

→*PRICE:10:CENTS.*←

THE
DYING INDIAN'S
DREAM.

A POEM.

BY SILAS TERTIUS RAND,
Of Hantsport, Nova Scotia,
MISSIONARY TO THE MICMAC INDIANS.

(THIRD EDITION, REVISED.)

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL LATIN POEMS.

WINDSOR, N. S.:
C. W. KNOWLES,
1881.

*** A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook ***

This ebook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the ebook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the ebook. If either of these conditions applies, please contact a FP administrator before proceeding.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. IF THE BOOK IS UNDER COPYRIGHT IN YOUR COUNTRY, DO NOT DOWNLOAD OR REDISTRIBUTE THIS FILE.

Title: The Dying Indian's Dream: A Poem

Date of first publication: 1881

Author: Silas Tertius Rand

Date first posted: Sep. 20, 2015

Date last updated: Sep. 20, 2015

Faded Page eBook #20150921

This ebook was produced by: Larry Harrison, Cindy Beyer & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

THE
DYING INDIAN'S
DREAM.

A POEM.

BY SILAS TERTIUS RAND,
Of Hantsport, Nova Scotia,
MISSIONARY TO THE MIC-MAC INDIANS.

(THIRD EDITION, REVISED.)

With some Additional Latin Poems.

WINDSOR, N. S.:

C. W. KNOWLES.

1881

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE WIGWAM SCENE described in the following pages, occurred at Hantsport, Nova Scotia, in March, 1855. In the Sixth Annual Report of the Mic-Mac Mission, in a letter written immediately after the event, I find it thus described:

“An event of some interest has just occurred here. One of our sick Indians, named John Paul, has just died, and was buried to-day. I have taken from my first acquaintance with him, a great liking to him. I have spent many an hour with him in his wigwam. He always listened attentively to the Scriptures, and engaged readily in religious conversation, and I have not been without hope that the grace of God had taken possession of his heart. Efforts were made to deter him from allowing my visits; but they were unavailing. I never aimed so much to attack his Romish errors directly, as to dwell upon the free salvation of the Gospel—without money and without price. About last New Year’s Day, while I was in Halifax, I was informed that the Romish priest had sent orders to him to leave Hantsport, and had threatened him with all the curses of the Church if he remained. His statement to me when I returned, was: “I won’t leave this place till I choose. It is not in the power of any man to keep me out of Heaven. That is a matter between God and my own soul.” He said in Indian: “*Neen alsoomse.*” “I am my own master.” He remained. He continued to listen to the Bible with attention, and to receive my visits with kindness and respect till he died. I now recollect that when I came to read to him, he would send the small children away, so that we might not be disturbed. The last time I saw him was a precious season to my own soul. It seemed easy to speak of the Great Redeemer, and of the way of Salvation. I may say that special prayer was made for him in the Meeting House, where a number of christian friends were assembled on the day before he died, holding a special prayer meeting on our own account. More than one fervent prayer was offered up for the dying Indian. After the meeting I returned to my own house, where I met an Indian from John Paul’s wigwam, who informed me that the poor fellow was near his end. “But oh,” said he, “he is wonderfully happy! He says he is going right to heaven, and that he has already had a glimpse of that bright happy world. He has been exhorting us all, and telling us how easy it is to be saved. He dreamed last night that he was in heaven. Heaven seemed to him to be an immense great palace, as large as this world, all formed of gold. He saw there the glorious Redeemer, surrounded by an immense Host of Saints and Angels, all drest in white. As he entered he thought they gathered round him and

shouted: JOHN PAUL has come! JOHN PAUL has come!” The poor fellow did not die until the following morning, and just before he died he looked up towards heaven, and declared that he saw the angels, and the Glory of God. He was astonished that the others could not see what he saw. He wanted them to hold up his children, that they might see the wonders that he himself saw. He then sank back on his pillow and quietly expired.

