

alive. He invites you to come to Him, that you may partake of all that is within Him, that He may make you now and for ever safe, peaceful, and happy men. You are as welcome to enter this hiding-place as you were this morning to enter this church. There is nothing to keep you out of it, except it be your own unwillingness to go in. But enter it you must, or destruction will overtake you. It is not hearing of it, or looking at it, or admiring it, that can save you; you must get within it. In other words, you must flee to Christ as a Saviour for your own guilty souls. With a lively faith in His willingness and power to save you, you must commit your souls to Him to be saved. Think of a man in a wide desert discovering a fearful storm rising, and flying to the only shelter he can see for safety; and when he gets up to it, finding an open door, and joyfully, though perhaps fearfully, venturing in. There is a picture of a sinner who has really come to Christ for salvation. And think of another man in the same desert. He is told of the coming storm, and he professes to believe that it is coming, but he is amusing himself with his fellow-travellers, or he is picking up the pebbles at his feet, and you cannot move him; you cannot get him even to look at the refuge you tell him of; or, if he does look at it, and you even prevail on him to move towards it, he stops, sits down in the way, and talks about it, and says, "I am resolved to enter it by and by." There is a picture of thousands who hear of Christ and His salvation, and sink down in the grave without an interest in them. They perish within sight of a refuge; almost saved, but altogether lost.

Poetry.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho! ye who in noble work
 Win scorn, as flames draw air,
 And in the way where lions lurk
 God's image bravely bear;
 Though trouble-tried or torture-torn,
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
 Still springeth from the cloud;
 And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,
 But pain's fire-chariot rode.
 They've battled best who've boldest borne,
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow,
 Doth into glory burn;
 And tears that from love's torn heart flow
 To pearls of spirit turn.
 Our dearest hopes in pangs are born.
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cément shrouds,
 And stars bejewel night;
 God-splendors live in dim heart-clouds,
 And suffering worketh might.
 The murkiest hour is mother o' morn
 The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

GERALD MASSET.