

" 'This blaze was not from scorching fire,
Nor of the Father's kindled ire—
But 'twas of Love's own purest glow,
Such love as ne'er is found below.

" 'Faint grew my heart—dazzled my sight—
My spirit trembled—gone its might—
Yet in despair I raised a cry,
Whose echo shook the very sky :

" 'O, God, I ne'er can see thy face,
Unless my heart be purged by grace !
And now to earth I fall—I fall—
O ! send thy angels as I call.

" 'With startled pace quick flew my guide,
Who instantly stood by my side,
And aided my return to earth,
Where my soul must, in time, have birth.

* * * *

" 'All ye who Christian faith pretend,
Leave all things else— to this attend :
O ! seek the kingdom, first, of heaven—
The grace through faith in Christ now given.

" 'For if your flight too soon should come,
You cannot reach that blessed home,
For God will not have aught to do
With hearts not good, nor pure, nor true.' "

With the recitation of this simple yet impressive dream, and its moral, our interview closed.