

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.



HE day of the Lord, it cometh !
 It comes like a thief in the night,
 It comes when the world is dreaming
 Of safety, and peace, and light.
 It cometh, the day of sackcloth,
 With darkness, and storm, and fire,
 The day of the great avenging,
 The day of the burning ire.

Not slowly, slowly, like twilight,
 Nor like the cold creeping tide ;
 Nor barque from the distant offing,
 Moving on o'er the waters' tide.
 But instant—like sudden lightning,
 In the depths of a tranquil sky ;
 From the west to the east in a moment,
 The havoc descends from on high !

The day of the Lord it cometh,
 When the virgins are all asleep ;
 And the drunken world is lying
 In a slumber yet more deep.
 Like the sudden lurch of the vessel,
 By night on the sunken rock,
 All earth in a moment reeleth,
 And goeth down with the shock.

The voice of the awful trumpet
 Arresteth the march of time ;
 With terror, and woe, and judgment,
 It soundeth through every clime.
 It speaketh aloud to the living,
 It speaketh to the slumbering dead ;
 Earth heareth the final summons,
 And boweth the trembling head.

The flash of the sword of havoc
 Foretelleth the day of blood,
 Revealing the Judge's progress,
 The downward march of God.
 The fire which no mortal kindles
 Quick seizes the quaking earth,
 And labors the groaning creation
 In the pangs of its second birth.

Then the day of the evil endeth,
 And the righteous reign comes in ;
 Like a cloud of sorrow, vanish
 The ages of human sin.

The light of the morning gleameth,
 A dawn without cloud or gloom ;
 In chains lies the ruler of darkness,
 And the Prince of light has come!—*Christian at Work.*