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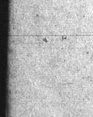

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THE DAILY WHIG.

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FREE TRADE IN ORE.

The experiment of the dominion government placing a prohibitory duty on imported iron and giving a chromo to the producers of iron, has not resulted in a very wide spread development of our inexhaustable mineral resources, and we are refused such trade relations with our neighbors as would result in opening a market for the products of our mines, and convert latent wealth into active wealth. Our neighbors use more than they can produce, and if they wish to import iron, Canada is their nearest place of resort. An exchange states that during the past six months the furnaces of the United States produced 4,250,000 gross tons of pig iron, and almost the whole of this enormous product has already been used. It is expected, moreover, that there will be a still greater output during the remaining half of the year, and yet there are no indications that the productions will exceed the demand. The Canadian restrictionist, says the Peterboro *Examiner*, who not long ago argued that it was useless to dream of a market for our iron or ore in the United States, because the supply in the latter country was excessive, was certainly in error, if nothing worse.

NO APOLOGY NEEDED.

General Middleton has made his leave taking as dramatic as possible. That he tried to do his duty to the volunteer force no one has disputed, but that he committed indiscretions which completely destroyed his usefulness, history has recorded. Common sense has suggested that the less said under the circumstances the better, but the general is inclined to be talkative and censorious. He has, we learn, complained that the press magnified his errors, and practically drove him out of the Canadian service. The remark is uncalled for; it is unmerited; it is unjust. What have the newspapers done? Simply recorded passing events and reflected public opinion, which has been largely influenced by the actions and speeches of the general himself, especially during the last session of parliament. What is the judgment of the people to-day regarding the fur transactions of the late commander of the forces? That he was guilty, not to much of a serious folly, committed during the rebellion, but of an unpardonable attempt to burk enquiry into the case to the end that an innocent sufferer might be recompensed for his loss. But for General Middleton a poor man would have long since been relieved of the stigma of being a rebel, and the government would have in some way reimbursed him for his furs. Had the general five years ago made the confession which he made lately under compulsion, and sought to have restitution made, the people would have been inclined to forgive him his mistake, and the end of his official career would not have been attended with an unpleasantness which can never be forgotten. Moreover it was not the press which caused Gen. Middleton to hand in his resignation. That act was, we opine, inspired by the home government, and surely it did not act upon newspaper report; it had an official statement of the case, and one which may have been prepared in the militia department at Ottawa with the officials of which the general is on the best of terms. And so the fling at the press is gratuitiously offensive. For it no apology can be offered and accepted. The *Empire* says "he will not soon be forgotten by the rank and file of our volunteers." A sort of a left-hand compliment, which, we hope, the major general will not fail to appreciate.

AN INDEPENDENT OFFICIAL.

Some time since our city council spent much time in considering the best manner of conducting public improvements. There was a lot of talk about what the engineer ought to do, and a lot of talk about what the foreman and sub foreman ought to do. All along we have held to the opinion that the organization of the streets department, depended solely and wholly upon the engineer. Granted that he is a competent person (and no one doubts the competency of Mr. Bolger) the question is not whom the council should employ, but whom Mr. Bolger should secure as his assistants. There is no man who can tell what he wants so well as he can himself, and the sooner he is given that independence of action, or demands it as his right, the better. That he has precedence for resisting all officiousness and blundering interference is evidenced by the following, which we take from the Toronto *News*:

"Engineer Jennings seems to improve on acquaintance. Every report he makes to the board of works helps to demonstrate that a new man has introduced new methods and that when a thing is not right he will not advocate it, whether the aldermen want him to do so or not. The city pays him $5,000 a year but it stands to save ten times that sum by employing a man who will let no fool alderman or ward politician dictate his course, and who has honesty and ability enough to direct him to a proper choice. But some of the members of the council find it hard to learn that there has been a reform.

"Under the old system if a subordinate neglected his duty a spineless engineer would have reported the facts to the board in the gentlest manner possible and ask for instructions. If the offending official had friends—and what man with a vote has not a friend in the council?—he usually escaped, perhaps, after a formal investigation, with a reprimand. But Engineer Jennings simply fires the man, and there is an end of it. Ald. Bell and Ald. Allen, at yesterday's meeting, sought to bring about a return to the old system in the case of an inspector who had been dismissed for cause, but Chairman Shaw stood up nobly for the engineer and refused to hear of an inquiry. There will be a report of all the circumstances, and that will settle it.

"For sometime it has been apparent that two plumbing inspectors were unable to keep up with the work required of them. Had it been left to the board to appoint a man, the best part of the busy summer season would have been wasted while the wire-pullers worked for this one or that one of the applicants. But Engineer Jennings, by a ten line paragraph in his report, concludes the business at once, names the man and assigns him his duties.

