

I would not barter hopes like these for all the worldling's joys,
Seeking after earthly pleasures, as children after toys—
Who has no higher thoughts and aims than this poor world
affords,

No aspirations of the soul, which thrill its finer cords.

Oft in my dreams at night I see the happy land,
Where the silvery streams are flowing o'er the shining sand,
And unfading flowerets bloom, so beautiful and fair,
For no breath of earth or sin can come to taint them there.

I see the blessed angels round the Saviour stand,
With all the bright redeemed from every clime and land;
And the precious "little ones" are nearest to the throne;
On them He bends His loving eyes, and claims them as His
own.

Sometimes in my waking hours such visions will arise,
And my listening soul can hear the chimes of Paradise;
The "Celestial City," bright and fair, from "Beulah's Land"
is seen,

But ah! the river is uncrossed, dark Jordan rolls between.

Yet I know that I should wait with patience for "the token"
Which bids "the silver cord be loosed, the golden bowl be
broken,"

That sets the weary prisoner free, that calls the wanderer
home,

Then opens wide the pearly gates. Oh, blessed Lord, say,
"Come!"

THE END.