It will be thus seen that the following Poem is not a work of *fiction*. It aims to relate—with some license of imagination, of course, else it would not be poetry—a plain historical fact. The description of Paul’s skill and knowledge as a hunter, and in managing their frail little water-crafts in a sea, is literally true of many of the Indians, and was true of him. His peace of mind in committing his family into the hands of God, after he found himself disabled, having burst a blood vessel by carrying a large load, from which he never recovered—he related to me: and this is expressed in the prayer put into his mouth at the close, “which we did not fully *hear or share*.”

It may be added that after the Poem was written, I read it to the Indian who gave me the account of John Paul’s death, and as he spoke the English language well, he had no difficulty in understanding it. And he assured me that it described the scene correctly.

I may add that the *measure*—or rather the utter disregard of all regular measure—was suggested by an old poem I saw somewhere, describing a very different scene, and the “wildness” of it appealed to me to be just suited to a scene of the *Wilderness* and the *wigwam*.

It will not surely be deemed a very great stretch of “poetic license” to represent oneself as an eye- and ear-witness of a scene, with the surroundings of which he was so familiar, and which had been so vividly described by those who really *were* present.

Nor need we speculate about the cause of dreams or their significance. No one will deny that they may be a very exact index of the state of mind at the time, of the one who dreams. And the earnest prayer of the writer, is, that the reader of these verses, and himself, may be, at the time of our departure, so full of joy and peace in believing, that whether waking or dreaming, we may “rejoice with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls.”

SILAS T. RAND.

Hantsport, N. S.



The Dying Indian's Dream.

“Jesus, the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
Then when you hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.”—*Watts*.

I.

Upon his bed of clay,
Wasting away,
Day after day,
A sick and suffering Indian lay:
No lordly Chieftain he,
Of boasted pedigree,
Or famed for bravery
In battle, or for cruelty;
He was of low degree,
The child of poverty,
And from his infancy,
Inured to hardship, toil and pains;
He was a Hunter, bold and free,
Of famed ACADIA'S plains.
He'd roamed at will,
O'er rock and hill,
And every spot he knew,

Of forest wide,
Of mountain side,
Of bush and brake,
Of stream and lake,
Of sunny pool and alder shade,
Where the trout and the salmon played,
Where the weeping willow wept,
Where the whistling wood-cock kept,
Where the mink and the martin crept,
Where the wolf and the wild-cat stept,
Where the bear and the beaver slept,
Where the roaring torrent swept,
Where the wandering woodman strayed,
Where the hunter's lodge was made,
Where his weary form was laid;
Where the fish and the game abound,
Where the various kinds are found,
Every month the Seasons round:
Where beetling bluffs o'er hang the deep,
Where laughing cascades foam and leap,
Dancing away from steep to steep:
Where the ash and the maple grew,
Where the hawk and the eagle flew,
Sailing in the azure blue.

 With matchless skill,
He could hunt and kill,
The moose and the cariboo,
And smoothly ride
On the rolling tide,
In the light and frail canoe;
Though in angry gusts the tempest blew,
Though the thunders roared,
And the torrents poured,
And the vivid lightnings flew;
With a noble pride,
Which fear defied,
With steady hand and true,

The fragile skiff
By the frowning cliff,
He could steadily guide,
And safely glide,
In joyful glee,
Triumphantly,
The roaring surges through.

II.

And many a weary day,
He had toiled away,
In his own humble home,
At basket, bark, and broom,
To gain the scanty fare,
Doled out to him grudgingly, where
His ancient sires,
Kindled their fires,
And roamed without control,
Over those wide domains,
Rocks, rivers, hills, and plains,
In undisputed right, lords of the whole.
But ah! those days were gone,
And weeks and months had flown,
Since dire disease had laid him low;
Nor huntsman's skill,
Nor workman's will,
In want, in danger, or alarm,
Could nerve his powerless, palsied arm,
Or bend his useless bow.
But God was there,
And fervent prayer,
To Heaven ascended,
And sweetly blended
With angel's song,
From Seraph's tongue;
And Joy was there, and Hope, and Faith,

Triumphing over pain and death;
The Light of Truth around him shone,
Auspicious of the brighter dawn;
He trusted in the living God,
As washed in Jesus' precious blood:
No dread of death or priestly power,
Could shake him in that fearful hour,
Nor tyrant's rod.
The fluttering breath from his palsied lung,
No utterance gave to his quivering tongue;
But still his ear
Was bent to hear
The Words of Truth and Love;
His flashing eye
Glanced toward the sky,
And he whispered, "I shall die;
But God is Love; There's rest above."

