

ed into the world and we feel as though we were being crowded out of the world. Heaven will bring us room. Room for soul expansion. Room for thought. Room for the heart that would dare.

Death will suddenly introduce us to a new standard of value. Our greatest surprise will be the revelation of the true value of the soul. Then we will discover the meaning of the words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Robert Browning touches the very essence of things when he speaks of "the development of a soul." The soul of culture is the culture of the soul. Thomas Carlyle was dealing out solid thought when he said: "It is not because the poor man must toll that I lament over him, but that the lamp of his soul should go out." There are more hungry souls than hungry bodies.

Hungry souls! Hannah Whitell Smith says: "Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six my soul hungered for God but I could not find him." Emperor Adrian, when dying, exclaimed, "Oh, my poor soul whither art thou going?" Soul hunger is normal and soul thirst, sane. We are never so near God as when we feel need of God. Death will attest the scientific truthfulness and spiritual value of our inspirations and aspirations. And when death surprises us into life then we will know something of the heft, weight, measure, dimensions and quality of the soul.

Death will reveal to us the surprising fact that the residents of the skies are interested in what is going on upon earth. We will be surprised to learn that the things of time and sense interest the folks in heaven. They know in heaven what is transpiring here. They have motion pictures up yonder. Fact! For every modern wonder we possess they can "do us one better" up yonder. Theodore Roosevelt is down somewhere in South America but I saw him yesterday in a splendid motion picture and the crowd were "cheering" him in a most natural and enthusiastic fashion. Everything we do here is reflected upon the white screen of a higher world. The news of earth is discussed in the streets of the New Jerusalem. Why not?

There is joy in heaven. Joy when the prodigal comes home. Joy when the soul grows weary for God. Joy when the soul panteth for the water brooks. Joy when faith grasps the invisible. Joy when the divine spark begins to glow in the heart of the wanderer. Joy when the light of conscience begins to gleam. Joy when the mind of man enthrones the will of God.