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Waiting for the Morning.



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WAITING FOR THE MORNING

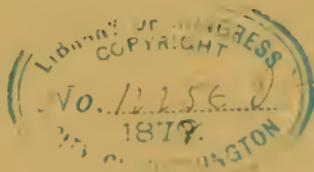
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“TWENTY REASONS FOR BELIEVING THE COMING
OF THE LORD IS NIGH.”

33

“While I live will I praise the Lord; I will sing praises unto my
God while I have any being.”—Psalm cxlvi. 2.



CHICAGO:

F. H. REVELL, 148 AND 150 MADISON STREET,

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*A presentation edition of these poems may be had,
bound in cloth, antique, red and gold, Price 75 cents.*

Paper cover edition, 25 cents.



Waiting for the Morning.

REVELATION XIX. 7.



HERE is no roof in all the world, of
palace or of cot,
That hideth not some burdened heart
nigh breaking for its lot :

The earth is filled with pain and tears, and
closer draws the gloom ;
And light or balm there can be none till Christ,
the Lord, shall come.

O Morn, when like a summer bird my spirit shall
go free,—

When I shall see Thee as Thou art, and be, my
God, like Thee !

Like Thee ! like Thee ! all spotless white—this
heart, this will, as Thine !—

O love of God, O blood of Christ, O grace and
power divine !

My Saviour, who doth know the thirst the long-
ing spirit feels,—

O Bridegroom, now so long afar, why stay Thy
chariot-wheels?

Were ever eyes so dim with grief, breasts so
oppressed with care?

Did ever hearts so yearn to catch thy whisper from
the air?

Thou lonely one, lift up thy head—array thee for
the feast;

He that hath tarried long is near—the glow is in
the East!

O Morning Star, so soon to lead Thy chosen one
away,—

O Sun of Righteousness, bring in the everlasting
day!

The Word of the Lord.

REV. III. 20.



SAW, when the twilight of morning wa
o'er,

A stranger stand still at a half-open door :
A child played within, but the song of a bird
Filled the place with its notes, and the knock
was unheard.

“O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the
Lord !”

I looked soon again,—to my heart it seemed soon,
But hours had swept on, and the sun stood at
noon ;—

The stranger still there—still unheeded his cry—
And I saw through the lattice gay dancers flit by.

“O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the
Lord !”

The shadows had crept from the wood to the plain,
The wind had grown chill, when I passed there
again;

Still patiently waited that form as before,
And his knock sounded loud on the now bolted
door.

“O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the
Lord!”

I watched until even—stood listening there
Till midnight rang out on the storm-driven air:
Then knew by the footfall the Lord had passed
on,—
That the harvest was past,—that the Summer was
gone!

O earth, earth, earth, hear the Word of the
Lord!”

“Redemption Draweth Nigh.”

LUKE XXI. 28.



MY SOUL crieth out for a jubilee song!
There is joy in my heart, let me praise
with my tongue;
For I know, though the darkness of Egypt
still lowers,
That the time ere release is not ages, but hours.

As sailors, not yet within sight of the strand,
Know well their approach by the “loom of the
land;”

So they, who will bend but a listening ear,
Can now catch the whisper that tells He is near.

He *is* near—the stars in their courses prepare
To utter the sign He hath bid them declare!
The world in its guilt waxeth haggard and grim,
And its cup of iniquity fills to the brim!

The curse so long camped upon Bosphorus' side,—
And she that sits queen upon Tiber's foul tide,—
And Famine and Pestilence stalk in the band
Of witness, attesting the Lord is at hand.

Spent at last the long cycle of wilderness dearth,
Once again sounds of latter-rain gladden the earth
In the land, still despised, but preparing e'en now,
For the feet that shall stand upon Olivet's brow.

And thither to gather the tribes have begun,
From the East and the West, from the climes of the
sun ;
For the times of the Gentiles have answered their
need,
And the hiss has gone forth unto Israel's seed.

The world, as of yore, naught of all doth divine,—
Saith again that believers are filled with new wine,—
Suffers warning to pass all unseen and unheard,
And, like Herod, fulfills while opposing His word.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, ye tokens of God!
What else but His coming can comfort afford?
What presence but His set this prisoned earth free?
O Star of the Morning, our hope is in Thee!