III.

He slept! the dying Indian slept!
A balmy peace had o'er him crept,
And for the moment kept
His senses steeped
In calm and sweet repose,—
Such as the dying Christian only knows.
Consumption's work was done;
Its racking course was run;
His flesh was wasted, gone;
He seemed but skin and bone,
A breathing skeleton—
Deep silence reigned—no sound,
Save the light fluttering round
Of scattered leaflets, found
Upon the frozen ground,
And the gently whispering breeze,
Soft sighing through the trees,

Was in the wigwam heard;
The voice of man, and beast, and bird,
Were hushed—save the deep drawn sigh,
And the feeble wail of the infant's cry,
Soothed by the mother's sobbing lullaby,
And bursts of grief from children seated nigh,
Waiting to see their father die.
Kindred and friends were there,
Gathered for prayer,
To soothe the suffering and the grief to share;
And Angel Bands were near,
Waiting with joy to bear
A ransomed spirit to that World on high,
That "Heaven of joy and love, beyond the Sky."

IV.

He dreamed! the dying Indian dreamed!
Flashes of Glory round him gleamed!
A bright effulgence beamed
From on high, and streamed
Far upward and around; it seemed
That his work on earth was done,
That his mortal course was run,
Life's battle fought and won;
That he stood alone,
Happy, light and free,
Listening to sweetest melody,
And softest harmony,
From the ethereal plains,
In loud extatic strains,
Such as no mortal ear,
Could bear, or be allowed to hear.
When suddenly to his wondering eyes,
Upstarting to the skies,
A glorious Palace stood;
All formed of burnished gold,

Solid, of massive mould,
The bright Abode
Of the Creator God!
Ample, vast and high,
Like Earth, and Sea, and Sky,
The Palace of the King of kings,
Where the flaming Seraph sings,
Waving his golden wings;
Where the ransomed sinner brings,
Honour and glory to the Eternal Son,
Casting his dazzling crown,
In lowly adoration down,
Before the blazing Throne,
Of the Eternal Three in One.
But oh! what rapturous sounds!
A shout through Heaven resounds!
Myriads of happy spirits, robed in white,
More pure and bright
Than the noonday light,
Are standing round the Throne,
Of the Eternal One.
Every eye upon him turns,
Every breast with rapture burns,
And trembles the lofty Dome,
As they shout him welcome home—
“JOHN PAUL has come! JOHN PAUL has come!”

V.

He woke! the dying Indian woke
Opened his eyes and spoke:
A heavenly radiance broke
From his bright beaming eye,
And with a loud exultant cry,
And clear ringing voice,
In the soft accents of his native tongue,
And in glowing imagery,

Suited to the theme,
Like that of the Immortal Dreamer's Dream,
In Bedford's mystic "Den," whose fame,
He'd never heard, nor knew the "Pilgrim's" name,—
Or that Sublimar Song,
By John of old, in Patmos' Prison sung,
To the Celestial Throng;—
Whose dazzling visions of the Throne,
He'd never read, or heard, or known;
He told the visions of his head,
While slumbering upon his bed;
And spoke of those unutterable joys
Prepared on high,
Beyond the sky,
For sinners saved in Jesus when they die.

VI.

