

### How Children Build the New Heaven.

WILLIE KUBIN was the son, about two years old, of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kubin, whose farm and home is about a mile westward from Salem. Willie had brothers and sisters but was the delight of the household. He would play off as to whom he liked best "to go to"—to "papa" or "mama" or the other little ones, and so made all feel that he loved each best in turn. He was too bright and precocious "for this world", as the old people would say; and though his general health seemed good a sudden brain fever soon left no way open but to gather the child's love and loveliness into the higher life, and his form into the bosom of our Great Mother the Earth.

The afflicted parents could not receive the legacy of life without a word, and the relatives and neighbors and friends could not express their helpful sympathy by looks and silence only. Rev. Mr. Copeland, the Unitarian Liberal clergyman, of Salem, was gone to his cooperative colony, in Washington. After an interview with another "clergy" it was felt that an "orthodox" sermon or address would be not only untrue, but cruel and out of place in this home of Liberals. So, on Sept. 18th, Profs. Geer and Wakeman, of the L. U. O., were induced to ride the 16 miles and bring with them, as far as they could, the lessons and consolations of Free Thought and Liberal Faith.

Mr. Wakeman spoke for half an hour or so, to the sorrowing ones who filled the house. He told them that they had come, moved by pity, sympathy and respect, to relieve the bitterness of grief. It was well to do so, for what is called death has been painted by fear as the "King of Terrors" and the loss of all; and so it must be felt to be when its stroke first falls. Then it is that the attention is wholly taken up by it, and the pain seems too great to bear. But let your sympathy come in as a relief; it diverts the attention to the fellow feeling; to the common fate of all. We all say, "let us help you to bear the common fate which all must share." The weight that is crushing for one—for one house and home only, may be borne when the hearts and hands of many loving and pitying ones help to sustain it. Thereby they lead us to see that death is the necessary condition of all that lives and is to be provided for, and sustained by all with a noble and unselfish resignation. So the love others give melts the mourner's grief and floats it out to the whole world changed into a general, sacred and beneficent sympathy for all. The loss of one becomes the gain for all. Thus the relief of pity will bring the repair of

higher considerations. Death may be pictured, as of old, as the bearer of a scythe; but it is the scythe of the harvester, not the destroyer. We must learn the lesson of Science—of Truth, that death is nothing, much less a king. It is simply the parting of the ways of the processes of change, which, when working together we had called life. The physical changes of the body are to go on and appear in other forms of matter—as plant and flower, fruit and other forms or conditions of life. But the human line of changes that result from the life of this loved one must not be lost, as heretofore they have been; for Science and the Religion of Humanity now disclose and unveil them to us as the higher, the enduring, the harvest life, of those who seem to pass from us. That unending life, and the heaven it is working, is in our human race and its future on this earth. The Truth will not let us be longer deceived. The heavens and hells of the old religion of the churches were mahifest illusions: they are not and never were. Gaze into the infinite starry depths at night; the old "Firmament", the heaven of "celestial mansions" is not there. Look at the morning sun; our rotating earth is ever circling around it as it moves through infinite space. Not a single dogma or hope of the old religions can withstand these overwhelming facts under a moment of thought. Our life, hope and heaven is only—on this earth, and here we must build our new heaven, the Earthly Paradise. It would be truer to say not "we," but the dead must build it; we must live to feel and help them to do it through us. It will be the harvest of their lives, which death enables us to gather. The faith of Science turns every death into a harvest. Science for the first time reveals the continuity, the constructive immortality of every life, however humble, and thus its true sacredness. We are told that such human immortality may be for the great, the triumphant by reason of genius, power or wealth. The death harvest of their adult lives all can see may be an enduring reality. But the life blossom of the humble child, that only bloomed to fade—of such is the new heaven? This query shows how sadly our eyes have been blinded, and our hearts seared by the old faiths. The great harvest gathered by our race is its harvest of flowers. They are really our harvest of ideals and hopes, and the promise of fulfilment in the higher life. We look out upon those barns filled with the ripened grain—but that is only for the life physical; for man the animal—all for naught, except as the condition, the ground work of the higher life which that is useful to sustain.

