MY VALENTINE.

'VE a lover in my fancy
So gallant, grand and gay.
That if he came a-courting
I could not say him nay.

He has a merry dimple
In the middle of his chin;
It is his cunning ambush
Where Cupid lurks within.

His cheeks are like the roses,
His eyes are like the stars;
He's the grace of an Apollo
And the bravery of Mars.

In fancy he's my lover,
And I'm his sweetheart true;
And, oh, in form and feature
He so much resembles—you!
—Henrietta Gardner.

POTTS' VALENTINE.

I know that I am a married man. I acknowledge it freely. I am sorry for it, and would gladly change it, but change of that kind is scarce, scarcer even than scrip.

It is one of the problems of life the way a woman will hang to a man after she gets him, and how dreadful loath she will appear to be to have him while he is trying to court her.

Now, there was Mrs. Potts. Before I married her I thought I should have to coax her three or four hours to permit me to press my ruby lips to hers, and after I got a mustache, and was dying to know how it would seem to kiss a woman with one on, I had to promise her a new set of jewelry to let me find out. And after that she acted as if she had as much curiosity to find out as I had. I coaxed her to marry and she said she didn't want to marry. She had decided to live an old maid.

Now, when I would be glad to persuade her to live a life of single-blessedness she won't be persuaded. She says she has got used to hearing somebody snore, and she shouldn't know how to get along without the old familiar sound.

If it be true that she hears snoring, she must hear herself, for I am positive I never snore. No, never. If I did I should have heard it before now, of course.

Mrs. Potts is in the habit of reprimanding me for being too boyish for a married man. I like a little bachelor party now and then. I like, once in a while to go where I know no woman will ever come. It sort of rests a fellow that has been nagged for years. No disrespect meant to the ladies. Not by any means. They are all angels, but then one might weary of the society of angels if one liked to smoke and take a little brandy occasionally. Because angels are not supposed to smoke or drink. No disrespect to angels, either.

Yesterday the fourteenth was a great day for Purdy. It was the anniversary of the birth of Purdy's twins. He is proud of these twins than a cat would be of two tails. Well, it is every man's duty, as a citizen and a Christian, to be proud of twins. They count high, as doubles do in backgammon.

Mrs. Purdy and Mrs. Potts, on Valentine's Day, took the twins out to their grandmother's, and Purdy and I had an oyster supper at the Red Man's Lodge with some champagne and a sprinkling of brandy.

It was all on account of the twins, you know, and if any blame is to be attached to anybody, blame the twins.

We all sung songs and told some stories, and smoked a box of cigars, and then we began to go home. I say began, for it was a work of time. The sidewalks were so confounded slippery, and our boots were just like the sidewalks. They do make such uncommon slippery boots nowadays.

And Purdy and I were tired, too. It is tiresome work to make speeches and shake hands with your friends who congratulate you on having twins. It is true I had no twins myself, but I sympathized with Purdy, and entered into the hand-shaking with spirit.

Purdy sat down several times to rest on the way home, and he hugged a policeman who told us to move on, and told him he had got twins. The policeman said, "Hang the twins," and went his way.

Purdy couldn't find his front door keyhole, and I seemed to have forgotten all about where his front door was, and we concluded to go into my house and wait till that front door came round.

It was about eleven o'clock, and almost time to expect our wives home with the twins. We made our toilet for them. I curled my hair, and put some of Araminta Maud's Bloom of the Lily on my cheeks and nose, which the cool winter nights had made purple-red. Cold weather ruins a man's complexion. Purdy washed his face in cologne, and poured some in his handkerchief, but it turned out that there was hair dye in the cologne bottle, and Purdy's face was just the color of mahogany. So denies the fickle women. Who else but a woman would ever have thought of putting hair dye in a cologne bottle to deceive innocent men and trusting servant-girls?

Just as Purdy had finished wiping off as much as he could of the dye, on Mrs. Potts' muslin gown, which hung on a chair to air, my eye fell on a large package addressed to myself.

P. POTTS, Esq. A VALENTINE

"Well," says I, "a valentine for you, Potts, my boy! If I am married, the ladies do not neglect me! What can it be?"

"A dressing gown!" said Purdy, leaning over to examine the bundle; but he leaned too far, and his head more than balanced his heels and he came down handsomely, with his feet in Mrs. Potts' workbasket and his head in the washbowl.

We fished him out, he and I, and then we opened the bundle. It was a good-sized red flannel petticoat, with a label pinned to it, which read thus:

"P. POTTS—VALENTINE—Under Petticoat Government.

"Put it on," says Purdy, "and I'll dance a round with you as if 'twas a female woman beside me."

