

FOREWORD.

THE chief noteworthy characteristics of the eighth volume of ZION'S TRUMPET are the contrasts of godly wisdom establishing the kingdom of God on the ruins of the kingdoms of the world, which wither under the foolish influence of "human wisdom;" in it are seen lamentable examples of the campaigns of theologians, editors, rulers,—kingdoms gathering their forces in a perplexity against each other to wage a war of pens, words, cannons, and rifles in the throes of death to uphold their governments; in it also is a glance, here and there, through the clouds of war of our atmosphere on the kingdom of peace from its beginning, like "a stone that was cut out of the mountain without hands;" on its adventurous and conquering movements through the kingdoms of the world, and on the increasing power of its rotations it is shattering the false idols of Babylonia into dust.

The louder the sounds of the trumpets of tumultuous Babylon invite the countries to the bloody battlefields of war, still louder will ZION'S TRUMPET shout, each shout louder than the previous one, for the children of Zion, to "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

While sects, jealousies, and false religions have woven thick, black sackcloth to cover the face of the atmosphere of the

anti-Christ world with darkness, through which no ray of light shines directly through, the *Star of the Saints* guides the wandering children of heaven step by step through the entangled wilderness of the world to the sure sanctuary among the “stars of the morning” in Zion.

While we laud our privilege more and more, volume after volume, to fight together with our fellow soldiers, we implore their assistance to trumpet more clearly and melodiously at the *beginning* of our coming volume, regardless of who the trumpeter may be at its conclusion.

“Homeward, homeward, children of the Lord,
The land that is to come quickly,”

will be the foremost, the loudest, and the last voice of our TRUMPET, regardless of whose it may be, until the weakest of the children of Zion may come home. That the Lord grant to whoever may blow through ZION’S TRUMPET an accurate tone, a clear sound, and the power of the truth to pierce the hearts of our readers is, and will be the most earnest and the last prayer, of your—

EDITOR.