

answer for years, were answered, and problems were solved and crooked things made straight. In the visions of the night it seemed as if time were not, nor had been. I was with the Sons of God and was even as one of them, free from sorrow, free from care. My heart was filled with love as I looked into the face of my Maker. In lowly reverence I bowed my head to Him, calling Him my Father, even as I worshipped Him. So likewise did my companions. We were supremely happy; joy filled our hearts; our Father's love burned within us, making us bright and radiant, radiant as the myriad stars that decked the canopies of Heaven. We did the will of God. His will was our will; we were at one with Him.

Then, even as I wondered o'er the vision, the scene was changed. The thunder roared, dread came to the blinding lightning flash, and as the darkness cleared away I was on earth. Earth, yes, earth; so it must have been, for fear filled my heart. God seemed far off, and was—I thought—no longer my Father; I was afraid of Him. I thought that I had angered Him and only a hazy recollection of that happy state stayed with me, and as I began to take interest in the world around me, that dim memory of Heaven faded, bit by bit, until I had lost it. My companions—for I was not alone—seemed changed as well. We pushed and jostled, mocked and reviled one another, and each one sought to take and hold what his fellow had; each one sought to please himself and called him fool who spoke of another way. And so we lived for many days, and every day my heart was heavier, for I longed for and fretted over something that seemed to have lost but could not remember what. Then when my burden seemed heavier than I could bear, I found a Friend, or rather He found me. So gentle and so loving did He prove, but few, if any, seemed to think much

of this Man, because He did not tell them how to get gain but rather told them a story, that to them was new—even that men should love one another. And whilst I listened I took heart again, for, piece by piece, came back to me that forgotten vision of Heaven, when the Sons of God loved their Father and were at one with Him, and whilst I beheld, He was known to me, even as when one looks upon one appearing in another shape. Yet whilst I beheld I recognised my Father's face, and I knew I had found the love that I had lost. But others knew Him not, and were angered at Him and slew him, deeming they had done some great deed, but even whilst they rejoiced He lived again, armed with Might and Majesty. Then men remembered when they were the Sons of God, and wept for the evil they had done.

The vision passed and whilst I lay, sorely puzzled as to what its meaning was, understanding was given unto me, and I knew the truth, yes I knew what you and I "had been" in the persons of those before us, long ago may be, at the beginning of Time perhaps—the Sons of God. I saw the meaning of the "fall." I recognised what we had lost, the glory, the might, the majesty. Did I regret it? Sorrow, which at first possessed me, was turned to joy because I had learned that God still loved men, even enough to become one of them and die as one of them; that He was the Friend who gave His life for His friends, so as to teach man to become a Son of God; bright and radiant as the stars, loving and adoring his Maker, worshipping Him in spirit and in truth. R. B.

The Agent—"But there are hard wood floors in the house."

The Mick—"That's just it! Shure, an it's bad enough phwin me woife turns me down on th' one we hov now."—New York "Journal."

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