"That's the kind of an official a city appreciates, a man who knows what is best and will have it no other way. We do not know how Mr. Bolger would fare if he followed in the footsteps of Engineer Jennings, but we are satisfied that sooner or later the people will endorse him in insisting that he be given the liberty he ought to have in exercising the functions of his office. As the head of the public works department he ought to be responsible for the expenditure of money in connection with it, and to be responsible he ought to have a greater control of it than he has at present. Assuredly public opinion will not endorse the making of any more appointments until Mr. Bolger declares that they are a necessity, and he has yet to be heard from."

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Some Very Interesting News From the World's Metropolis.

(WHIG'S Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, June 30.—In the latter week of the London season the streets are never so crowded as in the earlier times, though the number of visitors may be quite as great. After Ascot there is more suburban and country gaiety, parties down the river and in any gardens available for guest meetings, for balls and dinner parties go on just the same as in the previous week, but the gay folk are less in evidence during the morning hours. The fever of shopping which develops itself when country people first come up to town abates as time goes on, and all immediate personal wants are supplied. This week we made a round of the principal west end milliners to find out if anything specially new and delightful was in preparation for coming parties of which readers would like to hear, but everywhere there was an air of exhaustion to be perceived over the modistes who had undergone the strain of preparing dresses for Ascot, the uncertain weather had postponed the choice of dresses for wearing on the lawn until the latest possible day, so that the hurry of the last hours in the workrooms must have been trying to everyone employed. In many instances the finish of seams and inner parts of the dresses had to be postponed until after Ascot, when they could be brought back again and more time bestowed upon details. Goodwood is still more than a month ahead, the meeting not taking place until the 29th of July, and the dresses not yet designed which are to be worn on that occasion.

In the court circles the entertainments to celebrate the return of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be next month's events. While the health of the Duchess of Fife was a matter of anxiety, the Princess of Wales was unwilling to make any engagements, but the suspense has unexpectedly terminated, and all's well that ends well. The state concert at Buckingham palace was the second given this season, and the great procession of royal ladies and gentlemen, so many members of the Queen's family once more re united, made the occasion notable. The Queen has not yet announced the garden party at Windsor she had proposed to give before the death of the Marchioness of Ely came to make her final tate. It seemed an opportunity for marking her sense of the loss she had sustained in the lady, whose personal devotion to her royal mistress was far beyond merely official or departmental relations. It would be difficult to decide which lady member of the royal family works the hardest for the public good. The Princess Christian is indefatigable, not only in working out their own charitable schemes, but also in countenancing and helping those carried on by other people; the number of bazaars, concerts and meetings she attends must entail no little expenditure of strength and time. The Princess Louise by no means yields to her sister in work of the same class, and in the next fortnight there will not be one single day left to these ladies free from engagements of a philanthropic character.

When the Prince of Wales promised to lay the stone of the Royal South London Ophthalmic hospital it was doubtful if the presence of the princess could be secured. But no one else has the same happy art of receiving purses from ladies as the princess. She manages to take each donation as if it were the first she had ever seen, was charmed to be given it, and bestows individual smiles on the donor in return. Fond mothers who have fitted out little daughters in picturesque costumes, and sent them up to curtsey to the princess with their purses in their hands are afterwards heard describing to friends how special smiles and thanks had been given in their particular cases as something quite unprecedented in sweetness.

Following closely on the rumor that the Grosvenor gallery picture exhibitions will cease after this year comes another concerning the new gallery, which seems to be a very costly place to keep open. The gentlemen who are the art directors of the company owning the new gallery are, it is well known, opposed to having miscellaneous entertainments in the picture galleries, letting them for concerts and evening parties that would necessitate "eating and drinking in the presence of art." The British public is very much of a spoiled child. It requires new amusements constantly provided, or the old ones re arranged and made more lively. Just at first, when an exhibition opens, there is no lack of visitors of the class that really cares to see the pictures for art's sake. As time goes on, and the expenses of the gallery likewise, the shillings at the turnstile become fewer in number daily, and the promoters become despondent as to pecuniary results. The Prince's concert society is a new syndicate, formed not only to please the public, but to make art popular. The Duke of Cambridge is president, and the patronesses include the Princesses Christian and Louise. The society has taken over the institute rooms in Piccadilly, the management of the ballad society, and one or two other associations, and will work them altogether. The oil and water-color exhibitions will be held as usual, in winter and spring, but the galleries will be utilized for other purposes at the same time. The Masque of Flowers and Fete Francaise, for the benefit of French charities, with sale of work, lasting for four days, held in a picture gallery, is an innovation on old prejudices, but there is no reason why it should not take place "in the presence of art," and not do any violence to the feelings of the artists' phase works on the wall.

