

"That is all very good," I said, "and it is nice to be able to say that; but now tell me, what kind of a place do you think heaven is, and what do they do there?"

"Well," he said, "I think there is no sin or sorrow there. It must be a happy place, and I think they sing there a good deal."

Turning to Revelation i. 5, I said, "Yes they do sing there, and I'll just read you a song they sing. It is this: 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' You see, they are praising their Saviour, the One who loved them and died for them. I'll read it again: 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' I want you to take notice; they have not a word to say about what *they* have done; it is all about what He has done. He loved them, and died for them. Now suppose you were up there, and had got there in the way you say—because you had been good to your family, and so on; there would be one sinner in heaven that had never been washed from his sins in the blood of J sus. You could not join in the song they sing, could you?"

I waited for an answer. His head had dropped, and his eyes were turned to the floor. I shall never forget his look as he raised his head and turned to answer me. It was as one waking out of a life dream. He was now coming face to face with eternal realities, and his only reply was,—

"Well!—I—nev—er—thought—of—that—before!"

"But," I said, "God has; and He has written a