

THE CROWNING TEST.

Behold! what joyous groups, see twos and threes,
Freely they circulate—and angels with them.
But imperceptible to natural sight.
With songs and anthems which the tympanum
Detects not. Glory that we strive for, holds
No parly with the dreamy sighs of sloth.

Eve.

Adam, yet we remember to have heard
While yet we toiled, sweet syllables in song,
Yes from our loved, and even glimpses sometimes
Of things beyond the earth. And will not they
For whom those better things are in reserve?

Adam.

Could we, when in the flesh behold the sun?
Could eyes of men endure the blinding light
Of chiefs of the Great King—each one a sun?
No, Eva, such will be concealed, or toned,
In the enhancing golden years to come.

Amidst the marvels of those Thousand years—
In glory excessive, veiled from fleshly eyes,
Girt with celestial cohorts and enthroned—
In Twelve proud Cities of the teeming earth,
In Twelve rich Temples, Twelve Apostles sit,
Judging the Twelve vast Tribes of ISRAEL.