

Thy fields how fair ! thy foliage how green !  
Profusely watered by life's crystal stream.

No winter sweeps thee with its chilling blasts,  
No gloomy night on thee its shadows casts,  
No pestilence can tinge thy gorgeous flowers,  
No shade of death in all thy arbors cowers.

But see ! yon groups that stand in garments white,  
Their faces beaming with resplendent light ;  
Their actions, movements all, proclaim that love  
Sustained by bliss most pure, prevails above.

And hark ! what thrilling notes, what rapturous sounds,  
As throng on throng that glorious Throne surrounds ;  
Now, voices blending in one chorus rise,  
And JESUS' name is heard 'mid rending skies.

O child of Earth ! care-worn and stained with sin,  
Ev'en *thou*, by faith and prayer, these realms may win ;  
Rise, *rise*, and seek thy native Heaven *to-day*,  
And let sin's snares no more thy steps delay.

Reader, is all this glory in store for you?—  
May our most gracious God bless these urgent  
appeals for your soul's salvation !

