

THE DYING INDIAN'S DREAM.

Waiting to see their father die.
 Kindred and friends were there,
 Gathered for prayer ;
 And Angel bands were near,
 Waiting to bear
 His ransomed soul away,
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

He dreamed ! the dying Indian dreamed !
 Flashes of glory round him gleamed !

A bright effulgence beamed
 From on high, and streamed
 Far upward and around. It seemed
 That sickness and pain were gone,
 That his work on earth was done,

That he stood alone,
 Happy, light, and free,
 Listening to sweetest melody

And softest harmony,
 From the etherial plains ;
 In loud extatic strains ;

Such as no mortal ear
 Could bear
 To hear.

When suddenly to his wondering eyes,

Upstarting to the skies,
 A glorious palace stood ;
 All formed of burnished gold :
 Solid—of massive mould,

The bright abode

Of the Creator—God :

Ample, vast, and high,
 Like earth, and sea, and sky :
 The palace of the King of kings,
 Where the flaming seraph sings,
 Waving his golden wings ;

Where the ransomed sinner brings
 Honor and glory to the Eternal Son,

Casting his crown

In lowly adoration down

Before the Throne

Of the Anointed One.

But, Oh ! what wondrous sounds !

A shout through Heaven resounds !