

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SAINTS' HERALD.

LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

[Reported for the HERALD by Belle B. Robinson.]

SERMON BY ELDER JOSEPH LUFF,

DELIVERED AT

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL 10, 1893,

AT THE FUNERAL OF SR. FLORENCE ALLEN.

I WILL direct your attention first to the language contained in the twentieth verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm, and, next to the language contained in 1 Cor. 15: 49. "He that is our God, is the God of salvation, and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

It would of course be very ungracious for one in my position to refuse to render service such as seems to be required on an occasion of this kind when the request comes from suffering and bereaved ones, but to me it is a task of tasks to undertake to preach upon a subject regarding which I confess myself so ignorant, concerning which I frankly admit I know but very little. Like all others human, I find myself here. I try to trace my origin back as far as my thought or reason will allow, but I find before me still at the end of my journey the same unanswerable questions, "Whence came I?" "What is my destiny?" I find myself thus utterly dependent upon information that must be furnished from some other than the human source, and after reasoning upon the matter for a length of time I am confronted with the thought that whatever may have been the source of human existence, it is but reasonable to conclude that from that source must come the information upon which we are to depend, if anything reliable is attained at all.

Man of his own ingenuity has accomplished a great deal in this world. He has delved into the very bowels of the earth and believed himself successful in telling

the age of the world from the strata of the rock. He has climbed to the very skies, and with his instruments furnished in human skill and wisdom, has measured the distances of the stars and has endeavored to give us a great deal of information with reference to conditions that exist there and the effects that are felt by us here. He has taken from the bowels of the earth the material of which he has constructed the iron horse, and has charged its veins with steam instead of blood, and has made it his servant to dash through mountains and over chasms that he has already bridged in his wisdom, and has thus proved the wondrous ability located within himself. He has stretched forth his hand and harnessed the lightning and, to a certain extent, made it his servant so that he is enabled to sit to-day upon one side of the broad Atlantic and by its help converse with his fellows on the other side, and placing a belt around the earth he has the privilege to-day of sending this current around the entire circuit as a medium for the communication of intelligence. And after achieving those things and a number of others to which it may not be wise this morning to refer, he has undertaken to answer the question suggested by me at the outset; but instantly he has made this effort he has found himself powerless to achieve the success such as was achieved in other directions. Between him and the other shore there hangs a veil of misery so high that his wisdom has never been able to scale it, so deep that his skill has never been able to delve beneath, so dense that his wondrous power

has remained insufficient and powerless to penetrate it; and because this discovery has been made by him, haughty, boastful man has backed from this wondrous wall and after gazing upon it for a time, has decided that there is nothing beyond it; that death is the end of conscious existence; and on the strength of this conclusion, has moved forward, directing his thought and his effort against a number of comforting statements to the contrary that are found within this book, announcing that because he has not succeeded in penetrating, in scaling, in circumventing what we have referred to, there is nothing beyond from whence can come knowledge or information, or unto which human life is tending. And yet when he reaches this conclusion he is unwilling to admit that by being forced to it, he has to a certain extent demonstrated the truthfulness of what is contained in this word, that no man by wisdom can find out God; that God himself, the author of human existence, has reserved unto himself the right to communicate in measure determined in his own wisdom, the information regarding our origin, destiny, and his own whereabouts.

We are told that when an immense chasm was to be bridged on a certain occasion, an arrow was shot across it unto which was appended a thread, and at the end of which thread was appended a cord, at the end of which cord was appended a rope, at the end of which rope was appended a cable of stronger texture, and thus in the line of development and increase they moved until we are permitted to go to-day from one side to the other and learn and enjoy. If it be confessed that beyond that line that is drawn by death, we cannot by the human eye see, we cannot comprehend, it is but reasonable to suppose that in this state if it is necessary for us to know in regard to it, there shall be shot from the other side the arrow that shall contain the thread, utilizing which we may gain the stronger evidence, until the line of communication shall be established as shall be determined in the wisdom of the other side, from whence it is claimed the power of our being originated.

Like many in this world, and perhaps a few at least of those who are found present this morning, I have been left to reason on this line in the years past, and wonder where I could find a foundation upon which my hope might safely rest. I have longed to know that there was something as a source, there was a location of wisdom somewhere whence the appointments were made that introduced the strange providences of this life that so sadly interfered with my best calculations. The Apostle Paul, I think, told the truth when he said, "We walk by faith and not by sight," and he also gave a comforting statement in connection with it when he declared that faith was the "assurance of things hoped for," carrying with it the thought as an original that the human breast hoped for something and in consequence of what little evidence should be furnished in connection therewith an assurance should come to him that the hope need not be in vain while he was walking by faith, for that assurance was faith indeed.

