

An angel stood in the entrance, and as I drew near said, "Child of Earth, what brings thee to the Land of Light? Speak, and fear not."

"Truly," I answered, "I know neither how nor why I came hither, but I am weak and weary, and if this be Paradise, I pray thee let me in, and cheer me by one sight of its eternal joy."

The angel smiled.

"Thou art, then, one of the dreamers of earth," he said, "to whom it is at times permitted that, while the body sleeps, the soul should, for a few brief moments, visit the Home of the Blessed. Enter, beloved."

With these words he beckoned to one of the fairest of those shining ones I had observed at the Gate, and gave me into her care, saying, "Gabrielle, take charge of this poor wanderer and show her such things as she can understand." Then Gabrielle took my hand and led me within the gates.

"Thou art surely weary," she said; "thou shalt rest beneath the fountain of the Water of Life."

So we sat together beneath stately palms that drooped over a clear stream which, ever flowing from the fountain, took its course by many windings to the sea. And I looked around me and tried to take in something of the beauty that everywhere met my gaze.

But even as then it far transcended what my utmost thought had conceived, so now words fail me when I would describe that home of saints.

I can tell of a strange and heavenly light, "like unto a stone most precious," that lay in endless glades, and lit up the radiant forms of blessed ones who, making the air melodious with song, moved to and fro amid groves and plants of unearthly beauty.

I can speak of the "everlasting hills," whose outline lay in a golden mist in the far distance, to which Gabrielle pointed as the hills of the Celestial Country where the KING reigns in perpetual glory; and I can tell of a sea which, like a belt of molten silver, lies between those shores and Paradise—a sea that knows no storms, and in whose clear deeps, I learned, can at times be seen, as in a mirror, something of the unknown glories of that New Jerusalem for which the saints in Paradise wait in hope. But I cannot hope to paint in human words the energy of life, the surpassing gladness, the perfection and pure delight of this land of rest.

On the margin of the stream by which we sat grew many lovely plants, and as they swayed to and fro in the breeze I thought I could hear amongst their blossoms soft whispers as