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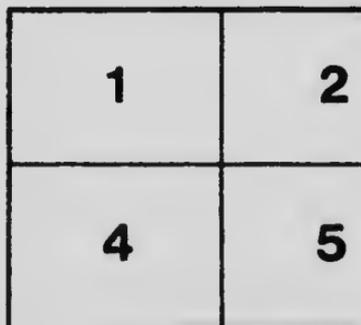
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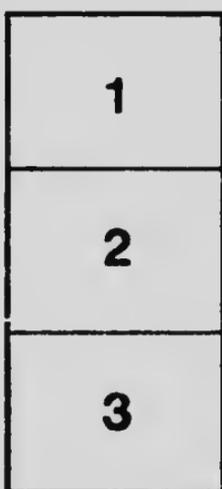
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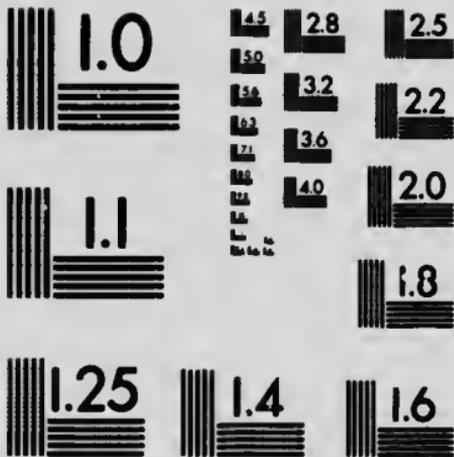
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33. **The First
Five Minutes
After Death**

Winnipeg
1907

BY
REV. JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.
Pastor Central Congregational Church
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Published through the kindness of
MR. GEORGE MILGATE

"The First Five Minutes After Death"

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound."

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound!"—Paul is describing the exit of the soul. The last of earth and the first of heaven. The snapping of the fibres which hold body and spirit together. The separation of the spiritual force from the natural form. The supreme moment in the soul's experience when earth recedes and heaven dawns. When time ends and eternity begins. When the stars fade and the eternal morning glories begin to bloom. When the light of the sun dies out and the soul survives. When the natural sinks and the spiritual reigns triumphant over all. When earth has finished its night and the eternal day reveals the splendours of the life everlasting. Oh, morning land!

I gazed on the dead white face of a sweet girl just twenty-three years of age. Asleep in death she lay, resting serenely. She had been called suddenly. Half an hour and she was gone. But how peaceful was the departure. Lispering words of faith and confidence and clinging fondly to the dear old book, she bid adieu to kindred and friends. "In a moment" death had come. The skeleton hand had turned the knob. The dark angel of night had spread black wings over home and fireside. The song of joy had ceased. "In a moment" the eyelids were closed, the hands folded, the pale form pillowed forever on the downy couch of an endless repose; and broken hearted loved ones sat near by weeping because of loneliness but sustained by a faith which rose superior to fate and circumstances.

I gazed on that still, silent face and exclaimed, "Asleep!" "But is she merely asleep?" I asked. And if she is asleep will she wake again? To sleep and dream and if perchance to wake again, ah there's the rub! Death is so abrupt! In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye! Where does night end and the day begin? Where does spring end and the summer begin? Where does summer end and the winter begin? Where does matter end and the spirit begin? Where does the body end and the soul begin? All things seem to merge, save death. Death fits into no set of circumstances, earthly or human. Death is a surprise. Death is an alarm. Death

is a summons. Death is a lightning flash. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound."

You stand by the couch of a dying friend. One moment here is alive. The next moment he is gone. What has happened? That has been the question of all the years. The head asks: "What is truth?" But love asks: "What is death?" In the Catacombs of Rome we find two answers. Pagan inscriptions stand in contrast with Christian inscriptions. Thus read the inscriptions which are pagan: "Remember that thou art dust!" . . . "While I lived, I lived well. My drama is ended. Soon yours will be. Applaud me. Farewell!" . . . "I, Bo-copé, do lift up my hands against the gods who snatched away my innocent child!" . . . Hark to the pagan lover's lament in grief for his de-parted one: "Farewell, most sweet, forever and forever, farewell!"

