

THE SAINT'S HOPE.

Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise,

WATTS.

YE WHO ARE AGED, COME TO
JESUS.

With you the morning of life is over.—
You have reached the mountain top, or
are travelling down the valley on the other
side. You are rapidly drawing nearer to
the tomb. Perhaps you are still busily
occupied in the necessary labours of life;
or inclination and the love of gain may in-
volve you in many engrossing cares. But
forget not the "one thing needful." We
can do without anything else, even life it-
self; but we cannot do without Jesus.—
The salvation of the soul is the one thing
needful. You have been busy for many
years in the concerns of this life, but as yet
have found no time for religion. Your
chief business is not even begun. But
what trifles are all things else in comparison.
In a few years it will be of no consequence
whether we were rich or poor; but it will
be of infinite consequence whether we
come to Jesus or not. Multitudes have
died around you. Neighbours and friends,
many with whom you were at school, or
started in life, are in their graves. You
have been spared. But you might have
been cut down as a barren tree—unpre-

pared. God's forbearance may be almost
spent. Soon the sentence may be pro-
nounced, "Cut it down; why cumbereth
it the ground?" Perhaps you are advanced
in years. My aged friend, how many
solemn warnings bid you prepare. Your
wrinkled features, whitening hair, decaying
strength, loudly tell you that the end is
near. You are tottering on the edge of
the grave. The young *may* live many
years, but you *cannot*. Soon, very soon,
you *must* die. Oh, how dreadful to stand
before the Judgment-seat of Christ, and
give an account of a long life spent in re-
jecting him—of thousands of Sabbaths and
sermons and privileges neglected. O then
come to Jesus now. Lose not a moment.
You have not one to spare. You have in-
deed hardened your heart, and made re-
pentance more difficult by neglecting reli-
gion so long; but if you earnestly implore
the help of God's Holy Spirit, he will
grant your petition even now. It is not
too late. Though you have so long refused
to listen to him, Jesus has not ceased to
speak to you. Still he says, "Come unto
me." He loves you still. He is waiting
to save you still. Oh, trifle with him no
longer. Look back. Death comes striding
after you with rapid steps; he is very near.
Judgment is close behind, and hell follows.
They are on the point of seizing you—
Flee this moment to Christ. Come to
Jesus. He alone can save.

See Matt. vi. 19-24; Luke x. 40-42;
xiii. 6-9.

FIRST LOVE.

Little Johanna used to read a chapter of
the Bible to her mother every morning.—
What a kind mother she had to make
her acquainted so early with the Word of
God!

One morning she read the fourth chap-
ter of the First Epistle to John. When
she arrived at the nineteenth verse, she
read—

"We love Him, because He first loved
us."

"Whom do we love?" asked her mother.

"God, the Lord," answered Johanna.

"And who loved us first?" asked her
mother.