

DR. WATTS' VISION.

When the bright monarch of the day
Withdrew from human sight,
And night had spread her sable veil
And put the day to flight.

Then slumber seized my closing eyes,
My weary limbs reposed,
While to my soul with vast surprise
A vision sweetly rose.

Struck pale and low my body lay,
A lifeless lump of clay,
And people solemnly advanced
To bear my corpse away.

As the procession shaped its way,
Lo! from the crystal skies,
Swift shot away an angel forth,
And stood before mine eyes.