With mute amaze,
And earnest gaze,
Seated round his cot
Entranced, and to the spot
Enchained, we listen to the story,
Catching glimpses of the glory;
As though the echoing roll
From the Eternal Hill,
In soft vibrations broke,
Upon our senses while he spoke,
Sending through every soul,
A deep unutterable thrill!
 "O! I have been in Heaven!"
To me it has been given
To see the Throne of Light,
And Hosts of Angels bright,
And Ransomed Spirits robed in white;
They knew my name,
And who I am,

And whence I came;
I heard them loud through heaven proclaim:
“Make room! make room!
JOHN PAUL has come! JOHN PAUL has come!”
Bear the glad tidings far
As the remotest star!
Let every tongue
The shout prolong!
Sound the Redeemer’s praise,
In loudest, loftiest lays!
Your noblest Anthems raise
To everlasting days,
To Him who bought him
With His precious blood;
To Him who brought him
To this bright Abode
Of perfect blessedness,
And everlasting peace,
“The Bosom of his Father and his God.”

VII.

“Oh! I shall surely reach that place,
Through matchless grace!
One moment more below
I linger, then I go,
From this dark world of woe,
Where floods of sorrow overflow,
To those bright beauteous Plains,
Where Glory everlasting reigns:
That Land of heavenly Rest,
Among the Pure and Blest,
Where Jesus is—where I
Shall never sin again or sigh;—
In that bright World on high,
There are no stains
Of sin, and no remains

Of sorrow, sighs, and pains;
But pure and perfect happiness,
And royal robes of heavenly dress,
I shall eternally possess:
Where holiness and peace
Never to cease,
But ever to increase,
Abound—ah yes! this Bliss,
Which I shall there possess,
In all its glorious blessedness,
Forever and forever reigns,
O'er all those wide extended plains.”

“Oh! I must meet *you* there,
My brothers! you must share
That Blessedness with me,
So wonderful, so free;
That Mansion in the skies,
Not bought with gold or price,
But with the precious blood,
Of Christ, the Lamb of God,
Who died on Calvary's bloody tree,
In pain, and bitterest agony,
To set us guilty sinners free,
From all our sin and misery.
Oh! wondrous Love! that *we*, even *WE*,
Despised, degraded, though we be,
In wretchedness and poverty,
May find Redemption in his Name,
That rich Inheritance to claim,
With yonder blood-washed company,
All robed in spotless purity,
And Joy, to all eternity.”

“Oh! listen to the Great Redeemer's voice,
Receive His Word, make Him your choice,
Trust in His Name, and in His Love rejoice,
Forsake all sin, repent, and be forgiven,

Then I shall meet you all again in Heaven.”

VIII.

He ceased—his word, no longer heard,
Through every chord, our souls had stirred.
The glistening eye, gave back reply,
Then rose on high, the heart-felt cry:
Lord, grant that I, when called to die,
May thus be blessed, from pain released,
As Heavenly Guest, with Thee to feast:
Oh! be Thou near, my soul to cheer,
That doubt and fear, may disappear,
That joy and rest, may fill my breast,
That visions bright, of heavenly light,
Like his to-night, may cheer my sight.
Should quiet sleep my senses keep,
And Fancy leap the pathless steep,
Where whirl the streams of airy dreams,
With glittering gleams, of heavenly beams,—
Oh! may I in fit frame be found,
To dream of “Angels hovering round,”
And “leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear.”
Or should fierce pains forbid to sleep,
May I amid the anguish deep,
When shuddering death-chills o’er me creep,
And friends around me mourn and weep,
Be buoyed above the waves’ wild sweep,
Where bursting billows roar and leap;
And hear the ‘whispering angels’ say,
“Sister Spirit, come away;”
And borne on Faith and Fancy’s wing,
Still hear them as they shout, and sing,
“My ears with sounds seraphic ring,”
My soul through all its mystic springs,
Thrill like a Harp’s harmonious strings,

Defiance at the foe to fling;
That I may shout, exult, and cry:
“Lend, lend, your wings! I mount, I fly!”
“Oh! Death, where is thy victory!
Oh! Death, where is thy sting!”
My faith has triumphed over thee,
A conquered *captive*, not a *king*:
“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
Here on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

IX.

