

CAMERONIAN DREAM.

BY JAMES HISLOP.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the moor and of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather
grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and
blood,
When the minister's hame was the mountain
and wood;
When in Wellwood's wild moorlands the Stan-
dard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mang the heather was
lying.

It was morning, and summer's young sun from
the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's
breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairn-Table the clear shin-
ing dew,
Glistened sheen 'mang the heath-bells and
mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven by the white sunny cloud,
The sang of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened
and deep,
Was the whistling of plovers and bleating
of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music
and gladness.
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of gay July's bright
morning.

But ah! there were hearts cherished far other
feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drew from this splendour of beauty but
sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it
to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron,
were lying
Concealed 'mang the mist, where the heath-
fowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Earls hall around them
were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin
misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were
unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brows
was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to Heaven, in meek resigna-
tion,
They sung their last song to the God of Sal-
vation!

The hills wit the deep mournful music were
ringing

The curlew and plover in concert were sing-
ing;
But the melody died 'midst derision and laugh-
ter,
As the hosts of ungodly rushed on to the
slaughter!

Though in mist and in smoke and in fire they
were shrouded
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm and
unbending
They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending!

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords
were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood
was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was
rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the
mighty were falling!

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat
had ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud de-
scended,—
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of
brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shin-
ing,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great
tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salva-
tion!

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is
gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horse-
men are riding!
GLIDE SWIFTLY, BRIGHT SPIRITS, THE PRIZE IS
BEFORE YE,
A CROWN NEVER FADING, A KINGDOM OF GLORY!

OUR OWN CHURCH & COUNTRY.

NOVA SCOTIA.

PRESENTATION.

TO THE REV. WM. STEWART, MINISTER OF
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, McLENNAN'S
MOUNTAIN:

We, the ladies of McLennan's Mt. Con-
gregation, beg you to accept of this pul-
pit gown as a token of our esteem. Your
labours among us during a long period
have been indefatigable as a minister of
the lowly Jesus, and your gentle unassum-
ing manners have won our respect.

Accept also our regards for your amia-