

Myriads of happy spirits, robed in white,
More pure and bright
Than the noon-day light,
Are standing round the Throne
Of the Eternal One.

Every eye upon him turns,
Every breast with rapture burns,
And trembles the lofty dome,
As they shout him welcome home—

"John Paul has come! John Paul has come!"

"Bear the glad tidings far"

"As the remotest star!"

"Let every tongue"

"The shout prolong!"

"Sound the Redeemer's praise,"

"In loudest lays,"

"To endless days;"

"Who bought him with his precious blood,"

"And brought him to this bright abode"

"Of blessedness—the bosom of our God."

He woke! the dying Indian woke!
Opened his eyes and spoke:
A heavenly radiance broke
From his bright beaming eye,
And with a loud exultant cry,
And clear ringing voice,

In the soft accents of his native tongue,

He told the visions of his head

Upon his bed;

And in glowing imagery,

Suited to the theme—

Like that of the "Immortal Dreamer's" dream,

Or the sublimer song

To him of old in Patmos' prison sung

By the celestial throng,

He spoke of those unutterable joys

Prepared on high

For sinners saved in Jesus when they die.

With earnest gaze,
And mute amaze,
Seated around his cot,
Entranced, and to the spot
Enchained, we listened to the story,