

Evangelistic Sermons

(Doctrinal Series)

by

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CHAPTER TWELVE -

HEAVEN

"I go to prepare a place for you" (John 13:2)

If you should ask me why I know there is such a place as Heaven I would give you five reasons.

First. Because the human soul has always longed for such a place.

You can go as far back as history will take you and find that that is true. The Egyptians had a Heaven they called Yaru and you can go to the pyramids today and find inscriptions on their hoary walls that were written 3000 years before the feet of JESUS pressed the Galilean hills. addressed to the ferryman who was supposed to ferry the dead across the river into those happy fields.

There was an old heathen by the name of Cleombrotus who read those great arguments of Plato about Heaven and he ran and threw himself down from a precipice that he might die and enter on that blessed life.

Now I don't believe GOD would plant in the soul a universal longing like that without making some provision for its realization.

If I knew I was going to be annihilated, or had to go to hell, I never would want to leave this world. I don't anyhow; I'd like to stay here a thousand years; I'm getting along fine. I think old Cleombrotus was a fool. But when the time comes and I have to die I want something better and bigger in every way, and if I can only know that this longing of mine is going to be satisfied, then it don't make so much difference when I go; whether I live a thousand years or die before the whistle blows tomorrow morning.

Second. Because the human soul has always felt there was such a place. When the soul gets tired of philosophy and argument it can just turn back and commune with itself and deep within itself it hears a voice as gentle and as unmistakable as an evening zephyr which says "It must be so." That's the instinct of Heaven that GOD planted in every soul.

Like the little boy flying his kite and the kite was out of sight and some one asked him where it was and he pointed up into the skies. And they asked him how he knew it was there if he couldn't

see it and he said, "I know it is there because I can feel it tug." And in some such way as that I know there is a Heaven because I feel the pull of it, the tug of it in my soul.

Third. Because the human soul needs just such a place as Heaven. The best developments of this life are only fragmentary and the soul needs another life. in order to go on to perfection. Sir Isaac Newton had a mind that could master the profoundest truths as easily as the average man can handle his ABC's, and one day some one complimented him on his vast learning, and don't you remember his humble reply?

He said, "I seem to be only a child picking up a few pebbles on the shore while the great ocean of truth stretches unexplored before me." Think of the mysteries that are yet to be unraveled. and the riddles yet to be solved!

And then a great many never have a chance to develop. Their intellects have been hampered by diseased bodies. Some of them have been what Tennyson calls the "forbidden builders." dying almost before they got started. Keats died when he was only 22, and Raphael, the unrivalled artist, at 37. Others have been denied the opportunity by the force of social circumstances. What chance had Oliver Twist living with Fagin in a den of thieves? In fact every worthy development of life. every faculty and every virtue is imperfect here. The soul needs Heaven and Heaven alone can finish out what life must leave unfinished here.

Fourth. Because justice demands a place like Heaven. Things are not fixed up right down here. GOD had it that way in the first place. but man, like the fool he has always been mixed himself in and upset the whole thing. The whole business is out of balance and if all the Heaven a man gets and all the hell a man gets he gets right here on this earth.

As some of these sordid-minded, sin-loving, *non compos mentis* moral perverts claim, I'd like to know where justice come in.

Nero and Borgia and other tyrants have sat on thrones while godly saints have been sent to the dungeon, the scaffold and the flames. If there is no Heaven what recompense did Paul have for the stones and stripes that stung him well nigh to death and for the axe that chopped off his head, or Savanorola for the flames that licked up his blood on the square of San Marco close by the palace and the church. Is it justice that Savanorola and Wycliffe and Huss should die the martyr's death and not receive the martyr's reward?

Is it justice that Nero and Diocletian should throw Christians to the lions and wade in innocent blood and not suffer for their crimes? Shall the Son of GOD be crucified and not be exalted? Justice steps in and has a word to say.

