

HEAVEN.

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A LITTLE girl, gazing on the starry heavens, said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of Heaven is so glorious, *what must the right side be?*"



SINCE o'er thy footstool, here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O! what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars enwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell.

The dazzling sun at noontide-hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord! one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost shine?

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.