

darker potentate, are seen spirits of a nobler order, whose work is love, and whose changeless song is peace and good will towards men. Theirs is a matchless beauty, and a celestial glory surrounds them; the vigour of eternal youth marks every action, and a halo of unsullied goodness around their brows draws to them kindred spirits with an irresistible charm. Many are the sons and daughters of men blessed by their ministrations; many a sin have they prevented, and many a sorrow have they taken away. They have brought comfort from heaven on their starry wings to the desolate; they have bound up, with fingers of loving sympathy, the breaking hearts of poor downcast men, and over the darkness of the human mind they have poured the radiance of heaven with its glories and eternal excellencies.

But higher, and yet higher, from earth and its millions, above the malignant powers of the air, into the presence of the Saviour of sinners, who reigns in ineffable glory amid the unnumbered hosts of heaven, the spirit rises. Before him stand the mighty battlements built on the eternal rocks, and lasting as the days of heaven, the star-crowned turrets glittering in their purity, and firm in their power, and the gates that pale the lustre of India's pearls, while over all glory resplendent glows.

Through gates thrown wide by angel hands he passes, and if before he admired, now he is lost. Beneath his feet are the golden streets that, catching the radiance of everlasting day, manifest the wondrous glory of the Great Eternal. A mighty throng, robed in unsullied purity, immortality unfading as the bliss of heaven sitting in undisguised splendour upon every brow, firmly grasp the palms of everlasting triumph; willing fingers strike the strings of golden harps, sending a flood of rapturous music throughout the heavenly streets, while from a thousand hearts filled with unutterable joy a flood of harmony rolls over the ethereal plains, and re-