“As Silver is Tried.”

II. CORINTHIANS XII. 9.



H! when we reach the fields of yonder
heaven,
And from some jasper height
Review the path our toiling feet were driven
Through this world's weary night,—
How our fond hearts will love to gaze and linger
Above dark valleys trod,
When faint, and torn with desolation's finger
We yet held fast to God!

By the green spot where, under village willows,
Life's earliest blooms were strewn ;
Upon the sea, beneath whose midnight billows
The brood we loved went down ;
O'er earthly marts, where schemes of proud en-
deavor
Were broken one by one ;

The faithful Lord the grace withholding never
To say, Thy will be done !

O Lord, give us the strength, until faith's journey
Shall lose itself in sight,
To keep our charge through all this fierce, wild
tourney,
Each like a faithful knight,—
Shouting, ere yet the walls we have beleaguered
In any stone have moved,—
One of the band upon whose shield the legend,—
“ Not having seen, they loved.”

Sinai and Sion.

HEB. XII. 18-24.

 HE Lord, in majesty on high,
Hath said the soul that sins shall die.
A righteous law, for who could trust,
If He that ruleth were not just?

REFRAIN.—God so loved sinners that He gave
His only Son their souls to save ;
That whosoever would believe,
Should everlasting life receive !

But lo ! my heart is stained with sin !
Behold, my conscience is not clean !
In thought and wish, in deed and word,
I have transgressed against the Lord.

I strive to break the tempter's chain,
But pledges, firm resolves are vain ;

I fail to do the thing I would,—
We wrestle not with flesh and blood.

I can not stand before God's face,
Nor man nor angel in my place :
No surplus worth have they to set
Against my dread arrear of debt.

I am undone,—the law in wrath
Bays, like a hound, upon my path,
And conscience writes on earth and sky,—
The soul that sinneth it shall die !

Hark, heart of mine ! what holy psalm
Comes, like a dove, thy fears to calm,
From Calv'ry's heights—from Bethlehem's plain,—
A sweeter than angelic strain ?

O blessed Gospel,—word of power
Heard, but unheeded till this hour !
'Twas God who hung upon that tree,
And died a substitute for me !

REFRAIN.—God so loved sinners that He gave
His only Son their souls to save ;
That whosoever would believe,
Should everlasting life receive !

How Long, O Lord!

ZEPHANIAH I. 14.



HOW long, O Lord, until this earth
Shall fill its round of guilty years ?
How long, unchecked, shall sin give birth
To blasted hopes and pangs and tears ?
How long shall might and shameless greed
Exult and sing a victor's song ?

How long shall heart-strings break and bleed ?

How long, O Lord,—my God, how long, how
long!

How long within our breasts shall pride

Lurk like a poison in the blood ?

A loathsome thing, close coiled and hid,

To bar us from the peace of God ?

When shall the storm have spent its breath,—

The flame relent,—when break the thong
That binds us to this flesh of death?

How long, O Lord,—my God, how long, how
long!

Not long,—the dawn is on the hills!

From earth and sky a voice is heard;
And lo, to-day, dead Israel thrills

In echo to her prophets' word!
Lift up, O child of God, thy head,
And wake again the harp to song!

The Bridegroom hasteth to His bride:—

Not long, O child, hast thou to wait,—not long!

In His Name.

ISAIAH LV. I.



H! what a boundless fund was pledged
The sinner's debt to pay,
When Christ upon a felon's cross
Gave His pure life away!

CHORUS.—“Come to the feast,” the Gospel
cries;

“Come poor, come blind, come lame,—
Take all that thou hast faith to grasp,
In Christ the Sufferer's name!”

“His name!”—O heart, canst thou do that?
Canst thou trust grace alone?
Thy name, thy good, thy sin forgot,—
A beggar at His throne?

If thou dost stand on thy good deeds,—
No sense of guilt in thee,—

Thy trust is thine own righteousness,—
Christ's blood is not thy plea.

If thou art crushed with shame,
And fear for that to trust His blood,—
The bane is still self-righteousness,—
Christ's merit standeth good.

