

"I'LL HEAR THE TRUMP."

Lines written on hearing that an aged and paralysed Christian, who was afflicted with total deafness, was accustomed to say,
 "I'll hear the trump."—1 Thess. iv. 16.—18.

"I'll hear the trump," thus spake an aged saint,
 Whose ears against the human voice were closed,
 Who on her pilgrim journey, weak and faint,
 In faith upon the Word of God reposed,
 "I'll hear the trump,"—Yes, Sister, thou shalt hear,
 And hearing rise to meet thy Saviour dear.

Blessed assurance! though thy deafened ear
 Can listen to the song of birds no more,
 Though friendly voices can no longer cheer,
 And intercourse with others thus be o'er,
 Though paralyzed and deaf, cut off from all
 The world around, thou'lt hear the trumpet's call.

And, glorious truth! the day is hast'ning on
 When God's redeemed, from sin and suffering free,
 Dwelling in light before the Eternal throne,
 Shall, fully blest, their Lord and Saviour see,
 When at the shout, and voice, and trumpet blast,
 They'll soar aloft and reach their home at last.

Yes, soon that trump will sound—on wings of wind,
 Bearing us onward, time fleets fast away,
 Glory before thee, judgment dread behind,
 How gladly, Sister, wilt thou hail that day
 When thou, and all God's saints, the world around
 Shall hear—extatic thought! God's trumpet sound.

Hark! through the heaven it rings, its potent notes,
 Pierce the dull grave and bid the dead arise.
 Hark! o'er the world the sound mellifluous floats,
 Calling the saints to mansions in the skies.
 Hark! to the thrilling sounds! now shout for home,
 Ye joyful saints—shout, for the Lord is come.