# WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES

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Within the Pearly Gates by A Minister

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## **A MINISTER**

# WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES



(Sarcie 12:05.4).

WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES.

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THE

## PEARLY GATES.

BY

#### A MINISTER

Of the Gospel.

TWENTY-SECOND THOUSAND.

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M'LEISH & COMPANY, PRINTERS, TORONTO, ONT. MY MOTHER,

WHO HAS CROSSED, IN TRIUMPH,

THE STREAM OF DEATH, AND

WAVES A WELCOME,

AND BECKONS ME

ONWARD

TO THE OTHER SHORE,

THIS

VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

9.



### WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent gold."—Rsv. xxi., 21.

"OH! ye who are tossed on life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore.

Where slumber on her downy couch shall lull your cares to sweet repose,

Yet wait awhile, and I will bear you to you belong climes of rest, Will lay you by the silver streams, crowned with elysian bowers, Where peace extends her blooming olive and the tempest pours its killing blast no more."

What deep emotions it awakens in the human heart. Where is Heaven? It is where cherubim strike their golden harps, and Jehovah sits enthroned in His own created light. We know not in what part of the Universe the Good Land is situated. We cannot look with bodily eyes upon its fadeless beauties. This is the privilege of

another and happier period in our history. But we can stand on the storm-defying steeps of Pisgah, and in the vision of faith look abroad on the Heavenly Canaan. We can ascend the Mount of Promise, and with joyful hearts contemplate our future home. What is Heaven? It is not a myth, or the creation of poetic fancy; but a place of dignity, purity, holiness and happiness, far surpassing the utmost conception of the human mind, or the boldest flights of imagination to describe.

Heaven is the home of the Christian—the inheritance of the Saints—the house of many mansions—the city of the Great King—the pavilion of angels—the paradise of God; where the trees yield ambrosial fruit, and the living fountains sparkle in the glorious beams of a never-setting sun; where streams like molten silver meander through beautiful vales redolent with the fragrance of Sharon's rose and vocalised with songs of praise; where seraphs repose on