

city of "Many Mansions" is full in view—a city whose streets are paved with gold, and palace walls blushing with jasper, and all ablaze with the hues of a thousand precious stones. Thrones tower around, on which are seated kings and priests and elders waving palms and wearing crowns of light. High choirs of angels, whose white wings are flashing in the gleams of Deity, are pouring out such songs of harmony and sweetness as ear hath never heard. The uprising spirit, enraptured with the sight, and wishing for swifter pinions, cries:

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,  
'O grave! where is thy victory!  
O death! where is thy sting!'"

Oh, what rapture thrills the soul as it sweeps through the shining portals!

How delightful will be our first walk in Paradise! What scenes of beauty will rise before us! Flowers bright as stars, and tremulous as a tear. Fruits, rich and gushing, cluster in a thousand groves; lakes sparkle in the radiance, and fountains of living waters fling up into the balmy air myriads of glittering drops; and yet with all this brightness and cloudless noon, "the sun doth not light on them nor any heat, they need no candle, neither light of the sun." No sun, and yet such dazzling glory! No, what orb has been,