

On entering the outer court, we found ourselves in a large and splendid room, inside of which were doors opening in every direction, over which were inscribed the particular uses for which they were occupied. This outer court was ornamented and finished with monuments, paintings, maps, charts, engravings, etc., all of which were not only ornamental but highly instructive, and calculated to impart a world of information on astronomy, geography, history, geometry, theology, etc., etc. Among these, my attention was drawn to a large painting which represented huge piles of broken iron, and antique weapons of every description, heaped up together in the greatest confusion, from the ancient bow of steel, or the wooden bow and arrow and war club of the savage, to the most polished and renowned implements of modern warfare. All these were laid aside as useless, and men were represented in the act of beating swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks.

"These," said the Angel of the Prairies, "are the implements of murder and cruelty with which poor, ignorant, mistaken mortals once made war upon each other; but they have long since been laid aside as useless, and the arts of war are no longer studied or practiced on the earth." After viewing these things, my guide conducted me to a door, which opened into the inner courts, and over which was written as follows:

"Within is freedom's throne exalted high!
Where, crowned with light and truth and majesty,
A royal host in robes of bright array,
Their peaceful sceptre o'er the nations sway."

On entering this room, a vast and extensive hall was opened before me, the walls of which were white and ornamented with various figures which I did not understand. In the midst of this hall was a vast throne as white as ivory, and ascended by seventy steps, and on

either side of the throne and of the steps leading to it, there were seats rising one above another. On this throne was seated an aged, venerable looking man. His hair was white with age, and his countenance beamed with intelligence and affection indescribable, as if he were the father of the kingdoms and people over which he reigned. He was clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, while a glorious crown rested upon his brow; and a pillar of light above his head, seemed to diffuse over the whole scene a brilliance of glory and grandeur indescribable. There was something in his countenance which seemed to indicate that he had passed long years of struggle and exertion in the achievement of some mighty revolution, and been a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. But, like the evening sun after a day of clouds and tempest, he seemed to smile with a dignity of repose. In connection with this venerable personage sat two others scarcely less venerable, and clad and crowned in the same manner. On the next seat below were twelve personages, much of the same appearance and clad in the same manner, with crowns upon their heads; while the descending seats were filled with some thousands of noble and dignified personages, all enrobed in white and crowned with authority, power and majesty, as kings and priests presiding among the sons of God.

“You now behold,” said the Angel of the Prairies, “The Grand Presiding Council organized in wisdom, and holding the keys of power to bear rule over all the earth in righteousness. And of the increase and glory of their kingdoms their shall be no end.” As he spoke thus, bands of instrumental music filled the temple with melody indescribable, accompanied with human voices, both male and female, all chiming in perfect harmony in a hymn of triumph, the words of which I could only understand in part. But the concluding lines were repeated in swelling strains of joy. They were as follows: