindle-tree seed they are green, which makes them more distinct. Still more is Nature's provision borne out in bulbs. Take a hyacinth, daffodil or snowdrop bulb. After the flowering season in early spring the work of the bulb is to convert sunshine, moisture and the chemical properties of the soil to the formation and building up of next year's flower and leaves and root. The horticulturist when sampling bulbs from Holland does not test them by their external appearance, but by splitting them through the

centre, and in the heart of the bulb will be seen—the more clearly as the year proceeds—the promise of next season's flower and leaves and root in miniature. Man's body, like the soil-stained seed, is placed in the ground, destined to give forth in due time a more glorious body. May there not be the rudiments of our spiritual organism in these earthly bodies of ours, indicated *through* the instinct of immortality?

The next witness to be brought forward is *the trait of acquisitiveness*, which we take to be the unconscious preparation for a future. When hibernating animals lay up a store, it is because they are impelled by Providence to make ready for a different condition of things coming upon them. May not man's insatiable love of acquiring knowledge point to the fact that he is always more or less unconsciously preparing for a life of which he knows, as yet, but little?

One of the features which differentiate man from the members of the lower creation is, that he is ever learning and progressing, whilst their education is practically stationary. The beaver, the bee and the bird have never improved upon the first dam, hive, or nest; but there is no finality to man's mental and spiritual progress.

Given that a man reaches three score and ten years, his faculties are out of all ratio to the length of his life. When, through experience, he should become most useful, death cuts short his career. Indeed, in this life, man never has a chance of fully developing his capacities of heart or mind. Indeed, if we think only of this existence, we find

that the span of human life is far shorter than is that allotted to many of the humbler creation. Even tortoises are supposed to live for a well-nigh incredible number of years. An elephant-tortoise died at the Zoological Gardens in London about December, 1905, at the age of 400 years. This should indeed cause us to realize that, in the mind of the Creator, longevity is not His most valued gift. If this life is all, what an immense prodigality of affections, learning, and experience there must be! Yet we are told there is no waste in Nature! If this be true there must be a fuller life beyond the grave, when that which has been acquired in a world of limitations will be placed to the best account.

The lower we go in the scale of life the more we shall find that the body is looked upon as the dominant partner, while the higher we ascend the less it is so regarded. The matter has been put thus: "*The psychical life is stronger than the physical, and the affections are stronger than the appetites.*"

The body may be called the house; the soul is common to animals and men; whilst the spirit is that which divides man from the animals, and is the link between him and God. Or, we may put it in this way: A man satisfies his body with food and his mind with reading, whilst his spirit passes censure or approval on that which he receives.

In distinguishing between the body and the soul we notice how mental anguish invariably outweighs bodily pain. Man should always remember that he eats to live, and should not live to eat.

If man's body is his house, what he pays for food and clothing represents the rent, rates and taxes, and he is expected to keep the house in good repair. God is the landlord, and he will consent to no settled lease, but man must give up occupation without any notice. In doing so, however, he exchanges his poor cottage of clay for a glorified habitation, with a freehold, in eternity. When man considers his life beyond the grave it is natural for his thoughts to centre on the resurrection of the body, and such thoughts are calculated to mislead. Is it not true that by far the greater number of difficulties felt in connection with the possibilities of a future life may be traced to man's physical rather than to his mental nature? Though there is an intimate connection between body and soul; the body is no more his real self than is the brick and mortar house which he inhabits.

Identity has not the same meaning in the animate as in the inanimate creation. For, in the former, identity does not lie in the fibre; whilst, in the latter, it does so. A surplice which I sometimes wear has been mine for the last twenty-six years, and it will remain identically the same surplice until it is quite threadbare. During that same period my body has entirely changed three distinct times, yet my identity has not changed, only, in so far as, I trust, I am a better and a wiser man. No, certainly, identity does not reside in the body, for, in the case of a man who has reached, we will say, three score and ten years, the body has been renovated ten times; yet that man's mother, were she still alive, could have no difficulty in recognizing her child's identity in that of the septuagenarian.

The only real change has been in the direction of development. At the close of each stage of man's earthly life, as he merges into the succeeding one he leaves behind him that which characterized the previous stage. Thus, he passes from the nursery to the schoolroom, from the schoolroom to early manhood, and from thence again to ripe old age. During man's career the body does not keep pace with the mind, for the former, after a certain age, ceases to grow, whilst the latter continues to do so. Man's life may be likened to a balloon, tied to the earth by many cords. As each cord is severed the balloon rises a little higher, until the severance of the final tie causes it to leave this lower world. It is a significant fact that man alone, of all creation, is aware that he must some day face death, and we venture to think that this knowledge points to a continuation of life beyond the grave. His realization of life is, indeed, so strong that he is unable to imagine himself as ceasing to exist. Whittier once gave expression to such an inability by saying, "I cannot feel that there is any end to me."