The Egyptians believed that the soul was imperishable and would re-turn and repossess the body of its earthly mortality. This was one step in advance of the blind unbelief of the pagan world, but in the New Testa-ment we have a grander revelation than that of Egypt or Rome. This is a faith which outshines the glory of obelisk and pyramid and sheds a golden light over the gloom of cata-comb and cemetery. That faith de-clares that the soul survives. The soul is conqueror over death. The soul sleeps not. The soul is death-proof. No poverty can degrade it. No slander can defame it. No fire can consume it. No frost can wither it. No labor can enfeeble it. No work can weary it. No toil can tire it.

Born into beauty. Born into bloom,
Victor immortal o'er death and the
tomb!

Heaven will be instantaneous. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye." The soul never sleeps, never rests, never stops, never waits, never lingers, never hesitates—the soul is a piece of radium which sparkles for-ever. Whether in the body or out of it, the soul is alive. "The sleep of the dead" is a myth. There are no sleep-ing souls. Neither on the earth or under the earth, or in the sea, or in heaven, or in hell, or in any region between heaven and hell. The soul wears out the body but the body never wears out the soul. The soul never gets weary, or tired, or exhausted or sick. To the Christian sudden death means sudden glory. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. Lady Jane Grey, when she heard that the execution of herself and her husband would be, in separate rooms, but at the same moment, sent a message to her husband in these words: "Cheer

up, dear heart, our separation will only be for a moment."

Perish dark memories
There's light ahead,
This world's for the living
And not for the dead.
Down the dark current
Let the boat swing
For every storm swept winter
Their follows a glorious spring.

Death will bring to the soul its greatest surprise. We sing our songs about heaven, we con over all the sweet and precious utterances by prophet, bard, evangelist and apostle concerning "the land of far distances," we picture, in our imagination, all the holy beauties and spiritual splendors of that unseen world and ever and anon exclaim: "What must it be to be there!" We long; aye, how we long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." But notwithstanding all—heaven will be a surprise—the soul's greatest surprise. What sudden glory! What dazzling splendor! What ineffable beauty! What inexpressible sensations. Mark you—death will bring the soul its supreme surprise.

We will be surprised that death was so perfectly natural. Think God, it's natural to die. Like the pearl dropping from its rough outer shell, like the rose opening ruby lips, like the evening star piercing the blue of the sky, like an infant opening its innocent eyes, like the sun, chasing away the last trail of mist, like the rosy fingers of morning seeking for the shining gates of day—so does death come, silently, serenely, with power majestic to kiss every wound and caress every bruise and impart life to the spiritual angel hid in the marble of flesh. Oh, death, where is thy sting? "Mother" said a dying child to the weeping widow, in my presence,— "Mother, am I dying? Really dying? Is this death?"

Dwight Lyman Moody in his dying hour exclaimed: "If this is dying, death is glorious!" Christmas Evans, passing over, shouted: "Drive on coachman, drive on!" Mary A. Foster, looked death in the face and remarked, in perfect peace: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death yet the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak." Then welcome death, for death is but a step in the ladder of life. Oh, death when wilt thou come and reveal to us the secrets of the world unseen?

We will be surprised to find that our loved ones will be waiting to greet us. Surprise of greeting! Surprise of meeting! Surprise of welcome! Surprise of salutation! Surprise of holy

embrace! Surprise of love! Dying saints, again and again, have been blessed with the vision of loved ones coming to greet them. The expiring soldier exclaimed, "Bring me two glasses of water." And when the nurse inquired: "Why two glasses of water? Would not one be sufficient?" the dying warrior, with a look of surprise on his face, replied: "Can't you see my comrade standing yonder? Two glasses — a glass for me and a glass for my comrade." The brave fellow had had a vision. A broken-hearted father told me of a vision which came to his dying daughter who exclaimed, a few moments before her death: "Why, there's mother! Can't you see her? There she stands! Mother! Mother!" And this friend, who had been bereaved first of his wife and then of his child, remarked to me: "I believe mother was standing there. I believe she had come to welcome her loved one home."

