

Memory Pictures.

be peopled with all the great and small of life—crowned heads, rulers of kingdoms, and humbler folk as well. I could seem to see the castles pinnacled and turreted with shining gold, and other dwellings less pretentious and more lowly for those who loved the quiet walks of life—all so beautiful and fitting.

Yes, a fleeting vision of the Heavenly City, as sometimes we do reach a height from which we catch a glimpse of that glorious realm, when for one brief instant it is pictured to our vision like some strange, miraculous mirage, and we catch our breath quick and almost cry out in dismay as it vanishes from our sight!

And so these mountain-heights with their wonderful pictures that so enthrall me; I can scarcely take my eyes away from them for fear they too will vanish. But as I look longer at the marvellous hills, behind and beyond they still stretch upward and stand in silence, immovable, where they were builded in the beginning, and awaiting the end of Time. They are lasting, never-fading, I know. So I still my