

THERE seemed nothing in the earth that day but mountains. I could see or think of nothing else, and the more I studied them as the day grew on, the less could I tell whether they were of the earth, or belonged to the Celestial City of the Heavens! Crystal white, glistening in the sunlight with supernal splendor; some so high, so grand, so shining, I thought if they were not indeed the Mansions on High, they must be the white, reflected shadows of their very selves. And so I pictured them for my own delight!

Here were great pyramids; there a long straight palisade or portion of a wall in the distance; at different points a tower set up for the watchmen over the gates. The city seemed to