

piness—the foretaste here below of the unending happiness of heaven. May God grant to you and me grace to follow this way, and may the words never be applied to us : “Almost persuaded to be a Christian.”

For Me!

OH! Jesus! let me realise
That true, deep, wondrous love of Thine,
Which brought Thee down from heav'n above,
To die for me, Oh Lamb divine!

Why should'st Thou die for me, O Lord?
All sinful, worthless as I be,
But dust and ashes in Thy sight;
Why such a sacrifice for me?

Upon that bitter cross of shame
My great Redeemer there I see;
The cruel thorns, the nails, the spear,—
What! All this suffering, Lord, for me?

Thine agony and bloody sweat,
That night in dark Gethsemane;
That cry—“Thy will, not Mine be done!”
Was uttered there, O Lord, for me.

For me! Oh, Lord! what can I do
To show my gratitude to Thee?
I can but give my heart to Him
Who gave His own life's blood for me.

I feel Thy tender love so near,
As unto Thy dear cross I flee;
I hear Thy voice, so soft and clear,
Whispering, “Sinner, come to Me!”

Casting away all care, I come
Close to my Saviour's wounded side,
And bathe my head, my hands, my feet,
In that all-cleansing crimson tide.

Thus washed and clothed in garments white,
With Jesus I shall ever be,
Safely within that heavenly home
My Saviour died to win for me!

E. S. P.