

nal One left the burning glory before which the seraphim veil their gaze, that he might redeem us from death; every missive from the "land which is very far off," falls unnoticed on the heedless ear.

How can these things be? Is there not a voice around and above us all, reaching from the "land of everlasting light," and from the depths of that foundationless city on which no sun has ever risen, bidding us rise from the fearful slumber which enchains us? We may heed it not, we may slumber on till earth is fading from our gaze; but when the dark foreshadowings of eternity surround us, and the wrathful surges of the solemn river of death shall overwhelm the trembling spirit, we shall wake forever.

THE END.