

# What Heaven Means to Me

by J. B. Watson

---

I THINK of Heaven as

## **The Place of Ideal Government**

and order. John of Patmos, when a door was opened to him in Heaven, saw first of all—a throne. Heaven is the sphere of perfect rule, and therefore of harmonious blessedness and abiding security. "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven" (Matt. 6.10), is one of the petitions of the Disciples' Prayer, intimating that Heaven is the place where the will of God is the universal law. Heaven is blessed both in the benignity of its ever-blessed Ruler, and in the heart obedience rendered to Him by every dweller in that serene abode.

"I go," said RICHARD HOOKER, as he neared the gates of the City, "to *a world of order*." The blessedness of Heaven to the author of "Ecclesiastical Polity" was its sublime perfection of government.

I think of Heaven as

## **The Home of the Soul**

Our Lord called it the "Father's House" (John 14.2), and a father's house is also a children's home. "Home" is one of the tenderest words in our English tongue. Every true heart turns towards home when the day's task is through. As the needle is drawn towards the Pole, so are our hearts drawn homeward as the night falls. Kindred souls are there; those who love us, understand us, our kin who delight to serve us and do to us good.

From battling with the hard forces of an unfeeling world, what balm to the mind there is in fireside converse with our dearest-on-earth circle! So when the din and dust of life's day is through, Heaven waits to welcome the believer. At Home, "present with the Lord" (2 Cor. 5.8), is the peace, if not the glory of Heaven.

"I feel like a schoolboy bounding for home," said the war-scarred champion of a hundred fights for Christ in dark Burma, ADONIRAM JUDSON, as he drew near the moment to doff his harness.

I think of Heaven as

## **The Place of Perfect Fitness.**

RICHARD BAXTER, author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," faithful among the faithful, and most diligent of pastors, as his frame weakened during his last illness, whispered in response to an inquiry as to how he felt, "I am almost well." For Heaven will be the saints' everlasting rest indeed!

There we shall no longer be humiliated by our bodies. They shall not then impose their severe limitations upon our ability to serve the Lord, nor continually thwart the activities of our ransomed spirits. Nay, but the body, sharing in the glorious Redemption Christ obtained for us, shall be the suited vessel through which our souls shall express themselves.

"There all is new, and never shall be old.  
For time is not, nor age, nor slow decay;  
No dying eyes, no heart grown strange and cold,  
All pain, all death, all sighing fled away."

I think of Heaven as

### **The Place of Enlarged Service.**

"His servants shall serve Him" (Rev. 22.3). It follows that it must be so, since Heaven is where His will is fully done.

The only satisfying explanation of the discipline of our present condition is that it is God's training of the future administrators and executors of His eternal purposes.

"Be thou also over ten cities" (Luke 19.19) was the word to the faithful servant who had developed his character and capacity amid the opportunities of the present life. And if it be said that the reward of rule over ten, or five, cities is Millennial, the question immediately arises: Is then the blessed service of the Thousand Years to be succeeded by an eternal inertia? Nay, verily,

"For doubt not but that in the realms above  
There are yet other offices of love,  
That other ministries of joy there are,  
For it is written that His servants there  
Shall serve Him still."

I think of Heaven as

### **The Place of Unhindered Worship.**

Here we gather in twos and threes, amid much brokenness, aversion, and weakness. The feebleness of our praise is painfully obvious. We could not hope for its acceptance save for our Great High Priest. The heart

lags, the mind is dull, memory is weak, and the distractions of our earthly lot obtrude unasked upon our holiest moments. The very exercises we engage in when met for worship sometimes come between us and the Lord. Jarring notes spoil the praise, coldness of spirit chills the thanksgiving. Too often, alas, we come before the Lord empty. It is only His matchless grace that encourages us to know our poor worship is accepted.

But Yonder, how different! What praise! What glorious unison of full-hearted, pure, untainted and unceasing worship !

"The countless multitudes on high,  
That tune their song to Jesus' Name,  
All merit of their own deny,  
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim."

Says JOHN BUNYAN of that fair land, "Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun: the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to play withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord ...Which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

I think of Heaven as

### **The Place of Open Vision**

of the Glorious Christ. Here we have walked by faith, the inward vision of the soul. Then shall glory-vision be ours; we shall gaze direct upon the Lord Jesus Christ. Dimly now we trace but dark outlines of Heavenly things, seeing "through a glass, darkly; but then face to face" (1 Cor. 13.12).

What intellectual enlargement awaits the saints in the land where we shall know even as we have been known! But, better, than all increase of knowledge, dearer than all advance of capacity, more precious than all perfection of adaptation to environment, will be this simple, satisfying, longed-for consummation. "THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE" (Rev. 22.4).

Said SAMUEL RUTHERFORD joyfully from his Aberdeen prison: "The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's Land."

"The Man of Sychar! Oh, I shall see the Man of Sychar's Well!" cried J. G. BELLETT as the shadows of this present world thinned, and the rays

of the glory-light of Heaven began to filter through to his Home-going soul.

BUT DIMLY WE DISCERN THE GLORIES THAT AWAIT US. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" (1 John 3.2). There is a grave reticence in Holy Writ on this theme. But there is one central, final, and settling fact clearly revealed, which puts the key of Heaven into the hand of the least instructed believer: "Christ is Heaven's All-in-All, and we shall be '*with Him*' there. "

"My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
It is enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him!"

---

Copied and lightly edited by Stephen Ross for WholesomeWords.org from *Heaven, the Home of the Redeemed: Its Location, Its Character, Its People, Its Bliss* compiled by Hy Pickering. London: Pickering & Inglis, [19--]

[www.WholesomeWords.org](http://www.WholesomeWords.org)