

which beautifies its sky, and in all services the purified and emancipated spirit is called upon to perform. It is the home of eternal youth. Fancy has often sketched such a region in some sunny land of this world, and men, allured and fired by the dream, have grown old in seeking it, and have been sickened with disappointment mocking their dreams and smiting their hopes into the dust. Men will never find it in this world; it is in Heaven. There eternities will come and go, and still leave the soul buoyant and vigorous, its mighty powers just opening out in the light of the morning of its eternal day, in the bright and genial spring of its eternal year. When more ages have gone than there are grains of sand on old ocean's shore, the soul will be just entering upon new realms of life, passing into the transforming light of a fuller vision of God. It will never know anything of the blight of disease, nor of the maiming of accident, nor of the infirmities of age. It is secure also from death. Here and now he mercilessly invades our families, our circles of friendship and our homes. He has moistened the earth with tears wept at his cruelties, and filled it with undying sounds of lamentation and woe; but he can never enter this city. Its soil has never yet been opened for a grave. No funeral knell has ever struck its sad tones on its sunny air, alarming its inhabitants with its message of bereavement and hearts torn asunder. No mourner clothed in the garb of sorrow has ever been seen in its streets. It is the seat, the centre and the home of life—free, boundless, everlasting life.

I would remind you, in conclusion, that the blessedness promised is *spiritual*. The imagery employed is evidently intended to set forth spiritual and not material things. We could have no clear ideas about Heaven without its being made known to us