

The word is then given : the ranks move away,
 To conquer or perish, be slain or to slay.
 But the time is coming, it hastens along,
 It might be here ere to-morrow's sun,
 When the Lord Himself, with His heavenly shout
 With archangel's voice and the *trumpet's* note,
 Shall summon His saints to Himself in the air,
 My reader or hearer, will you be there ?
 Oh ! bear with me patiently a moment or two,
 The scripture has said it : it must be true,
 That " all have sinn'd, of the glory come short."
 Of sin, death's the wages ; life cannot be bought.
 No ! Life is a gift as the flowing stream free,
 And the Saviour Himself says, *Come unto Me.*
 For that *trumpet call* can only be heard
 By those who have known and received Him as *Lord.*
 By those who have found that by simple faith,
 In His *precious blood* pour'd out at His death,
 That their SINS ARE FORGIVEN, their guilt put away,
 Turn'd from darkness to light, made children of day.
 I know some would tell you ; with confidence too,
 That nought of all this can be known by you,
 Till before the white throne for judgment you stand,
 With sheep or with goats on the right or left hand,
 But what saith the scripture ?

" There's NO condemnation,"

Oh, stop ! and consider it,

" There's NO condemnation,"

" To those who are in Christ Jesus " the Lord,
 Our Saviour, Redeemer, Jehovah, the Word.

" At the *last trump* " (for the trumpet shall sound,

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