We watch the dying man meanwhile,
His face all radiant with a smile;
His lips still move, as if in prayer,
A prayer we may not fully share;
But One is near, whose gracious ear,
The deep unuttered groan can hear.
Nor need we doubt or judge amiss,
What the heart's inmost yearning is.
The quivering lip, the tearful eye,
Can well attest the earnest cry,
Of the stirred soul's deep agony;
And taught of God, we join the prayer,
We may not fully hear or share.
Our eyes and hearts to Heaven we raise,
While thus the dying Indian prays:—
“God of eternal Love,
Look from Thy throne above,
Bow down thy gracious ear,
My dying prayer to hear;
Fulfil Thy promises,
Thy promises to bless
The widow and the fatherless.
Grant this last boon I crave!

May they have bread when I am dead,
And by thy bounty still be fed,
When I am in my grave.
Better than earthly father's care,
Oh! may they in thy goodness share!
Grant them all needed good;
For soul and body, food;
And may thy mighty arm,
Protect them from all harm.
I leave them at thy call,
Mother and children all:
Oh! let no fears appal!
And let them never fail or fall!
I trust them, Lord, to Thee,
Thou wilt their Father be,
For time and for eternity.
Thy promises are sure,
The needy, helpless, poor,
Though crushed to death and dust,
May in Thy goodness trust,
And rest upon thy Word,
Thou ever blessed Lord!"

 "O! bless my people! bless
Them in their helplessness!
Their poverty and wretchedness,
Their misery and distress.
Bless the whole Indian race!
That they may know thy grace!
Do thou their hearts prepare,
That they may freely share,
Those blessings rich and rare,
That from the Gospel flow,—
Salvation here below,
At all times trusting Thee, and go
To that bright World on high,
Of Glory when they die;
That they may shine,

In Love divine,
And with Thee rest
Forever blest!”

X.

Now droops his weary head
Exhausted on his bed.
His dying prayer has ceased;
Convulsive heaves his breast;
We deem him sunk to rest,
Breathing his *last* and *best*;
When suddenly his eyes
He opens on the skies,
And startling us with surprise,
He waves his hand and cries:
“I see, I see the place!
I see my Saviour’s face!
Look, children, look! your eyes
Raise, and look toward the skies!
Bright beams of Glory
Come hovering o’er me!
See! see! they’re opening wide,
The flaming gates of Paradise!
Bright angels downward glide,
And standing near my side,
They smile and bid me come,
To my eternal home.”

XI.

He dies, the happy Indian dies,
Closes his eyes to earth, and flies
Up to the regions of the skies.
Angelic legions lead the way,
To the portals of celestial day.
Wide spreads the news, all Heaven rings,

Angels and ransomed spirits wave their wings,
All lowly bending to the King of kings;
Mingling their loftiest harmonies,
Their sweetest, softest melodies,
High Heaven's eternal Minstrelsies,
With harp and voice and choral symphonies,
Loud as the sounding of ten thousand seas!
They shout him welcome to his heavenly Home:
"JOHN PAUL has come! JOHN PAUL has come!"
Bear the glad tidings far
As the remotest star!
Let every tongue,
The shout prolong!
Sound the Redeemer's praise,
In loudest, loftiest lays!
Your noblest anthems raise
To everlasting days,
To Him who bought him
With His precious blood,
To Him who brought him
To this bright Abode
Of perfect blessedness,
And Everlasting Peace,
"The Bosom of his Father and his God!"

XII.

Oh! Bliss Immortal! hail! all hail!
All glory, honour, to the Lamb who died!
Now seated glorious at His Father's side.
Sound through the Universe his Name!
His matchless Love his Fame proclaim!
Till all His foes are put to shame.
And let the Story of the Cross prevail
O'er every Mountain, Island, Hill, and Dale,
Of the wide world, and satan's power destroy,—
The wondrous news thrill every heart with joy—

