

mist, prairie grass, running brook, silver stream, forest aisle and ten thousand captivating forms of beauty. The artist said to her young student: "Friend, paint yonder sunset!" and the girl answered: "I cannot paint glory." Beauty beyond description! Joy inexpressible. Sensations angelic! Grandeur beyond words!—"Neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath laid up for them that love him."

Death will bring us the surprise of a new occupation. You will be surprised to find that your presence, in heaven, has been regarded, for some time, as an absolute necessity. Heaven will introduce us to a congenial occupation. "They serve Him day and night in His temple." In heaven there will be no retired list, no reserve force, no unemployed class and no leisured aristocracy. Clara Schumann joyfully exclaimed: "My music is my religion!" Heaven will bring us perfect harmony. There the fingers of God will touch the key board of the soul. There every child of God shall possess a perfect voice. There musicians shall fathom all melody, artists shall depict all beauty, mathematicians shall recount all calculations and architects shall construct and recon: yet upon lines infallible and foundations unfailing. Our friend Edison "invents" for days and for nights without sleep and scarcely partaking of food. Think you that over yonder our electrical genius and modern wonder will be found idle? Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. Every stroke of work on earth makes you more fit for the divine occupation which awaits you.

The incident of death will widen your views somewhat. You will be surprised to find heaven so much larger than you ever dreamed it might be. The palaces of the old world are surrounded by spacious grounds. I attended a reception given to Canadians, by the late Lord Strathcona, at Newbury, once the palatial residence of Sir Bulwer Lytton. The old baronial hall was magnificent but what impressed me most were the gardens surrounding the mansion. These seemed to be without limit and stretched far away, in green velvet distances. Here one could breathe! Here nature seemed to expand into a vast forest, deep, wild and shaded.

There are heavens beyond heavens. In my Father's house are many mansions, many rooms, many realms, many departments, many degrees and many steps of progress. Room! Room!! Room!!! Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, when dying, exclaimed: "I have been crowded all my life. Bury me in the open field. Give me room for my grave!" Many of us are being crowded. Some of us were crowd-