

thought "God's thoughts" after him. And John Milton, who, though blind, climbed the Alpine steeps of an invisible world. Aye! How heaven has improved. Social conditions are better there than they used to be. Better by the addition of ten thousand glorified saints.

The working day will be twenty-four hours long in heaven. The New Testament idea of heaven is service, not rest. "They serve Him day and night in His temple." There Spurgeon will preach grander sermons, Edison will make greater discoveries, Sorcrates will discuss nobler themes, Michel Angelo will plan vaster cathedrals, Sankey will sing a more thrilling song, Raphael will portray a diviner transfiguration. Dante will descend to deeper depth and Galileo will play with new celestial worlds. There Mozart will toss out eternal harmonies and, there, Beethoven will revel in the ocean of an eternal vibration. Charles Kingsley was right, when, speaking of heaven, he said: "Certainly, we shall be busy there."

We know that heaven will bring us a great increase of knowledge. The possession of a spiritual body will open the door for new realms and higher revelations. There are notes of music so high we cannot hear them and so deep we cannot detect them. These vibrations are too fine for the human ear. What marvelous sources of information will be ours when we possess a body "like unto His own glorious body." But even with such a body we will not exhaust the inexhaustible treasures of that invisible universe. Abraham has been in heaven for five thousand years, but he has not yet comprehended the possibilities of divine knowledge. How our little "systems of truth," "fundamental statements" and "institutes of theology" will crumble and fade in the presence of universal thought and ineffable glory.

We know that we shall know each other in heaven. "Then shall I know even as also I have been known." Place the emphasis on that word "even"—"even also." Calvin will chat with Knox. Lincoln will confer with John Bright. Wesley will talk with William Booth. Beecher will hobnob with Phillips Brooks. Stead and Tolstol will cogitate together. Friend will find friend in the enthronement of an eternal friendship. The volume of memory will be well thumbed. All "the old timers" will be there. Said a well meaning Christian to dear old Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, when the aged saint was dying: "Father Taylor, you will soon be with the angels!"—His answer was: "I don't want angels—I want folks." So say we all.