

poured sinaitic righteousness, dissolved in the atoning passion of Calvary, endynamited by the power of the Risen Christ upon all ranks and conditions of men.

" We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time ;
An age to ages telling
That living is sublime."

I hear the thunder rolling,
The lurid lightning's pen
Is tracing out the destiny,
The doom of wicked men.

I hear the mighty nations
Now shake 'mid martial storm
The empire of another age
Is rounding into form

I hear the tread of coming things
I see them from afar,
Prophetic of some better days,
I see the morning star.

And while we wait 'mid darkest night,
The " blessed hope " is born :
We soon shall hear the midnight cry,
Then comes the cloudless morn.

I hear the wail of dying souls,
In Macedonian night,
O Church of Christ with lamps of Life,
We pray you bring us light.

I hear the rushing mighty wind,
Of Pentecostal fire,
Go sweeping through the Church of God,
And all her ranks inspire.

I see the Church awakening,
The Spirit leads the band,
The Lord, the Great Commander—
To conquer every land.