Fifth. And then, in the last place, and chiefly I believe there is such a place as Heaven because GOD says there is. The whole Bible is full of it; and to doubt it for one second is to impeach divine wisdom, divine love and GOD's omnipotence.

I'd rather have GOD's word about anything than the opinion of all the philosophical literati and scientific dignitaries in the world when they try to make you believe that GOD doesn't know what He's talking about.

Some people say, "Don't talk so much about Heaven; give us something practical." But I guess if JESUS talked so much about it we have a right to preach one sermon about it. JESUS said, "**I go to prepare a place for you.**" He said, "In my father's house are many mansions." He says, "**Rejoice that your names are written in Heaven.**" It says in Hebrews, "**We have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.**"

And so I guess these five reasons ought to be enough to persuade us that there is a Heaven.

And now you want to know something about it and I am going to tell you. I am not going to tell you what I know about it. I could tell you a great deal that way, I suppose. In fact I could tell you all about it because the fellow who doesn't know is always the one who can tell the most. Paul was caught up into Heaven, you know, and he found it impossible to express what he saw, but the man who has never been there, it's dead easy for him; he can just throw open the door and let you see the whole thing; he'll take the door clear off the hinges for you.

Now I am not going to tell you what I imagine Heaven to be. Fancy and imagination and speculation don't amount to anything here, but GOD has told us a great deal about Heaven, and what he has revealed it is worth our while to consider.

First. Heaven is a Place. JESUS said. "**I go to prepare a place for you.**" Cannon Farrar wrote a book once and called it "Eternal Hope." It's long on surmise and short on logic. He says, "Heaven is to be something rather than to go somewhere." Well, it is to be something; it is a condition - sure; it's a state of mind and heart, but it's more. If JESUS went anywhere he must have gone somewhere.

He couldn't go nowhere. Where is nowhere? Heaven is a place. Of course you couldn't be in a place without being in a condition and I am sure the condition you are in is more important than the place, and it would be better for a man to be in hell if he could keep the proper spirit in him there than to be in Heaven and have the mind of the Devil in him. Some of you wouldn't be fit for Heaven if you did get in.

"**I go to prepare a place for you.**" That's what He said. "**In my Father's house are many mansions,**" and they are just as real as your home down here, and you can trust GOD to make good on his promise.

Second. Heaven is a prepared place. "**I go to prepare a place for you.**"

(1) *It's commodious.* He's made it big enough. GOD's never embarrassed for the want of space. When He made the universe He didn't use the earth and its moon as a model. You talk about size. Why, this earth's so small it's a wonder GOD hasn't forgotten He ever made it. You can take an auger and bore a hole into the sun and pour 1,200,000 earths like this one into it and still have room for 4,900,000 moons to lie around the inside edge. You think that's big, but some of the fixed stars, like Alpha Centauri for instance, are five times bigger even than the sun.

Talk about size! Do you know how big old Neptune is? She's 75 times bigger than this earth you live on. She's close to 3,000,000,000 miles, away and you can't see her unless you climb Mt. Hamilton and look through the Lick telescope or go to Lake Geneva and point that powerful

Yerkes telescope with its forty-inch diameter lens at her. Well, if that is so, then tell me how big do you suppose that beautiful star Lyra is that is 100,000 times farther away than Neptune and you can see it with your own naked eye.

And then talk about space! How far away is the sun? Well, if I could charter a Pennsylvania Limited and "hit her off" sixty miles an hour it would take me 177 years to go to the sun. Figure it out and it makes the sun 93,000,000 miles from where you are now.

Some distance you say that is. Yes, but wait a minute and look up into the skies and tell me what you see.

There's Mercury, nearest to the sun and whizzing around her orbit at the rate of 109,000 miles an hour.

You know the nearer the planets are to the sun the faster they go. There's no speed-limit signs up there and no smash ups either. The General Traffic Manager is onto His job.

Then in the evening if you'll look out into the southwest you'll see the object most beautiful to the naked eye in all the skies. It's Venus, about 35,000,000 miles further out. She swings around the sun once in 224 days and when she gets on the other side she's nearly twice as far away from the earth as the sun is.

