

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."—Psaln cxxvi. 1.

O BLESSED DREAM! when joy supreme
 Enthralls each glowing breast,
 When cares are crushed, and groans are hushed
 In deep and heavenly rest.

What laughter rolls through ransomed souls
 For bondage turned again;
 Each reaper sings, and angel wings
 Throb o'er repentant men.

The tears that flow, no tale of woe
 Tell out to curious eyes,
 They speak the peace of glad release—
 The freedom of the skies.

They tell the love of Heaven above
 For hearts all sore with sin;
 They bring relief, they banish grief,
 For Christ has entered in.

His diadem—each tear a gem—
 Shines on His bleeding brow,
 And heart and will, with rapture thrill
 To do His bidding now.

O Heavenly Dove! in endless love
 Dwell with us while we wait,
 With cleansed feet and service sweet.
 Outside the pearly gate.

O Glorious King! SALVATION bring
 We long Thyself to greet,
 To cast each crown adoring down
 Beneath Thy pierced feet.

A. B. MACKAY.