Death will bring you the surprise of perfect health. You will then enter into the full exercise of the organs and functions of your spiritual body. You will be surprised to learn, know and realize how absolutely unnecessary a physical body is. When the man who called himself "A Second Adventist" said to Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a tone of alarm: "Mr. Emerson, do you know that the world is coming to an end in a short time?" Mr. Emerson very calmly remarked: "I think I can get along very well without it." There are many things which we can get along without. Admiral Nelson, "got on" without an arm and an eye. Flesh and blood are not necessary to real life. We, poor fools, toil for the body and not for the soul. Food for the body, clothes for the body, shelter for the body, care for the body, concern for the body—but a few feet of soil will be sufficient to provide a resting place for the body when "we have shuffled off this mortal coil." There is a spiritual body with eyes of light and brain of fire and limbs of force, and heart of love, and soul of spirit, and garments of supernatural beauty. Death? Death will introduce us to our real life. Then for the first time we will stretch the wings of the soul and bathe our radiant forms in rivers of light. Why worry so much about the body?

Death will bring us another surprise! The marvelous beauty of the spiritual universe! Eye hath not seen! Ear hath not heard! When I visit a city I ask for the art gallery. Here beauty sits enthroned. And here I spend an hour surrounded by master pieces new and old. What exquisite pleasure to sit amid midnight splendor, morning glory, noonday brightness, ocean grandeur, mountain

mist, prairie grass, running brook, silver stream, forest aisle and ten thousand captivating forms of beauty. The artist said to her young student: "Friend, paint yonder sunset!" and the girl answered: "I cannot paint glory." Beauty beyond description! Joy inexpressible. Sensations angelic! Grandeur beyond words!—"Neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath hid up for them that love him."

Death will bring us the surprise of a new occupation. You will be surprised to find that your presence, in heaven, has been regarded, for some time, as an absolute necessity. Heaven will introduce us to a congenial occupation. "They serve Him day and night in His temple." In heaven there will be no retired list, no reserve force, no unemployed class and no leisured aristocracy. Clara Schumann joyfully exclaimed: "My music is my religion!" Heaven will bring us perfect harmony. There the fingers of God will touch the key board of the soul. There every child of God shall possess a perfect voice. There musicians shall fathom all melody, artists shall deplete all beauty, mathematicians shall recount all calculations and architects shall construct and recon: yet upon lines infallible and foundations unfailing. Our friend Edison "invents" for days and for nights without sleep and scarcely partaking of food. Think you that over yonder our electrical genius and modern wonder will be found idle? Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. Every stroke of work on earth makes you more fit for the divine occupation which awaits you.

The incident of death will widen your views somewhat. You will be surprised to find heaven so much larger than you ever dreamed it might be. The palaces of the old world are surrounded by spacious grounds. I attended a reception given to Canadians, by the late Lord Strathcona, at Newbury, once the palatial residence of Sir Bulwer Lytton. The old baronial hall was magnificent but what impressed me most were the gardens surrounding the mansion. These seemed to be without limit and stretched far away, in green velvet distances. Here one could breathe! Here nature seemed to expand into a vast forest, deep, wild and shaded.

There are heavens beyond heavens. In my Father's house are many mansions, many rooms, many realms, many departments, many degrees and many steps of progress. Room! Room!! Room!!! Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, when dying, exclaimed: "I have been crowded all my life. Bury me in the open field. Give me room for my grave!" Many of us are being crowded. Some of us were crowd-

ed into the world and we feel us 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.

Ring the bells of heaven there is joy
today
For a soul returning from the wild.
See, the father meets him, out upon
the way
Welcoming his weary, wandering
child.

Glory, glory! How the angels sing.
Glory, glory! How the loud harps
ring:
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty
sea
Peeling forth the anthem of the free.

We will be surprised at the suddenness of it all. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye." John B. Gough, the greatest temperance orator which the new world ever produced, stood in the pulpit one Sunday evening, addressing a great audience, many of whom were young men. He uttered one magnificent paragraph and then sank into the pulpit chair. His last sentence was: "Young man, keep your record—" In a few minutes he expired. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

The Rev. Samuel P. Jones, the famous southern evangelist, preached his last sermon at a great camp meeting in one of the western states. His subject was, "Sudden Death." He held his audience in breathless attention. At one o'clock on Monday morning he took a train for the east on which had been reserved a berth in the parlor car. He told the porter just when to awake him in the morning. At the given hour the parlor car attendant found the famous preacher so sound asleep that he could not arouse him. The great man was dead. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

