

of the night which was past. In the middle of the town the church lay stretched out, with its great massive tower and leaden roof, a very citadel of GOD, where HE might dwell who keepeth Israel, the GOD that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. I sat down and gazed at the town below me, and its church dear to me with a thousand associations, when suddenly, as if to shew that it too was awake, the bells began to ring out for the Holy Eucharist; and as the sound came wafted to me on the morning air, my whole soul seemed filled with supernatural light; and I gazed forth upon a vast expanse of space, filled with angels and spirits, some of whom were fanning the morning air, some spreading the sunbeams over the newly gathered corn-fields, some disappearing into houses, some entering into the town, some enriching with life the birds and insects who sported in the bright sunlight. But what I noticed most was the luminous cloud that hung over the church. The bells rung forth loud and strong, and with every strike of the bell the cloud increased, and then I saw that it was a mass of bright angels, who were gathering fast and thick round the roof, some entering the church, some passing through the windows, but the greater number waiting, like an expectant crowd, around the roof and towers, when the clang of bells seemed to call others. Soon two angels detached themselves from the rest, and disappeared into a neighboring house from which they soon emerged, guiding between them a priest, who was walking with hurried steps towards the church. They entered; the great bell ceased to ring; the angels hung still around the roof and towers in quiet expectancy; everything seemed hushed and still. I had almost ceased to gaze, when suddenly a blaze of light shot up above the cross which crowned the chancel, and two of the bright spirits flew out, carrying in their hands the alms of the faithful, which I knew had been presented upon the altar together with the holy oblations; and a pathway of quivering light seemed now to connect the church with the heaven above, across which was flashed some flame of the Holy Spirit, or up which ascended some prayer borne on high by the angels. A few minutes more and the angels had formed themselves in two long lines on each side of the brilliant luminous pathway.

There was a moment of solemn pause; and then I heard ascending from the church, in the clear tones of a boy's lovely voice, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the LORD; Hosannah in the Highest!" At these words the angels all turned with their faces Heavenward, clashing their wings with the sound of a great army presenting arms to their general, and uttering one loud and prolonged Hosannah, which died away