

As citizens of the world above the law of that world is our rule. It is spotlessly holy. Its inhabitants are robed in white, the emblem of their purity. They continually ascribe praise and honor, and dominion, to Him who washed them in His own blood. Nothing that is unclean can enter there. Christians, therefore, "cleanse themselves from all filthiness both of the flesh and of the spirit, and perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord." They inscribe holiness unto the Lord on their banner.

The heirs of heaven set their affections on things above. They look upon heaven as their *home*—the *family home*, where there shall be the most blessed and eternal union and communion of loved ones. The innocent loves of this world shall survive the tomb. Our affection for father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all the dear relatives of life, shall not be destroyed by death. How delightful, after long weary journeyings and tedious absence, to be welcomed home by those who love us.

How joyous the sailor after his voyages, the soldier after his campaigns, to be clasped in the embraces of those who so often have strained their eyes to catch a first glimpse of his return. And surely our loved ones will be the first to welcome us to heaven. How joyous *their* congratulations; how blessed *their* welcomes; but the sweetest welcome of all will be from Him, the man of sorrows, who travailed in birth for our souls, who there sees the fruit of His soul travail with infinite satisfaction. As citizens of heaven we love to think and speak of our future home, and anticipate the glory and joy of our reunion with those whose removal we now mourn.

As the summer wanes, birds of passage are found pluming their wings, circling in long flight, and gathering in still increasing numbers, preparatory to their flight to the sunny South.

As life wears away, we should be thinking of and preparing for our flight to the realms of eternal sunshine.