

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

The Editor lay down her pen and sighed wearily. Faith and courage had been severely tried, and discord reigned all around her. Lying back in her chair with closed eyes, over her stole the sweet consciousness that underneath were everlasting arms. With this thought in mind gradually the office desk and its surroundings faded from view; carried afar, into the blue vault that surrounds us; about her empty space, bright with sunlight, and perfumed with the scent of many flowers. Softly upon the ear stole the sounds of sweet music, a glorious harmony, an orchestra composed of whispering winds, murmuring waves, rippling waters, rustling leaves, a chorus of voices sounding praise and glorious hallelujahs. Entranced, enwrapped, lulled, soothed, conscious only of rest and beauty without desire or wish. Then over her bent a glorious figure clothed in light "Child of earth what doest thou here afar?"

"I went to asleep in the everlasting arms and they bore me here. Glorious are the sounds that greet my ears. Harmony without a jarring or discordant note."

Listen more deeply, more critically and tell me again what thou hearest."

I heard a sound far off and faint, heavy and dull, no light, no rhythm, no joy in it, whence comest it.

Gently the angel's touch upon her fell, quick as a ray of sunlight the mighty fields of space were traversed. Look! said the guide, stronger now was the jarring note in that glorious music of the spheres. The sound came from a globe covered with dense darkness. A prolonged gaze with eyes grown accustomed to the distance showed faint gleams of light. These dim lights were in groups of fours, some brighter than others, but all doing their best to lighten the gloom around.

"What are these lights?"

The Angel touched the eyes and "To them was given power to see the things unseen by mortal eyes."

Then upon her enlightened sight burst a splendid scene. Every light was composed of four torches fastened to four ends of roughly made crosses. From every cross wires, be-

fore invisible, now stretched away all in the same direction. Following with intent gaze these wires until all became focussed in a massive blaze of light encompassing the world. Light radiated from a figure standing with arms outspread in the form of a Cross. Every wire was connected to that figure. Where the wires went straight and without obstruction the lights below were brilliant. When the connections were bad and the wires led through flowery fields and easy paths, the lights were dim.

What does it mean?

The radiant figure with its outstretched hands is the Christ calling unto the darkened sad world 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

But does he know all about the gloom and darkness there?

Yes, for he left the glorious fields of light, the shining thrones of Heaven and trod the busy streets of earth. Bound upon a cross, He washed its darkness and its gloom away in the blood that flowed from His wounds. He trod the dark path through the gates of death to the lonely rock hewn tomb, made that dark path a shining track for all who follow where He leads. He burst the barriers of the tomb and He rose into Elysian fields bearing with Him those invisible wires which link the world to Himself and His father—God.

What are those dark objects moving about. Wherever they go darkness grows denser.

They are the spirits of greed, selfishness, lust and cruelty.

But there seems to be one about everywhere helping and encouraging all the others. What is it?

"The Spirit of King Alcohol."

Who is he?

The encourager of every evil spirit. Pouring his drug down the throats of men and women; he kills all desire for things eternal and strengthens the desire to grovel in the mire of earth. Clouding the brain of statesmen, making them desire their own instead of other's good; he arms the warrior, he increases the horror of war. Responsible is he for industrial war, for men with drink sodden intellects never think for themselves. Blind they follow their blinder leaders.

Influenced by alcohol, fathers neglect their homes, and mothers

forget their children. Every evil is fostered; every good is injured by him.

Can't he be banished from earth to lighten its gloom.

The workers who bear the lights are all aiming at this.

"But the fight is long, the way is weary, one's faith grows small."

Just then a solo voice sounded out clearly above the chorus of spheres, and to their ears came these words, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea

What can I do to help?

Keep your own light burning brightly. Let your wire run straight up to the Christ, so that power, guidance, faith, help, may come to thee. The straighter the wire, the fewer obstructions, the brighter the light; the keener the ear to heed the lightest whisper from His voice Deaden all other voices, and list only to the messages from thy Lord.

Slowly coming back to earth, she passed so close to that glorious figure that His whisper just reached her, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

Once more her eyes opened on the old familiar surroundings, desk and typewriter stood in their accustomed places, and with the hush of the upper spheres still brooding over her she went to her desk and wrote:—

Not always on the mount may we,
Rapt in the Holy vision be:

The shores of thought and feeling
know,
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Yet hath one such exalted hour,
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after
days,
We travel our appointed ways;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light
And in untiring souls we bear,
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision; but below,
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.