

But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as Heaven and earth discoasted lie,
They bathe in quiet waves of immortality.

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About the Holy City rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass;
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood;
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass:
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls, for dust, it seemed to have,
On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

In midst of this City Celestial,
Where the eternal Temple should have rose,
Lightened the Vision Beatifical;
End and beginning of each thing that grows;
Whose Self no end nor yet beginning knows:
That hath no Eyes to see, nor Ears to hear,
Yet sees, and hears, and is all Eye and Ear:
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere.

Ye blessed ones, grown richer by your spoils,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherds Eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of His Name!

—GILES FLETCHER. 1623.

Ascension Day.

With this Day we close the first half of the Christian year. Since Advent we have been going over all the events of our Lord's life upon earth. To-day we celebrate His return to His heavenly Home after His work here was finished. On Sunday week we shall commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost and the birthday of the Church of Christ, then our last and crowning festival will be in honor of the Holy Trinity—the Father who made us, the Son who redeemed us, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us, Three Persons in One God. Thus we pass the first half of the Christian year, which is divided into two parts, one teaching us about the life of our Lord, the other teaching us the practical lessons to be drawn from that life for our guidance.