

Who can do more than He has done?
Who can show greater love for thee?
Who, for thee, greater blessings won,
Or who can offer them more free?

Ah! if you knew what He endured
For thee, His sufferings how great,
What by His death for thee procured,
You would not keep Him at the gate;

But, hearing His approaching feet,
Wouldst throw the portal open wide—
Nay, eager thy dear Lord to meet,
Wouldst hasten to the highway side.

What comes He for? To calm thy fears,
The fears of conscience for thy sin;
To speak thy pardon, dry thy tears,
And breathe a holy calm within.

To cleanse thy heart, renew thy mind,
Give love for Him a fuller flow;
Reveal Himself that thou may'st find
A foretaste of heaven's joy below.

What for all this are His demands?
Wouldst thou not for this from life part?
Yet fear not—trust thee in His hands;
He only asks thee for thy heart.

WAIT.

BY W. DE WITT WALLACE.

As child in glee
Its picture-book would see
At once, all through,
Nor heed its mother's voice to wait,
View well one leaf and then its mate,
So may not you,
Or I, in scanning God's great book
Of Providence, as foolish look.

How often we
Complain presumptuously
Of heaven's decrees
As laws unjust, or criticise
Dogmatic'ly, as if our eyes
Saw all he sees;
Unheeding, though he bids us hold
And judge not till his plans unfold.