Third in distance from the sun is the earth. She spins on her axis 19 miles a second. You're whirling that fast now and at the same time you're speeding around the sun at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour.

Thank you, good, old gravitation!

Then comes Mars, 140,000,000 miles from the sun and it takes her 687 days to get around.

Fifth in order is old Jupiter, "giant planet" of the skies, champion of the starry world with his two big, light-brown belts of shining vapor. He's three times as big as all the rest of the planets put together. And my, how he spins! He's 1,250 times bigger than the earth but turns on his axis every ten hours; that's 847 miles a second, or two and a half times faster than the earth. But he can't hit the track like the old earth.

30,000 miles an hour is the best he can do and it puts him around the sun only once in 12 years.

If you lived on Jupiter and wanted to go to the sun, if you'd charter a Pennsylvania Limited and travel fifty miles an hour it would take you nine centuries to get there. "Well," you say, "that's some distance."

No, it isn't Jupiter is just one of our next door neighbors.

Yonder in the southeastern sky is old Saturn with her rings that got old Galileo a-going so. She is second largest of an the planets and is 790,000,000 miles from the earth at the nearest point. It takes her 10 1/2 years to turn on her axis and 29 years to make the trip around the sun. How fast does the shell of a 13-inch gun travel? 15 miles a minute. Well, if the modern Krupp gun could

fire a projectile far enough, at that rate it would take it 111 years to drop down on the shores of that far off, prodigious luminary.

Seventh in order is Uranus, 64 times as big as the earth and more than twice as far away as Saturn, 1,800,000,000 miles. She goes on her tireless circuit around the sun but it takes her 87 years to make the journey once.

And then way out yonder, too far for the naked eye to see, is the outermost planet of the solar system, old Neptune. If I'd take an airship and sail 100 miles an hour it would take me 3000 years to get to old Neptune with her satellite. It takes her 155 years to go around the sun.

She is 2,780,000,000 miles away. You don't know how much a billion is. You can't conceive of it. If you'd count 100 a minute it would take you 19 years to count one billion counting day and night.

"Well," you say, "it's certainly a long, long way to Neptune." Not very far. Do you know how fast light travels? 192,000 miles a second. Well, I could close this meeting promptly at ten o'clock tonight, jump on a ray of light, and in exactly one and one-quarter seconds I could say "Hello" to the man in the moon; in four minutes I could tip my hat to those wonderful folks that you think live on Mars (but I don't) and I could jump off at Neptune before the roosters crow and get back here in time for breakfast at 6 A. M. tomorrow morning.

Neptune, nearly 3,000,000,000 miles away! But the nearest star you ever saw in the sky is 10,000 times farther away than that. It's Alpha Centauri, 250,000 times farther away than the sun. The light you see from Alpha Centauri is four years' old. It takes it that long to get there traveling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second as all light does.

But Alpha Centauri isn't very far away. The North Star is 14 times farther.

When we get an inter-stellar aeroplane system in operation you can make the trip to the North Star. If you paid 2 1/2 cents a mile it would cost you only \$8,950,000,000,000 (eight trillion nine hundred billion dollars) one way, and making 100 miles an hour which is dead easy for an airship it would take you 409,000,000 years to arrive at the union depot. Whew!

But that isn't far away. There are stars 500 and 800 and 1000 times farther. It takes the light from Arcturus 200 years to get here. Find out how many seconds in 200 years and multiply by 192,000 and you'll know how far it is to Arcturus.

Talk about space? Do you know that the whole solar system - sun, moon, earth and all the other planets - is flying straight ahead this very second through space 400 times faster than a ball shot from a cannon. Where are we going? We're heading straight for that beautiful constellation of Lyra and every second the clock ticks off we are ten miles nearer to that beautiful star. We've made a hundred and fifty miles since I just told you! And we've been going that way - the whole solar system - since the beginning of time and we're not there yet. When will we get there? I don't know.

