

Poems Occasioned by William Miller's Dream

TO MR. WILLIAM MILLER.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY READING YOUR LETTER CONTAINING THE DREAM.

BRIGHT was the gift to thy hand once given,
 Sparkling with gems, for thy crown in heaven;
More precious the jewels glittering there
 Than Ethiop's topaz, or sapphires fair,
Than the coral branch, or pearls most fine,
 Or the golden coin from fair Ophir's mine:
'T were souls that were gathered, and washed in light,
 Streaming from heaven, transcendently bright.

And yet, weary pilgrim, thy gift's pure ray
 Seemed dimmed, even lost, in the rough, dark way;
Its beautiful brilliance was hid in dust,
 Its gold seemed cankered, and eaten with rust;
Lost! lost! seemed the once sparkling diadem,
 And scattered and trodden each costly gem.

Was thy heart then stricken, poor weary one?
 Seemed there nothing to light thee,--no star, no sun,--
To find the rich gift that thy God had given,
 As a token to thee of thy peace with heaven?

Ah yes! at that moment of anguish most deep,
 Israel's God did not slumber nor sleep:
He knows of each tear, and lists to each sigh;
 Angels are sent from their bright home on high,
To guard and to keep thee in all thy ways,
 And to pour on thy soul the heaven-lit rays.

Thy jewels are gathered,--the false ones are flown;
 The chaff and the dust to the winds are strewn,
Thy casket is glowing with rubies most rare,
 The pearls are the purest, the diamonds fair:
O! bright is the light of each shining gem
 That burns in that glorious diadem.

On! on! brave old pilgrim, thy task soon is done,--
 Thy struggles soon ended, thy victory won."

Mrs. L. H. Smith {1853 SB, MWM 364.7 to 365.3}

"AGED saint, why weepst thou?
 Christ is at the fountain still,
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Powerful yet to pardon ill;
 "Every jewel in his crown,
 Washed and purified from stain,
 Brighter far than diamonds found,
 Polished by the art of man.
 "Beauteous settings! not one lost,
 Every tribe and nation here,
 Through the anguish of the cross,
 Rich in glory shall appear.
 "Now, amidst the mines of earth,
 Lost in darkness, sin, despair,
 Where's the glory of their birth?
 Where's the holy and the fair?
 "When, upon thy ravished sight,
 God's own city rose to view,
 With its gates and pillars bright,
 Sea of glass, and glory too -
 "Quick to wondering sinners thou
 Gladly saidst, 'The Lord is nigh;'
 Aged servant, rest thee now,
 For thy record is on high.
 "If, about thy pathway strewed,
 Dust and gems promiscuous lie,
 Saint, look up, thy Lord doth know
 Every gem thy sight would spy.

And when Jesus comes to winnow
 Wheat from chaff, - the saint from sinner, -
 All thy jewels will be there,
 In his diadem most fair;
 Not a saint will then be lost,
 Purchased by the Saviour's cross.
 Joyful, then, wilt thou behold
 Casket fair, and burnished gold,
 Precious stones and coins most rare; -
 All, all, *all* will then be there!
 Hold thee on a little space,
 For thy Master, face to face,
 Will sweetly say, "Come, dwell with me,
 From the dust of death set free."
 Every pain that now afflicts thee,
 Every ill that now besets thee,
 All will vanish in the light
 Of thy casket second sight."

Mrs. C. A. Ludlow {1853 SB, MWM 365.5 to 366.1}