"*Conscience*," says Archbishop Trench, "is derived from 'con' and 'scire,'" and that learned theologian puts the question—to whom does that "con" refer?

Conscience is not merely that which I know, but that which I know with someone else. That other knower whom the word includes is God.

Conscience has been the inward monitor of the members of every family on earth. The Russians have a good saying: "The horse may run quickly, but he cannot run away from his tail." There is

nothing which at times is so inconvenient to man as conscience; had it been in his power to still its insistent voice it would surely not have survived the scene in the Garden of Eden. Now, there is nothing so patent to an honest enquirer as that conscience is not bound by any standard supplied by this life. It sets up a rule of conduct far above public opinion, and oftentimes censures when the world gives praise. But who gave to man what Dr. Chalmers calls "a reclaiming witness against himself"? How frequently has a man, after escaping the arm of the law for years, and being practically safe from earthly punishment, voluntarily confessed his crime on his deathbed. It may be said that conscience is necessary to the well-being of society. Quite so; but after we have become practically dead to society why should it speak to us of a future? And, strange to say, even the man who disbelieves in a future life would be insulted were he told that he had "no conscience."

The justification of much that appears paradoxical in this life can only be found in the belief in a future life; indeed, this element is one of the consequences of an imperfect state of knowledge. For instance, the bare statement that the sun is 3,000,000 miles nearer to us when we are shivering in the snow and ice of winter, than it is when we are suffering from its heat in summer, seems paradoxical; or, again, to the man in the street, the assertion that it takes more heat to make a cubic yard of ice than a cubic yard of molten iron, would be somewhat enigmatical. Yet both these facts are well attested, and are accepted by those

who have made it their business to elucidate the truth. Man can no more expect fully to understand the purport of the life he is now living, than can the child hope to grasp the meaning of its many lessons, with all the denials and discipline of childhood. Yet in both cases we are brought face to face with a time of preparation for a fuller life which is to follow. The key to the temporal life can only be found in the life eternal. Charles Kingsley, when referring to his departure from this world, frequently exclaimed, "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity."

Time only presents us with the negative side of life's picture, and, in this condition, the white appears black, and the black white, while everything is reversed. To see life in its true colours and right proportions, we must wait for the positive picture, which will only be revealed in eternity. The old proverb that "seeing is believing" is frequently most misleading, as can easily be demonstrated by paying a visit to Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant. The eye is not always infallible. Shakespeare says: "Our eyes are made the fools of our other senses." Mere appearances would never have taught men to recognize the rotundity of the earth, or its rapid movement round the sun; nor would his eye alone have enabled him to realize that the earth is but as an infinitesimal speck in the universe. Appearances would rather have spoken of the earth's flatness, of its immovability and centrality. Man knows the hawk can see further than he can, whilst to the cat things are plain in the dark; yet man is not jealous. He detects there

is something more valuable than the physical sight. The eye of the mind is of greater value than is the bodily eye, and of even more surpassing worth is the eye of the soul.

Man has a strong sense of justice. We place the courts and officers of justice in the highest positions in the government of our country. Justice, nominally, at least, rules the affairs and transactions of life. Intuitively, man believes that justice must triumph. But, by one who has any knowledge of life, how often has justice been seen defeated; sacred rights have been trampled upon, and advantage has been taken of the innocent; the true has been deceived, the noble defrauded, and the weak crushed. If there be no future life, where are the heartrending wrongs of this life to be righted? When is evil to be defeated, and the ultimate victory of truth, honour, purity or justice to take place? Think for a moment of the inequalities, privations and sufferings of life—the mental and spiritual agonies, the lacerated hearts, to be found among the sons and daughters of men. Then contrast man's life with that of his horse, dog, or cat, who goes through life without care or thought. Why should man, with all his sensitiveness and highly developed organization, be called upon to suffer in such an infinitely greater degree than are the members of the lower creation? Such thoughts as these must surely lead us to look for some compensation or rectification, which can only be meted out in a world in which, as the Bible tells us, there will be "no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Again, we find it *extremely difficult to accept as*

true that which has not come within our own experience. The late Dean of Ripon, Dr. Freemantle, when a small boy, was present at the committee meeting of the House of Commons when George Stephenson was examined with reference to the railway at Darlington. The Dean once stated, on a public platform, that he well remembered, on that occasion, seeing the great inventor standing before the members of the committee, with the little model of the "Rocket" engine in his hand. The model was handed round the room, and several members of Parliament put the question: "Do you think you can make an engine to go ten miles an hour?" Stephenson replied: "Yes"—upon which there were positively derisive roars of laughter from all round the room. And may we not say, that the possibility of despatching a message from England to North America in a moment of time by means of wireless telegraphy would have appeared as great a miracle to a former generation as the future life may now appear to some of us?

