

were flying out into various quarters, each bearing in his hand some precious casket ; each with its separate gift.

I followed one with my eyes as he sped far away beyond the fresh breezy downs, to where a black veil of smoke, and roads and lanes hedged with houses mark the great city of London ; he winged his way over the roofs of houses, past the green parks, and the large squares and dwellings of the rich, to a part of the city thick with squalid alleys, poverty, misery and crime. A stately church arose in the midst of all this sordid district, and into it the angel entered with his precious casket. He made his way straight to the Altar, where a priest was celebrating the Divine mysteries, himself surrounded by angels, but with a look of care and depression, and manifest signs of overwork. The angel laid the casket, marked "Peace," by his side on the altar, and I noticed how a calm and refreshment came over him ; and the angel noticed it too as he flew back overjoyed to the church from which he started, to join again the brilliant throng. Still were the angels flying out in all directions, giving life and joy to different centres of work, smoothing down opposition, awakening charity, drawing them together in the bonds of love. Here they were consoling widows, and bereaved children ; here adding joy to innocent pleasure ; here protecting, here strengthening, here reproving. Even members of several branches of the distracted church were being drawn closer together by the instrumentality, as from many a heart came up to GOD his divinely taught prayer "That they all may be One." And the angel whispered in my ear "you see the prayers of the faithful offered in union with the adorable Sacrifice of the Altar." At length the passing to and fro ceased, and all were gathered together once more around the roof of the church. I noticed again the same union between the voices of the choir and the angel host, as the "Our Father," swelled with its full strains from the church. But I was hardly prepared for the brilliant burst of light and song which caught up the first notes of the "Gloria." Angels passed and re-passed in dazzling frequency. Heaven thundered forth its joyful cry from ten thousand instruments, and ten thousand tongues. The tossing of censers, the waving of wings, the adoration of the hosts of Heaven, made the scene almost too dazzling to look upon. The words broke in upon my ear, as with the full harmony of one vast choir : "For THOU only art Holy, THOU only art the LORD ; THOU only, O CHRIST, with the HOLY GHOST art most high in the Glory of GOD the FATHER ;" and thinking to say Amen, I bowed my head and worshipped. When all was silent I looked up, and saw two bright beings sprinkling soft drops of