

Gird with saints Thy flaming ear, Jude 14.
 Summon them from climes afar, Isa. 24 : 13-15.
 Call them from life's cheerless gloom, Matt. 24 : 40.
 Call them from the marble tomb, Rev. 20 : 4-6.
 From the grass-grown village grave, Luke 14 : 14.
 From the deep dissolving wave, Psalm 49 : 14, 15.
 From the whirlingwind and the flame, 1 Thess. 4 : 17.
 Mighty Head, Thy members claim. Col. 1 : 15.
 Where are they whose proud disdain, Luke 19 : 12.
 Scorned to brook Messiah's reign? Matt. 13 : 41, 42.
 Lo, in waves of sulphurous fire, Luke 17 : 27, 30.
 Now they taste His tardy ire; Rev. 19 : 20, 21.
 Fettered till the appointed day, Rev. 18 : 3, 5, 9.
 When the world shall pass away. 2 Peter 2 : 9.
 Quelled are all Thy foes, O Lord, Rev. 19 : 15, 21.
 Sheathe again the dreadful sword. Psalm 110 : 5, 7.
 Where the Cross of anguish stood, Isa. 53 : 3, 5, 12.
 Where Thy life distilled in blood, Mark 15 : 27.
 Where they mocked Thy dying groan, Mark 15 : 29.
 King of Nations, plant Thy throne. Isa. 24 : 23.
 Send Thy law from Zion forth, Zech. 8 : 3.
 Speeding o'er the willing earth; Dan. 2 : 35, 44.
 Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise, Isa. 40 : 1, 9.
 Crowned with more than Paradise; Psalm 67 : 6.
 Sacred be the impending veil! 1 Cor. 13 : 12.
 Mortal sense and thought must fail, 1 John 3 : 2.
 Yet the awful hour is nigh, Luke 21 : 31.
 We shall see Thee, eye to eye. Rev. 1 : 7.
 Be our souls in peace possessed, 2 Thess. 3 : 5.
 While we seek our promised rest, Heb. 4 : 9.
 And from every heart and home; 2 Tim. 4 : 8.
 Breathe the prayer, "O Jesus, come!" Rev. 22 : 20.
 Haste to set the captive free, Isa. 49 : 9.
 All Creation groans for Thee. Rom. 8 : 19.

—Charlotte Elizabeth.