

Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest ?
 Trust not the world ; it gives no rest :
 I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
 O weary sinner, come !

Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;
 Count all thy gains but empty dross :
 My grace repays all earthly loss—
 O needy sinner, come !

Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears :
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
 O trembling sinner, come !

' The Spirit and the bride say come ;'
 Rejoicing Saints re-echo, come :
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will—may come,
 Thy Saviour bids thee come !

R. S. C.

SINGING IN HEAVEN.

" He that hath not learned to sing.
 God's praise on earth, can never praise in heaven."

IN a certain town in one of the midland countries of England, there resided a young lady, the daughter of worthy and pious parents.

She was a member of a Christian church, a teacher in the Sabbath school, and every zealous tract distributor. She was regular and punctual in her attendance on all religious meetings. She was kind to the poor, and seldom seen out of temper.

Notwithstanding all that was delightful and admirable in her character, her mamma had serious doubts as to the motive whence they sprang. Often she sought to know the ground of her confidence ; but although her daughter was candid and communicative on all other subjects, on this—the state of her soul—she was silent and reserved. At length she was taken suddenly ill. A physician was called in, and her symptoms pronounced most dangerous. Her pastor was next sent for. She was sleeping when he came, but he sat by her beside till she could awake.