

A Country Called Heaven

I want to tell you of a strange and wonderful country, a country where there are no tears or heartaches, a country in which there is no sickness, pain or death. The people who live in this country never get tired. They carry no burdens and they never grow old. No one ever says good-bye, for separations are unknown, and there are no disappointments.

In the country of which I am speaking, there is no sin, for no one ever does wrong. There are no accidents of any kind. You will travel for thousands of miles and never see a cemetery or meet a funeral procession. There are no undertakers and no morgues. You will never see crepe on the doors, for no one ever dies. There they need no grave diggers and coffins are unknown. The clothes that are worn are bright and glistening and no one dresses in mourning.

It is a country where nothing ever spoils. The flowers never lose their fragrance and the leaves are always green. There are no thunderstorms, no erupting volcanoes, and

no earthquakes. Upon those fair shores hurricanes and tidal waves never beat. There are no germs or fevers, no pestilence of any kind. The sun never shines and yet it is always light for there is no night there. It is never too hot and never too cold. The temperature is exactly right. No clouds ever darken the sky and harsh winds never blow.

There are no drunkards in this country for no one ever drinks. None are immoral; men as well as women are pure. There are no illegitimate babies. Prisons, jails and reformatories never darken the landscape. Doors have no locks and windows no bars, for thieves and robbers never enter there.

No lustful books are read, and as for unclean pictures, they are never seen. No taxes are paid and rents are unknown. It is a country free from war and bloodshed.

Yes, and let me tell you something else. There are no cripples to be seen anywhere; none are deformed or lame. Nor is anyone blind, deaf or dumb; hence, homes for the incurable have never been built for all are healthy, all are well and strong. No beggars are seen on the streets for none are destitute and all have enough. Leprosy and cancer, palsy and tuberculosis are words that this country has never heard.

No asylums are there, for none are feeble minded. Doctors are never needed and hospitals are unknown.

You ask me how I know all this? Have I been there? You ask me how I know all this? No, I have not yet had the privilege of visiting this wonderful country, but others have. And One, at least, who has lived there for a long, long time, has come, and told me a great deal about it. He says it is called heaven, and this is His description of it: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. 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." (Rev.21:3-4).

Do you want to go there? Then get ready now. It isn't difficult. All you have to do is to open your heart to Jesus Christ, the Lord of the country, and ask Him to come in. Then, when the journey of life is ended, you too will go to this wonderful country and dwell there for ever more. Will you do it? Do it - NOW? -Oswald J Smith

"... if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Romans 10:9,13



David Livingstone's Sacrifice?

"People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life

in Africa. Can that be called sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of the great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?

Away with such a word, such a view, and such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering or danger ... may make us pause and cause the spirit to waver and sink; but let this only be for a moment. *All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us.* I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us."

- David Livingstone

The believer's talents are not to be laid up for self but laid out in service.

