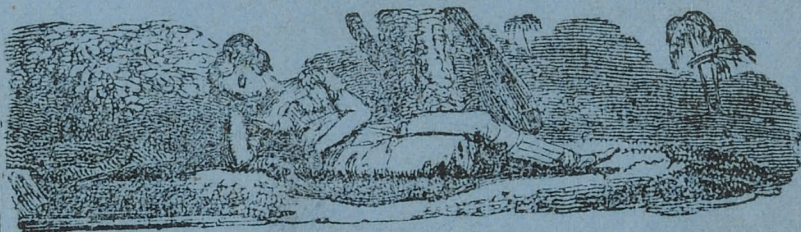


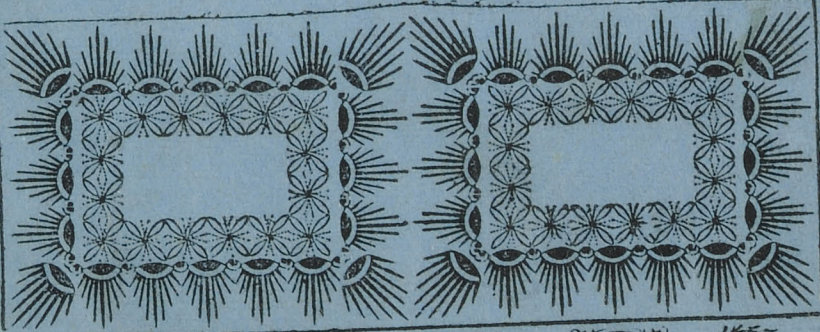
5014 Miss S. A. Smith.

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THE  
CHILD'S  
DREAM.



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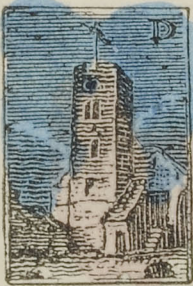








THE  
**CHILD'S**  
**DREAM.**



O you know whom I saw last night,  
When sleeping in my bed, mamma?  
A shining creature all in white,  
She seem'd a heavenly maid,  
mamma.

I saw her tripping o'er the dew,  
Fair as the queen of May, mamma,



She look'd, she smil'd, and to me flew,  
And bade me come away, mamma.

She gently drew my curtains wide,  
And whisper'd sweetly mild, mamma,  
While graceful kneeling at my side,  
That I should be her child, mamma.

And then she beckon'd me on high,  
In purest joys to dwell, mamma,  
Where, in bright mansions of the sky,  
Are joys no tongue can tell, mamma.

I look'd, I lov'd, I blush'd awhile,  
O! how could I say no, mamma;  
She spoke so sweet, so sweet did smile,  
I was oblig'd to go, mamma.

For love my infant heart beguil'd,  
I hail'd the rapt'rous theme, mamma,  
My infant fancy turn'd as wild,  
As you may think my dream, mamma.

Methought we wander'd in a grove,  
And then thro' pleasant fields, mamma,  
In joyful converse we did move,  
As music rapture yields, mamma.

And as the beauteous flow'rs we press'd  
And as their odours flew, mamma,  
A fervent wish rose in my breast,  
To share those sweets with you, mamma.

I was, I was, I know not how,  
O! had you been with me, mamma,  
Such wonders open'd to my view,  
As none but angels see, mamma



She took me in her snow-white hand,  
And led me through the air, mamma,  
We soon lost sight of sea and land,  
And rang'd I know not where, mamma.  
Yet to the verdant fields of earth,  
I cast a look of care, mamma,  
To think that you who gave me birth,  
And all my friends were there, mamma  
The heavenly maid my sorrow saw,  
And sweetly chas'd all gloom mamma,  
Me to her breast did gently draw  
And whisper'd you should come, mamma.  
Swift as our thoughts in youthful day  
We glanc'd beyond the spheres, mamma,  
There music sounding by the way,  
Heaven rush'd upon our ears, mamma.  
Far through the realms of boundless space  
We pass'd in rapid flight, mamma;  
I saw the angels anxious gaze,  
And hail us with delight, mamma.  
Sun, moon, and stars we knew before,  
Were lost unto our view, mamma,  
The former things were now no more,  
But all things now were new, mamma  
For we had gain'd the arch of heaven,  
Where glory full appears, mamma,  
And saw the source whence motion given  
Impels the distant spheres, mamma.  
And music's most seraphic tone  
Swell'd in angelic strains, mamma,













As we approach'd the radiant throne  
 Where God supremely reigns, mamma.  
 One universal blaze of light,  
 Shone thro' the wide expanse, mamma,  
 And not one shade of cheerless night  
 Could cloud the raptur'd sense, mamma.  
 The pearly gates were open'd wide,  
 Soon as we knocked there, mamma---  
 But oh! but oh! on every side,  
 What heavenly glories were, mamma.  
 The happy spirits flocked around  
 To welcome me above, mamma,  
 And loud the golden harps did sound,  
 In praise of Him they love, mamma.  
 I heard a heavenly hymning host,  
 A holy happy train, mamma,  
 Praise Him whose form in glory lost  
 Is by reflection seen, mamma.  
 They clad me in a shining vest,  
 And crown'd my head with light, mam ma,





Clasp'd round my shoulders and my breast,  
The robe of glory bright, mamma.

As o'er the heavenly plains we pass'd,  
Our heavenly joy increas'd, mamma,  
I wish'd! I wish'd! it long might last,  
So charming was the feast, mamma.

No age can tip the head with snow,  
Nor numbness seize the limbs, mamma  
But vigour doth more vig'rous grow  
As each up Zion climbs, mamma.

No sickness, death, nor sorrow there,  
To damp their heavenly bliss, mamma  
These fruits of sin with sorrow are,  
Deep buried in the abyss, mamma.

The rushing tears which do arise  
When we are sick, you know, mamma,  
Are wip'd by Jesus from all eyes,  
Such love he then doth show, mamma.

All who his precepts shall obey,  
And virtue's paths do tread, mamma,



Shall rise to realms of endless day,  
And children be of God, mamma.

With wintry storms the ground ne'er pines,  
The fields are ever green, mamma  
For there the sun of glory shines  
In skies the most serene mamma.

I saw my sister Anna there,  
A virgin in full blow, mamma,  
Such things to me she did declare  
As only angels know, mamma.

Her robes were all a flowing stream,  
Of silver dipp'd in light, mamma,  
But ah! it wak'd me from my dream,  
It shone so clear and bright, mamma.

Now I will walk with Anna's God,  
And be an angel too, mamma;  
For in yon high and bright abode,  
They constant pleasure know, mamma.

Then teach me now the happy way  
To gain a throne above, mamma,  
That I with them in endless day,  
May praise the God of love, mamma.

Then you and I, and father dear,  
Will join our Anna there, mamma,  
In presence of the Lamb appear,  
And dwell for evermore, mamma.









### A MORNING HYMN.

MY God who makes the sun to kne w,  
His proper hour to rise,  
And to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chamber of the East  
His morning-race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest  
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day :  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

### AN EVENING HYMN.

ONCE more, dear Lord, a feeble child  
Presumes to bless thy sacred name,  
My lisping notes thou wilt receive,  
Nor put my poor attempts to shame.

Thy loving heart has led me on  
Thru' all the dangers of the day :  
From that perpetual spring of love,  
Thou hast perpetual love display.

From this day's sin, I humbly crave  
Redemption through my Saviour's blood  
All other pleasures I gladly wave,  
No other way can lead to God,

My holy Saviour and my God,  
Come manifest thy love to me ;  
And e'er my eyes be clos'd in sleep,  
O may I close the day with thee.