

XIV.

"The city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

A PILGRIM band are we,
Upon the earth unknown,
Looking abroad with happy hearts,
Where we no portion own.

We have no city here,
No dwelling place have we ;
Homeless amid the homes of earth—
Amid its troubles free.

Our city is above—
Jerusalem the free :
We cannot stay, we cannot rest,
Till we its joys shall see.

The New Jerusalem,
Oh ! how surpassing fair !
Decked out in royal majesty,
In light and glory rare.

That is our native land ;
Among the twice-born race
As citizens we now are known,
And soon will claim our place.