

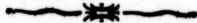
Joy, joy to all believing ones !  
 It is the Lord—He comes, He comes !  
 Christ once denied—"The Crucified."  
 He who for us was slain  
 Returns a Conqueror, crowned,  
 With all His faithful "found,"  
 Triumphantly to reign.

O grave ! thy well-kept trust is there no more ;  
 That thrilling sound to thee must be—  
 Give up *His dead*—Restore ! Restore !  
 Clearer, transforming, and intensier bright,  
 Nearer and nearer beams the Living Light ;  
 Till faith and hope are perfected in sight.  
 Here conflicts cease—  
 Armour and weapons are laid down  
 To take up the Crown ;  
 All, all is peace !

*Earth*, once again in youthful prime,  
 Now owns her rightful King.  
 And beast and bird, and herb and flower,  
 Spontaneous tribute bring.

*On high*, the ransomed myriads raise  
 Hosannahs to their Saviour's praise ;  
 Mountains and vales the sounds prolong,  
 Till universal is the song :  
 And angel choirs attent above,  
 Join in full chorus—"God is Love."

The Bride's long-absent Lord is come,  
 Jerusalem on high her blissful home !



**"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH !"**

MATTHEW XXV. 1-13.

It is a striking and solemn thought that when the cry *at midnight* was once made, it *never was repeated*. The effect of the cry was all confusion amongst the virgins. The wise had gone in some-