I know that there are men who oppose the position we take with reference to the life that is beyond, but I also notice that one who is considered the champion of infidelity in this nation stood a few years ago by the side of the grave of a near relative, and when asked to speak or deliver a funeral oration, made this painful admission—I say painful in view of the fact that his course of life up to that time and since that time has been such as to convey the impression to the average mind that he was directing his shafts of thought and of criticism against the very foundation upon which the human hope of life to come was resting. The admission as he stood by the open grave was this: "I confess that I know not whether this article that we now call death is a cessation of human consciousness, the end of real life, or whether it be the gateway unto life in earnest." "I do not know," he said, and yet as I have stated the effort of his life seems to have been (we may mistake his motive however) to take away from, or at least to destroy confidence in the only source of information regarding this im-

portant matter that has ever been vouchsafed to the human race.

We are told that as believers in Jesus Christ, as those having confidence in the testimony of this book, we are slaves indeed; that we are giving away the liberty that belongs to us as men, and there is nothing beyond this life towards which we may rightly aspire, and we should therefore make the best of conditions as they now confront us, because death ends all. And yet I ask these individuals if this be true,—grant for the arguments' sake for the moment that it is true,—what opportunity has the man who so thinks to utilize to better advantage in this life than have I, because of my faith in Jesus Christ and my confidence in the testimony of this book? If the lines are drawn between good and evil, between morality and immorality, and his rights (as they will claim) extend beyond the limits of right into those of unrighteousness, I grant he takes a license not given to me in my faith; but if he will confine himself with me within the precincts of that which is grand and noble, honorable and true, no privilege as a man is granted him wider, higher, deeper, grander than that which is vouchsafed to me in the pledge that comes in the announcement of this blessed book. What is there within his right or power to do of good that I may not do? What is there within his privilege that is denied me to make a name that shall go down to posterity in honor and renown because of the real merit that is associated with it because of blessing those around me to the extent of my ability and shedding an influence that was tending to sanctify human character everywhere? Where is there a portion of territory within the province of God into which he may enter where the bars are put up by my religion declaring that I shall not venture? When my life terminates and the casket that contains my mortal remains is placed alongside the casket that contains his and you may be called to look upon the face of the dead, I ask you the question, if his life thought was the truer one and my religion was vain, what has my religion done for me to my hurt? What has my faith in God and

in Christ and in the Bible done for me that will rob me ever afterwards of the blissfulness of eternal extinction that his thought and his philosophy brings to him? What is there?

If total extinction of consciousness is the fact that death introduces, am I not, though a believer in Christ and a disbeliever in that thought, as well prepared for that condition when death meets me as is the other? And if it shall be found at last to be a fact that he has made a mistake and I have reasoned correctly and safely, then the superior advantage of the religion of Jesus Christ serves me in a grander sense and introduces me into the field formerly unknown by either of us, and perhaps unappreciated even by myself to any reasonable degree, yet because of the assurance of its existence, because of the faith born in me by which I walked and lived, I have developed the Christ character, and he has failed, I enter into the realm of life where I am acquainted, because my character is like the characters that shall there be presented to me; and when some angel of God shall step forward and take me by the hand and present me to the Son of God himself, I shall find that when my hand strikes his, two congenial spirits meet, the one current of life emanating from him as a portion of immortality to me formerly, has developed until I feel at home in his presence.

But what of the man who has denied this possibility while he lived? If my life has been employed with a view to propagating, and developing, and encouraging this thought in humanity, and it was a right one, and his life has been employed to discourage this, and consequently take away the influence of moral restriction that this Christ and this Bible imposes, where shall his awakening be? The Psalmist said, and said wisely, "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." But what shall be said of the awakening of the man who has not a resemblance to the Christ likeness within himself? I simply make the statement that if there is not anything of a spiritual communion at the present day in

character with that that we have been testifying of and hoping for, still the man who trusts in God and the woman who worships God and Christ through their confidence in this book, has at least two chances to one against the unbeliever. All the advantage of eternal nothingness and total extinction of human consciousness is theirs as fully to enjoy after death, if that is not a paradoxical statement—as though they had ignored Christ and religion all their lives. But if death is but the gateway to the beyond, instantly it swings upon its hinges and the effulgence of everlasting bliss bursts in upon the soul, it finds one ready to catch its resplendent glory, and fling back a reflection that contributes its measure to the support and comfort of the race, because of the exact likeness it is found to be in with the conditions that are there revealed.

