

The wise shall inherit glory; but shame shall be the promotion of fools.—
Prov. III. 35.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God."—Rev. XXI. 10.

A home in Heaven! What a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart oppressed, and by anguish driven,
From his home below to his home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! As the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When our treasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid.
When strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When our friends have fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,
We rest in hope on the promise given,
We shall meet up there in our home in Heaven."