Who conceived all this and brought it into existence?

GOD! GOD! GOD! It makes me so warm under the collar to hear some little puny, pigmy, pusillanimous infidel disputing about GOD and finding fault with GOD's plan of salvation and other things that came out of the divine mind. Why, you poor fool, you're so small, compared with the rest of GOD's universe, that He could blow you into a gnat's eye and it would make it wink.

GOD's got plenty room. Billions have died and billions are here and billions are still to come and people say where is GOD going to put them all. He's got plenty room. Over in Revelation it says an angel took

the measurement of Heaven. "And it was 12,000 furlongs; the length, height and breadth of it are equal." 12,000 furlongs. That's nearly 8,000,000 feet and if you cube it you'll get 512,000,000,000,000,000 (512 quintillion) cubic feet. Now if the world stood for 100,000 years and always had and always will have a billion people on it dying off every generation that would only make 300, (trillion) 000,000,000,000 people and this would give every one of them 177,000 cubic feet or a room 56 feet each way.

And if that isn't big enough, GOD could send his surveying angels out and throw his boundary line around a few sextillion acres more. There's room for the millions that have gone and for the millions and billions and trillions that are still to go. "In my Father's house are many mansions;" many rooms is what it really says. GOD made it commodious and there's plenty room.

(2) *It's beautiful.* GOD made it beautiful.

The Bible doesn't go into detail, but it tells us enough to let us know that beauty in Heaven has reached its perfection.

GOD loves beauty or He wouldn't have put so much of it in this world. Who painted the butterfly's wing with all those gorgeous hues and threw around the evening sun her drapery of a thousand colors? Who put the red on the robin's breast? From whose pastel were the colors mixed that gave the rose its blushing charm and touched the lily with its dreamy white? Who taught the raindrop to take a ray of light from Heaven's shining orb and pencil it on the sky in one huge arch of bewildering elegance? GOD did it all.

He made everything beautiful and only sin has marred it. and in Heaven you'll find GOD's beauty at its best.

The fairest visions on earth, all of her enrapturing scenery, all her matchless music and all her sweetest fragrance are but the faintest indication possible of the ineffable and entrancing beauty that shall greet us everywhere as we enter and dwell in that celestial city whose builder and maker is GOD.

John got a glimpse of it one day from his lonely island and tried to tell us about it, but the best he could do was to use a few symbols our poor little minds could understand and he said, "**The walls are of jasper, the foundations garnished with precious stones, every gate a pearl and the city is of pure gold.**"

"Every gate a pearl," Who doesn't go into ecstasy over the luster of a perfect pearl? I heard one

day that Bailey, Banks & Biddle, of Philadelphia, carried a fine selection of them and I managed to find some one who could introduce me to the pearl connoisseur, that's what you call them, I guess, the fellow that knows all about them. - and I asked to see his finest pearls. He looked me over and seemed surprised.

"Oh!" I said, "I don't want to buy but I would just like to look at them:" And he took me through some iron gates and he laid on the palm of his hand one pearl about the size of a bullet and when I caught my breath, I said, "How much"? And he said, "Seven thousand dollars."

Oh, I can see it yet. I thought I was in a dream; the tint of it; the luster of it! Keep all the other precious stones but give me a pearl. I carry one with me just to look at - not like that one though. And oh, the wonderful thought that every gate is a pearl and one day it will swing open and admit you and me to the dazzling beauty within.

I have heard of a little girl who was blind from birth and only knew of the beauties of earth from her mother's lips. A noted surgeon worked on her eyes and at last his operations were successful, and as the last bandage dropped away she flew into her mother's arms and then to the window and the open door, and as the glories of earth rolled into her vision she ran screaming back to her mother and said, "Oh Mama, why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?"

And the mother wiped her tears of joy away and said, "My precious child. I tried to tell you but I couldn't do it."

