

Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life.

Will any of you still refuse the gracious offers of Christ? Will he ever look upon any of you and say, when it is too late for repentance, too late for reparation, "Ye would not come unto me, that ye might have life."

Seek ye then the Lord while He may be found.
Call upon Him while he is near. Draw nigh to Him the next opportunity afforded you in the ordinance of the Holy Communion, and, as you do so, may it be yours to feel you can say—

"Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly good,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquets and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art near;
Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet passing points to the great feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love."