

of camphor and musk; the Hindoo, of the spirit passing from form to form till absorbed in the Deity; the American-Indian thinks of heaven as a happy hunting ground beyond the blue mountains, where he can whistle to his dogs and enjoy endless sport; our own ancestors thought of heaven as a place of wild war and victory over enemies, and then of coarse and carnal feasting. Such, without the Bible, were the views which filled the minds of men, of the future state. But in the Bible, and above all in this xiv. of St. John's Gospel, were life and immortality brought to light. It contained a description of heaven, an assurance of heaven, gave an account of its furnishing, of its essence, and above all pointed the way to this blessed rest. Jesus said, I am the way!

It was not possible to dwell on all these inviting aspects of this delightful theme; but, first, he would name the vastness of the Father's house. It was a house of many mansions. Were the earth and the planets of the solar system as they revolved round the sun but one of an innumerable group of worlds which circled round some glorious illimitable central globe—the throne of the Eternal, the palace home? Or were these countless stars, peopled with the blessed, varied in their glory, diversified in their joys, suitable to the infinite varieties of character and attainment of the children of the Great Father? The surroundings of that little room where these words were spoken gave grandeur and impressiveness to the saying. For, with prophetic eye, Jesus saw the multitude which no man could number, from the South and the North, from the East and the West, of all peoples and kindreds and tongues, who in the future should be gathered into the family, and He knew that He was able to provide many mansions, suitable and richly furnished for them all.

The second head of discourse was the variety of the mansions. God's work shows no monotony. One country has lakes and mountains, another sunny fields or heathy moors. There is the cedar of Lebanon, the hyssop from the wall, the fields of corn, the grass, the rice, the boundless prairie. No two leaves were alike, no two clouds, no two lambs! There were many mansions, too, in heaven, as there were varieties among the saints on earth. The palace home was a unity; all the glorious corridors and mansions open into each other; but there was diversity. Aaron with his eloquence, Moses with his rod, Miriam with her timbrel, were there; Isaiah to prophesy and Baruch to read; Paul to plant and Apollos to water; the Son of Consolation as well as the Son of Thunder. There was a glorious reception room

where kindred spirits met. There the loved ones were rejoined and reunited in bliss. Above all, there was waiting to receive the wearied spirit the loving Saviour himself, the Lord they loved and adore.

Then there was the continuance of this abiding home. Here our foundations were in the dust. On all around us was written change and decay. Weariness even in the highest enjoyments fatigued the most ardent, and faith even "faints in the calm and falters in the storm." But in these blessed mansions there was no fatigue, no sins, no sorrows, no griefs, no graves, no tears nor trials, no temptations for evermore. There was change, but it was the change of progress. Here the preacher paused, and, turning to the beautiful landscape which glowed in the morning sun, and to the home of his childhood, he said: "Where shall we have a better picture of heaven than in these sanctified scenes, the springtime of life, the home of love, of affection, our father's house? It is the very image of the text, 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' and so the filial heart brings to us the truest thought of heaven! Jesus connects every thought of heaven with Himself—*my* Father's home. He is the joy of the home, the light of life; and He is the door, the way!" D. A.

THE LOVE OF SCOTLAND.

WHEREVER SCOTCHMEN WANDER THEY NEVER FORGET THEIR HOME.

SCOTLAND is undefinable; it has no unity except upon the map. Two languages, many dialects, innumerable forms of piety, and countless local patriotisms and prejudices, part us among ourselves more widely than the extreme east and west of that great continent of America. When I am at home I feel a man from Glasgow to be something like a rival, a man from Barra to be more than half a foreigner. Yet let us meet in some far country, and, whether we hail from the braes of Manor or the braes of Mar, some ready-made affection joins us on the instant. It is not race. Look at us. One is Norse, one Celtic, and another Saxon. It is not community of tongue. We have it not among ourselves; and we have it almost to perfection, with English, or Irish, or American. It is no tie of faith, for we detest each other's errors. And yet somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land, and the old kindly people.