



Today? Perhaps!

To-day? Perhaps! Perhaps to-day!
The Lord may come and catch away
His ransomed Church, His blood-bought Bride
To take her place at His blest side;
When dead and living saints shall share
One trumpet summons to the air.

Perhaps to-day! Yes! He may come
And call us to our Heavenly Home,
That wondrous place beyond compare
Which He, in love, doth now prepare;
Our Father's house! How sweet, how blest,
To be for evermore at rest.

To-day? Perhaps! 'Tis true! To-day!
Ere nightfall we may be away;
Transported home! How blest, how grand!
Transported home to gloryland!
One twinkling moment, then to be
With Him for all eternity.

Perhaps to-day! Then why the fear?
To-morrow we may not be here!
The thing so dreaded may not come
Till we are safely gathered home!
The threat'ning storm-cloud may not break
Till, in His presence, we awake.

Perhaps to-day! Oh lonely soul
Thy heart shall reach its longed-for goal;
The fellowship, the joy, the bliss,
Which now thy heart doth sorely miss,
Perchance may be thy heart's delight
Ere closes in another night.

. . . J. Danson Smith

Luke 12:40

*"The Son of Man cometh at an hour
when ye think not"*