

The Loss of the Soul.

From the intrinsic value of the soul, we may know how serious is its loss. The soul is a thing worth ten thousand worlds, in fact, a thing which worlds on worlds heaped together, like sand upon the sea-shore, could not buy. It is more precious than if the ocean had each drop of itself turned into a golden globe, for all that, wealth could not buy a soul. The soul is an everlasting thing; God has gifted it with immortality; and hence it is precious. To lose it, then, how fearful!

The soul is precious on account of its capabilities. There is a paradise which eye hath not seen, which outvieth dreams, and which imagination could not picture; but if the soul be lost, that is lost.

We see many lost things advertised. Now if a man's soul be lost, let me advertise what he has lost.

He has lost a crown, he has lost a throne, he has lost a heaven, he has lost eternity. When I consider the happiness the soul is capable, it appears a tremendous thing for it to be lost, even though it should gain a world; in fact I cannot set the world in contrast; it is as though I should measure the Alps by a mole-hill. I cannot tell you what size the world is, if you give me for its standard a grain of dust; nor can I tell you heaven's worth, if you only allow me to value it by a world. Oh! because the soul is capable of heaven, its loss is a dreadful and terrific thing.
—*Spurgeon.*

THE MISSIONARY-BOX.

A lady was one day overtaken by a shower of rain, and took shelter in the cottage of a poor man. Seeing a money-box, she offered one of the boys half-a-crown to put into it. He looked much pleased, and told her it was their missionary-box.—The lady was not a truly christian woman, —she had not learned to love the Saviour and to wish to obey his commandments, and she wondered that these poor people liked to give away money which they seemed to need, so she said,—
“Can you really think it a duty to deny yourselves for such a purpose?”

The boy looked surprised, but answered, “after all that God has done for us, ma'am, don't you think that we ought to try to do something for him?”

The lady could not forget the answer of the Christian boy. It led her to think as she had never done before, and the end was that she was led to give herself to Christ, and to labour earnestly to do all the little she could for Him who had done so much for her. She became a zealous supporter of missions, and took pleasure in all good works; and the next time she visited the cottage it was to gladden the hearts of the pious cottagers, by telling them that she earnestly wished to give them all the help she could, and that she hoped to have missionary meetings and a missionary society in the village.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

“Thou art fairer than the children of men”—
PSAL. XIV. 2.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise
Whose glory shines through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds his beams of light divine
On this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He.
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No fears to quell, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Bonar's Bible Hymn Book.