

**HEAVEN OUR HOME: WE  
HAVE NO  
SAVIOUR BUT JESUS, AND  
NO HOME BUT HEAVEN**

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Heaven Our Home: We Have No Saviour but Jesus, and No Home but Heaven by William Branks

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**WILLIAM BRANKS**

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# HEAVEN OUR HOME.

WE HAVE NO SAVIOUR BUT JESUS,

AND

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*(By William Branks)  
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BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEET FOR HEAVEN," &c.

Eighty-eight Thousand.

EDINBURGH:  
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

M.DCCCLXIV.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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It is very gratifying to the Author to be able to state, that within the space of little more than one week the whole of the First Edition of "Heaven our Home" was sold out. Within a few months more, eighty-eight successive Editions have been called for. He trusts that this will be taken as an evidence that the views which he has presented of our Future Home have created some interest in the minds of the reading public.

He is also pleased and encouraged by the very flattering and elaborate reviews which his work has called forth from a considerable portion of the newspaper press.

## PREFACE

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I HAVE often felt, that the views which most divines have given of *heaven* are so utterly *negative* in their nature, and also so utterly *unsocial* in their aspect, that they are more calculated to *repel* the inquiries and longings and aspirations of the children of God after it, than to *allure* their thoughts upwards, and fix their affections and desires upon the things that are above.

The mechanism of our moral nature—God's own workmanship—fits us for a *social heaven*. We are *social beings*. A heaven from which *saint-friendship*, and *social intercourse* among those who are in glory, are excluded, is not and cannot be a suitable abode for us, who have received from God's own plastic hand those *social affections* which we are to possess for ever. A *social heaven* is accordingly the *leading idea* which I have endeavoured to embody and illustrate in the following treatise.

Richard Baxter's heaven, depicted in his "Saint's Everlasting Rest," is an eternity of holy repose—free from the sins and troubles of earth. John Howe's heaven, delineated in his "Blessedness of the Righteous," is a calm intellectual eternity spent in the beatific vision of God.

St Paul's heaven is a *being through eternity with Christ*. St John's heaven, exhibited in the Apocalypse, is a great and gorgeous temple crowded with the worshippers of God. The heaven I have attempted to delineate is a *home with a great and happy and loving family in it*.


The Bible is the orient sun that has dispelled the long, deep night of darkness that once hung over heaven, and in a great measure concealed it from the view of man. The natural sun, by his rising every morning, brings the earth—our present home—into our view, with its variegated scenery, and its living, busy population. The Bible—God's bright spiritual sun that has risen upon us—also brings by its revelations into our view an eternal heaven, which we who are the children of God are to enter at death, and meet each other again on the other side of the Jordan's floods, and be happy for eternity *there—in our Father's home*.

We *need* a home. What is our life *here*? Look at a river upon earth; you see in its flowing waters life's symbol. That river is but a little streamlet in its source, welling out from its small and pebbly fountain; it gradually increases in depth and in width; it never rests, it flows on and on and still unceasingly onwards, without a moment's pause: so does our life, till at last, like the mighty river nearing the ocean, it flings its waters with a convulsive and gurgling roll into the sea that is before the Lord, there to mingle with the living floods of angels and glorified saints, who move and gleam like a great ocean, filling the heavens, and stretching far and wide, and seemingly without a shore. Look at the sun in the sky; you see in it a symbol of life. That sun peeps up into the view of



a living world, at his first rising, with but a comparatively dim and feeble shining; he gradually emerges with an increasing lustre from his chamber in the east; he goes forth over us in the sky, like a vessel of light sailing along upon the bosom of the great ocean of space; he reaches his meridian splendour, then he begins to descend gradually towards the western horizon, until at the close of day he passes from our gaze into the expanse beyond, going forth to sail still as a vessel of light over another sea of life in the opposite hemisphere, there to rise and to pour down his beams upon other homes, and upon other eyes, but removed from *our* view. It is the same with our life. Our soul is our sun. The thoughts of our minds are the beams of light that gleam forth in their scintillations, and radiancy, and illumination upon those around us. There is the first glimmering dawn of reason, then the increasing splendour of brightening faculties, then the meridian sunshine of intellectual and moral powers; the zenith of life is reached; our mental sun then begins to descend the western sky of age, the evening of death darkens around, then our soul—if in a state of grace—leaves the sphere in which it moved and shone for a season here, passes over the horizon that bounds eternity and time, the Lord Jesus transferring it to a new firmament—the hemisphere of glory—*there* to rise in new splendour before the throne of God, *there* to shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars of God for ever and ever.

It is computed that one of the human family dies every moment. Thus, every tick of the clock, an immortal spirit, as if with the outspread wings of an angel, is flying over the boundary line of time, and is entering the great



world of spirits on the other side. There is thus a river of living souls continuously flowing from time into eternity. In the bed of that stream we are all sooner or later to take our place, and to pass away; for "as the waters fail from the sea, as the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more; they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

How comforting, in these circumstances, is the revelation that God has made to us in His Word,—we *have a home for eternity*, and that *home is heaven!*

In the following treatise I look in upon that home of love. I survey the family assembled there. I view their *intercourse* with each other, and with us who are still upon earth; and I notice the *interest* which they feel in what is occurring here. I also shew, that in the gospel view of heaven which I am led to set forth, death to believers in Jesus is *going home*.

It is no cold and uninteresting subject which I am thus led to treat. Was it like music in the ears of the Israelites, whilst journeying in the wilderness, to listen to the accounts which were orally and through tradition handed down to them, of the land promised to their fathers—a land flowing with milk and honey, and towards which they were advancing? And will it not be equally comforting to you who are the children of God; nay, will it not be infinitely more so, in the midst of your present wearisome journeyings, to read a gospel description of your Father's home in the heavens, which many of your friends from earth have already entered, where you are again to meet them at your death, when time with you is past, and the world is left?

The descriptions which I have given of heaven have a deep and *personal* interest about them; for heaven is to be *your* home for eternity who read these, if ye are the children of God. The emigrant, who is about to sail to a foreign land, feels that *he* has a *personal* interest in the accounts which he reads about it in the newspapers or otherwise; for he is soon to sail to it, to land upon its shore, and he is to spend there the remainder of his life. The bride who is about to go to her new home feels that *she* has a *personal* interest in the descriptions which her friends give her of its site, of its appearance, and of its furnishings; for she has upon her soul the sunshine of the gladdening hope that she is to spend her future life beneath its roof. *You have a similar interest in heaven.* The sea, the deep blue sea is not far off, over the bosom of which you will soon set sail, that ye may land in eternity. The vessel is in the harbour, it is preparing to go forth to plough the bosom of the unseen deep—as Columbus launched forth upon the Atlantic, whilst America, on the other side, was all unseen—the sails are already spread, the pilot is at the helm. You already hear the dash upon the shore, and the roll of the great waters; and soon you, who are believers in Jesus, will be in the position of the emigrant, whilst standing upon the deck of the vessel that is already under sail; you will look back, and you will look down upon your weeping, bereaved friends, whom you are leaving in your death-chamber—upon your home, with its dark cloud of bereavement lowering around it—and upon the earth itself, receding from your view, and gradually becoming smaller in the distance, till, like the vessel upon the far-off horizon,