

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME VIII.]

APRIL, 1875.

[No. 4.

Sweeping through the Gates.

BY THE REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—*Last words of the late REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.*

ONE more has swept through the portals of light,

All the crimson-like wool, all the scarlet washed white,

Hallelujah! they crown him! Hallelujah! they sing,

Grave, where is thy victory! death, where is thy sting!

They hail him! they greet him! the glorified throng!

As he comes home to meet them, and join in their song.

One more has gone from the reapers below,
Bearing rich sheaves for the Master, we know.
Who'll stand in his place, his sickle to wield,
Who'll bind up the sheaves unbound in the field?

An entrance abundant he won while he toil'd,
For he "swept through the gates" with garments unsold.

Oh, glorious hour! the brightest, the last,
Sweeping through portals where Jesus had pass'd,

Wash'd in his blood, and lost in his love,
Made ready to meet him, and praise him above.
Oh, world! what are worth all thy kingdoms and States,

To a soul as it sweeps, blood-wash'd, through the gates?

The gates of the city are shut night nor day,
For the ranks of the blood-wash'd are sweeping that way;

They leave us at daybreak, they leave us at noon,

And we, too, shall tread in their footsteps full soon.

Midst the world's chilling frowns, its falsehoods, its hates,

Let us keep our skirts clean, and our front to the gates.

Oh, sin-cleansing blood! Oh, wondrous cross!
Changing to pure gold our natures of dross,
Making life's desert to blossom and bloom,
Filling with glory the shades of the tomb,
Teaching the soul while she patiently waits
To spread out her wings and sweep through the gates.

Let the story go round in the track of the sun,
What the blood of a crucified Saviour hath done.

Shout it north, shout it south, ring it east, ring it west,

That Jesus still gives in this life perfect rest,
The love which casts out every shadow of fear,
A garment pure white, with the saints to appear.

Shall we mourn as for one who shall meet us no more?

Nay! he cannot be dead, but has gone on before.

Shall we offer but tears as we pass to his tomb?
Nay! strew it with flowers, the blossom and bloom,