

# A DREAM OF HEAVEN?

## BY JOHN MARSHALL.

MARIA, I 've dreamt such a beautiful dream ;  
Methought I had fallen asleep,  
And angels in white came and took me away :  
But why should that cause you to weep ?

They took me to heaven, where Jesus resides,—  
We oft think and talk about heaven ;  
But, oh ! unless Jesus be there, it is not :  
Where He is, indeed, *there is Heaven.*

They placed me beside Him—how happy I felt !  
Although I had loved Him before ;  
Yet, now that I saw Him,—I cannot describe,—  
But I felt that I loved Him much more.

So kindly He spoke, too ; He said how He loved  
All those whom He died to redeem :  
To grieve One so kind and so gracious as He,  
How wicked and wrong it does seem !

I thought how I used to do that which was wrong,  
And a tear gathered into my eye ;  
Which Jesus perceiving, He wiped it away,  
Saying, " Be not afraid, it is I !"

My father and mother were there, too ; and when  
They beheld me at Jesus's side,  
They cast down themselves and their crowns at his  
feet,  
Singing, " Glory to Him that hath died !"

Wherever I went angels showed me the way,  
And sometimes we 'd talk about you ;  
They said they were charged to watch over you,  
and soon—  
Very soon, they would bring you there too.

Oh, how I looked forward to that happy time,  
When your spirit should join mine above ;  
Where sorrow and sickness no more should appear,  
But Heaven, and Jesus, and Love !

They told me, ere long, you were ill, and that death  
Would soon—very soon, set you free ;  
I rejoiced, for in Heaven such tidings give joy,  
And there I thought soon you would be.

I hastened to Jesus to know, to know if I might  
Be permitted to visit the earth ;  
He smilingly said, " Go bring her safe home,—  
I know what her spirit is worth."

I came with a host of bright angels, and stood  
By your pillow, till death should appear ;  
You oft sighed to be with Jesus and me,  
Not thinking we both were so near.

While stood by your couch, I beheld those around,  
Who bewailed your approaching decease ;  
And thought—little know they that death unto you  
Will be such a happy release.

When they had departed, and left you alone,  
I listened to what you might say ;  
The last words you spoke—in a whisper so faint—  
Were " Jesus, come, take me away !"

That moment the terrible messenger came,  
And exultingly lifted his hand ;  
Awhile he forbore, not daring to strike,  
Until Jesus should give the command.

I looked towards heaven, and Jesus said—" Come,"  
Death severed the last feeble tie ;  
I caught you, and upward we mounted together,—  
Methinks O how sweet 't were to die !

The angels attended our heavenward flight,  
And safely conveyed us along,  
Until at the portal of bliss we arrived,  
And joined a celestial throng,

Which came forth to meet us, by Jesus' command ;  
(Whose name be for ever adored !)  
Who welcomed you thither by saying—" Well done,  
Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

A palm and a harp were then given ;—a crown  
Of victory placed on your head ;  
While those who were still left behind upon earth,  
Were lamenting because you were dead.

Not thus—they could but for a moment have seen  
The place which for you was prepared ;  
But eye hath not seen, nor hath heart yet conceived  
The bliss which in heaven is shared.

We sometimes remembered the earth, and recalled  
Our own brief and weary sojourn ;  
Life seemed but a moment,—yet, oh ! in that life—  
In that moment, how much is to learn !

We then saw the folly of those that pursued  
The vain fleeting pleasures of time ;  
In neglect of the real and enduring delights,—  
The joys of that heavenly clime.

The rich and the noble, the gay and the proud,  
A portion in this life may gain ;  
But what, when they die, (as like all men they  
must,) Shall they then for their portion obtain ?

But for God's faithful people, a rest still remains ;  
Like Himself, 't is immutably sure ;  
Where sorrow and pain are for ever unknown,  
And bliss shall for ever endure.

Since we, then, are still in the body, let 's strive  
To secure a mansion above ;  
That regret nor alarm may our spirits disturb,  
Whene'er we are called to remove.

HYMN—132.

