

We shall come with joy and gladness,
 We shall gather round the throne,
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known.
 And the song of our redemption
 Shall resound through endless day,
 When the shadows have departed
 And the mists have rolled away.

We know that Heaven is very near to the earth. So near, in fact, that when they say on earth: "He is gone!"—that very moment, in heaven, they say: "He's come!" So near is earth to heaven that angel messengers pass to and fro: "I am Gabriel that stands in the presence of God." So near that the voice of prayer can be heard and answered. So near that the music of that everlasting sphere has been heard, again and again, by mystic souls. So near that members of the angelic host have a practical interest in the transactions of earth and the events of time. So near that ever and anon, the dying saint has had a vision of the beauty and glory of that everlasting country. When the old pilot of Boston harbor lay dying, he suddenly lifted his emaciated form and exclaimed: "I see a light." A friend who was watching near by inquired: "Which light? The Boston Light?" He answered: "No." Again his friend inquired: "The Highland Light?" No!" said the old pilot. Once more his friend ventured a geographical guess: "The Minot Light?" "No, no, no!" said the dying sailor. "I see the light of glory." Thousands have seen that light: "a light ne'er seen on land or sea"—the light of glory!

We know that heaven is a splendid place for a good investment. Spiritual "interest" is a supernatural compound. It more than matches the compound interest of another sphere. There is a divine usury which more than equals one thousand per cent. of our earthly currency: "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure—treasure in heaven, where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." To Jesus heaven seemed to be so real. To the rich young ruler heaven seemed to be so unreal. When William H. Vanderbilt, the possessor of one hundred million dollars, swept by a gust of anger, dropped dead in his own parlor, he was worth—exactly—nothing. Not a farthing had he to pay the boatman who ferried his naked soul over the river of death. Nothing! Exactly—nothing! What a slender thread binds the richest man to his bag of gold. Columbus begged his way from court to court, offering the kings of the earth a new world. But the sovereigns of the old world had no eye to see the splendors of such an imperial possession. So heaven goes begging