

WALKS IN PARADISE.

THE AVENUE TO THE KING'S GARDEN.

"In some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
The favoured good man in his lonely walks
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss, which he shall recognize as heaven."

BEAUTIFUL shade-trees, arched with luxuriant
and fadeless foliage, and flowers more glorious
than was ever Sharon's rose, form the avenue
leading to the gates of Paradise, where the sons and
daughters of God are waiting for admission. Though
the path leads through the river of death, the waters