

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Tell me the old old story,
Of unseen things above—
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may *take it in*—
That wonderful Redemption
God's remedy for sin!

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave.
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Listen and I will tell you :
God help both you and me,
And make "the old, old story"
His message unto Thee!

Once in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.

But, Oh! they disobeyed Him;
The one thing He denied,
They longed for, took, and tasted;
They ate it, and—they died.

Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared.

One of the holy angels
Had come from heaven above
To tell the true, true story
Of Jesus and His love.

He's come to bring "glad tidings."
"You need not, must not, fear;
For Christ, your new-born Saviour,
Lies in the village near!"

And was it *true*—that story?
They went at once to see,
And found Him in a manger
And knew that it was He.

He whom the Father promised
So many ages past,
Had come to save poor sinners;
Yes, he had *come* at last.

'Twas His "delight" to do it
To seek and save the lost,
Although he knew beforehand—
Knew all that it would cost.

He heard each tale of sorrow
With an attentive ear,
And took away each burden
Of suffering, sin, or fear.

He was "a man of sorrows"
And when He gave relief,
He gave it like a brother,
"Acquainted with" the "grief."

Such was "The Man Christ Jesus!"
The friend of sinful man;
But, hush! the tale grows sadder:
I'll tell it—if I *can*!

This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken
And crucified and slain.

His hands and feet were pierced,
He could not hide His face;
And cruel men stood gazing
In crowds about the place.

They laughed at Him and mocked Him!
They told him to "come down,"
And leave that cross of suffering,
And change it for a crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?
Was He "the mighty God?"
And could He have destroyed them
With one Almighty word?

Yes, Jesus *could* have done it;
But let me tell you why
He *would* not use His power,
But chose to stay and die.

He had become our "surety;"
And what we could not pay
He paid *instead*, and *for us*,
On that one dreadful day.

For you and me He suffered;
'Twas for *our* sins He died;
And "not for our sins only,"
But "all the world's" beside!

And now the work is "finished"
The sinners debt, is paid
Because on "Christ the righteous,"
The sin of *all* was laid.

O wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
The door of Heaven is opened
And you may enter in.—*Scl.*

GOD FIRST IN EVERYTHING.

Begin the day with God,
He is thy Sun and Day,
He is the radiance of thy dawn;
To him address thy lay.

Take thy first meal with God,
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on him—he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God,
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
Still seek his company.

Thy first transactions be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well
And all the day be love.