

dwelleth Righteousness. But the subject is too grand for human understanding, it passes the knowledge of mortals. "As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him—which God hath ordained before the world unto their glory." We may join in the exclamation of Bernard's burdened heart in his noble hymn on the celestial Country, in which he breathes the air of Paradise, and sings as a seraph.

"I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there;  
What radiance of Glory,  
What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them  
My spirit fails and faints;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them;  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the Blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white!