

Heaven; and the voice from Heaven said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Dr. Norman McLeod said: "There must be in Heaven a countless sum of things I cannot comprehend, conditions of being, memories and hopes, sights and sounds, panoramas of glory, a society vast and infinitely exalted. All this I understand not now. Nevertheless there is One whom I do know—Jesus Christ. He is the author of all, the ruler of all, the adored of all,—and is my brother, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. The person is a real man, with human heart and affections. This person lived for years here, and knows me and all my nervous, infirm feelings better than any other. He remembers I am dust. This person once was grieved, and wept, and agonized, and prayed the cup might pass from him. This person sympathized with and comforted men like himself, full of infirmity, saying, 'Let not your hearts be troubled.' This person lived and died for me, and I belong to Him, and His joy is one with my salvation as a believer. There is no such tender heart on earth, as His who is in that place; and He is waiting to receive me, just as He has received every one there, men and women, who once were anxious and concerned and filled with wonder as I am. He is Heaven! O Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit; and into thy hands I commit my dearest, yea the tender child of my bosom. Take me to thyself, for where thou art there and there only I wish to be. It was thus that Jacob, when he had gone into Egypt, then an old man and an humble shepherd, who had lived all his life among the quiet hills of Palestine, was not awed by the great court of Pharaoh, the magnificent palace and all the splendor which surrounded the greatest monarch of his time. All was lost in thought: Joseph is alive, and he is there;