

Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh ;
 For all that's on or above me I know,
 There is nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.
 How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !
 How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.
 Fainting,
 Freezing,
 Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
 To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
 To be and to die in my terrible woe,
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.
 Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
 Sinner, despair not ! Christ stoopeth low
 To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
 And raise it to life and enjoyment again,
 Groaning,
 Bleeding,
 Dying for thee,

The Crucified hung on the cursed tree !
 His accents of mercy hung soft on thine ear,
 "Is there mercy for me ? Will he heed my weak prayer?"
 O God ! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

"JUST CONTINER."

We'd an organized temperance meeting,
 But our numbers were seeming to wane,
 And here I must humbly acknowledge
 The thought of it brought to us pain ;
 And one evening, with house almost empty,
 The president sat in his chair,
 And looked just as though he was nearing
 The lowermost verge of despair :