

Testament, we ask the question which means so much to so many: "How much can we know, definitely, about heaven?"

We know that the heavenly city has twelve gates. When a man tells me there is only one gate to the heavenly city and that he holds the key to that gate, I answer him by pointing to the architecture of the Holy City—the new Jerusalem—the scriptural symbol of heaven and the divine prophecy of an earthly perfection; for I read, "And the city had twelve gates." Four sides and twelve gates is the angelic specification. On the east, three gates—the Greek gate, the Roman gate and the Anglican gate. On the west three gates—the Gate of the Nonconformist, the Gate of the Evangelist and the Gate of the Salvationist. On the north three gates—the Gate of Philosophy, the Gate of Science, and the Gate of Culture. On the south three gates—the Gate of Beauty, the Gate of Harmony and the Mystical Gate. All roads lead to God when a man turns his face to the Holy City, for, "The Lamb is the light thereof."

Home by different ways. Yet all,
Homeward bound thro' prayer and
praise.
Young with old, and great with small,
Home by different ways.

We know that there have been great improvements in heaven in recent years. "Improvements in heaven!" you answer, "How can heaven be improved?" But the idea is scripturally orthodox. Jesus said: "I go to prepare a place for you." Preparation implies re-arrangement and adjustment. Heaven was richer the moment Jesus arrived. What splendid additions have been made to the membership of the church invisible since the days of Jesus. What wonderful arrivals have been registered up yonder during our twenty Christian centuries.

Call the roll of the celestial arrivals! Samuel Rutherford, who sang of Immanuel's land. St. Augustine, who wrote of the City of God. Luther, who broke the enslaving traditions of a thousand years. George Whitefield, who, like a seraph and angel, swept over sea and land. Florence Nightingale, whose shadow the wounded soldiers kissed. Hugh Latimer, who passed, through flame, up to God. David Livingstone, whose body, the sons of Africa surrendered, but not his heart. John Knox, whose prayers for Scotland are felt today. Cromwell, who trembled not in the presence of kings. Joan of Arc, the maid who led the armies of France. Julia Ward Howe, whose God is "marching on." Thomas Chalmers, whose shaft of light pierced the starry heavens. Sir Isaac Newton, who