

Teach me to live the heir of such a world :
Thankful to bear my Cross for such a Crown ;
Content to steer the shatter'd bark of life
To reach a port like this. And though the past
With warning voice prepares me to expect
The night of trial *here* ; yet still let Faith,
Stretching her eye beyond life's dim horizon,
Rest on the brighter shores, and many mansions,
And better Friend above ! Be this my beacon,
Wooing me onwards, buffeting the storm—
“ Mourner, there is no night of Trial *THERE* ! ”

But who can dare to lift the hidden veil
Inscrutable, which hides from mortal gaze
That festival of bliss ? “ Eye hath not seen,
Nor ear hath heard, nor human heart conceived ”
Its wonders. God himself the “ All in All ! ”
The focus of a Light ineffable,
To which, the origin and end of all,
Each lesser ray of glory will converge.
The myriad blood-bought worshippers engaged
In pondering His searchless attributes,
Or mystic secrets of Incarnate love.
For, lo ! in midst of the Eternal Throne,