

the awaking! Ah! that seems more bitter than death itself! the weary stretching out of hands that come back to us empty; the long call for our own, to which only the vague echo replies; and yet I would not be without my "memories dear," for, in very truth,—

" They are poor
That have lost nothing;"

and I know as surely that

" My happier days are not the days when I forget."

" The stream runs fast,"

so also does my little remaining strength. I am so weary rowing! I think "the daylight" has indeed passed, for it is growing dark on the river. Can it be, that this time-worn boat, with its weary oarsman, are nearing their haven? It must be so, it grows dark so fast; I almost shiver; the air is cold; I cannot be afraid? O my heart! what is that golden flash of light over there? Did I say that it was a dark river? it is so no longer; the flash of light has burst into a golden glory; the brightness of the city's wall is cast far along the waters. A dark river, a time-worn boat, a weary mariner! O, no! a burnished sea, a golden boat, and one listening—scarcely daring to draw breath—waiting for something surely coming, listening for those whose tread is

" Soft as the fall of foot that is not shod."

Look at the river; the waters are moving sapphire and beryl; the jewel-encrusted foundations of the city are lending their bewildering light. O, where am I? What is that? the onward sweep of approaching voices, the voices longed for, made perfect, recognized. No more stretching of longing hands—no more calls for those who never come.—The glad hand-clasping of angel-touches. The moving upward of a glorious train.—The reaching of the Gates of His Rest, rolled back.—And, at last, the welcome given,—

" Enter; enter into my rest."

GYDA.