

with the last notes of the organ ; and then all again was quiet, except that in the far off distance the mist rolled back, and I saw an altar in Heaven, with a Lamb as it had been slain ; around it gathered an innumerable company of saints and martyrs, virgins, prophets, bishops, confessors, in ceaseless prostrate adoration, and their voices came wafted to one as the sound of many waters. But as I prayed there was a movement in the far off distance, I could see the ceaseless sway of the thousand censers, the flashing of myriads of bright wings ; and a glorious Form passed along the bright pathway, between prostrate angels and adoring spirits. It entered the church. I could distinctly hear the words, "Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it in remembrance of ME ;" and then everything became one confused mass of light and splendor. Heaven and earth seemed joined together. The organ mingled its strains with the harps of the angels : the voices of the choir with celestial harmony. I fell forward on my face, and in one glorious strain it swept over me, "O Lamb of GOD that takest away the sins of the world : have mercy upon us !" Then it was repeated, and then all was still again, excepting the great organ in the church and the choir, whom I now could distinctly follow as they sung the glorious rythem of S. Thomas—"THEE we adore," etc. I looked up again. The angels and the bright pathway were still there, only from the chancel of the church there streamed forth a blaze of red quivering light towards which the angels gazed, with bent knees and veiled faces, when a voice in my ears said, "He prays for the congregation," and I looked and saw that many angels were floating down through the windows into the church. One bore in his hands a casket, on which was written "consolation ;" another carried "bravery ;" another "Victory in Temptation ;" another "Peace ;" and another "Penitence ;" and I knew that all who were partakers of the Holy Altar were being filled with joy and refreshments. The voice then said again, "He prays for the faithful departed ;" and I looked and saw the angels sweeping down with their bright wings over many a grass-covered grave ; and they lingered for some time where two wreaths hung over two crosses, which marked the resting place of two faithful souls. The sun shone out bright. The grass sparkled fresh and green under their feet, and then they flew away to the cemetery, scattering refreshment, light, and peace, in that sleeping-place of Christian souls, where "the earth is the LORD'S and the fullness thereof." But the angels missions were not yet over. The voice said again. "He is praying for his friends—for all who have been connected with him in past years ;" and I saw that many angels