

The earth, and all things we can see, must decay,  
 Like a dream of the night they will all pass away ;  
 Will thy soul like a vapor vanish? Ah! no,  
 That soul is immortal for weal or for woe.

Yet you peril your soul, a sorrowful tale,  
 For trifles as light as the air you inhale,  
 When God tells thee plainly the way thou should'st go,  
 Why tread the dark path that leads downward to woe?

Should you die in your sins will the fault lie with Him  
 Who gave his loved Son thy lost soul to redeem?  
 It cannot; God ever desires to forgive—  
 His wish is that all should leave evil and live.

Will it lie with the Saviour who died on the tree,  
 That thou from dread judgment should ever be free?  
 Ah, no! His own word places that beyond doubt,  
 Who e'er comes to Me I'll in nowise cast out.

Christ's wondrous affection what darkness can dim,  
 He wept o'er the city that crucified Him,  
 And such was His love, that when sinking in death,  
 He prayed for His foes ere He gave up His breath.

No! poor wretched sinner the fault lies with THEE,  
 God woos thee in love and from Him thou dost flee,  
 Yet all will be well if you heed his bless'd cry,  
 Oh! turn you from evil, for why will ye die?

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