

of the rock and under the shadow of His wing." When, lo! the place is filled with heavenly light and two angels appear in shining apparel and hover o'er her pillow. With tender touch they lift her soul, and soar away—up! up! up! Look! look! look! They bear her away on their snowy wings to her immortal home, the gates of pearl, they swing ajar; they sweep through the streets of gold, and Ruth clasps hands with her mother dear, who has beckoned her to come, and they walk together this very night in their eternal home. They sit beneath the tree of life that stands beside the throne and drink of the river sparkling bright, that flows in the land where there's no night; they're clothed in garments pure and white; they live in a mansion fair, and crowns are on their heads so bright, which they'll forever wear—

May God grant that none here may fail
To reach that heavenly home!
That none may cry with Orpah's wail,
Or go down to her doom;
But rise with Ruth to a mansion built,
A home beyond the sky,
And live forever free from guilt,
Where the soul shall never die.