If thou wouldst ask in Jesus' name,
Why should thy sins restrain?
Did Christ offend when thou didst fall?
Hath His soul suffered stain?

Hath ought occurred to make His plea
Less than supreme with God?—
Do not self-glory,—legal fear,—
Alike reject the blood?

Come, then, each toiling, trembling one,—
Whate'er thy burden, come,
And take what shall supply thy need,—
Though years have heaped the sum.

“Thy need,”—the half it doth not tell,—
Love bursts that narrow space ;
The measure of the gift shall be,
The riches of His grace !

These Gospel days!—O lips ring out
The tidings all abroad!—
Grace rules this hour—the next may launch
The judgments of our God !

Proud heart—proud heart—while yet He waits,
By mercy be enticed !
Lord, touch men’s tongues with fire to tell
The finished work of Christ !

CHORUS.—“Come to the feast,” the Gospel cries ;
“Come poor, come blind, come lame,—
Take all that thou hast faith to grasp,
In Christ the Sufferer’s name !”

Jehovah Nissi.

I. SAMUEL XIV. 6.



WHEN the clouds hung dark o'er Israel,
and the fierce Philistine host,
Breathing threatenings and slaughter,
sought her undefended coast,—

Then how precious to the faithful this
eternal truth they knew,—

“There is no restraint to God to save by many or
by few!”

When Benhadad compassed Aphek, and the fol-
lowers of the Lord,

Like two little flocks of kids, stood pent within
that heathen horde;—

When at morn the blood of Syrians moistened all
the plain like dew,

“There was no restraint to God to save by many
or by few.”

When at night the false apostle, bringing armed
men to aid,

Came with swords and staves to take Him, whom
for gain they had betrayed ;—

When by word nor deed resisted, prostrate sunk
that scoffing crew,—

“ There was no restraint to God to save by many
or by few.”

Men of God, who stand confronting evil in this day
of ours,—

Foes in heart and foes surrounding—principalities
and powers,—

Listen to the sounding watchword, true as ever,
true for you ;—

“ There is no restraint to God to save by many or
by few !”

Jesus! Bending from Above.

I. PETER I. 8.

ESUS! bending from above,—
Whom not having seen we love ;—
Thou who hast our surety stood,
Paid the ransom with Thy blood!—
Saviour, list'ning from yon height,
Hear our song from forth the night!

We have never seen Thee, Lord,
Never Thy dear voice have heard ;
But we know Thee, and do rest
Now by faith upon Thy breast :
Privileged as none above,—
Whom not having seen we love.

Soon shall part these earthly clouds ;
Soon shall lift this mist which shrouds ;
Soon shall drop this dross that clings ;
Soon shall sound the sweep of wings ;
Soon to Thine, the trumpet word ;
Soon the sight of Christ, the Lord !

Temperance Hymn.

II. PETER I. 5-7.



O, ye who seek to shun the cup,
Run high the Gospel banner up!
One name alone hath power to win
And keep the sinner from his sin.

CHORUS.—We wrestle not with flesh like ours,
But Principalities and Powers:
And he who would withstand their shock,
Must have his feet on Christ, the Rock!

We dare not trust our soul's great cause
To human will and moral laws:
To save, the name of Christ was given,
And there's none other under heaven.

When Jesus says to every man,
“Come to Me now and be made clean,—

Clean every whit,—for thee I bled ! ”—
 Who dare present a pledge instead !

When our own hearts were cold and dead,
 We lived through Christ, the living bread ;
 And when we seek another's good,
 We'll recommend the self-same food.

We choose for our foundation broad,
 The precious promises of God ;
 And on them, tier on tier above,
 Rear temp'rance, godliness and love.

Now pour the hosts of sin abroad,
 As never since the earth was trod :
 The skies are dark, and wise are they
 Who heed the Gospel call to-day.

CHORUS.—We wrestle not with flesh like ours,
 But Principalities and Powers :
 And he who would withstand their shock,
 Must have his feet on Christ, the Rock !

The Voice of the Angel.