Robert E. Lee, the leader of the Southern forces during the civil war in America, was an exceedingly devout man. Nobody ever doubted the sincerity of his Christian profession. In public and in private he was alike under all circumstances a devout and humble Christian. As was his custom, on the last day of his life, he stood at the table in order to ask a blessing over the guests sat down. That "blessing" was never completed. The great general sank into his chair, lifeless. His spirit had taken its flight. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

Robert Louis Stevenson whom death had by the heels" all through his life, was not permitted to suffer great agonies in the hour of his exit. In the last moment of his life a strange expression passed over his face as though a lightning flash of pain had swept through his brain. He looked up with a dazed expression and putting his hand to his head exclaimed: "What's that?" He never waited for the an-

swer. Gone in a moment. "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

A few weeks ago Alexander Black threaded these aisles. He was so human we all loved him. How generous, how kind, and how sympathetic he was. He seemed to be the incarnation of strength, vigor and health. Before leaving for his last pilgrimage through Dear Old Scotland, he said: "Should anything happen to me I have no fear of death or eternity and I shall leave behind me a beautiful family circle—happy and harmonious." Yesterday he sat in yonder pew. Today we miss him. "We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair." One evening a friend met him on Portage avenue, about ten o'clock, just as she was stepping on board a street car. "How are you?" she inquired: "I never felt better in my life," he replied. At 5 o'clock the next morning death knocked at the door and Alexander Black was gone: "In a moment." "In the twinkling of an eye."

Jean Paul Richter affirmed that the universe rests on three fundamental principles: God, immortality, and duty. Immortality is a word which grows dearer to us with the increasing years. Dwight L. Moody, preaching, for the last time, in Kansas City, exclaimed, "I am homesick for heaven!" But you ask: "Why should a man be homesick for heaven with all the attractions of love, labor and life to sway the soul earthward?" The heart answers that question: Because of the ever-increasing circle of loved ones on the other side of the river.

Turning to the pages of the New Testament we find, there, an atmosphere of confidence which cheers the soul. This feeling of confidence is congested in one pregnant sentence: "**We Know.**" In the five brief chapters of "the first epistle general of John" the word "know" occurs no less than thirty-eight times. The phrase is a favorite one in the vocabulary of New Testament writers: "I know whom I have believed"—"We know that we have passed from death unto life"—"We know that all things work together for good"—"We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him"—"We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And this spirit of confidence concerning an unseen world has taken possession of every succeeding Christian century, so that today we sing with Glider the poet:

Call me not dead when I have gone
into the company of the ever living.

So, turning to the pages of the New

Testament, we ask the question which means so much to so many: "How much can we know, definitely, about heaven?"

We know that the heavenly city has twelve gates. When a man tells me there is only one gate to the heavenly city and that he holds the key to that gate, I answer him by pointing to the architecture of the Holy City—the new Jerusalem—the scriptural symbol of heaven and the divine prophecy of an earthly perfection; for I read, "And the city had twelve gates." Four sides and twelve gates is the angelic specification. On the east, three gates—the Greek gate, the Roman gate and the Anglican gate. On the west three gates—the Gate of the Nonconformist, the Gate of the Evangelist and the Gate of the Salvationist. On the north three gates—the Gate of Philosophy, the Gate of Science, and the Gate of Culture. On the south three gates—the Gate of Beauty, the Gate of Harmony and the Mystical Gate. All roads lead to God when a man turns his face to the Holy City, for, "The Lamb is the light thereof."

Home by different ways. Yet all,
Homeward bound thro' prayer and
praise.
Young with old, and great with small,
Home by different ways.

We know that there have been great improvements in heaven in recent years. "Improvements in heaven!" you answer, "How can heaven be improved?" But the idea is scripturally orthodox. Jesus said: "I go to prepare a place for you." Preparation implies re-arrangement and adjustment. Heaven was richer the moment Jesus arrived. What splendid additions have been made to the membership of the church invisible since the days of Jesus. What wonderful arrivals have been registered up yonder during our twenty Christian centuries.