That life of hope, sincerity, trustfulness, innocence of all wrong; in a word, that love which was mistakenly called "divine," was the love of and for the child. That love called father and mother together, and so became the foundation of civilization, and now it remains the substance of heaven; and never can it die. Out of it all other loves have grown, and must ever grow. The angels and cherubs of the old faiths are attempts to realize the fact and process of this love by material forms. But they lessened the truth. We limit the flow of love when we try to give it material form. It is the flow of an eternal change and evolution heavenward.

The waves of individual life come and go, they glitter or foam in the sunlight for a moment, but they mark and help make the stream whose flow is an ever increasing power, the evolution of human life and hope. Every child's life leaves us the essence of this continuous angel and cherub life as a legacy to us, an inheritance, more or less living and abundant as we are able to appreciate and so receive it.

Afflicted ones! We have come in all tenderness to pity and so to relieve; that has led to that greater realm of human love which teaches us to repair, by finding in death the opening door to the higher life; that door may open to us by the last touch of the hand of this child in which you have placed the flower of hope.

Yes, to relieve is well, but to repair, by getting hold of the power of endless love, leads up to the highest good of all, the ability to receive the gifts of the better and higher life—the beginning of the heaven which is to be. That life is one of gifts. In the world of the mind, of thought, of purpose—the ideal, the heavenly, it is better to give than to receive, because we can only receive by giving. The selfish heart stagnates and dies; the healthy heart is such because its outflow constantly invites a larger and better in-flow. In the true "spiritual" world we only gain by giving. To learn we must teach; the well-wish follows the well-wishing; we must love in order to be loved, and that love becomes known by word and work.

The child has all this by instinct; it loves, and every heart goes out to it in a caressing, loving, affectionate tenderness that no words can express. The echo of an affection given to the whole world! What is that but heaven?

We are giving to day, as far as we can, such an echo to this child's heart which has given its all. Thus it has passed safely and become a part of the higher life because the

selfish deviltry has not tempted nor touched nor broken. Better weep for the child dead than the man living. The early dead and the past are only surely secure. Upon them the heart can safely build. The inordinate grief of an "inordinate affection" is too often the pain of a heart congested by self-love. Let there come an outflow to others—another's child, another—suffering, afflicted or needing help—and see how soon the new current will awaken a new interest, the new life, the receiving of which consecrates to the highest ideals and duties we can conceive.

The ceasing of the vital action, which we call death, is thus a parting of the ways which continues the physical through endless and better changes of the material; and the mental and human qualities through the higher stages of human growth and progress. Arise then, no longer as mourners only! As you have grieved, so receive and realize the higher influences, purposes and hopes of which this blossom life remains to you as an unailing inspiration and promise.

To the earth its own! To the new human, the higher and better life, the new and true heaven, not a mirage, but the highest reality of human existence, receive this new and blessed impulse."

The burial was in the I. O. O. F. cemetery, near Salem. At the grave, Mr. Wakeman made a short address. He sought to remove the impression that the burial was not a becoming way for natural chemistry to effect the physical changes onward to new plant and flower, fruit or form of animal life; although cremation might ensure it more speedily and pleasantly. Then the memorial urn might treasure the ashes at home, as was done at the home of Col. Ingersoll. But the flowers may take their place, not only on the grave, but in the home, to continue the love, innocence and graces of the child life which must be the treasure to really guard and cherish.

Mr. Geer, who had a helping hand for all and everything, handed to Mr. W. a beautiful little bouquet of flowers gathered from the flower beds where Willie had played, and this was handed to the mother, as a symbol to be kept and renewed, in memory of the little life that was, and of the greater life and hope in which it will ever live as a part. Then rang out the last words: "Farewell, Thou loved one! and yet Hail in the higher life to be."