

THE SOWER.

ARE YOU READY ?

A LESSON FROM THE ROMAN ARMY.

THE morning appears on the distant hills,
A white fog curls up from the little rills,
And nothing is heard in the Roman camp,
Save the sleeper's snore, and the sentries' tramp,
But hark ! that sound, shrill, loud and clear,
As the trumpet's notes, falls on each sleeper's ear,
From end to end of the camp resounds,
And away to the echoing hills rebounds.
A change now breaks on that quiet scene,
Bustle and life where rest had been,
As warriors step forth in their armour bright,
And greet the first rays of the dawning light.
The horses are saddled, the baggage is pack'd,
The tents are struck, and the tent polls stack'd.
And cavalry, infantry, horses and men,
Are *ready*, and waiting the march to begin,
But hark ! again the trumpet's din,
The camp is fired, and the ranks fall in.
And now they await, in unbroken array,
The trumpet's loud peal, the third time that day,
'Tis heard ; the *third*, the LAST great trump.
Ere its notes die away or its echoes die out,
A voice is heard ; it demands, ARE YOU ready ?
In loud cheerful tones they reply, WE ARE ready.
Again yet again the question is ask'd,
The answers ring out as clear as at first,