

To the land of ancient story,  
Where the spirits know no care,  
In that land of light and glory,  
Shall we know each other there?

“When the holy angels meet us  
As we go to join their band,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us  
In the glorious spirit land?  
Shall we see the same eyes shining  
O'er us as in days of yore?  
Shall we feel their dear arms twining  
Fondly round us as before?”

“Oh, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,  
Droop not, faint not by the way;  
Ye shall join the loved and just ones  
In the land of perfect day;  
Heart strings touched by angel fingers,  
Murmur'd in my raptured ear,  
Evermore their sweet song lingers,  
‘We shall know each other there.’”

The singing touched a tender chord in Mr. Taylor's heart. He was completely broken down and wept like a child. Such emotion on his part was quite unusual, as he was a man of stern fibre, and not given to passionate feeling or religious sentimentality.

When he gained control of his voice, he said, with much feeling: “I had a dream a few nights ago, and I thought Mrs. Taylor came