

If doings prove rather too light
 (A little they own they may fail),
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting His name in the scale.

Some style Him "the Pearl of great price,"
 And say, He's the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys ;
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute Him, betray.
 Oh ! what will profession like this
 Avail in His terrible day ?

If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, He's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;
 My Shepherd, my trust and my Friend,
 My Saviour from *sin* and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

Reader, what think you of Christ? Is He your Saviour?—that is, has He saved you? for if He has not saved you, He is not your Saviour, though He be the Saviour of others. If Christ has not saved you, you are lost, and if cut off in this state you will be lost for ever—you will never enter heaven; and your keenest anguish and heaviest condemnation will be that you have rejected the message of mercy now proclaimed to all, and refusing to receive Christ as your Saviour, you have refused salvation.

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