

The dawn of brighter days.

" Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Psalm xxx, 5,

A DREAM.

How oft in visions of the night,
God clearly speaks to man;
Not less, it might be, in our day,
Than when time's course began:
Well, list and judge, if this my dream,
From God or Satan came;
For, sure, the thoughts therein expressed,
A close attention claim.

I dream'd our sorrows all were o'er,
Division all was gone,
That saints were happy once again,
With hearts for Christ alone;
That deep confession, souls contrite,
And broken spirits, proved
How all from God had gone astray,
And from the saints they loved.

And now, while seeking to repair
The mischief each had done,
"I loathe *me* for *my* part in it,"
Was said by every one;
And as awaking out of sleep,
With memory pressing in,
"Alas!" each said, "to God I bow,
Own and confess my sin."

"My lips of 'blessed union' spoke
My acts the truth denied;
Because of different judgments, we
Each other set aside;
What God had joined, we ruthlessly,
Put far asunder wide,
And sought to frustrate that for which
Our common Master died."

"Alas! for precious truth so marred,
For testimony rent;
For God and Christ dishonored so;
For energy mis-spent;
For tables reared without a cause;
For judgements so severe;
For broken hearts; for minds o'ertuned;
And every scalding tear."

I further witnessed in my dream,
Each would himself upbraid;
While each to judge his brother now
Was holily afraid;
Revived the precious truth—that saints,
In Jesus, all are *one*;
Truth ruled with love, and raised again
The testimony gone.

The lanes and alleys now were sought,
In power the Gospel preached,
The outcast, the neglected long,
By loving souls were reached;
All worldliness was truly judged,
All selfishness abhorred;
And, serving thus, so lovingly,
All waited for the Lord,

The Word, the precious Word of God,
No longer sought to wound,
Not only now on every lip,
But in each heart was found,
The sole directory and guide
In every time of need,
Its blessed, holy truths were used,
The happy flock to feed.

I gazed, delighted, on the scene,
For saints were multiplied;
Hand joined to hand, and heart to heart,
In truth and love allied;
But 'twas a dream; awaking soon,
It passed away from view;
But, O, beloved saints, shall not
We seek to make it true?

True to the God whose wond'rous grace
Has borne with us so long;
True to the Christ, to whose blest name
We all have wrought such wrong;
True to the saints, the ransomed flock;
True to the world around;
And so shall power, and praise, and love,
And holiness abound.

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