

The earth shall be dissolved with fervent heat
 And all its glories shall soon fade away ;
 But love shall never change or die—'tis life—
 Life most resembling God ; for God is *love*.

G. BROWN.

THE DREAMER.

Behold yon dreamer on the rocky isle,
 Placid and serene ; his face betokens joy,
 Lit by the smiles as angel-spirits wear ;
 The angry storm in fury spends its strength,
 And wave o'er wave now sweeps along the coast ;
 But neither wave nor storm disturbs his peace ;—
 He sleepeth on. Bright visions now appear ;
 He enters holy ground, and hears the sounds
 That come from angel-harps—sweet voices hears,
 That swell in notes of praise a Saviour's love—
 Beholds the mount serene, and on its front
 A Lamb as it was slain—emblem of joy ;
 For lo ! a multitude of voices now
 Swell notes of praise, and sing on sweetest strains,
 Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us ;
 Worthy all power to have, and glory, too,
 Dominion, might, and majesty divine ;
 For by his blood redemption has been wrought,
 And captive souls releas'd ; and now the throng
 In prostrate homage fall, and all the choir
 In one harmonious song, proclaim him blest,
 And heaven rings jubilant.

Sleep on thou saint of God ; I, too, with thee
 Would tread the courts above, when to my sight
 Bright visions now arise ; faith's eagle eye
 Can pierce the veil ; when opened to the gaze,
 The mystic Lamb appears, emblem divine ;
 And as I gaze, emotions seize my breast ;
 I feel the holy fire, and now would sing
 Redemption's hallowed song. All praise to Him,
 Who by his blood redemption now has wrought,
 And paved the way for man's return to God.
 This wond'rous theme shall ever prompt to praise,
 Inspiring lips with eloquence divine.

O for an angel tongue his love to tell !
 An angel mind to fathom all its depths !
 Mysterious love ! the love of God to man ;
 Blest source of joy and source of heavenly love.

G. BROWN.