And one day when we go sweeping through those gates of pearl and catch our first vision of the enrapturing beauty all around us, I think we'll hunt up John and say, "John, why didn't you tell us it was so beautiful!" And John will say, "I tried to tell you when I wrote the twenty-first and twenty-third chapters of the last book in the Bible after I got my vision, but I couldn't do it."

And this is the Heaven that GOD has prepared for you and for the poorest of them that believe on Him. He's made it beautiful.

(3) *It's comfortable.*

This old world of ours would be a mighty fine place if there weren't so many things in it that curse and blight and damn it. GOD might transfer His headquarters and bring His angels down if it wasn't for that. But in Heaven all these things are known.

There won't be any Monday up in Heaven. It'll all be one long Sabbath. The pass of Glencroe in Scotland is reached by a long, steep, tiresome road, but at the end is a sign, "Rest and be thankful." And that's what you'll find at the end of the way that leads to Heaven.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." There won't be any grinding toil. No blasting furnace to swelter around in steel mills and iron works.

No heavy burdens to carry on tired shoulders. No sweat shops where poor widows toil in the foul air and dim light. Rising up early in the morning and wearing out your life all day long will be all over, for toil and poverty and misery are words that Heaven cannot spell.

There'll be no trouble in Heaven. The first thing you do when you are born is to cry and the last thing you do when you die is to groan, but ""Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

There'll be no sickness there; no suffering. When Wilberforce asked Robert Hall for his idea of Heaven the great preacher replied, "Heaven is rest." And you know Robert Hall was a great sufferer. His poor body was racked and tortured in the ruthless grip of a vicious disease and to his poor pain-racked body, rest, more than anything else, would be Heaven to him.

Some of us when we suffer just a little make such a fuss about it there's no living with us, but some people suffer all their lives through and live in a moving prison and it must be hard, but it will all be over there. Listen, Revelation 21:4, "**And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.**"

"And there shall be no more death." No gasping for breath and failing to get it. The cheeks will never turn ashen and the eyes will never set in glassy stare.

There will be no crepe to hang on the door. The undertaker will not come and screw down the coffin lid and there will be no hearse to head the sad journey to the grave. There will be no heart-breaking moment when the coffin is lowered and the clods fall down.

But our dear ones whom we love so much and miss so much when they are gone will never die. What a place it must be! No wonder the inspired apostle cried, "**Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. neither hath it entered into the heart of man the thing's which GOD hath prepared for them that love Him.**" - I Corinthians 2:9.

Third - But then Heaven is not only a prepared place, a place whose Builder and maker is GOD, But it is a Busy Place

A Heaven where we didn't do anything but sit by the side of crystal seas and pearly streams and gaze forever on the eternal beauty and dazzling effulgence about us would be too ghostly. It would be too senseless and insipid. That'll do for some old monk or idle dreamer but I wouldn't want to go there.

But there's going to be something doing in Heaven all the time.

(1) *It's a place of Intellectual Activity.* Sir Isaac Newton with his profound mind has long ago stopped picking up pebbles and has gone down to the very bottom of the unexplored ocean of truth that one time stretched out before him. Tennyson is singing loftier strains and Herchel is busy exploring the stars of the new heavens that appeared when the old passed away. Heaven is a place of never-tiring thought. No stagnation there. And you can learn as much there in a day as you can learn here in a year.

The brainiest men know a mighty little here, but up there our faculties will all be quickened and intensified and all the pages of knowledge will unroll before us.

Some of us have been too poor to get an education down here or too stupid, but up there GOD will give you one free and touch your dull mind into such intellectual acumen that you can grapple with the infinite mysteries of the universe. Mighty GOD. how we thank you!

(2) *It, a place of Social Activity.* "**In My Father's house are many mansions**" - many rooms, it says; and there'll be a reception room sure. But the reception won't; be like the average one down here. Did you ever attend one?

Some of you lady folk spend more money for music and flowers and refreshments to give one afternoon or evening reception than you give in a whole year to the church to help spread the gospel of JESUS CHRIST.