I. THES. IV. 16.



WHEN all dark round our path draw the
curtains of sorrow,
And deeper the trouble in store,—
O what comfort to think that perhaps ere
the morrow
The struggles of earth will be o'er :—
That perhaps ere this day
Shall have shed its last ray,
The voice of the angel will call us away !

O how blessed to think of the mansions preparing
Just out of our sight over there !
Of the dear ones, whose spirits this moment are
sharing
Our longing to meet in the air !

For perhaps ere this day
Shall have shed its last ray,
The voice of the angel will call us away!

O to think of the saints we shall meet in yon heaven,
Apostles and martyrs and seers!
Of the Márys, and Ruth,—of the one, much forgiven,
Who washed the Lord's feet with her tears!
And perhaps ere this day
Shall have shed its last ray,
The voice of the angel will call us away!

We shall see Him who prayed that lone night in
the garden,—
Who died with the thorns on His brow;
We shall sit at His feast who hath purchased our
pardon,
And, like Him, be whiter than snow:
And perhaps ere this day
Shall have shed its last ray,
The voice of the angel will call us away!

A Song in the Night.

PSALMS XLII. 6-8.

 HERE'S darkness all round in my earthly
affairs,—
Wave following wave, tribulation and cares ;
My way is shut up on the left and the right ;—
And, yet, I've a mind for a song in the night !
A song in the night,—a song in the night,—
My heart, canst thou give Him a song in the night ?

Right here something says : “ It were well that the
sun

Should just streak the East ere the song is begun ;
'Twere prudent to wait for a trifle of light :—”
Away with the doubt,—now a song in the night.

A song in the night,—a song in the night,—
With David, I'll give Him a song in the night.

The way and the time I'm not certain about,—
Of this sure I am,—that He will bring me out;
And so, waiting not for fulfillment and sight,
I'll discount His promise with songs in the night.

A song in the night,—a song in the night,—
Right here,—now,—I'll give Him a song in the night!

No incense which rises to God on our part,
So grateful as songs from a pain-stricken heart :—
So sorrow itself shall be clad with delight,
For sorrow alone can give songs in the night.

A song in the night,—a song in the night,—
Let all that is in me, give songs in the night!

Dedication Hymn.

Written for the opening of the re-built North Side Tabernacle, Chicago, June 1, 1876.



OUR Father, God, Eternal One !
And Thou, the living corner-stone !
And Holy Spirit—one and three—
We dedicate this house to Thee !

Take for Thine own, and write in power
Thy name on wall and shaft and tower ;
And make it, by Thy blessing given,
A house of God—a gate of heaven !

Here may Thine honor dwell, O Lord !
Here power attend the spoken Word !
Here saints be fed,—here sinners find
The Lamb who suffered for mankind !

Here may there rise prevailing prayer,—
Here praises ring—here vanish care ;

Here trembling ones lay down their fears,
And bathe a Saviour's feet with tears

And here, though all around should sleep,
May some true watch and warden keep,
With call of guard and tap of drum,
Until the Lord, our God, shall come !

So, Lord, at last, may every one
Who here professed to love Thy Son,
Be found among the host that stands
Within the house not made with hands !

We'll Live in Tents.

HEB. XI. 8-10.

OD bids His people on the earth,
Ere yet He comes and calls them hence,
To live, unknit to home and hearth,
Like far-bound travelers,—in tents.

CHORUS.—We'll live in tents until our feet
Shall reach the land by sin untrod ;
The gate of pearl—the golden street,—
Whose builder and whose maker, God !

It is His will that we should pass,
Like strangers, separate and aside
From all the world-enamoured mass
That crowd the Babylons of pride.

He'd have us rear no stately towers,—
Sink no foundation walls of stone ;

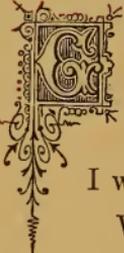
But camp each night a few short hours,
And ere the morrow's dawn, move on.

O Brother! whatsoever chain
Binds us to fleshly lust and strife,
Here let us rend it in God's name,
And live, henceforth, the pilgrim life!

CHORUS.—We'll live in tents until our feet
Shall reach the land by sin untrod;
The gate of pearl—the golden street,—
Whose builder and whose maker, God!

