

MUSINGS OF UNCLE JAKE.

Dream.

One night as on my bed I slept,
I dream'd a pleasing dream;
A text I took—Jesus wept—
No dream to me did seem.

When I awoke, my pillow wet
With tears of joy I shed;
That dream I well remember yet—
For me the Saviour bled.

Methought that I did sinners tell
The way that leads to God,
And taught them how to escape hell,
By Jesus' precious blood.

It seem'd to me that sinners felt,
The spirit's blessed power.
O! how in love my heart did melt,
To me 't was a sweet hour.