

## SELECT POETRY.

## THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY WM. BARR.

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, Mother,  
And sing me some beautiful song ;  
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,  
For my eyes would gaze at that wondrous sight,  
Amid the archangel throng !

I dreamed that I roamed last night, Mother,  
Afar in some beautiful land ;  
Bright spirits of light in their shining plumes,  
Where sunlight no longer that land illumines,  
There hovered in shining bands !

Bright forms, on dazzling wings, Mother,  
Went by on their flashing round ;  
And trembled the chords of their golden lyres,  
And anthems of praise from the heavenly choirs  
Through the star-lit courts resound.

And happier forms were there, Mother,  
Than bloom in this time bound sphere ;  
And the joyful acclaim of that blood-washed throng  
As they chanted the strains of the heavenly song,  
There fell on my raptured ear.

And sweet sister Emma was there, Mother,  
As fair as an angel of light ;  
She stood in the ranks of that angel throng,  
And chanted the notes of the seraphim's song—  
A cherub serenely bright !

And she sang the songs we sung, Mother,  
Together that lonesome night ;  
Her voice was as sweet as a seraph's tongue,  
That high in the arches of glory rung,  
Enrobed in celestial white !

I thought of the long, long night, Mother,  
We sat by her dying bed ;  
And I saw the tear in your mournful eye,  
As dying, " Sweet mother, good bye—good bye ;  
I'll meet you in Heaven," she said.

Oh, there was no misery there, Mother,  
Away in that beautiful land ;  
Nor sun with its blazing flame was there,  
Nor angry howl of the wintry air  
Envenomed its zephyrs bland.

She quitted the blazing ranks, Mother,  
And quick to me hastening sped ;  
And the shining curls of her golden hair  
Were kissed by the gales of that redolent air,  
As sweetly, dear Mother, she said.

" Oh come to these love-lit realms, Anna,  
And strike on an angel's lyre ;  
Come, bask in the beams of a nightless home,  
Through its changeless bowers we'll sweetly roam,  
And join in the heavenly choir."

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, Mother,  
And sing me some beautiful song ;  
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,  
And my eyes would gaze on that wondrous sight,  
High 'midst the archangel throng !

## THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the following beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved :

I am all alone in my chamber now,  
And the midnight hour is near,  
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick  
Are the only sounds I hear ;  
And ever my soul in its solitude  
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,  
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think  
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house,  
Went home to the dear ones all,  
And softly I opened the garden-gate,  
And softly the door of the hall ;  
My mother came out to meet her son,  
She kissed me and then she sighed,  
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come  
In the garden where he played ;  
I shall miss him more by the fire-side  
When the flowers have all decayed ;  
I shall see his toys and his empty chair  
And the horse he used to ride ;  
And they will speak with a silent speech  
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies,  
Where the hope of our soul shall have no blight,  
Our love no broken ties ;  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
And bathe in its blissful tide,  
And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be  
The little boy that died.