



BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM!

—MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS.—

BEHOLD, behold the Bridegroom!
He's in our midst to-day!

O Bride, put on thy jewels,
And all thy fine array!
His saints he now will gather
To crown and glorify;
And bring them to the mansions
Prepared for them on high.

Behold, behold the Bridegroom!
In beauty see your King!
And in triumphant measures
The happy tidings sing.
Awaken those that slumber,
And bid them all arise
To welcome his blest presence
With all the faithful wise.

Behold, behold the Bridegroom!
Oh, ready stand with those
Whose lamps are filled and burning
Before the door shall close!

The nuptial feast is waiting
For these to enter in,
And then the joy, exceeding,
With Love's reign, will begin.

Behold, behold the Bridegroom!
Our fast-days now are o'er;
For in the Bridegroom's presence
We need not hunger more.
We know him in the breaking
Of truth's sustaining bread;
And at the King's own table
Abundantly are fed.

Behold, behold the Bridegroom!
Nor cry, 'Lord Jesus, come!'
Lift up your eyes, ye reapers,
And bring the harvest home!
The sowing time is over;
Your night of weeping gone:
Oh, joy, the morning breaketh!
'Tis now Millennial dawn!

—ZION'S WATCH TOWER, MARCH 15, 1894.—