

From the "Sunday School Harp"

86

Unison.

## ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flock by night,  
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far;

Ye who sang Cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.  
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light.  
 Seek the great de - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen his na - tal star.

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

Saints before the altar bending,  
 Waiting long with hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord descending,  
 In his temple shall appear.  
 Come and worship, &c.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,—  
 Justice now repeals the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you—break your chains.  
 Come and worship, &c.

## Sunday School Advocate.

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## "SPARE ROOM."

"And yet there is room."—*Luke* xiv. 22.

In a garret, on a stump bedstead almost surrounded by lumber, an old woman lay a-dying. It had fallen to her lot in life to know a great deal of sorrow; wearisome days and nights had been appointed her. She had seen better days,—at least those who had known her during her life might have said so—by which we mean days *apparently* better. She had once lived in her own home, surrounded by her husband and family.

Her children had most of them grown up to be men and women, and then been removed by death; and now another stroke, more distressing, had come upon her: her husband had been taken away almost suddenly. In the midst of this deep trouble she was all but led to ask the question, "Why all this?" She had long known the Lord as her Friend; was this the action of a friend? Was all this needed? Ah, yes, there was a "needs be" for it; "for whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth" (*Heb.* xii. 6); and though "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (*Heb.* xii. 11).

And so in her case it proved. She knew it came from her *Father's* hand; and she knew that *He* cared for. And now she feels her end is nigh. Her sister is called to see her, and to her she says, "If I should die in the night, don't be alarmed; I'm going to Jesus."

Happy thought, that! Going to Jesus, in heaven, where no more tears are shed, no graves are dug, no coffins made; "for there shall be no more death."

Would you not like to go there? I know if I came round to each one, I should get but one answer to that question—Yes.

But suppose an angel came here this afternoon, and said, "Heaven is full; there is not room for one more." Ah, would not that be sad news? I should see you turn pale, and instead of looking cheerful, bright, and happy, I should see you weeping. Yes; you would not like the thought of heaven being full, because you would then know you could never enter there. But I have not such a message for you this afternoon.

Who was the first person that went from earth to heaven? What, don't you remember what was his first name whom his brother slew?—Yes; it was Abel. Ah, that was nearly six thousand years ago. Since that time, what vast multitudes have entered heaven! I imagine its pearly gates are never shut, for some are continually entering there.

"Millions have reached that blest abode,  
 And millions more are on the road."

"And yet there is room." What a cheering thought! There is room for each one of you; there is room for me; and go home and tell your fathers and mothers there's room for them in heaven, and there is nothing to pay to enter. And tell your companions, and those children who wander in the fields and attend no Sabbath-school, go and tell them "there is room."

You remember the rough weather we had a short time since; and many of you perhaps heard of the fate of that almost-new steam-ship, *The London*, how it went down with many people on board. Amongst the rest was a young lady, about twenty-three years

of age, who, pallid with fear, stood upon the deck and cried to those escaping in the boat, "A thousand guineas if you'll take me in!" But, alas, money was not of much value then: there was no room. Not so is it with heaven. We are permitted to tell you this afternoon, "*yet there is room.*"

"In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
 For all who are washed and forgiven;  
 And many dear children are entering there,  
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

But are we all going to heaven, or are we going down, down to eternal misery in the bottomless pit? To one of these places we are all going. We are now on our journey thither. There are but two ways, and two places. It is a serious matter; let us think about it. None of you need go into outer darkness; you are invited to heaven; and *Jesus* has bid you come. Why delay any longer? Will to-morrow be better than to-day? Will your sins be less than they are now? And,—

"If you tarry till you're better  
 You will never come at all."

Do you ask, "But if I come, will He receive me?" Yes, He has said, *Him that cometh* unto me I will in *no wise* cast out" (*John* vi. 37). Come now, and He will receive *you*; to-morrow may be too late.

May the Lord, by the influence of His Holy Spirit, incline you each to come to Him and accept His offer of mercy, and we will ascribe to Him all the praise! And now sing,—

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How he cal'd little children as lambs to his fold,—  
 I should like to have been with them then:  
 I could wish that his hands had been placed on my  
 head,  
 That his arm had been thrown around me,  
 And then I might have seen his kind look when he  
 said,  
 "Let the little ones come unto me."