“All Things are Yours.”

PHILIPPIANS I. 6.

IVE me, O God, a meek and quiet spirit !
Thy meekness, Lord,—give Thou of that
to me.
I would that this proud heart that I inherit
Were sunk forever in a shoreless sea.

This heart, intent, as with a vulture's talons,
All things to grasp, and coin them into pelf :
Though heaven and earth were trembling in the
balance,
Still pond'ring only the result to self !

This heart, so quick to entertain suspicion
Of others' motives, and offence to take ;
So prone to scorn the gentle disposition
That hopeth all for charity's sweet sake !

This heart, that knows the touch of disappoint-
ment,—

Feels the cold stirring of the envy there,—
When e'en the cause of God hath found advance-
ment,
But found it through another's deed or prayer!

I shrink to tell what dwells within my bosom :

It is a cage of foul and unclean things.
The deeper through its hidden caves I fathom,
The darker, blacker is the earth which clings.

Yet, so corrupt by nature and by doing
As here, O Holy Lord, confessed I am;
Yet shall I stand at last by Thine own choosing,
All faultless white in presence of the Lamb!

For art Thou not the Lord of Lords—Almighty?
Did Jesus not for us the law fulfill?
And am I not Thy child,—and was it lightly
Said that a child may ask Thee what he will?

And so I ask Thee, Lord, to make me holy !
 I tremble as I pray !—but from this hour,—
 In what way seemeth best,—from hence and wholly,
 Keep me from yielding to the tempter's power !

I tremble, for I've felt the flame's fierce burning
 When some dark sin was being judged and
 doomed :

Lord, help me to lie still within the furnace,
 That so the dross may sooner be consumed !

I know that till this life shall cease its running,
 The darts of Satan will my soul assail,—
 But, Saviour, Thou who knoweth all his cunning,
 Do Thou encase me in Thy triple mail.

The faith of Jesus,—I do ask to share it !
 His patience, and the wisdom from above :
 That I may yield the fruit of Thine own spirit,—
 Long-suffering, goodness, gentleness and love.'

I ask that Thou wilt sanctify me wholly ;
 That I may be all cleanséd by Thy word :

And be preserved in spirit, soul and body,
Blameless unto the coming of the Lord.

Thy coming, Lord! O bliss beyond comparing!
O glorious tryst with Jesus in the air!
O sights and rest that I shall soon be sharing!—
I know in whom I trust,—I shall be there!

“ Wait, I Say, on the Lord.”

ISAIAH XXVIII. 16.

CHRISTIAN!—thou upon whose brow
Christ His own dear name hath traced,—
Keep thy charge with patience now,—
“ Who believeth shall not haste.”

Soldier! treading weary rounds,
Tost upon the battle's surge,
Worn with marchings, faint with wounds,—
Dost thou long for thy discharge?

Pilgrim in the narrow road,—
Not a rock to shade thy way,—
Not a friend to share thy load,—
Wouldst thou welcome death to-day?

Brother! though the way be long,
Though sore crosses weigh thee down,

This remember and be strong,—
Only doubt can pluck thy crown

“ Who believeth shall not haste ; ”
Till the Master's word be given,
Bide thee,—then, O welcome guest,—
Then, O soul redeemed,—to heaven !

“Teach them unto thy Children.”

MARK IX. 36, 37.

OW may the Lord, whose loving arms
Once folded little children's forms,
Help us with tender hearts to sing
This verse, which from Thy Word we bring:—

CHORUS.—God so loved sinners that He gave
His only Son their souls to save;
That whosoever would believe,
Should everlasting life receive!

It is the old, old Christmas hymn
The angels sung o'er Bethlehem;
And when the saints before the throne
Sing a new song, 'twill be this one.

But Lord, we would not have the song
Alone upon our lips and tongue;

Thy gentle grace to us impart,
And write the word upon our heart.

Now unto Him, whose precious blood
Hath made us kings and priests to God,
To Christ, the Lord, through endless days,
Be songs of blessing, love and praise.

It Is Well With My Soul.

JOHN XV. 16.



WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my
way,—

When sorrows, like sea billows, roll,—
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to
know

It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
come,

Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—O, the bliss of this peace-giving thought!—

My sin,—not in part but the whole,—
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more :

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul !

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be
sight,—

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,—
The trump shall resound, and Thy kingdom shall
come!

“Even so,”—it is well with my soul!

“We Shall Not All Sleep.”

TITUS II. 15.



LONG for the coming of Jesus, my Lord!
I watch for His signal, I hark for His
word;

The word that shall end all my mourning and
care,

And bear me, redeemed, to the Lord in the air.

It is not at death I shall wait for that voice:
The hope of it now bids my spirit rejoice,—
To exult in the faith that His coming may save
Even these weary limbs the reproach of the grave.

For why should my eyes look with longing or joy,
For the face of the foe, Christ hath died to destroy?
Is there “comfort” or “hope” in the thought that
this breath

Shall be yielded at last at the summons of death?

As long as that banner of black is unfurled,
Can the triumph of Christ be complete in this
world?

Doth a spirit unclothed,—doth a frame 'neath the
sod,

Know *all* that remains for the people of God?

Do we read that forever the path of the grave
Must be trod by the feet of the saints God would
save?

Shall not some, while yet living, rejoicing arise,
And, like Enoch, translated, meet Christ in the
skies?

For what do I pray,—that *my* soul may find peace?
Do I ask not for groaning creation release?
Do I care not how long in rebellion and blood
The prince of this world bars the kingdom of God?

I may die, but shall then end oppression and woe?
When I die, shall this world-tide of tears cease to
flow?

When I die, shall the empire of wrong be o'er-
thrown,
And the One who hath right be restored to His
own ?

Then why, in these days, among tombs should men
grope ?

What spell hath the grave to enkindle our hope ?
What solace sufficient hath death to declare
To one who remembers a world nigh despair !

I look for the coming of Jesus, my Lord !
Jehovah made flesh,—the incarnated Word ;
Who in flesh, for our sake, stands to-day at the
throne,
And in flesh, praise His name ! will come back to
His own !

And here doth some brother protest that such
views
Show a turning again to the things of the Jews ?
That “ the kingdom of Christ is a kingdom within,
Absolved from connection with matter and sin ? ”

“With matter and sin!” must the earth then, as
now,

To the end bear the branding of guilt on its brow?
Shall the blood fail forever to purge this foul star,
And be sovereign alone in blest regions afar?

But whence comes the license to mould words
divine,

Like clay of the potter, to fit man’s design?
Is the promise that Jesus, the Man, shall appear
To tread and to govern this earth, but a snare?

Is all that is holy, like vapor of morn?
Is all that’s substantial, of filthiness born?
Is matter essentially vile and abhorred,
And had evil a place in the flesh of the Lord?

O craft of the serpent, O pride of the heart!
What words have yet drawn thee as dark as thou
art!

O blindness, that keeps men’s traditions and rules,
And buries God’s hope ’neath the standard of
schools!

Speed the day, when the teaching, explicit and
clear,

That the hope of the earth is that Christ may
appear ;

That in person He rose, that in person again
He will come and set up his millennial reign :

That this race, at His coming, will stand as it
stood

In the times of Gomorrah, the days of the flood ;

That, despite all the labors and struggles of men,

Side by side, wheat and tares shall be growing till
then :

That our faith, by this hope, should each moment
be stayed,

Nor think that the Lord hath His coming de-
layed ;—

Speed the day, when such teaching as this shall be
whirled,

On the wings of the wind, round a famishing
world !

O Lord! ere the tempest that gathers shall break,
Bid the shepherds, the peace-crying shepherds,
awake!

For the flocks are unwarned and the watch-towers
unmanned,

And the night is far spent, and the day is at hand!

“Shall Walk in White.”

REVELATION III. 4.



HERE comes a time, when life is sped,
When they who loved the Lord that bled,
And followed wheresoe'r He led,
Shall walk in white.

They yield Him here their latest breath,—
Love not their lives unto the death,—
And soon with crowns a conqueror hath,
They'll walk in white.

