

taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know: "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment; but "go to prepare a *place* for you."

The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be re-formed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You tell us that if there be material organisms, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer: Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden? Although only a few yards or a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms? Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that, by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine; so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles.

As a conquering army, marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall on the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they can see the castles they are to capture, rein in their war-chargers and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night; so now, coming as we do on this mountain-top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at the gates of the great city. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE GATES.

In the first place I want you to examine *the architecture of those gates*. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry; the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate is a representation of intertwining foliage, bird-haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Babylon had a hundred gates; so had Thebes. Gates of wood and iron and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mahomedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets hand to the work, and for the upper city He swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own Cross He cut into it wonderful traceries, stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There is no wood or stone or bronze in that gate, but from top to base and from side to side it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the island of Margarette; but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and