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The well-worn armor is laid by!
 Thy faithful watchmen fall, O Lord,
 They gather up their feet and die,
 And wait their coming King's reward.

Herald of truth, thy last farewell
 To earthly toils and scenes is given,
 No stain upon thy mantle fell,
 Thy record is laid up in Heaven.

How little know the heedless crew
 In church or state, that by their side
 A witness, humble, faithful, true,
 Has lived long years for truth and died.

In this dark world God's sons are veiled;
 It knew not Christ nor knows his friends,
 They watch and wait to be revealed,
 When He, their Life, from Heaven descends.

Rest veteran, in thy tomb awhile,
 'Twill not be long ere thou shalt rise
 To greet thy heavenly Leader's smile,
 And take from him the victor's prize.

Surely the night is almost gone,
 And the millennial morn is near,
 Sentinels are falling, one by one,
 And leave the remnant weeping here.

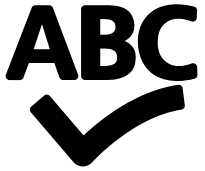
Come, Jesus, is thy remnant's call
 That first went up from Patmos' land;
 Come, heal the wounds of Adam's fall
 With the blest touches of thy hand.

JOHN LYLE

Newark, N.J., Jan., 1880.

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— *February, 1880* —



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