Call the roll of the celestial arrivals! Samuel Rutherford, who sang of Immanuel's land. St. Augustine, who wrote of the City of God. Luther, who broke the enslaving traditions of a thousand years. George Whitefield, who, like a seraph and angel, swept over sea and land. Florence Nightingale, whose shadow the wounded soldiers kissed. Hugh Latimer, who passed, through flame, up to God. David Livingstone, whose body, the sons of Africa surrendered, but not his heart. John Knox, whose prayers for Scotland are felt today. Cromwell, who trembled not in the presence of kings. Joan of Arc, the maid who led the armies of France. Julia Ward Howe, whose God is "marching on." Thomas Chalmers, whose shaft of light pierced the starry heavens. Sir Isaac Newton, who

thought "God's thoughts" after him. And John Milton, who, though blind, climbed the Alpine steeps of an invisible world. Aye! How heaven has improved. Social conditions are better there than they used to be Better by the addition of ten thousand glorified saints.

The working day will be twenty-four hours long in heaven. The New Testament idea of heaven is service, not rest. "They serve Him day and night in His temple." There Spurgeon will preach grander sermons, Edison will make greater discoveries, Sorcrates will discuss nobler themes, Michel Angelo will plan vaster cathedrals, Sankey will sing a more thrilling song, Raphael will portray a diviner transfiguration. Dante will descend to deeper depth and Galileo will play with new celestial worlds. There Mozart will toss out eternal harmonies and, there, Beethoven will revel in the ocean of an eternal vibration. Charles Kingsley was right, when, speaking of heaven, he said: "Certainly, we shall be busy there."

We know that heaven will bring us a great increase of knowledge. The possession of a spiritual body will open the door for new realms and higher revelations. There are notes of music so high we cannot hear them and so deep we cannot detect them. These vibrations are too fine for the human ear. What marvelous sources of information will be ours when we possess a body "like unto His own glorious body." But even with such a body we will not exhaust the inexhaustible treasures of that invisible universe. Abraham has been in heaven for five thousand years, but he has not yet comprehended the possibilities of divine knowledge. How our little "systems of truth," "fundamental statements" and "institutes of theology" will crumble and fade in the presence of universal thought and ineffable glory.

We know that we shall know each other in heaven. "Then shall I know even as also I have been known." Place the emphasis on that word "even"—"even also." Calvin will chat with Knox. Lincoln will confer with John Bright. Wesley will talk with William Booth. Beecher will hobnob with Phillip Brooks. Stead and Tolstol will cogitate together. Friend will find friend in the enthronement of an eternal friendship. The volume of memory will be well thumbed. All "the old timers" will be there. Said a well meaning Christian to dear old Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, when the aged saint was dying: "Father Taylor, you will soon be with the angels!"—His answer was: "I don't want angels—I want folks." So say we all.

We shall come with joy and gladness,
We shall gather round the throne,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
And the song of our redemption
Shall resound through endless day,
When the shadows have departed
And the mists have rolled away.

We know that Heaven is very near to the earth. So near, in fact, that when they say on earth: "He is gone!"—that very moment, in heaven, they say: "He's come!" So near is earth to heaven that angel messengers pass to and fro: "I am Gabriel that stands in the presence of God." So near that the voice of prayer can be heard and answered. So near that the music of that everlasting sphere has been heard, again and again, by mystic souls. So near that members of the angelic host have a practical interest in the transactions of earth and the events of time. So near that ever and anon, the dying saint has had a vision of the beauty and glory of that everlasting country. When the old pilot of Boston harbor lay dying, he suddenly lifted his emaciated form and exclaimed: "I see a light." A friend who was watching near by inquired: "Which light? The Boston Light?" He answered: "No." Again his friend inquired: "The Highland Light?" No!" said the old pilot. Once more his friend ventured a geographical guess: "The Minot Light?" "No, no, no!" said the dying sailor. "I see the light of glory." Thousands have seen that light: "a light ne'er seen on land or sea"—the light of glory!

We know that heaven is a splendid place for a good investment. Spiritual "interest" is a supernatural compound. It more than matches the compound interest of another sphere. There is a divine usury which more than equals one thousand per cent. of our earthly currency: "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure—treasure in heaven, where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." To Jesus heaven seemed to be so real. To the rich young ruler heaven seemed to be so unreal. When William H. Vanderbilt, the possessor of one hundred million dollars, sweat by a gust of anger, dropped dead in his own parlor, he was worth—exactly—nothing. Not a farthing had he to pay the boatman who ferried his naked soul over the river of death. Nothing! Exactly—nothing! What a slender thread binds the richest man to his bag of gold. Columbus begged his way from court to court, offering the kings of the earth a new world. But the sovereigns of the old world had no eye to see the splendors of such an imperial possession. So heaven goes begging

because our eyes are dim and our ears are dull.

