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Dream about Paradise

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"I slept, and dreamed that Life was beauty,
I woke, and found that Life was duty."

The shadows of twilight deepened, soon
the sable mantle of night enshrouded
our world, and as I gazed on the
beauties revealed, and by this silent
darkness they seemed to be rendered
almost sublime.

While lost in far-off thoughts,
the wings of the angel of sleep
gently fanned my brow, soon slumber's
soft silvery mantle enwrap my form,
only a short time elapsed ere I
was in the Land of Dreams.

Someone has said, "In sleep every
man has a world of his own," but
come with me along the corridors
of sleep and view what to my
vision appeared. A world of beauty.

There was nothing to mar the
perfection of this beauty. Wealth
was showered around me like
dewdrops on a glorious morn
of May. No clouds to darken
the sunshine, no note of discord
to destroy the harmony of sweet
music, it was such as could
~~only~~ be made only by angels.
Bright flowers bloomed, that
faded not, exhaling the rarest
perfumes.

The merry warbling of happy birds
were all in sweet unison with
the silvery rippling of the crystal
stream upon whose banks they
sang.

In this world of beauty kind
friends greeted me on every side,
their faces were radiant with

happiness and unalloyed by
sorrow. I saw no furrowed lines of
care, and heard no sigh escape
their lips revealing secret grief.

My whole heart was overflowing
with joy. it was as a harmonious
harp. every pulsation was one of
delight. I had entered upon a path
where there were roses but no
thorns; joys but no sorrows; friends
but no foes. I continued to tread
this beautiful path, plucked the
roses on every side and received
no finger pricks. I drained my
cup of joy many times with no
thought or fear of finding
bitter dregs at the bottom.

My world I dreamed was
Paradise. Paradise without the
cruel serpent. It appeared to me

as if "sin" had never entered the
"Garden of Eden", and no such
thing as Satan was in existence;
only our Heavenly Father was
ruling with an all-powerful and
all-wise hand. While enjoying
this blissful thought, I was suddenly
aroused, and to my sorrow found
it a dream and not real.
My vision of delight vanished,
but still the memory of that
moment of exquisite delight will
remain with me forever. The sorrow
of a lifetime cannot remove from
the joy of that moment.
This sudden transition from my
beautiful dreamland to a land
of stern reality, caused me thus
to moralize. My dream is but
typical of youth, those halcyon

days in which we slumber, yet awake, we dream bright dreams and weave fair garlands, in which no thorn is twined.

Imagination has full sway, unchecked, we bid it bear us on, guided only by the roscate finger of Hope; pause not, know not to what dangerous heights we are borne, and only hear with pitious scorn the warning of some friendly voice.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view", and in the far-off future of our lives, we think to realize this fancied dream of youth.

Adown the stream of life our barque gently glides, hurried on by some unseen voice, when lo! strike some unseen rock, then and not till then, are we aroused. So from youth's dream we are

aroused by the troubles and cares
of life. And what is life? "A flower
that doth with opening morn arise,
And flourishing, at evening dies."

"The time of life is short. To spend
that shortness badly, were but too
long." Yet within its narrow compass
how much there is to interest, and
employ us. There are interests that
relate not only to the present, but
those that cluster around the
soul, as it tears itself from the
shoys of time and sails out under
the eternal breezes. We find that
life is no dream, but a reality,
it is a precious boon given us
to treasure and improve. Then is
not our duty to devise ways, by
which we may treasure it most
safely and improve it most ad-
vantageously? Life is a sacred
Trust committed to our care, for
which, we will at some future time

be held responsible.

However we feel that it is our duty to perform anything, we must not swerve from that straight path, however rough it may be or however tender the feet that tread it. We find life full of charm, but we must not expect to find it devoid of sorrow, for, "In life there is hardly a line of glory written, But there is one of sorrow run parallel with it." While the world is full of beauty, it is not without danger; temptations surround us on every side, against which we must strictly guard. If we hope to reach the promised goal of bliss, faithfully must we strive to learn, what is our duty, and perform it.

20-240.

Hattie Carmichael.