

ZION'S WATCH TOWER

I sit in a vine-clad arbor,
 And gaze on the far blue sky,
 List! Spirit voices are calling
 From the far-away home on high.

There comes a voice to me saying—
 A voice both strong and sweet,
 Is your lamp trimmed and burning,
 Are you ready your Lord to meet?

My soul is hushed in this presence,
 A strange, mysterious awe
 Comes o'er me, and I am borne
 Away from earth's scenes afar.

To the solemn transition day,
 When Jesus shall claim his own,
 When those who have suffered with him on earth
 Shall sit with Him in his throne.

When shall be fulfilled the time,
 The spirit and bride say come,
 And power be given them to win
 Vast throngs to the eternal home.

Dear Jesus—blest Saviour—make me indeed,
 A member of the "little flock,"
 That, whate'er of weal or woe betide,
 My feet stand firm on the rock.

Make my robes white with the whiteness
 And brightness of thine own robe,
 Wrapped about in thy mantle of righteousness,
 Bring me safe to thy home above.

Gird on, "little flock," the whole armor,
Be strong in the battle for truth,
Seek wisdom from Him, who alone has the key,
To the jewel boxes of—Revelation—
"And He shall show you things to come."

F. M. DEANS, **Newark, N.J.**

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