But up there, Oh! what a reception that will be!

There won't be any idle gossip about your neighbor: no sham respectability and a lot of nonsense you've got to go through down here.

I tell you the society up there is going to be mighty select. This old town I'm preaching to wouldn't be such a bad place to live in if it weren't for some of the people you have to tolerate;

- Here you have backbiters, and gossipers and meddlers in other people's business. In Heaven you don't.

- Here you have the avaricious and the lewd and lustful. In Heaven you don't.

- Here you have the sneering skeptic and Godless, good-for-nothing infidel. In Heaven you don't.

- Here you've got booze fighters and a lot of the dirty gang that sell the rotten stuff. In Heaven the odor of the dirty stuff never defiles the nostrils.

- There are no gamblers there; no liars; but only the pure and noble, and we shall enjoy their society forever.

Then CHRIST will be there and will be the first to greet you when you come. He redeemed you, blessed be His name, and He has a right to the first embrace.

Some one was asked what he expected to do when he got to Heaven and he said he would take one good look at JESUS for about five hundred years and then he might look around for some one else he knew and loved on earth. It seems to me I'd never get through looking at JESUS!

And then there'll be some loved ones there, If GOD should call me before He does my wife, and I expect

He will, after I have seen JESUS - I know who I'll look for next. It'll be my dear old mother who went away with her furrowed cheeks and her silver hair, And I'll feel the touch of her blessed hand again on my head and hear her say, "My precious boy, I'm so glad to see you."

And then next will be father. He worked alongside of mother till they were stoop shouldered for

their children down here and I'm so glad they'll have them all with them up there. Yes, thank GOD, brothers and sisters will be there too. Some of them are there now and we'll have a sure enough family reunion when we all get home.

And then one glad hour the angels will announce the coming of wife and after the first glad meeting I'd say, "Come on, wife," and we'd go and sit down in some bright restful spot, and what a time we would have talking it all over; and I'd say, "How is old Deacon N?"

"Been dead four years," she'd say.

"Strange he isn't here, wife; he's had plenty of time to arrive. And tell me about Mrs. R.; she was president of the Ladies' Aid Society when I left; she occupied such a prominent pew and always came in just a little late; she was always having trouble with everybody and we never could get her church subscription out of her."

"Why, isn't she here?"

"No, I've never seen her."

"Well, what about old Jerry, the shoemaker; he's here, ain't he?"

"Oh, yes, I see him every day; got a mansion just around from ours; you ought to see how his face shines; he had no trouble to get in; the angles sang him a welcome.

Some one, you know, said that when we get to Heaven there will be three surprises.

- First, to see some people there we did not expect to see.
- Second, not to see some people there we did expect to see.
- And third, the greatest surprise of all - to find ourselves there.

The first two are all right, but that third is not true; it would be to doubt the Word of GOD and to slander the sacrifice of JESUS CHRIST in our behalf.

"I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." I would be surprised if I found myself in hell but I've got my Lord's word about my heavenly inheritance, and when I get to Heaven I don't expect to be surprised to find that JESUS has kept His word. But the other two surprises will be real enough.

I don't know when I'll go! I'd live longer if I'd quit this terrible strain on my tired body and nerves every night; but I'd rather live ten years less and amount to something for GOD than to loll around like some of you do and die in disgrace with nothing in Heaven to show for the time you spent.

They tell us the story of a girl who had a dream. In her dream she died and went to Heaven and an angel said, "Come on Mary, I'll show you where you are to stay. Along the way they came to several beautiful shining palaces and Mary was informed that one for her minister, one for Aunt

Lizzie; the old washerwoman, and the other for old Jerry, the cobbler. Then they came to a very humble, plain-looking cottage and the angel said, "This, Mary, is yours."

