

pass into its peaceful realms. I fancy often that our grandest conceptions of Heaven are far short of what will really burst in eternal splendor upon our spiritual vision when the veil of mortality is rent away and we stand in the presence of "Him who hath redeemed us."

"We may not dream how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers,
For we have not heard the songs that echo there,
Through its enchanted bowers.

"The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opes the gate elysian."

But it matters not if we with our dull understanding can not comprehend fully the joys of the redeemed, nor know the height and depth of eternal love, while walking in a land where death and sorrow reign. The blessed consciousness that we are journeying toward the better land where all will ultimately be revealed to us, is enough to satisfy us and fill our hearts with deep and fervent joy. Eternal life is a boon rich enough to inspire every fainting soul onward through the darkness and shadow of the world. An eternity of splendor awaits the faithful, who have borne with patience the crosses of life and journeyed meekly along the rough road. Ages of rest shall be given for every moment of suffering in the present life; crowns of glory shall be worn on the very brows where thorns now rest. Yes, there is a better land, where the dark mantle of sin shall never be thrown upon the soul—a land of unfading glory and eternal peace. Through the mystic ages of eternity its beauty will remain un-