I made the attempt, with Purdy to help me, but it wouldn't seem to go on in the natural way; and Purdy proposed that he should hold the band of it open, while I got down on the floor and crawled into it.

We were just doing this when we heard voices below, and the cross "yah, yah!" of a tired baby, and knew that the ladies had returned. Mrs. Purdy was coming in to rest a little and talk over the events of the day.

"Lord!" says I; "if Araminta sees me thus it will be all up with Potts."

And I hastened to scramble out of the thing, and had just dropped it on the floor when the ladies and the babies came in. Purdy—wise Purdy!—had jumped in behind the bed at the first sound of their approach, and I was left to face the storm unarmed and single-handed.

Mrs. Potts had a baby in her arms—so had Mrs. Purdy. Mrs. Potts' eyes fell on that petticoat the first thing.

Never shall I forget the expression of her face then.

"POTTS," says she, in capital letters an inch long, and in a voice to which the voice of the roaring lion would be like the bleat of a lamb.

"My dear," says I, with my most affectionate intonation.

"Where is she?" demanded Mrs. Potts.

"She?" says I. "Well, really, my dear, that is a question which is open to discussion—ain't it, Purdy?"

When I spoke to Purdy, Mrs. Purdy flung a turn on the bed, and with one leap she cleared the mattress, and landed on the other side, with her hands in Purdy's hair.

"You villain! you rascal!" cried she. "You, the husband of a confiding wife, and the father of twins, shut up in a chamber with a strange petticoat!"

"It's Potts' works—I know it is!" screeched Araminta; "he's false as Satan! Where is the woman? I'll tear her into inch pieces! I'll claw her heart out! I'll bust her pull-back! I'll —I'll—I'll——"

And here she ceased threatening, and flew at me with a will. She drew maps on my face with her fingernails; she kicked my shins with those French kid shoes of hers bought with my money; she tore my vest in two up and down the back; and to complete all, she rubbed my nose on the stove-pipe, and tenderly expressed the opinion that hanging was too good for me.

I felt that I was glad to hear it, for I had observed in the course of a long and varied life that people were not likely to get much of what was too good for them.

Purdy had been lying under the bed for some time, and his wife was putting in the licks where they would do the most good.

I explained matters to Mrs. Potts while she paused to take off her back hair; for, if you are a family man, you know that a woman's back hair always comes down in a scrimmage, and when she stops and takes it off you had better be on your guard, for depend upon it she means business.

Purdy swore to what I had said, and we showed the two ladies the wrappings and the address which had come on the bundle, and they subsided. Only Mrs. Potts declared she knew the petticoat came from old maid Ann Stiggins, who used to be an old flame of mine, and who has hated Araminta ever since our marriage.

We were a happy family that night, and Mrs. Potts gave the petticoat to Mrs. Purdy to make a pair of 'em for the twins; and Purdy says:

"Tell 'em to send their valentines right along. It'll pay a man to have twins," he says, "when he has such substantial encouragement."—Exchange.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

From the Earliest Times It Has Been Observed as Cupid's Holiday.

It is singular that the first saint to be canonized should have for his memorial a custom as amusing and sentimental as that which has made St. Valentine's day one of general observance in all civilized countries. St. Valentine was a gentle and charitable Christian bishop, who for the great crime of converting the pagans was first beaten cruelly with clubs and then beheaded. His martyrdom occurred in 270, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius Claudius, upon the 14th of February. As a saint he is supposed to have special power in cases of epilepsy. There was erected to his memory a church in Rome by Pope Julius called the Church of St. Praxades, and the gate to the city was named the Porta Valentini, after the good bishop.

"Now comes the modern historian to inform us that the day and custom antedated St. Valentine and was a pagan holiday of the Saturnalia and Lupercala, the first the annual holiday of the slaves, the last a festival held in the month of February in honor of two heathen deities, Pan and Juno. The custom of the day was to gather in which the names of young women were drawn from a box by the young men. The drawing resulted in an attachment or companionship which lasted until the next observance of the day. These customs continued until Francis de Sales, in 1600 or thereabouts, substituted the names of saints in the lottery box, which refined and pious custom still exists in old and devout families in Italy. It is the only religious feature that ever attended the festival which has for its origin the pagan love of merry-making.

It is presumable that the name of St. Valentine was given to the 14th of February for the memorable reason that the good bishop suffered martyrdom on that day. But the poets and dramatists ignore the saint and espouse the ornithologist. They suppose the idea that on this day the birds choose their mates.