Heaven is the sunrise of the soul. "Oh wonderful possibilities beyond," exclaimed Bishop Simpson, when his life's sun was setting. "I am sweeping through gates of the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" were almost the last words of the sainted Alfred Cookman. "I am wrapped in a sea of glory—I am swallowed up of God," said Edward Payson, as the glories of a spiritual transfiguration hurst upon his soul.

Did you ever notice how many people smile just when they are passing over the border line. The biographer of Savonarola records the fact that on the last night of his earthly pilgrimage: "He seemed to dream and smile." How peaceful was the expression on the face of the Marquis of Argyle, as he quietly slept in that famous room in Edinburgh castle, on the night before his execution. Angels kissed his brow and God was near.

We know that children—little Children—who die in infancy, are God's particular favorites. For did not the Master say: "In heaven, their spirits do always behold the face of my father." In that celestial country none are nearer the throne than the unstained angel spirits of our little ones. It is a remarkable fact that the one thing which reminded our Saviour of the world from whence he came was the prattling childhood of our present transient sphere: "For of such is the Kingdom of heaven." How he loved childhood! How the children loved Him—"so mild the little children nestled trustful locks on that kind breast, which leans today on God's." Nearest to God, nearest to the host angelic, nearest to the great throne eternal, nearest to the per a of the Redeemer, nearest to nature's great heart of love, are the angelic spirits of our little ones who have passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

"Two little feet went pattering by,

Years ago;

They wandered off to the sunny sky,

Years ago:

Two little feet—

They crept never back to the love they left.

They never climbed nevermore to the arms bereft;

Years ago.

Again I shall hear the two little feet pattering by,

Their music a thousand times more sweet

In the sky:

I joy to think that a Father's care
Will hold them safe till I meet them
there,

By-and-by.

THE BULLETIN

Our delegation at Portage la Prairie for the Christian Endeavor convention numbered 21—the largest yet. Congratulations. This will make our Monday's meeting tingle with good things, for the whole delegation will be there with their penants, convention songs, convention shouts and volleys of "echos" from the great convention which was voted by all as the "best yet." An invitation is extended to everybody for Monday night at 8 o'clock.

Junior meeting at 7 o'clock.

The Women's Missionary society will hold their regular monthly meeting on Monday afternoon at 3.30. All friends are invited.

The board of deaconesses will remember their engagement with me in the vestry on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

The modesty of some of you good folks is something wonderful I have invited you more than once to get in touch that we may talk over how best you can take a hand in building up the steady income of this great people's church. I know you are sincerely anxious to have this talk with us, but that modesty! Just create a little will power and you will be surprised to find how easy it is to do, and what satisfaction it brings to feel that you have a real definite hand in the big thing. I will meet you with any proposition, weekly, monthly, quarterly or annually. It's an investment, solid, profit-sharing and with a good bonus at the end of the year. Phone Sher. 348.

Mrs. E. W. Hamilton's young women's class held on Sunday afternoons at 315, has peculiarities and interests all its own. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in the city. The subjects dealt with and the leader herself make a dual attraction which no young woman should miss. Just a word to the young woman going for the first time, be on time or it may be difficult to find a seat.

This is only one department of our large and efficient Sunday school. The adult Bible class meets in the vestry at 3 o'clock, and this is the home for all other departments to line up. We have a place for you.

E. R. WEEKS,
Associate Pastor



SUBSCRIBE NOW.

The publication committee are desirous of increasing the number of paid subscribers to Dr. Gordon's sermons, and solicit your subscription. The price, one dollar, is not sufficient to make the work self-sustaining unless we can materially increase our subscription list. If you are receiving the sermons regularly at the church can you not send a subscription for a friend who cannot do so. The committee has ample proof of the good accomplished by these published sermons from letters that they have received, and it is their intention to broaden the scope of this phase of the church work as far as possible.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss K. D. Young, secretary, Central Congregational church, corner Hargrave and Qu'Appelle streets, or to W. U. Skinner, 204 Sterling bank building, Winnipeg.



This Evening

March 1, 1914, at 7 o'clock

DR. GORDON

Will Preach on the Subject

**“Is the Liberal
Party Awake
to the Moral
Issues of the
Hour?”**

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES



