

Colosseum, whither old Rome used to pour her thousands out to see lion fights, or the gladiator fights of man with man; and if you looked up, by the galleries that rise all round it, from the grass to the blue sky, you could think better about John's words, "The city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth. The length, and the *height*, and the breadth of it are equal." You can fancy, if air were pure enough and the light strong, that an eagle eye could see up through all the street of the great city, away to the harpers on the sea of glass and fire. Each eye could take it all in, and still be resting on the Lamb—our light in the temple of our God.

As to glory, think what our own poor moon can do when she walks through the dark heavens, and gives a white robe to each cloud that meets her. See the aurora, with her pale northern lights, how she casts her net-work on the autumn skies, and brightens them till they glow into pink fields of glory. We do not speak of the *sun*, for who ever saw *him* go down in his yellow blaze, without seeming to see heaven's gate opening? And how fair is the bow he leaves, even on the rain-drops, when he goes to hide behind the storm-cloud!

Fritz, and Johanna's summer home stood on the greenest slope of a beautiful valley. Half way up a steep ascent it lay, like a nest among the wooded mountains. The valley was lonely. Only one other dwelling could be seen from any point. On the rocks breasting the high hill over against the children's home there was a cottage. It was so placed that its chimney smoke by day, and its window lamp at eve, told them where they were if they wandered on the hills. The bleat of the sheep, the dog's bark, and at times the shepherd's own voice, they could plainly hear. They saw the milk-pails carried in, the yarn spread out to whiten, and all the other goings at the cottage door.

But the cottage they could not reach. A rushing, torrent river lay between them. The boat they tried to keep there, went to pieces. A quarter of a mile, as the pigeon flew, would carry them from the one window to the other. But to go there and back by the road might be fourteen miles. Fritz and Johanna often sat by the river's brink, and said the autumn ferns of the *other side* were of a brighter yellow; and that the heather, as it caught the last rays of each sunset, seemed redder than their own. Years had passed, yet the journey to the *other side* still lay before them.

The first use of their ponies was to reach it. And this was their first day together, after years apart in other lands. They passed two bridges over two rivers; reapers on all sides they passed, that clear autumn day. Through woods of fir, and underwood of hazel, juniper, and heath, past the roaring waterfall, they slowly climbed the dangerous road of surpassing, everchanging beauty. "What a view it will be brother; how strange to see it only for the first time now!" There stood the old cottage, the rocks above it, the foaming stream far, far below; but the centre beauty of the prospect was, what they had least thought of, *their own home*. Like a single jewel on the bosom of a robe of green it lay alone; every way so changed, from the new setting in which they now saw it, and yet the same.

The sight caused an overturn of all the old childish fancies. "Have we lived in it so long, and not known that *our home* was the only thing to look at from the *other side*?" they said. Was it a whisper of the guardian Angel about a bright future? Or was it all the solemn thought of a childhood past, and earnest youth begun? The brother and the sister knelt on that sacred spot and prayed. Fritz never was there again. That was the mid day of his course. He worked as long again; and died far, far away among the heathen, whose souls he went forth to seek.

How often, weary of sin and change, we cast longing looks from home here, to THE NEW HOME on the other side. When we get there, heaven will perhaps seem less strange to us, than the new aspect which earth will wear. Earth with her opportunities, earth with the lost sheep to seek, the bright crown to gain, will spread itself out before us in a new light. Earth giving songs to heaven, earth full of his glory, earth with her Bible story, her awful passage-ways to hell and heaven, we shall know all her value then.—*The Child of the Kingdom.*