Tradition says that the present fashion of giving and receiving gifts and choosing a valentine, originated with the knights of foreign courts, who met at this time for tournaments of fighting and feasting. The fair damel of that period chose her knight, who, for twelve months, was her troubadour and sworn to do her bidding. One of the customs of the eve of St. Valentine was to take five bay leaves and pin them to a pillow. The young damsel who did this was sure to dream of her valentine, to whom she would be married before the year was out. To catch a lover asleep on St. Valentine's day means to kiss him and win a pair of gloves. As a young man is very willing to pay this modest price for a kiss from his true love, there is much innocent shamming for the privilege. In the same way the youths of the past were astir early in the morning of St. Valentine's day that they might be the first to meet the fair ones of the opposite sex, who strolled out on the same gentle errand. Those who did not go out watched at windows.

The age which succeeded the pagan observances of the day, and which was marked by the chivalrous attentions of knights to ladies, was the golden age of valentines. Costly and elegant gifts were bestowed, and the most chivalrous and tender sentiments were expressed in the courtly language of the day. The first valentine ever written was penned by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was a captive in England at the time. It leaves the impress of his character, and the age of chivalry in which he lived, and the quaint French rhymes compare well with our fine modern love verse.

In some parts of England the old traditional customs are the same as with us to-day. Youngsters go about ringing door bells and sounding knockers; at the same time the letters or packages are thrust under the door, and the bearer is off like the wind. The whole town is kept in a hubbub until a late hour. Treats on St. Valentine's eve. The next day the postman appears laden with the post valentine.

In this country great pains is taken to have some new offerings in the shape of expensive satin and lace missives, but the old German lace-paper valentine, which conveys us in its telescopic depths a miniature village, or castle, or pastoral scene, has the preference. These are cheap, and convey the sentiments of the sender as well as the more expensive ones. And they are dear from associations. The emblems are cupids and doves, and the poetry—what can be more expressive?

That phase of the day which was formerly illustrated by the merry-making of individuals is now carried out by means of the masquerade and the comic valentine. These flaming pictures, set to verses that ridicule every sort of character and only stop short of being scurrilous, are sold in enormous quantities. Some of the characters are dangerously apt. It frequently happens that in the secrecy and hurry of sending these anonymous communications the missives are exchanged, and ludicrous mistakes occur.

Long before St. Valentine's day and after it, the pretty correspondence of Cupid is sent off by mail to all parts of the world. The pleasant holiday with its loves and doves, hearts and darts, masks and mummeries, fell out of popular favor for a few years. But it is a fete of the people, and the people revived it again. In exclusive circles, valentine balls, valentine lunches and other pastimes distinguish the anniversary of the good old saint and keep his memory green.

A Valentine Bee.

"I'm going to write a valentine to papa," said Clara, who was twelve years old.

"I'm going to write a valentine to papa," said Johnnie, who was nearly eleven, and taller than Clara, and determined not to be outdone by her, especially where papa was concerned.

"So'm I," put in eight-year-old Bess.

"Me, too," said six-year-old Bertie, who could print nicely.

"I'm a-doin' to write him a whole lot o' baletimes," said Boy Blue, who was hardly four, and didn't even know his letters.

"Why, of course, let's all write valentines to papa," said mamma, brightly. "Grandma will, I know, for he's her own boy. We'll paste 'em all together, with hers at the beginning and Boy Blue's at the end. Won't that make a grand combination valentine? And I know 'twill please papa."

"We'll have a sort of valentine bee," said grandma, "like the paring bees I've told you about. Now, let's all sit around the big table and go to work. Boy Blue shall have my gold pencil to write his."

"And we'll write on this legal-fold note-paper," said mamma. "Write just on one side and we'll paste them to end, and here's a great long envelope to send them in. Now, let's be busy and get them done before the postman comes."

Papa was away on business. It seemed to the little folks that he had been gone a long time, but, anyhow, they could send him a great big valentine, and the pens and pencils and paint brushes were very busy indeed for the next hour.

If I could show you all the verses and pictures that went into that valentine I know you'd laugh.

Each sheet of mamma's paper, when unfolded, was a foot long; so that when grandma and mamma and Clara and Johnnie and Bessie and Bert and Boy Blue had all written and printed and drawn and painted their valentines, and mamma had joined them together end to end, the grand combination valentine was seven feet long.

"More'n a foot longer than papa," said Bertie, as they gathered around to admire their work.

"Now we must put it into the envelope," said mamma, "for it's nearly time for the postman."

"I guess he's coming now," said Clara; "I hear some one."

The next minute there was a rush to the door, and the valentine was left spread on the table.

Nobody cared whether the postman came or not, for there was papa himself, and I can't begin to tell you how pleased he was with his grand combination valentine.

The Considerate Girl.

"A kiss upon this valentine
I press," he wrote to her,
"I've placed it underneath this line;
I hope you won't demur."

"I do not want the kiss you send,"
She answered, quick at all!
But just because it was well meant
I'll keep it till you call."
—Tom Mason, in Life.

