



## A CHILD'S DREAM.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

## I.



WILT thou lead me, holy angel,  
 To that mournful land of shade,  
 Where dear holy souls are waiting,  
 For the day the Lord has made?"  
 Oft her young heart softly murmured  
 To God's angel pure and bright,  
 And, at last, he gently led her  
 Through deep silence of the night.

## II.

Like a vast, mysterious temple  
 Seemed it to her wondering eyes;  
 In its dimness knelt the mourners,  
 And the air was full of sighs.  
 All were robed in sombre mantles  
 Like the shades of twilight grey,  
 Then appeared a sacred altar  
 Lighted as by golden ray.

## III.

And a minister of Jesus  
 Offering up the host of praise,  
 Impetrating His sweet mercy,  
 Shone before her dreaming gaze.  
 There, amidst those spectre forms,  
 Silent, as if wrapt in prayer,  
 Knelt the child,—but still she marvelled,  
 Seeing flames appeared not there.

## IV.

Swiftly they unclasped their mantles  
 And their arms now outspread,  
 Underneath was fire raging,  
 O, those holy, suffering dead!