Wafted on every breeze, by every swelling gale,
Till sin and suffering, shame and sorrow fail;
'Gainst Love Omnipotent no force prevail;
Till all His foes subdued shall bow the knee,
To Him who died on Calvary's bloody tree,
For lost and guilty men, of every race,
Of every nation, station, time and place.
Oh swell the joyful notes of Jubilee!
The year of Grace! the year of Liberty!
Burst! burst! ye prison bars! let Man be free!
HE died for all, of every tribe and hue,
Anglican, Indian, Ethiop, Greek and Jew.
All, all are welcome! wide heaven's gates expand;
There every name is known from every Land,
There burst Hosannas, Heaven's loud acclaim,
O'er every new-arrived, his name they name.
While all the blood-washed Throng,
In accents loud and long,
Their rapturous joy proclaim,
Shouting and singing, Glory to the Lamb!
All praise to Him who sits upon the Throne,
Who rules the Universe, the Lord alone!
Jehovah, Jesus, Saviour, Great I AM!
To Him who bought us
With His precious blood;
To Him who brought us
To this Bright Abode,
Of perfect Blessedness,
And Everlasting Peace,
"The Bosom of Our Father and our God!"



Latin Translations.

[The following attempts at a translation of a couple of Psalms, and some of our beautiful Evangelical Hymns into Latin, will interest those who are acquainted with that noble old Tongue; more especially if they are at all conversant with the Latin Hymnology and methods of versification of what are designated the *Middle Ages*.]

Psalmus XXIII.

1. Est Jehova Pastor meus,
Meus Dominus et Deus,—
Ego impotens et reus—
Ergo non carebo.
Suam ovem stabulatque,
Prata graminosa datque.
Rivis placidis lavatque,
Illuc ducit, propinatque;
Itaque valebo.
2. Animamque reportavit
Meam, saepe recreavit;
Me quaesivit et servavit,
Optimus Curator.
Vüs rectis, praeparatis,
Aequitati consecratis,

Ducit Deus bonitatis,
Propter suum nomen gratis,
Ductor et Salvator.

3. Transeam caliginosa
Loca, et calamitosa,
Dura, dira, luctuosa,
Hostes et obstantes;
Non formido aerumnosa
Mala, tetra, dolorosa;
Gaudens fero lacrimosa,
Inter Te amantes.
Confidenter ibo Tecum;
Nam Tu semper eris mecum;
Tua virga, tuum pedum,
Ample consolantes.

4. Mensam mihi preparasque,
Coram hostes, panem dasque;
In clementiâ prope stasque:
Mea pax abundat:
Sanctum oleum benignum,
Super caput tam indignum
Meum fundis,—clarum signum:
Meum vas redundat.

5. Immo bonitas divina,
Valetudo genuina,
Cum clementiâ supernâ,
Et benignitas aeterna,
Semper me sequentur.
Dum in vita remanebo,
Dei gratiâ gaudebo:

Ejus domum habitabo,
Ejus nomen collaudabo,

Et indesinenter.

Psalmus C.

1. In Jehovam vos ovate,
Et gaudete, et cantate,
 Omnes terram habitantes.
Laeti Dominum, servite,
Et cum gaudio gestite,
 Coram Illum triumphantes.
2. Nostrum Deus est Creator,
Dominator et Salvator,
 Deus unus, Auctor rerum:
Fecit nos, et nos nutrit,
Regit, tutat, repetivit,
 Oves perditos ad Herum.
3. Ejus portas introite;
Clarissimis laudibus adite;
 Illum Dominum clamantes:
Illum bonum, semper verum,
Fidelissimumque Herum,
 In eternum adorantes.

“Nearer My God to Thee.”

1. Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te,
Etiamsi crux erit quæ tollat me:
Canam continue—
Mi Deus, prope Te;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.
2. Erroni noctu quamvis similis,
Quiescam super stratum lapidis,—
Delectat esse me
In somnis prope Te;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.
3. Ut scalæ tunc ad coelos via sit;
Quaecunque mihi des, clementiâ fit:
Sunto coelicolæ;
Nutantes vocent me,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.
4. Tum experrecta laude fulget mens,
Petrosis malis “Bethel” extruens:
Sic moeror urget me,
Mi Deus, prope Te,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.
5. Si laetis pennis findens aëra.
Relictis stellis, petam supera—
Quam jucundissime,
Cantabo—Prope Te,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

“Rock of Ages Cleft for Me.”

