

When all the confusions of this present are at an end, and all the moisture is driven off, men and women will be left in layers, like drawing to like. As Peter said about Judas with equal wisdom and reticence, "he went to his own place." That is where we shall all go, to the place we are fit for.

God does not slam the door of Heaven in anybody's face ; it stands wide open. But there is a mystic barrier, unseen, but most real, more repellent than cherub and flaming sword, which makes it impossible for any foot to cross that threshold except the foot of the man whose heart and nature have been made Christ-like, and fitted for Heaven by simple faith in Him.

Love Him and trust Him, and then your life on earth will be a blessed seeking and a blessed finding of Him whom to seek is joyous effort, whom to find is an Elysium of rest. You will walk here not parted from Him, but with your thoughts and your love, which are your truest self, going up where He is, until you drop "the muddy vesture of decay" which unfits you whilst you wear it for the presence-chamber of the King, and so you will enter in and be for ever with the Lord.