

The Better Land

Last night I dreamed of the Better Land
And, oh, what joy was mine!
I felt the touch of the Saviour's hand
And heard His voice divine.

"Thou faithful one," I heard Him say
And it made my heart rejoice.
The fear in my soul had died away
At the sound of that gentle voice.

He lead me to the mercy seat.
The Father upon me smiled,
And Our Lady spoke in accents sweet,
"Rest here, thou weary child."

Then white-robed figures, bending low,
Arose to welcome me.
These were my own of years ago
Clad in their purity.

Only a dream of that land so fair,
For I woke with the morning light.
The vision of love, that held me there,
Had vanished with the night.

But I trust when this life of toil is o'er,
And the tasks have all been done,
I shall hear that gentle voice once more
In the words, "thou faithful one!"