

VISIO INTUITIVA

By a Graduate of Westminster Hall

One likes betimes with a trusty friend to take a ramble through the country of the heart, to listen to the mellow music that comes from falling fountains far heard 'mid the mist-kirtled mountains of love. For these mountain-summits may not be kenne'd by mortal eye. They reach into the infinite, even beyond the remotest star. This land is ever spacious, the sward is soft to the feet, and from deep aisles of woodland come sweet and reposeful airs. A delicate fragrance rises as each step is taken and happy voices un-
seen, now near, now far, break melodious upon the ear. A blissful wave-like movement seems circumambient everywhere, filling all corners of the land, and one seems to walk unburdened of himself as if upborne by a rising tide. Near, meeting the eye, are scenes of beauty and peace so enchanting that as he looks one would fain linger there unending days. But far to skyward where the lights twinkle from the mountains of love, and heaven kneels to kiss the earth, looms a vista soul-ravishing. For as the summer cloud gathers all the colors of the sun, into this are gathered and blended aetherially the essential loveliness and grace of all fair scenes that are or ever may be. If the whole land be regarded as a mystic flower, this is its transcendent centre of bloom. Each petal of beauty thrills us as we pass, but with eyes mist-dimmed with yearning and hearts big with longing, we press forward to "the glory that excels." As near and nearer we come to the cloudy effulgence, eyes begin to peer upon us and to hold us entranced, eyes of a loveliness surpassing all thought and of such depth that they seem to hold all time and eternity. The air becomes charged and sym-
phonious with golden bells, and when at last our souls are lost in love, with rapture we behold that face, which focuses all majesty and beauty, earthly and heavenly, the face of Him who is the Lover of our souls.

O, how can beauty maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong.

—Spenser,