

Poetry.

F E J E E.

I dream'd of the land where the Fejee dwells,
 I dream'd of the land of the cannibals ;
 Those blood-stain'd isles in the distant sea,
 The abodes of vice and cruelty.
 Dark, O dark, as the shadow of night
 Was the mist that mock'd the piercing sight,
 As though with a thick, a sombre pall,
 'Twere enshrouding the land of the cannibal.

I dream'd again ; and the soil was trod
 By the hallow'd feet of the Man of God ;
 The lamp of truth in his hand he bore,
 As he traced his steps on the crimson'd shore.
 A halo seem'd around him spread,
 'The shadows flee as his footsteps tread ;
 He knelt, he bow'd his spirit in prayer ;
 He rose, he felt that his God was there.

He blew the Gospel trumpet loud ;
 Around him assembled a savage crowd ;
 Demoniac smiles on their visage play'd,
 But he trembled not, nor was he afraid ;
 Unfolding the simple Gospel plan,
 He spake of the love of God to man ;
 Till a cry re-echoed from shore to shore,
 " Why did you not tell us of this before ?"

I dream'd, and wafted on the breeze
 Came sounds of angel melodies ;
 The Fejee bows before the Lord,
 He pleads the promise of his word :
 His prayer of faith is heard in heaven,
 He knows, he feels his sins forgiven,
 And shouts of holy rapture rise,
 And swell the chorus of the skies.

Salop.

S. A.