In our day men place practically no limits to the developments and possibilities of science; in fact we live in an age when nothing in the material world causes us to wonder. Why, then, should man put limitations on the spiritual world? In so doing, may we not be judging Him Who first called us out of nothing, by the measure of our own small and fallible minds?

One of the public places of Copenhagen is adorned by a statue of St. Thomas. The Apostle is represented as holding a measuring rod in his hand, as if to measure the infinite by the finite

mind of man. Let it not be recorded of us, as the Psalmist said of the men of his day, that we "limited the Holy One of Israel."

Should the finite, question the power of the infinite? In this life things seem frequently to run in pairs. There is, for instance, the drift for good and the drift for evil; the noble and the ignoble ever striving for supremacy. When man's aspirations are highest, he is most conscious of an influence which would degrade him; in like manner, when he stoops to that which is lower, his higher nature strives to draw him upwards. But, though both these influences are ever present, man is never at a loss to know which of the two he ought to cultivate. Indeed, it is in the warfare with every form of evil that the highest manhood is formed. So our highest and loftiest thoughts cling to the belief in a future life, whilst these very thoughts are challenged by the bodily senses, which would fain persuade us that existence ends with death.

In spite of our inability to imagine ourselves in totally untried surroundings, Professor Tyndall speaks of "scientific knowledge which carries man beyond the margin of the senses." Time, space, and the invisible, are no longer, to man, just what they were a few years ago. At the most, these expressions are extremely relative. Each world has its own measurement of time. Saturn's year consists of thirty of this earth's, and Jupiter's of twelve; whilst the day of the former planet measures ten and a half, and that of the latter, ten hours. In a recent article in one of the leading magazines, Admiral Markham says: "There is no time at the

Pole. Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude, starting from the Equator, converge towards and meet at the Pole. They know, too, that longitude signifies time, and that difference in longitude is difference in time. . . . Thus there is an entire absence of time at the Pole, but it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is practically any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours, or indeed, throughout the year. In fact, a resident at the North Pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the right time ! ”

Man is no longer confined to a village. Modern means of locomotion enable him to transport himself from continent to continent, from hemisphere to hemisphere, in an inconceivably short time, and even the journey round the world is spoken of as “a tour,” and calculated by so many days. That which is invisible to the human eye can be pierced through or committed to paper by the Röntgen rays. In the light of such knowledge, partial though it be, we enquire whether it is not possible to the Creator to have, for us, a life beyond this one, where there are no limitations. The ultimate end of this conflict is the overcoming by man of his material nature, and the working out of God's great purposes. Moreover, the heat of the battle calls forth the victorious faith by which the just shall live.

Certain agitations in the movements of the planet Uranus used, for many centuries, to cause astronomers to suspect that there was an invisible

world beyond, which exerted an influence upon it. These suppositions turned out to be correct, for, in the year 1845, the far-off planet Neptune was discovered by Professor Adams ; and, by a strange coincidence, M. Le Verrier, who was making observations in France, arrived at the same great result only a very short time after, or without having had any knowledge of his brother astronomer's researches. If an invisible yet material world can cast such a spell over a known one that, by the workings of its influence, it can be discovered by man, is it too much to say that the influence exerted by the age to come on this world of sense and time is so great as to compel men to acknowledge its reality ?

When writing or speaking on such a subject as the future life, the inadequateness of human speech ought not to be forgotten. If man finds it difficult to grapple with facts which deal with material worlds, why should he be surprised to meet with the same experience when seeking to know more of the spiritual world ? When he is told that Uranus is 1,800 millions of miles, and Neptune 3,000 millions of miles from the sun, can his intellect take in such distances ? Or when he is asked to accept some other marvellous statement of the astronomer, can he express in words the thoughts which are raised in his mind ?

Language is, at the best, crude and blunt. How often are we compelled to say, "I cannot give expression to my feelings," or, "My heart is too full for words." We are sometimes told by a friend that "his aspirations beggar language," or that "when the tongue has been silent, the eye

has spoken volumes." Language is only relative. Man has no more right to expect the rough instrument of language to express the highest feelings of his being than he has to measure gold dust by coal weight, or to count the seconds of time by the help of a sundial. When the Creator speaks, He must adapt His language to the circumscribed understanding or speech of his children, though, even in so doing, He gives clear indications that there is more to be revealed than man can, at present, comprehend.