A Modern Valentine.

I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen;
For the geese, I understand,
Are so learned now that their quills, I trow,
Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue,
Instead of a strand of hair,
Which I cannot obtain, for I see, with pain,
I have really none to spare.

I send it to you by the postman, love;
For Cupid, I grieve to hear,
Is afraid of the cold, and has grown so old
That he doesn't go out this year.

But the message is ever the same, my love,
While the stars their course fulfill.
Though to me and to you it may seem quite new,
'Tis the old, old story still.
—Caroline W. Lattner.

OUR country's welfare is our first concern, and who promotes that best, best proves his duty.—Harvard.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A MOST ELOQUENT DISCOURSE AT THE TABERNACLE.

He Dreams a Marvelous Dream of Heaven and Describes What He Saw There—The Saints Who are Great in Heaven—Names Not in the Dictionary.

A Vision of Heaven.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "A Vision of Heaven," the text being Ezekiel i, 1, "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the Holy Scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming Heaven. This exile seated by that River Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever had or ever will have seated on the banks of the Hudson or Alabama or Oregon or Thames or Tiber or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight, whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imaginations of realities on the Holy Scriptures.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about half-past 5, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God, a dream of Heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of the dream I have been many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the 12 gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence and laughter and light that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in Heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar."

There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness and sweetness and affection and interest taken in my walk through Heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence, the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age and decrepitude and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

The Church in Heaven.

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in Heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmosic vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "the temple of my God." I saw it this morning, the largest church I ever saw, as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen the many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and headdress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, as to one. And the headdress was a garland of rose and lily and mignonette, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons and once fed swine in the wilderness and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to the fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of one who presided in that immense temple—the chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and His forehead was a morning sky, and His lips were eloquence omnipotent. But His attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which He had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are dyed garments from Bozrah," and "He trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I have heard the most of the great organs and the most of the great oratorios. I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David." And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshipers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Then the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said: "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears. I cannot bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals or tear bottles, into which the orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal, or tear bottle, instead of earthenware, as those the orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said: "Why, don't you know? That is the bottle to which David, the psalmist, referred in this David, the psalmist, referred in this fifty-sixth psalm when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth—tears of repentance, tears of bereavement, tears of joy, tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said, "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these are new vials, newly set up, are the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and He cannot forget them, and they are before Him world without end."

The Great Christian Seen.

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr place, and we met there or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and blood and the sword and rack. We saw John Wyclif, whose ashes were by decree of the Council of Constance thrown into the river, and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water, and Bishop Hooper and McKail and Latimer and Ridley and Polycarp, to whom flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till a spear did the work, and some of the Albigenses and Huguenots and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined, and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him, he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years. And I told him that many of the churches opened their sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Song!" and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come, We That Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, the temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above!" or, "Love Divine, All Love Excelling." And while we were talking on that street called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marshalled on the Nightly Plain." And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and Heavenly power of his old hymns, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him of how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It Is Not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked about whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." And we met also on Song row Newton and Hastings and Montgomery and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth and started never to die.

"Now," said some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in Heaven?" Oh, yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor, about them. They are all well and ruddy and songful and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down, and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and fanned your dream with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias or palsies or diphtheria or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October—the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies or jealousies or hates, but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bound, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace and join with them in the same exploration of planets and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the aged of those in Heaven. Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood has advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the weed had regenerated to mullite, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Changed Conditions.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in Heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in Heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would also differ "as one star differed from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in Heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in Heaven were low down, and some who expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who ten generations in their body all depraved appetites and all evil propensities, but they had laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their struggle was terrific and awful and prolix their victory was an unutterable and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding piety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in Heaven were made out of the cradles of a reformatory or hostage. When I saw that, I said to my attendant: "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly domed residences in all the city and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

Names Not in the Directory.

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of Heaven, while many with one talent had residence in the mansion on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the river clear as crystal, and the highest nobility of Heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet" champed its bit at their door way. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in Heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of Heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red Sea, a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's unfilial behavior, and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mars Hill derision, and the Mamertine endungeonment, and the whipped back, and the headman's ax on the road to Ostai, a great sufferer.

Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of a sword, or by exposure on a barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in Heaven great sufferers, and women more than men, Felicitas and St. Cecelia and St. Agnes and St. Agatha and Lucia and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the washtub, and the dairy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid.

I could not get over it, as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in Heaven and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of Heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of Heaven there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster, and I said, "Angel, do tell me who they are?" and the answer was, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

Equalized at Last.

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior Heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers and bankruptcies and persecutions and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized all at last; excess of enchantment in Heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you cannot any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety for which Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his books and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.

The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.