Rupes Saeculorum, Te,
Pro me fissa, condam me!
Aquae Fons et sanguinis,
Duplex tui lateris,
Scelerum purgatio
Sit, et expiatio.

Nunquam possim exsequi,
Tua lex quæ mandet mi;
Quamvis strenuus semper sim,
Atque semper fleverim,
Hoc nil expiaverit;
In Te solo salus sit.

Nil in manu tulero;
Tuæ cruci hæreo;
Vestes mihi nudo des,
Inopemque subleves;
Fonti foedus advolo;
Nisi laves pereo.

Dum vitalem haurio vim,
Cumque moribundus sim,
Quum per stellas evolem,—
Ante tuum thronum stem,
Rupes Saeculorum, Te,
Pro me fissa, condam me.

“Jesus Refuge of My Soul!”

O Præsidium, Jesu mi,
Fugiam tuo pectori:
Torrens propius æstuet,
Dum procella fureret:
Hoc in vitæ turbine,
O Salvator, tege me!
Fac ut tutus, integer,
Tecum semper commorer.

Soli es Refugio:
Tibi lassus hæreo:
Ne relinque solum me;
Sit solatium per Te.
Tibi dum confisus sim,
Plenas opes tulerim:
Me defende, debilem,
Me tutator, inopem.

Tu, O Jesu, mihi es
Omnes res optabiles:
Aegrum, lapsum, sublevas,
Opem fesso, coeco, das:
Facile es sanctissimus;
Ego sum perimprobus,
Fœdus, plenus scelerum—
Tu, bonorum omnium.

Gratia satis est in Te,
Sontem perabsolvere.
Fluat flumen affatim,
Purus ut ex toto sim.
Jesus, Fons vitalis es:
Sumam quæ benigne des:
Vive mi in pectore,
Fons Aeternat Domine!

“Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Eventide.”

Mecum habita, Domine! ultima labitur hora diei;
Quam tenebrae condensantur! Tu mecum habitato!
Deficiunt adjutores, atque omnia grata;
Tu, qui non spernes inopes, O mecum habitato!

Ad metam tenuis vitæ, properant rapidae horae;
Blanditiae pereunt, et transit gloria mundi:
Omnia mutari, corrumpique, undique vidi;
Tu qui immutatus remanes, O mecum habitato.

Te, Domine, est mihi nunc opus omni hora fugienti:
Tu solus valeas hostes mihi vincere saevos:
Tu solus firmum me, et salvum ducere possis:
In tranquillo, in turbinibus, Tu, O mecum habitato.

Hostes non timeo, quum Tu stas praesto beare;
Adversi casus faciles sunt absque dolore;
Terroris mortis, stimuli, et victoria, desunt;
Laetatusque exultabo, nam mecum habitabis.

Mi juvenescenti, blandus Tu nempe favisti;
Ah me! quam brutus! quam perversusque remansi!
Non discessisti a me, saepe ut deserui Te:
O Domine, usque et ad extremum, Tu mecum habitato.

Ad oculos crucem dormitanti mihi monstra;
Illustra tenebras, et me erige visere coelos:
En, umbrae fugiunt! et mane rubescere coepit!
In vita, in morte, O Domine, O Tu mecum habitato!

“Just as I Am Without One Plea.”

Sicuti sum—nec sine spe,
Quia Tu mortuus es pro me,
Et jubes ire me ad Te—
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—nec haesitem,
Ut maculas abluerem;
Mundus per tuum sanguinem,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—jactatus sim,
Et dubitans dum conflixerim,
Certansque, timens, perdo vim,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—miserrime
Cœcus, nudusque omni re,
Ut omnia capiam in Te,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—recipies,
Purgabis, solves, eximes;
Nam credo quod promitteres:
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—agnosco Te,
Salvasse per amorem me,
Ut tuus sim assidue:
O Agnus Dei, venio.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected.

Inconsistencies in punctuation have been maintained.

A cover was created for this eBook.

[The end of *The Dying Indian's Dream: A Poem* by Silas Tertius Rand]