

[Original Poetry.]

DESIRE OF HELP.

Jesus, Saviour, Prince of Heaven, listen to my earnest cry,
Thou the 'Crucified for sinners,' now ascended up on high,
Thou, who when the world was grovelling in the mire of sloth and sin,
Died that man the disobedient, heaven and heavenly joys might win.

Plead for me for I am sinful, born an heir to Adam's crime,
Supplicate the great Creator, aid me to repent in time;
Plead my cause, I have no hope but in that saving blood of thine;
Help me, Christ, for oh, how futile are those sin-choked prayers of mine.

Satan stands for ever urging me to curse my King and God,
Urging not to seek the narrow way, but hasten down the broad;
Aid me, oh my Father, aid me, I Thy help do ever need;
Aid me to resist hell's art, and shun each sinful word and deed.

May my mind for ever ponder on that 'Holy Word' of thine,
May I linger, weighing fondly, every chapter, verse and line;
May it be the lamp to guide my every footstep I would take—
Guide me to the loving Saviour, pierced on Calvary for my sake.

'Tis the darkest just ere daylight, I will trust that it is so,
And that to me soon my Saviour will the way to heaven show:
Help me take His yoke, and learn of Him the duty that is right,
"For His yoke," He says, "is easy, and His burden truly light."

M.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Lord, grant me grace these seasons fleet
To Thee alone to spend,
That I with joy Thy face may meet,
When life's short course shall end:
And teach me on that Saviour's love
To build my only trust,
Who, though He fills a throne above,
Was once allied to dust.

Oh, then, while days and years shall glide
In silent speed away,
My soul shall view the ebbing tide,
But know no sad dismay:
For still my Saviour God shall be
At hand, though unperceived,
And I salvation nearer see
Than when I first believed.

"Not many lives, but only one have we,
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."