Not those grown cold in their desire,
Not those defiled in their attire,
Not those escaped so as by fire,
Shall walk in white.

'Tis not to make this earth our home,
'Tis not in part to overcome,—
Some sin renounced—still grasping some,
 To walk in white.

It is to love the Lord alone ;
It is to hear, Well done ! well done ;
It is to share the Saviour's throne,
 To walk in white.

It is to sup at His dear side ;
It is within His robe to hide ;
Ah, heart ! it is to be His bride,
 To walk in white !

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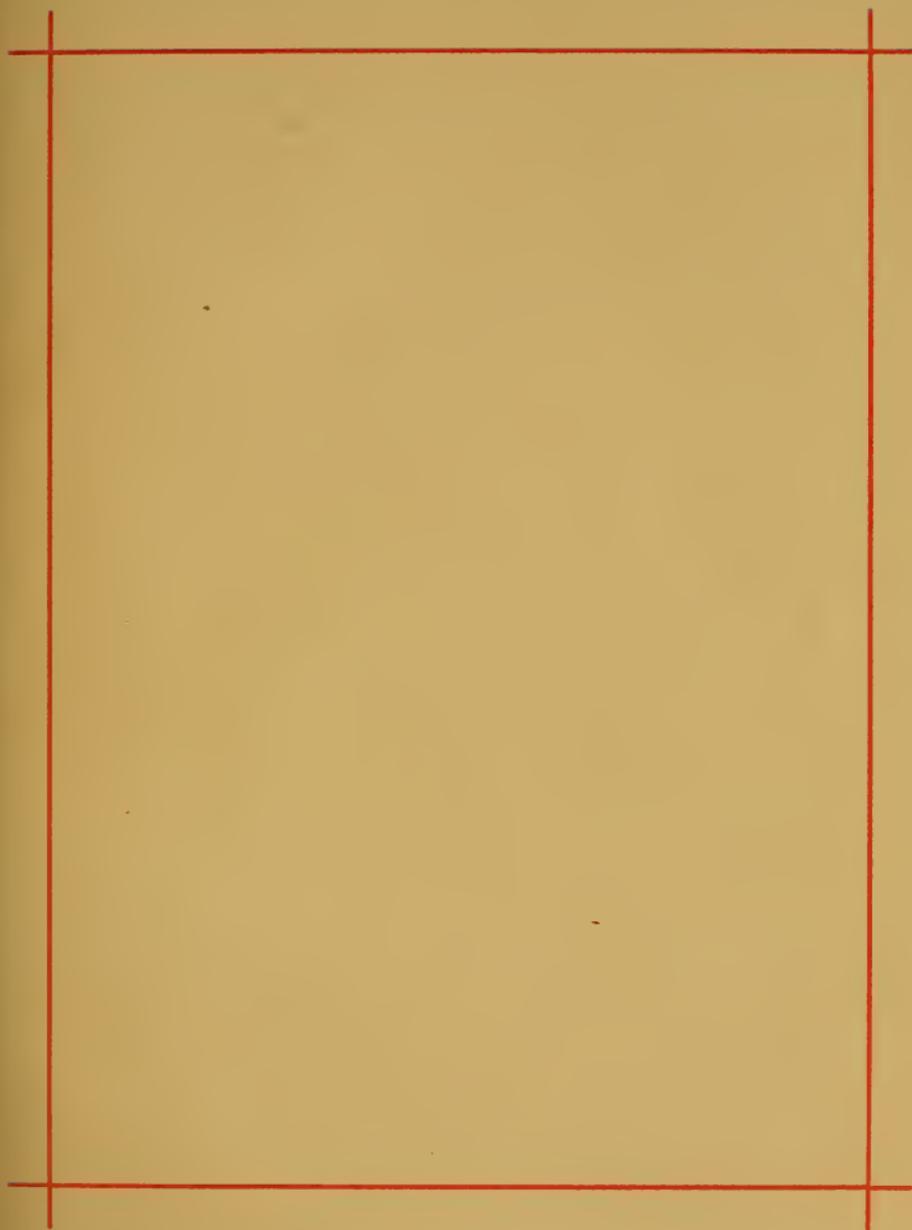
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