

The Dying Indian's Dream.

He dreamed! The dying Indian dreamed!
Flashes of Glory round him gleamed!
A bright effulgence beamed
From on high, and streamed
Far upward and around; it seemed
That his work on earth was done,
That his mortal course was run,
Life's battle fought and won;
That he stood alone,
Happy, light and free,
Listening to sweetest melody,
And softest harmony,
From the ethereal plains
In loud ecstatic strains,
Such as no mortal ear
Could hear, or be allowed to hear.
When suddenly, to his wondering eyes,
Upstarting to the skies,
A glorious Palace stood;
All formed of burnished gold,
Solid, of massive mould,
The bright Abode
Of the Creator God!
Ample, vast and high,
Like earth, and sea, and sky,
The Palace of the King of kings,
Where the flaming Seraph sings,
Waving his golden wings;
Where the ransomed sinner brings,
Honor and glory to the Eternal Son,
Casting his dazzling crown,
In lowly adoration Throne,
Before the blazing Throne
Of the Eternal One.
Every eye upon him turns,
Every breast with rapture burns,
And trembles the lofty Dome,
As they shout him welcome home —
"John Paul has come! John Paul has come!"