Ah! It is better to hope, it is better to live by faith than to try to destroy by either innuendo or other expression of doubt, the foundation upon which millions of souls are resting to-day for their only hope.

I look abroad in this world to-day, and as I walk here and there I notice the cattle as they graze in the open field; I watch the fishes as they dart hither and thither in the water; I notice the birds as on gladsome wing they haste hither and thither; I watch the stars; I think of nature, and I think of the serpent as it moves in its strange course along the roadside: I think of everything that lives or in which there is the slightest manifestation of life; and after I look I place man alongside all of these representations of creation, and when I turn to these men who have been criticising our faith in God and trying to destroy the foundations thereof, I say, "Is there anything in me as a man, in you as a man, in these as men and women around me, when placed alongside of the beasts of the field, the reptile of the soil, the birds of the air, or the fishes in the sea, that reflects anything remarkable when compared?" "Ah, Yes," he tells me, "Man is the greatest exhibition of creative genius that the world contains; man in comparison with all the race stands out as the very acme or zenith towards which whatever power was at work in creating us, aspired, and there it reached its climax." He tells me that man is possessed of an intellect that the beasts of the field possess not; that while instinct controls them, there is high intelligence here, and that man has something associated with him that enables him to move where the others never think to move. And I turn to this man and ask

him if there is not something strangely paradoxical in this announcement of his when placed alongside the effort he makes to destroy human hope in God and in Christ when he says that death ends all for me. And when he further presses me for explanation, I call his attention to the fact that if there is no life beyond this, if there is no possibility of extending human conscious existence beyond the cold grave, then man has revealed what he has denied as a fact, when he has claimed nature alone to be his God; for man reveals one single exception in the creative work, and instead of towering up into those conditions of being or existence that prove to the world the fact that he is to be praised and admired above all others, he stands in that one condition as a unique figure in creation to be deplored and pitied above all else, because the beast can never have an instinct move him but what he finds ample gratification for in the grass which he eats, and the birds find in the air and in the trees all that their instinct leads them to cry out and desire; and so with anything and everything from the smallest to the largest revealments of creation outside of the human. This fact stares me in the face; but O, pitiable man, deplorable is your condition! Born never to be satisfied in this life, and yet have no place outside of it where you can satiate the longings of the spirit you possess and that develops through the intelligence with which you are endowed and that you as an individual cannot suppress if you want to! It lives and asserts itself, and bears upon you and wears your life out and shortens your days when the hope that you have within you is blasted by the thought that there is nothing beyond this life in which that desire can be gratified.

You may find an exception; you may find a man who finds in this life all his lusts desire, and individuals who realize a gratification here for what are the prominent motions within themselves; but if you will take a man out of the vast host, take a woman whose soul in its largeness calls into exercise all the faculties associated with this framework that surrounds it, and let that soul and life speak for itself, and you will never among this class find an individual who will truthfully declare that they find ample satisfaction in this life for the gratification, or the satisfying, or the satiation of the longings of that strange something within them that aspires and pleads, yet never to inherit, if this opposing philosophy be true. Ah! It is to be deplored in that the very part that separates me from all the rest of creation is

the part that aspires after, that longs for, that begs for and pleads for a something that is forever and ever denied it, if there is no truth in the religion of Jesus Christ; if there is nothing in the Bible as a basis for human confidence. Ah! Pity me as a man, and admire the serpent, if this theory be correct. I had rather be something else and find satisfaction for all I craved within the sphere in which I was compelled to move, than to be forced into conditions unwillingly and unwittingly, without choice of my own, to beg for and crave for and aspire after that which the limitations associated with my creation make impossible for me to ever enjoy. Ah! Pity me, I say, as a man, and praise the beast of the field, if that be true!

Again I ask it of you when these individuals come to me and tell me that this great provision of nature is such that there is no single demand in it reflected for which an ample supply has not been made to step with me into the solitude of the chamber where death has entered, and torn from my embrace the wife of my years, the associate of my joys, or some dear one, be it mother or father or child as the case may be, that has made life here not only tolerable, sufferable, but enjoyable, and without whose companionship life will be a bitter thing forever afterwards; and when death pressing in upon me sought to tear that dear one from my heart, I protested as a man, I held up my hands and insisted that it should not be, I labored and toiled, but regardless of all, ignoring my anxiety, it pressed its claims and tore from my embrace the one I loved. That is not a condition that came to me naturally or that I desired; I labored against it but the odds were against me.

