

FAIRIES.

yet, for she knew more than we do in our world. We think sometimes, my children, that our world is very big, but it is only a small place, after all. Oh, it is so small that I sometimes wonder God does not lose it among his great works as we would lose a blade of grass in a green meadow, and never be able to find it again.

She opened wide to me those "ivory gates and golden," and I wandered with her through that enchanted land. I saw a loveliness that was almost maddening. It would be to any but a child. There were countless faces as fair as hers. Oh, the laughter, the music, the unearthly happiness in that land, and never a harsh note. I was very young then, my children, and my life at that time was pure. It must have been pure to have seen that vision; but, when I think of the unspeakable bliss that I was permitted to see and feel, it seems that I must have been in that place, even with all the innocence that was then mine, but as a grating discord.

Many, many times did she lead me through that wonderful place in the days that followed. Months—I had almost said years—passed, and its charm