

ed.—The deep, dreamy eyes were half closed; the low words were but whispered, yet I heard them all.

"I had a dream just now—such a beautiful, blessed dream. I stood, a weary pilgrim, before the heavenly gates. I heard the angels' songs within, so glad, so joyous, I cannot describe them. They are too blessed for earth. And then I passed in. O what a glorious place! Spirit words could only describe it; the earthly has no language that can tell of the transcendent greatness and blessedness of that place of infinite love.

"I met the angels, that smiled so sweetly upon me, at every step. But I wanted to see my Saviour—I wanted to see my mother. It was not long. She was very near to him. I saw them both.—And then I was thinking of one more that I wished to see. But I did not know as she had come yet. And I heard the gates open. And I saw her face among the angel throng gathered there. I knew it. She was the one that gave me this book. O how I wanted to go to her, and tell her what a blessed work she had done. I looked up to Him. He must have known what was in my heart, for he said, 'Yes.' I stood by her side, and held her hand in mine. Through the long, wide spaces of heaven I led her on. We stood before the Saviour. He had a shining crown in his hand, with very many glorious stars within it. She knelt before Him. He laid it upon her brow. But mine—mine was to meet her as she entered heaven; and lead her to Jesus. But—it was only a dream."

A broken sob betrayed my presence. I stood over the dying youth. My tears fell fast upon his cold, white face. Those dark, mournful eyes looked up. He knew me. He had no power to move. Only the stiffened lips whispered faintly, wearily,—

"Now I know that Jesus heareth prayer. And now, let Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen