

That this sad case may not be yours,
 No doubt is your desire ;
 That now the Saviour may be yours,
 Your Hearts he doth require.

"My son," says Christ, "give me thine heart ;
 Now is the accepted time ;
 Salvation you may have to-day—
 To-day will you be mine?"

What condensation, oh how great,
 Doth God to mortals show:
 To ask their hearts, to ask their love,
 That they to Heaven might go.

Their great decision, oh how great,
 Mortals to God must give ;
 God speaks to everyone, and says :
 "Look unto me and live!"

The Broad and Narrow Way.

BY J. B. READ.

Two classes in this world we see,
 Two masters they obey ;
 Two roads they all are travelling,—
 The *Broad* and *Narrow* way.

Deep are the plans which Satan lays
 To draw the heart from God ;
 Of his devices we are told
 In God's most holy Word.

To please our weak and sinful flesh,
 Strange schemes oft he contrives,
 To rob our souls of joys above,
 By vanity and lies.

The age, the rank, the taste of all
 He lays his plans to please ;
 Until the soul is in his grasp
 He craftily deceives.