

'VISION.

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Up a tall hill my footsteps rise,
Which in the litle swells ;
In every glade beneath the skies
The flowers adorn the dells.

and stars,

lains,,

The waving trees with pressing buds,
Crowd into living groves,
Thro' whose fair boughs with cheerful songs
The feathered nation roves.

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Upwards still I turned my sight,
I saw with vast surprise,
The shining sphere Jerusalem
And blazing temple rise.

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Ten thousand beauties charmed my breast,
While still my eyes behold
The glittering walls and fiery gates,
And lofty towers of gold.

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The shining seraph led my way
Through the etherial blue ;
Now near the illustrious door appear'd
Still glittering in my view,