

with great interest. She picked some large leaves from a bush, then spread them over the cherries and set the pail to one side in the shade of a willow clump then sat down upon a dead tree, and asked me if there were any buffaloes at my Singing Heaven. I told her there were no wild animals, but I thought there might be a few good dogs. I knew my dog Dona would be there, because I prayed for him every night. Then she asked me if she could go to my Singing Heaven. I told her that only good people were allowed to enter through the golden gate of my Singing Heaven, but I thought she might be able to get there, if she were good, and said her prayers every night. Then she wanted to know how good she would have to be, and how she could reach the golden gate of my Singing Heaven.

Her first question I had often asked myself in childhood and could not answer. But I told her when she died, somehow she would land at the foot of the golden stair, and would start to climb the golden steps, but would only go a short distance when an old man with a long grey beard, and dressed in a flowing white robe, would appear sitting on a golden chair at the entrance to the golden gate. On a golden table by his side she would see a great book bound in gold, its pages white as snow. When she approached the old gentleman, he would ask her name and when she told it, the great book would open, and if there was no blot found on the snow white page where her name was written, the old gentleman would smile and the golden gate would start to lift, then she would hear great rejoicing coming from the good people who sat around the great white throne. When the golden gate opened wide, angels would hover above playing sweet music on their beautiful golden harps. And while the good people sang their melodious hymns of praise, silvery strains of the golden harps would blend their mellow tones in sweet accord, and the Heavens would be filled with great rejoicing and resound of glory to God. When she walked beneath the golden arch that led into Heaven, she would see three angels standing nearby, two of them holding golden wings, and one a beautiful golden harp. When the Heavenly gate closed they would approach and fasten the golden wings to her shoulders, place the golden harp in her hands, and she too would soar above and play sweet music on her beautiful golden harp for ever and ever.