I step into the room where the casket is found containing the remains of my loved one, and I look upon the face and ask, What is the first natural impulse of this heart of mine? I haven't got to feel out into other hearts and gain by accumulating a little from here and there that which develops into this feeling within my soul; I haven't got to labor in order to bring that desire within me, but the first natural impulse rising within my heart is, O, that somewhere this heart that is now made so bitter by the separation that occurs shall again be made joyous by a reunion that shall be ordered, when I shall strike hands with this one, and when these lips shall again press those that are silent now in death! O that we shall meet again! Is that a natural feeling? Is it, or is it not? If it is a natural feeling and infidelity be true; where is the supply for this demand? Where is the supply? Nothing beyond

the grave! This wondrous framework, these eyes, these ears, this brain, this heart, and those corresponding members in the dear one that is taken, born to be but food for worms at least! O, let me tell you that the grandeur of the Christ religion introduces itself to the human heart in this connection, and says this human probation is but the period in connection with which and under the influences of which you may make preparation for conditions of life beyond that tower in the greatness of their majesty, dominion, and glory, and possibility infinitely beyond the barren conceptions of this mundane sphere. I tell you that I had rather embrace the gospel of Jesus Christ and abide its conditions because of the reasonableness of the suggestions that are furnished in it, because of the safe basis it assures me my soul may rest upon if I never had a direct communication with the Spirit bearing witness of the wondrous life beyond.

Again they tell me that it is simply the part of credulity to believe what I find here, and when I ask them to account for my being here, they tell me that I must not believe this account furnished in Genesis in regard to it. I ask them, What must I believe, How did I get here? He will take me back all along the lines of history until he finds himself with Adam or even back of that, and when he has reached the outer limit, I suppose he is going to give me the explanation. He tells me that if I accept of this account in the book that I am a believer in miracles, and miracle involves a departure from the laws that are being enforced in the world; and when he does this, I ask him to help me out of the dilemma. I am ready for the explanation; my spirit longs for a something upon which it may more safely rest if it is possible to make the discovery of it. And he says, "Come with me." "Where do you propose leading me?" I ask. "On a long journey, two hundred thousand years back; miles and miles of journeying are before you, and your feet may weary, your brain may grow dizzy as you try to scale the heights, as you try to wade through the waters, and you may have difficulty." I say to the man, "Wait; here are a number of people who have been believing in and depending upon my word; let me take my family, these men with me, all the members of my church with me." "O," he says, "that will be folly." "And why?" "Because there is not one out of a hundred of them that can ever traverse the distance we are to travel, that can ever endure the processes of investigation and reach the end that we are aiming at." "Ah! then," I said, "Sir, upon what shall

their intellects be nourished?" "You come back and give them your word for it." Exactly. Is there any credulity about that? How much credulity is there in this, to ask me as a representative of thousands of intelligent men and women on the earth to start on a journey of millions of miles and going back through hundreds and thousands of years because he wants me to escape that expression of credulity that believes simply the word of somebody else, as found in the Bible, and yet he asks me to come back and ask my associates to accept my testimony regarding conclusions I have been enabled to reach as a man. They must take my word for it all. How consistent these objections are!

But I start with him. I leave for the time being those with whom I have been in association, in Christian fellowship, and he takes me through all the labyrinths of the past, and after he goes through one form of life and one phase of creative revealment and another, and another, which is diminishing and diminishing in the grandeur of its presentation until he gets me down to the most infinitesimal form that is possible to find or conceive of—when he gets me there, I ask him, Sir, hasn't that thing any life? Well, yes, it has life. Mr. Tyndall, where did it get this life? Mr. Tyndall says, To be honest with you, I believe with Professor here and Professor there, that somewhere away back there in the past there occurred what we call spontaneous generation; but I agree with other writers that the evidences are wanting. We are here with a chasm before us and we bridge it by "conjecture." Thank you, Mr. Tyndall.

Suppose the Bible did that for me at the start? Is the bridge made by such material as you now use any less reliable because testified of in the Bible if it goes over the same chasm? You and your kind all tell me that the Bible account is merely conjecture, yet here I am the same side of the chasm, and you tell me you can only bridge by conjecture. I am thousands of miles away from home, and after you have made my brain dizzy in climbing, and delving, and pursuing, I am told that the chasm between the living and the not living is bridged by conjecture. Isn't it better for me to go back and tell my congregation that the little bridge of the Bible is as safe as yours, to say the least? for you have only reached that painful, humiliating conclusion that it is conjecture, after all. The fact is, that when a man takes me back that far and still keeps me on the same side of the difficulty, he does not help my condition. By reducing or diminish-

ing the forms of life till he reaches the little *moneron* at the bed of the ocean he brings me no relief. There is life, and when I press the thought to him, How can you conjecture that the thing that is now alive ever came from that which is not alive? I am told that some force or power brought a piece of inert matter in contact with another piece of inert matter. But if the two pieces are inert, their union will not communicate a life that neither piece possesses; and if both are inert, what is the power that brought them together and gave them life?

What is the difference between that and what the Christian calls God? Will some of you tell me? Is it any more difficult to believe that God created man from the inert material that was subject to his hand and creative will, than to believe that he has created an oyster or any other form of life from the same? Begin with the little sample he asks me to respect, and remember the law which compels like to produce like, then follow, and note that according to his theory, like fails to produce like in hosts of instances. If, as I am told, this is caused by the interference of a power external to itself, then begin with the protoplasm and start on the long journey of evolution till man is developed and these external influences occur millions of times, in all probability. If miracle be something that interferes with or deflects the influence of operative law, producing something superior to the material employed or affected, then by rejecting the Bible account of creation and accepting the infidel theory, I discard one miracle and adopt millions of miracles instead. Let me here say that I am not prepared to do this. It is as easy for me to believe that God made man from the dust of the earth as to believe that he, under some highly attenuated name, created an oyster and made it grow through millions of variations unaccountable in natural law, till it developed functional organs of intellect, and as a result became possessed of passions, emotions, longings, and expectations that never can be satisfied in this life, yet has nowhere else to go for hope to find fruition.

This may seem a strange line to pursue on an occasion of this kind, but let me tell you it furnishes actual evidence for strengthening within the human heart the confidence that is begotten by this, "Thus saith the Lord," which declares that man by wisdom cannot find out God, and yet makes the announcement as we find it in the text this morning that our God is the God of salvation; that everything was created to be saved, and the design was

to redeem it from every corrupt condition and at last bring it to reveal the splendor of his own purpose, for in the hands of our God are the issues that are from death, and in his infinite wisdom it is found needful that we should bear the image of the earthy that in fulfillment of the promise and in the completeness of his wondrous design, as declared at the outset, we shall some day bear the image of the heavenly. This is my hope. This announcement will strengthen when I reason in the line I have been referring to, and I come back to the world with a wonderful deal of confidence, more than I felt within my heart at the first. I turn to the same book and find announcement after announcement of such a character as to leave it impossible—if I have any residue of faith within myself—for me to question the fact that in the economy of God I am destined to conditions differing from those that are now existing, and a fitness for which is to be developed by my association here. I look upon this clay framework, and I ask, Why am I tabernacled thus? The answer comes back to me that that framework is simply that by which you are to be adapted to the conditions which are associated with in this life. That is all; and the wisdom of that strange provision, is revealed in the fact that I can better serve in this life under conditions that are earthy and human through the instrumentality of a channel ordained thus, than I could if I was not thus linked together with these forms of association; and just as assuredly as that comes to me as an evidence of wisdom, it also argues that somewhere in the line of future development this spirit, with its framework, changed or influenced under more purely spiritual conditions, shall arise to conditions of being that shall enable me to realize to the fullest possible degree, every hope, every anticipation born legitimately within me here when abiding by the rule of life ordained in this sacred word.

I therefore think I appreciate the statement of Job away back yonder when the inspiration of God rested upon him and he said, "Oh, that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," and I am ready for the next revelation of this same Spirit as it has been floating down through the ages and rested upon the psalmist when he made the dec-

laration that "God shall redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he will receive me." I trace on along the line and discover the movements of the Spirit until it comes later on upon the head and heart of Isaiah and is noted in the twenty-sixth chapter of his book. I am ready to receive that music to my waiting spirit and it is in rapport as he states, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Is there no comfort for me and for these mourning ones as they think of the little grave on the lonely hillside yonder, from such a statement as this, associated with the claim that "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly," for in our God's hands rests "the issues that are from death?"

