

A Dream of Heaven.

I DREAMT, oh, I dreamt of a beautiful place,
And its streets they were all paved with gold;
Its walls were of marble transparently white,
Its gates were of jasper, and rubies so bright,
And diamonds most pure to behold.

I gazed, oh, I gazed on this beautiful place,
And I thought, will this splendour e'er last?
Whence came all this beauty, this light so Divine,
That the sun never need on its turrets to shine,
And no shadow across it is cast?

And, oh, as I gazed on this marvellous place,
Bright beings came into my view;
So majestic their form, so ethereal their mould,
So dazzlingly bright was each one to behold,
They could not be earth-born, I knew.

And e'en while in mute admiration I stayed,
Rich sounds on the zephyrs came near;
And millions of voices, with harps loud and sweet,
Their anthems of praise did together repeat,
Throughout that large city so clear.

And methought, as in ecstatic bliss I stood wrapt,
A touch on my shoulder I felt;
I turned, and beside me a being so bright,
It seemed that for raiment he'd clothed him with light,
And in awe, and with trembling I knelt.

He raised me, and said, "Come in hither, my child!
Why stand you without these great gates?
Come, enter our city, and share in our joys;
Why, surely, you'll never content you with toys,
When the well-spring of happiness waits!

"No cloud ever flits 'cross our calm azure sky,
No sorrow, no suffering comes near;
The gloom of despair on no countenance sits,
No tear-drop e'er falls, no bright blossom's nipt,
And nothing that's earth-born comes here.

"Each one, ere he enters, secures him the prize,
The Pearl of Great Price to be worn:
Each one too is purchased—redeemed from the world,
By the Lord of the city, whose banner unfurled
Is a Cross, which is hard to be borne."