

# TWO CITIES AND TWO KINGDOMS;

OR,

*TURNING FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.*

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## CHAPTER I.

"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness,  
A poor wayfaring man.  
I lodge awhile in tents below;  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
So I my Canaan gain.

Yonder's my home, my portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart is there,  
And my abiding home."

**M**Y name is Traveller. I am a stranger here, passing through on my journey to another place. During my travels I have seen much that is beautiful and fair, but it does not court my stay. "I desire a better country, that is an heavenly" one. Hoping that others may profit by my experience I venture to give an account of my journey since I left the place of my birth until the present, but in order to do so, with interest and profit to the reader, it is necessary to refer to my early days, when I followed the multitude to do evil and walked in the paths of danger.