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"THE POETRY OF HEAVEN."+
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, ancient volume, gloriously bright
With legends of the angels and their God
I've read thee over by this splendid light,
And knelt in voiceless worship on the sod.

Thy verse is set to music strange and deep,
And hymned around the Eternal Throne of Heaven
By all the radiant lyres that seraphs sweep,
And by the spheres in thunderous marches driven.

Oft when the solemn, dreamy Night flings wide
The star-clasped splendor of thy mystic page,
She reads me tales unheard by all beside,
Secrets of many a past and future age.

She tells me how the Undying Poet wrote
Upon His boundless blue in words of fire,
While through the ecstatic air was heard to float
The burning praise of every angel's lyre.

Yet have I read far brighter things than this
Upon the radiant page He spread on high—
It is a promise of eternal bliss,
Of light and life and *love* beyond the sky.

+ *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, by Lord Byron, *The Works of Lord Byron* (London: John Murray, 1821, vol. 2), canto 3, LXXXVIII, l. 824.