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THE UNJEWELLED CROWN.

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Methought I had, in vision of the night,
A glimpse prophetic of the Land of Light;
That, as the Seers did in far-days olden,
I entered now Jerusalem the Golden.

I saw myself as from myself departing,
My body chill'd and wan, my spirit upstarting;
And angels fold'd me with pinions burning,
Which shone as dove's neck in its lustrous turning.

Upward and onward, higher still and higher
They bore me, to the City of Glory nigher;
At last I caught the ringing of Heaven's bells
And rapturous shout that my arrival tells.

Methought I pass'd along a shining street,
All resonant with tread of sainted feet;
These look'd and those, and, turning one to other,
With joyous accents said, "Behold, a brother!"

I bow'd me down—'twas in my dream of night—
Before the great White Throne of sculptured light,
And He who sat on it His right hand held forth
And kiss'd me: His words, "Redeem'd from Earth!"

And then again and yet again there rose
Melodious thunders, as when a tempest-plows;
And there I found me in snow-vesture stol'd
In my hands a palm, on brow a crown of gold.

A crown of gold, blood-bought, yet I did tremble;
For ah! it did not other crowns resemble,