

"Ye Will Not Come Unto Me."

When God the future doth reveal,
He makes it clear that it's for weal,
And then His promises doth seal.

His purposes are all of love,
All knowledge cometh from above,
His synibol is the peaceful dove.

A marvellous light He doth bestow
To guide the path of men below,
As through a world of grief they go.

Men will not hear the voice Divine,
Nor see the lights that round them shine ;
Their pleasures are in gold and wine.

They spend their days in raking straws ;
He calls, but they refuse to pause,
Yet good and right are all His laws.

Still He doth call, "Come unto Me,"
From sorrow and from death be free ;
My love it hath redeemed thee.

No, never will I give thee up ;
Receive Me and with thee I'll sup,
And then to joy I'll lift thee up.

Beyond My love ye cannot go,
(Though some have said this is not so).
This truth I want the world to know.

Ye wayward, wandering sons of men,
Come to your Father's House again.
How you will—but when ? but when ?

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

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