The Grosvenor Gallery club is one of those pleasant modern institutions—a gentleman's club that arranges for the reception of lady guests on special occasions. The club contains upwards of 2,000 members, and at present manages to exist in the rooms in the same building with the picture gallery, hiring the latter on great nights. To take the gallery over permanently, as part of the club, would entail outlay which, to some of the members, would be a doubtful advantage. The evening parties are on the usual lines, the concert and evening parties combined, but as invitations are absolutely necessary the circle is an exclusive one. The piano is on a dais at the end of the large room, with a bank of plants, flowering and foliage plants, among which colored lamps and fairy lights are placed. Seats are scattered over the room—chairs that can be easily shifted to suit groups of friends. The West gallery is reserved for conversationalists, so that if the music is too overpowering for any one seized with an uncontrollable desire to talk, a safety valve is opened close by in another apartment. In the interval between the parts there are adjournments to the refreshment buffet down stairs and general walking about and talking for every one. At the end of the evening supper is served in the club rooms for members and their special guests, thus pleasantly winding up the entertainment.

Some people allude to the present season as one which will be remembered by the number of diamonds which it is fashionable to wear. Others speak of it as the flower season, from the magnificence of the floral decorations used for staircases, ball rooms, dinner tables and drawing rooms. Both chroniclers are correct in their criticisms. It is a wonderful diamond season, and a wonderful flower year. Our American and Australian visitors have done much to promote these two displays, for, as a rule, they are rich people—poor people do not travel much—and their tastes are naturally indulged regardless of cost. How many of the diamonds we see are real is doubtful, but their blaze in a well-lighted room is effective, especially in the tiaras and hair worn in the hair, and the necklets and brooches with them.—RIPPLE.

The Old Story.

The enormous and constantly increasing sales of the "Athlete" and "Derby" cigarettes add another to the many proofs that a superior article is the sure road to success.

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RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS AS SURE AS HEAVEN ITSELF.

A Magnificent Sermon Delivered in the Open Air at Wasesa, Minn.—His Idea of the World to Come—A Great Home Circle.

WASESA, Minn., July 13.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage, who lectured here yesterday, preached to an enormous out door gathering here today. His subject was, "Meeting Our Friends in Heaven." The eminent clergyman took for his text II Samuel xii, 23: "I shall go to him." His sermon was as follows:

There is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants or victorious armies or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What, to any parent, is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes; he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims: "I shall go to him."

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one; "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said; "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question. Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question. It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say, "Ah, that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn out leaf of a book, and here and there is the mark of a tear, and I say: "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

POSITIVE CERTAINTY.

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulcher.

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank shear, counter timber-knee, transoms all of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on it will go down. Now we may have a great many beautiful theories about the future world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world, but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of the solid oak of God's eternal Word. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down, its chapters take it for granted.

"I SHALL GO TO HIM."

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor, over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates over and over again that the angels know each other, and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels; and if the angels have the power of recognition shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean in his conversation with Mary and Martha when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again."

A GREAT HOME CIRCLE.

The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better than now; "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body.

Now I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying: "I hope it is so, I have an idea it is so, I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so."

There are in addition to these Bible arguments other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come, and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and the lost remember will not the enthroned remember?

VICTOR BESIDE VICTOR.

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies, and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed; and when there surges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction; it is an expansion. If I know you here I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality, ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit, victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God implanted, and if God implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death I could even be able to die often."

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may serve the master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said: "Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

ALL BELIEVE IT.

The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it. The Swiss believes it. The Turk believes it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted, and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense; and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

Again I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted. The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no.

In the church at Somerville, N. J., John Vredenburgh preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister, preaching the gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath two hundred souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburgh. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instrumentality? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote. It is out of fashion now.

THEY WILL KNOW THEM.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented? Let them confront each other. The son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainard?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from the throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday school class you invited to Christ. I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the 'Harvest Home.'"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Mohawk river. It was evening and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw someone waving on the opposite bank and I heard him shout, and the boat came across and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

WHEN THE LAST HOUR COMES.

Oh, have you never sat by such a death-bed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! Look!" You harkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted its hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me: "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us.

Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister?" You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye, and the ruddy cheek and the quiet step; who came in from play and flung herself into your lap a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

A GLORIOUS CONSOLATION.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away and coming on; and today, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory. O heaven, sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n—heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love and beauty and joy you spell it out as never before in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since you saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all over, and then hand in hand walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. O, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would today bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness, some break forth into uncontrolable weeping for joy, some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing, they quiver with excessive gladness, they gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say, "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Raise him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell