

steadfast grasp of his guardian angel. That angel who has ever been his guide and has led him through his temptations and trials here on earth. How earnestly does the angel of the agony supplicate for the soul! What joy there is when it becomes known that Gerontius has gained his crown.

Before the moment is reached when judgment is passed upon the soul of Gerontius, he and his guardian angel hold a conversation in which he learns that time in this immaterial world is not measured as it was on earth, but is measured by intervals, "by the living thought alone." With a feeling of true joy he follows his invisible guide through unknown realms, awaiting only the approaching judgment call.

As they pass on he bears a terrible hub-bub, which greatly frightens him. Demons pace to and fro incessantly, and are ever hungry and wild to claim their property and gather souls for hell. His guardian angel tells him not to be afraid and they soon pass by this wretched place.

Gerontius is now consumed with an intense desire to be with God and to look upon His face. He questions his guardian angel as to whether or not he shall see his Master when he shall reach His throne or if he shall hear His judgment-word. On being answered by the angel in the following words a great fear came over Gerontius:

"Thou knowest not my child,  
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair  
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too."

While they continue their journey, sounds like the summer winds among the lofty pines fall upon their ears. These are the sounds of the angelical choirs, who ever sing praises to their Maker. Just at the time that the Fifth Choir of Angelicals utter their joyous chant, the angel tells Gerontius that his judgment is now at hand and that they have now come into the veiled presence of God. Now to the ear of Gerontius are borne the hushed voices of his friends—on earth together with the prayers of the priest at his death-bed.

What indeed must have been the thoughts of Gerontius at this moment! What indeed will be our thought when we have reached the same spot on our way to eternity!

Finally the veil is raised and the soul of Gerontius goes before its judge. There it is weighed in the balance and not found wanting as is evident from the words the angel whispers: