

Breathing his *last* and *best* ;
When suddenly his eyes
He opens on the skies,
And startling us with surprise,
He waves his hand and cries :
"I see, I see the place !
I see my Saviour's face !
Look, children. look ! your eyes
Raise, and look toward the skies !
Bright beams of Glory
Come hovering o'er me !
See ! see ! they're opening wide,
The flaming gates of Paradise !
Bright angels downward glide,
And standing near my side,
They smile and bid me come,
To my eternal home."

XI.

He dies, the happy Indian dies,
Closes his eyes to earth, and flies
Up to the regions of the skies.
Angelic legions lead the way,
To the portals of celestial day.
Wide spreads the news, all Heaven rings,
Angels and ransomed spirits wave their wings,
All lowly bending to the King of kings ;
Mingling their loftiest harmonies,
Their sweetest, softest melodies,
High Heaven's eternal Minstrelsies,
With harp and voice and choral symphonies,
Loud as the sounding of ten thousand seas !
They shout him welcome to his heavenly Home :
"JOHN PAUL has come ! JOHN PAUL has come !
Bear the glad tidings far
As the remotest star !
Let every tongue,