In conclusion, it is important for us to remind ourselves that, though instinct is implanted in men, it requires revelation to cultivate and direct it right. At no step in life do we find Nature revealing her secrets ; it is necessary for one of the sons of men to reveal them to his fellow-men.

Man is endowed with a religious instinct, but Nature alone will not reveal to him the meaning of life eternal ; neither is it within the power of a mortal to do so. *The unveiling of the secret is not in the hands of the erring sons of men, but in those of the Son of Man Himself.* He it is, Who, in His Own Person, has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel ! This revelation has found a response in the religious instinct of man, and permits him, with his last breath, to utter the triumphant cry, "I lift up my hand to Heaven and say, I live for ever."

—T. Selby Henrey.

THE SHADOW OF THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

Text, Job xxxviii. 17-19: "Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? . . . Where is the way where light dwelleth."

To aid us in the imagery of the text, let us picture a pilgrim toiling along a high road, making his way towards a mediæval walled city. The day is young, and the sun has just risen. As the traveller approaches the western gate he discovers himself in shadowland—gaunt shadows flit across his path until he has passed through the gate and finds himself within the city which is radiant with light.

Let us consider the subject of *light*. The word God is derived from the Sanscrit, light, the shining one. In the very last scientific paper which Sir John Herschel wrote he said the oldest word in any language is the word "light." And the first command which broke the silence of earth was, "Let there be light." In the first epistle of St. John we have, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." In the same epistle, "God is love," and in the Gospel which bears the Apostle's name, "God is a spirit." As the two latter assertions are taken literally, why should not the first be also? There have been theologians who have thought that physical as well as spiritual light is centred in and derived from God. That

literally "God is light." But light being material, with some amount of figurative meaning and qualification being conceded. I presume that the only time when man caught a glimpse of God was when "Moses asked God to show him His glory, and God said: Thou canst not see My face: for there shall no man see Me, and live: but it shall come to pass, while My glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with My hand while I pass by." And we have a similar description of God in the great psalm of Nature: "Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment." The effulgence of God's glory must be so dazzling that no mortal eye could bear to see more than the reflected glory. If man cannot look into the face of the sun, why should he be surprised if he cannot behold the sun's Creator? But God has not left man without witness. St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "God hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Referring to the Transfiguration of our Lord, we are told: "His face did shine as the sun," not with a borrowed or reflected glory like that which lighted up the face of Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai, but with a glory permitted, for this brief moment, to shine forth through the veil of His flesh. "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

We will leave the brightness of the light and consider *shadow*. What makes shadow? Why,

light ; for without light there can be no shadow. The stronger the light the deeper the shadow. Listen to the sweet Psalmist of Israel : “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.” Observe, “shadow of death” is connected with “Thou art with me.” A Personality ! and it is a Personality Who rules not only in life but also in death. Then that shadow in the valley of death at which the natural man so winces is caused by light, and the light is none other than the Sun of Righteousness.”

Hence it is a shadow not necessarily caused by “the rulers of the darkness of this world,” but rather by Him “who hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach.”

Christian people, “ye who are the children of the light,” the shadow is only an accident, it is fleeting, temporary, without any substance ; while light is natural, essential to life, eternal. The shadow—which may have frightened some timid soul—is the evidence and pledge of God’s nearness and presence.

Shadows cast upon the dial show the presence of the sun
above ;

Shadows cast upon our life below, true tokens are that
God is love.

The length of the valley of the shadow of death is not likened to a troublous voyage or a tedious journey, but to a simple walk. And in that walk : He that faces the sun shall leave his shadow behind, and he will be a conqueror of death when the eye of faith enables him to detect the light beyond the shadow.

The face of death is towards the sun of life ;
His shadow darkens earth—his truer name is onward.

The dwelling place of light. “Where is the way where light dwelleth?” The child will point to the sun. But no sun holds all the light—light is older than the sun. Suns and solar systems existed before ours ; there are even births and deaths of luminary bodies. There is One brighter than the sun.

The weary and dust-stained traveller must first pass through the shadows, and on emerging through the gate he will find the city bathed in sunshine—the very contrast to the other side—and the deeper the shadows through which he has passed the more effulgent will be the glory which surrounds him. The pilgrim will now know that the shadow of death was caused by the intense light of Heaven striking on the massive masonry of the gate of death. Once through he shall recognize : “And there shall be no night there : and they need no candle, neither light of the sun : for the Lord God giveth them light . . . and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there.”

[*The above formed part of a sermon, delivered extemporaneously, preached by special request of Dean Lefroy in Norwich Cathedral, on the Sunday next before Easter, 1909, by the Rev. T. Selby Henrey.*]







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