"As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Corinthians 2:9-10).

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

To find out more...



No words of mine can express the bright look that lit up his face. Pointing onward and upward, as if to a land far away, he said, "It's all on before."

No need to ask what he meant. The bright smile and the few words—so simple, and yet conveying so deep a reality—told of a portion that was his, far beyond anything this world could give—a prospect which all the wealth of this world could never purchase.

As we drove on down the

of the gate-keeper's history. A miscenting erable home, drunken parents, great poverty, told the story of his earthly path.

Five years before, at a mission-service, the old, old story of the grace of God and the love of Christ to sinners had reached and

touched his heart. In a moment, as it were, all was changed for him. His life, up to that point so dark and hopeless, was lighted up with the brightness of a Savior's love, known and enjoyed as a blessed reality. Earthly circumstances were unreality. Earthly circumstances were unchanged; but what did that matter? It was,

as he said, "all on before."

was driving lately with a friend on one of the beautiful side roads

in the Great Smokies of North Carolina. We came to a gate across the road, put there to prevent cattle from straying away from a piece of pasture land close by. When we were getting near the gate, my friend told me that a young man would be there to open it for us, and added: "Say a word to him about the Lord."

Sure enough there he was; and as we approached he came out of a little hut that he had made to shelter himself from sun and storm while he earned his few cents daily by opening the gate for passersby.

His face was a remarkable one.

It bore the unmistakable stamp of one who was mentally challenged; and yet it showed a brightness mixed with obvious simplicity that could not fail to strike the most casual observer. After a few words had passed, I asked him if he were happy.

"Oh, yes; quite happy," he replied.
"But you have not much to make you

happy here," I said.