

THE



CHRISTIAN SAILOR'S

DREAM.

An aged tar, who long had sailed
The briny ocean o'er,
Safe in the cottage moored at last,
To go to sea no more.

But still he had life's voyage to make,
Which now drew to a close;
The port he knew was nigh at hand,
To which his vessel goes.

Christ was the anchor of his soul,
On which he could rely,
When storm or tempest threatened him,
Or when the foe was nigh.

The Bible was his only chart,
And faith his cable rope,
On which he firmly did hold fast,
Fixed on the windlass Hope.

The banner of the Cross he tied
Firm on the cord of love,
Unto the mast-head of his bark,
It floated there above.

And thus he spoke, while beamed his eyes,
With joy I can't express,—
"Shipmate, I've had a glorious dream
Of heaven and happiness.

I thought my feeble bark had sailed
For Canaan's blissful shore;
Jesus, my pilot, guided me,
Till death's cold storms were o'er.

Through Jordan's tide my vessel sped,
And did the haven gain,
Where holy angels welcomed me,
With them to live and reign.

Their joy was great at seeing me,
Such joy no mortals know;
"Come, brother, let us hasten on,"
From every lip did flow.

They joined in a song of praise,
And Jesus was the theme,
Who left the courts of heaven above,
Poor sailors to redeem.

They led me to a city bright,
Most glorious to behold,
The walls were built with precious stones,
The streets were paved with gold.

And in the midst a dazzling throne,
'That looked so clear and white,
On which my Saviour seated was,—
It filled me with delight.

O shipmate, if our brother tars
Could but have seen his smile,
I think they all would soon become
Just like a little child.

He cast his eyes, brimful of love,
Upon a tar like me,
And smiling to poor Jack he said,
I have a crown for thee.

That smile,—those words, did bring the tears,
I felt them on my face;
But Jesus gently wiped them off,
And gently kissed the place.

And then the happiness I knew,
Which saints in glory feel,
When singing praise unto the Lamb,
As round the throne they kneel.

And when the host of heaven began
To sing their songs of praise,
I mingled with that happy throng,
With them my voice did raise.

And as our song drew to a close,
The harpers then began,
Such music never has been heard
By any mortal man.

And then upon my raptured soul,
In one grand chorus broke,
The song of those who were redeemed,
That with the song I woke.

And very soon, my shipmates dear,
My voice will mingle there,
With that unnumbered multitude,
That round the throne appear.

But go and tell each seaman bold,
The glories of the place,
And bid them leave their sinful ways,
That lead them to disgrace.

Tell them how Jesus for them died,
And shed his precious blood,
To save us from eternal woe,
And bring them safe to God.