She was bitterly disappointed and said she didn't want it. But the angel said, "It's not what you want; it's what you get. And then he told her they had done for her the very best they could. He said, "You see, Mary, it's like this; we build the mansion out of the material sent up and we took every kind word you ever spoke, every flower you ever carried to the sick, every penny you ever gave and this is the best we could do." When the girl woke up she found herself in tears.

"In My Father's house are many mansions," but that's the kind of a mansion some of you religious loafers are going to have if you don't pretty soon get busy for GOD.

There are other activities, besides intellectual and social - too numerous to mention.

David hasn't hung up his harp and the redeemed of GOD led by the majestic sweep of his fingers over the strings will sing a new song and it will be, "Amen, blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto God forever and ever, Amen!" (Revelation 7:9-12) and Heaven's temple will be filled with music, the enchanting sweetness and power of which no mortal being can conceive.

And then I read in another place that, **"they serve Him day and night in His temple."** GOD put man in the first paradise and told him to **"dress it and keep it,"** and GOD expects His servants to keep busy in the second paradise.

There won't be any tramps in Heaven. You'll have to get busy or take the elevator down. Just what our employment will be nobody knows. It may be on some other planet amid His countless worlds far beyond the range of the Lick or Yerkes observatory He may have work for us to do.

But whatever those radiant ministries are, our chiefest joy will be to do the will of GOD.

Heaven is a busy place.

Fourth - And then let me say in the last place that Heaven is an eternal place

Paul says, **"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek for one to come."** Where is Nineveh and Babylon with their dazzling glory of other days? Gone, and the wild beasts roam where once their temples stood.

Where is Rome that was once called the "eternal city"? Gone! Gone! But Heaven is a city whose builder and maker is GOD, and whose foundations shall never crumble away. There'll be no end to its glory and beauty, and when we go in we go in to go out no more forever. Its ages will never end.

How can I make sure of Heaven? We must not stop until we settle this. Don't make any mistake about the way in. JESUS says **"I am the way."** JESUS says, **"I am the door"** and if you ever enter in it will be that way and by that door, by the way of repentance and faith in the Lord

JESUS CHRIST.

Theosophy can't save you. Christian Science can't do it. Spiritualism is no good. And Unitarianism and Universalism and Bahaiism and all the rest of them can never save you. It's not by works that any man can do. "**By grace are ye saved,**" says Paul. "**through faith.**"

Over in one of our eastern cities was an engineer who had been on the road for a good many years. He was one day addressing a crowd of men among whom were a good many railroad men. In closing his address he said, "Men, I can't begin to tell you what JESUS has meant to me. Years ago on every night when I would finish my run I would pull open the whistle and let out a blast just as we came around the curve and I would look up to a small hill where stood a little white cottage and there would be a little old man and a little old woman standing in the doorway. I would lean out of the old cab window and we would wave at each other and as my engine would go shooting into a tunnel the old couple would turn and go back inside and the little old woman would say to the little old man, 'thank GOD. father, Bennie is safe home tonight.'

But at last the day came when we took mother out and laid her away and then each night as I came around the curve and blew the whistle the little old man would be at the door and I would wave to him and he would wave to me and then as my train shot through the tunnel he would turn and go slowly back into the cottage and say. "Thank GOD, Bennie is safe home tonight."

But bye and bye the time came when we carried father out too and now when I finish my run although I pull open the whistle and let out a blast there are no dear ones to welcome me home. But when my work on earth is done, when the last run has been made and I have pulled the throttle and the whistle for the last time, as I draw near to Heaven's gate I know I shall see that same little, old couple waiting there for me, and as I go sweeping through the gate I will see my dear old mother turn to my dear old father and hear her say, "Thank GOD, father, Bennie is safe home at last . . .

Heaven is not far away. The miles are few and short even for the youngest of us. If for no other reason, then for this one I would give my heart to CHRIST because it means a reunion, a meeting again with the loved ones on the other side of the dark valley through which we all must go.

"I go to prepare a place for you." GOD pity us if we should make a mistake and say "No" to JESUS CHRIST!

~ end of book ~