

God is My Home.

BY F. G. CLARK, D.D.

"Please write something to meet my case in one of your articles," so writes a friend. "Something to satisfy my questionings about the future life. I have been trying to put myself into my own future, and to imagine how I can be sure of happiness in heaven. How will I feel at ease in such holy surroundings, in such lofty employments, in the very eternity of that celestial scenery? I am haunted with the dread of tiring even of heaven itself."

Is there any grander thought to answer all this than the utterance of the Ninetieth Psalm? God is our dwelling place. He is Himself our home. He has made us. He knows us altogether. He knows how to touch the sickly and withered spots of our nature, and how to restore and save. He knows all the risks and all the possibilities of our future. He has taken all this responsibility upon Himself. The scenery of the heavenly world kindles my imagination, but does not satisfy my curiosity. Faith has her own outlook beyond, as she has her look behind. Faith has covered many a dubious and dangerous pass. Faith is still the answer of our questionings. God has pledged me satisfaction, repose, perfect bliss hereafter.

He puts Himself, His own infinite nature, in front of all my solicitude. It is not my problem how this is to be wrought out. It is not my burden. It is enough that where my loved ones are, there God is. Where I shall be, God is, in all the measureless resources of power, grace, and joy. Is it worth my while to bestow a moment's care on that which God has undertaken and pledged to do?

Curious study and peering anxiety will not bring quiet to our minds. I talked this over with a Christian lady about to die. She had gone over the whole problem, and had found no solution. She could not build her own heaven. She could not fit up and furnish the mansion which was waiting for her. So tiring of the task, and wanting rest, she gave it all up to the pledge of her Saviour. She rested at length in full and complete repose of mind, when she came to measure those words "I go to prepare a place for you!" "Why, how foolish I have been to think so hard, to strain my eyes so long, trying to see what God has not yet brought in sight. Christ knows what my future bliss requires. He is fitting up my mansion." It is all right now. I

have no fear but that I shall be contented forever in the home which He has gone to prepare."

So let us settle down on this ultimate fact once for all. God will receive our spirits. He will guide them in their mysterious flight. They can never lose their way. In Himself they will find home and rest. Was there not much of this faith in Bryant's Song to the Migrating Water-fowl?

"The art thou, the abyss of heaven
Hast swallowed in thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He who from zone to zone (flight,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Your Duty.

A sick soldier, whose suffering was so great that he often wished for death, being asked how he hoped to escape everlasting pain, replied, "I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can."

"What are you praying for?" Asked:

"For the pardon of my sins."

"But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?"

"To take it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"O yes, sir. I think He is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah, sir," he said, with much feeling, "I ought to accept it."

"And yet you keep asking Him for what He offers, instead of taking it at once? But now, tell me what you really require in order to be this moment a pardoned man."

"I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

"Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive Him as your Saviour, and in Him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity."

Will the reader solemnly think of this?

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy Him forever."
—Thomas Carlyle.