

"A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal."

I often think of that holy land beyond the river of death, where the redeemed and glorified shall dwell in blissful harmony forever; and especially when the cares of life, its pains and conflicts, cast their gloomy shadows over my pathway, do my thoughts fly away to that beautiful country where peace and holiness shall forever linger with their blessed influences. I have sometimes thought that these life trials are measured out to us just to make us wish and long for a better land, where no cloud of life shall cast its shadow. If all was brightness and sunshine around our life path, we should not wish for a higher and nobler state of existence, but like the bird and butterfly, sing and dream our days away in contentment.

God has thrown out beautiful beacon lights to lure our feet to the better land, and sometimes the pearly gates of the eternal city swing open in the far distance to reveal to us the glories that cluster around the "house with many mansions."

"And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story."

We know that Heaven is a better land than this, not only by the faint glimpses that we have caught of its eternal hills, but the unchanging word of God has declared that it is a beautiful, happy country, where there is "no need of any sun or moon," and "where all tears are wiped from the eyes." And so with the certain knowledge that it is a better land, we in fancy are ever trying to form some conception of what it really is, and how it will appear when we