

MY JOURNEY TO HEAVEN.

ALICE SELBY

Oneday when I was very ill
The Reaper came to me,
A lovely dark brown robe he wore,
His face was kind to see.

He to my window came and asked
If I then wished to go,
I told him, "Yes, at any time,"
He made me love him so.

He took me up and soon I saw
The fairest country place,
Beneath our feet the softest grass,
Of weeds and thorns no trace.

There on the right upon a knoll,
Stood some great shining trees,
Borne down with fruit, and stately palms
Swayed in the gentle breeze.

And on the left a lovely stream
Of purest water clear,
No muddy banks on either side,
But softest grass grew near.

Beyond the stream a little cliff,
For mossy rocks and flowers;
And then again the grassy slopes,
And soft green velvety bowers.

A little way along the stream
I saw a sandy bar,
And happy group of children there,
Fair as the morning star.

Their garments were of snowy white,
And bore no trace of stain;
They played within the shallow tide
And splashed its drops like rain.

The holy light of that fair place,
Is not on land or sea:
No words its beauty can describe
As there revealed to me.

The Reaper lifted me still higher,
A country vast to see,
But only that one lovely spot,
Was clearly shown to me.

Far o'er that wide celestial realm,
Its city bright with gold
Shone forth, but its fair radiance
Cannot with pen be told.

I only saw its glowing walls,
And temple domes within;
I wanted so to hasten on,
I longed to enter in.

But my dear Reaper only said,
He could not let me stay,
Because I yet was needed here,
And hastened me away.

Back to the loved ones waiting here,
In this drear world of pain.
I struggled for my breath and so
Began to live again.

Why back to earth did God send me
With helpless limbs to lie,
In this dark room through painful days
Perhaps until I die?

Maybe it is to witness bear
How dear the Reaper true,
And to our journey home to heaven,
To gain this glimpse for you.

Maybe I may to others tell
How sweet God's loving care;
How very fair the homeland is
That's waiting for us there.

Afflictions will not matter much
If only I can do
Some little work for my dear Lord,
This life's long journey through.

For some glad day my Reaper Guide
Will come for me once more,
And lead me back to that fair land,
To dwell there evermore.

EXPLANATORY NOTE—When I was taken so seriously ill that the doctor said I could not live I was glad. I had found a very sweet happiness in life but after becoming a cripple I felt that I was only a burden here, and had an intense longing to go to my Heavenly Home and my Savior. For dearly as I loved my people, my lover and friends, I had learned to love Him more than all else. I had such faith that all would be well, that my one great wish and prayer was that I might be given some glimpse of heavenly things long enough before I went that I could tell it here. This vision of the unseen was allowed me but at the time of its occurrence my friends thought I had gone from life to stay, while I in the company of the Reaper journeyed upward and seemed to be able to look back and see my body lying on the bed with the loved ones all about and hear the few words that were spoken by them. The above lines tell what I saw and experienced.—A. S.