

CITIZENS OF HEAVEN.

"The city which hath the foundations, whose builder and
maker is God."—Heb. 11. 10.

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.

We seek no city here ;
Our place would not be found
Among the Kingdoms of the world,
Where Jesus is disowned.

We covet not their good
Who have it here below ;
The pleasure and the pride of life
We do not want to know.