I see that inspiration moving along further until it rests upon Ezekiel, and there are a number of people there who are mourning because of their conditions of bereavement, separated from their friends, dying out and seemingly forgotten of God. His promise seems to have died from his own remembrance, and mourning and sad they deplore this condition in which they find themselves, when God by that Spirit comes upon Ezekiel and takes him hastily away off and puts him in a valley that is filled with dry bones and tells him what this was, what it meant, and after he has accomplished his work he says, Go now and explain to this people, that though they shall say we are actually cut off from our parts, and our bones are dried and are dead, say to them that the power of the Highest is not limited to the brief period this side of the tomb, but presses its force and dominion beyond it, bursts the fetters that hold the clay, and will bring them forth out of their graves and then unto the land upon the mountains of Israel, and the earth shall know that I am the Lord, the God who hath accomplished this work, that my promise holds good through a thousand generations.

Daniel got hold of the same inspiration and said, "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

Following on down till the dispensation, according to the New Testament record, was ushered in, the great theme startled some of those who had not prepared themselves for it, when Jesus as a representative, voicing in practice and in theory the philosophy of the heavens, said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth

in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Turn to his statement as recorded in the fifth chapter of John. After he had startled some by the peculiar announcement that some should hear his voice, he says: "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." So this feature of philosophy is expressed all the way through.

And now I want to hasten to a conclusion and will do it in this way: The gospel of Jesus Christ contains the substance of our hope, and it presents this thought to our minds in such a way as to leave it impossible for man's confidence to be destroyed by the arguments that are arrayed against it in this world, and I think to-day as I approach the tomb that contains the remains of the one I love, as I did when I stood some few years ago by the casket that contained the mortal remains of one that seemed to me the very life of my family, that seemed the brightest one, in a mental way, of all the flock; I looked upon its still and waxen form, I felt that there was something strange associated with its removal; that it had been born that I might cherish and admire, and I wondered what there was of wisdom associated with such a providence as this; and as the months went by, that feeling grew until six months later it was more distressing to me than it was at the time when I first looked upon the face of the dead; but I had simply to bring myself to an examination of what was revealed in my life and make the discovery that God who had given knew what the conditions were that were essential unto the higher and best development of the character to be formed, and could not trust me with it.

To those who are suffering to-day I say, As you look at the tomb that contains the mortal remains of the one so dear to you by association in this life, let there come to you with the force of divine significance and comfort the statements that are found in this word, assuring you that in the great beyond there will dawn an explanation

day that will satisfy every heart that is constantly applying itself to follow the legitimate lines of service while here and that distress and sadness are not to be in store for any but those who have failed to appreciate those interests and honor their reasonable demands.

May the God who rules in the heavens give the comfort that is needful to these souls, for no human hand can minister to the necessity. May he supply the solace that other hands are powerless to convey until in the great day of final development they shall be found with the rest of the servants of God who were united in the sorrows of this life, joining the song of praise unto him whose wisdom and whose love were as great as his power and knew not measure or end. We say regarding the departed:—

Farewell to our sister—the brittle thread
Is snapped and 'tween us now is spread
The mystic veil that parts the shores
Of time from whence her spirit soars.
We meekly bow to the behest
Of him who called the mourner blest,
And patient wait the approaching morn,
When the rising dead, at his return,
O'er grave and death shall conquering sing,
"Where now's thy victory and sting?"
And the living Saints, changed by his power,
Shall hail with joy the auspicious hour:
No more to dread the venom'd breath
Of foul disease, the escort of death;
No more to feel the rankling smart
Of subtle sin's delusive dart;
No more to fight 'gainst Satan's skill,
Or nature's stern, relentless will;
No more to view the clouds o'erhead
With strange forebodings mixed with dread;
But on through Zion's sweet *forever*
From sacred ties no foe can sever;
And gaze with rapture on God's plan—
Complete—for now "a perfect man"
His church appears; each faithful one
Enjoys the "Glory of the sun."
Eclipsed is every former joy,
Celestial gems without alloy
Sparkle throughout the supernal dome,
As Saints are welcomed to their home,
Where years of gladness, as they pass,
Ne'er leave the coming ages less;
And highest numbers multiplied
Forever fail to span the tide
Of rolling years, whose ceaseless move
Display the omnipotence of love.
We'll greet our sister then and reap
A fitting sequel to her sleep.