

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

THEY all are gone into a world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove :
 Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in the air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just.
 Shining no where but in the dark,
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
 know
 At first sight if the bird be flown,
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes,
 And into glory peep.

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