

gates stood like a guardian angel, Jack according to orders having preceded His Majesty in entering.

The beautiful guiding angel of the Shining Path, now slowly descended. In her arms a winged boy nestled, who showered petals in abundance on Otto's golden hair.

So absorbed was she with the sweet blendings of sound, the mingling of enchanting beauties, and heavenly glory, that she failed to observe in this angel boy, the Changeling of the African Desert wilds.

Halting in his task, at intervals, looking heavenward, he beckoned others who were fast gathering about her, casting roses at her feet. Then winging their way into the Celestial City, they strewed flowers in her path.

As she turned to enter, her quick ear caught the old theme, "The Holy City," now new and realistic.

Launching out in song, she swelled her beautiful throat, shaded by the glory in her soul, in magnificent cadence and turning passed in amid the showers of roses, the cherubs gliding about her in close proximity.

Without, where all had been darkness and desolation, the sun now shone over broad fields of living green, and hills laden with copious fruits and rarest flowers.

Arms and weapons were nowhere to be seen, and beside the Gate stood the Guardian Angel of the Shining Way, with outstretched