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The Sunday School Guardian

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THE FOUR CALLS.

THE Spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded, "Let me in ;"
But ah, the door was bolted
And barred by childish sin.
The child said, "I am too little ;"
There's time enough to-day ;
I cannot open ; sadly
The Spirit went His way.

Again He came and pleaded
In youth's bright, happy hour,
He called, but heard no answer ;
For, fettered in sin's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly ;
And crying : "Not to-day ;"
For I must have some pleasure,"
Again He turned away.

Again He came in mercy,
In manhood's vigorous prime ;
But still could find no welcome
The merchant had "No time"
To spare for true repentance,
No time to praise and pray ;
And thus, repulsed and saddened,
The Spirit turned away.

Once more He called, and waited,
The man was old and sad ;
He scarcely heard the whisper,
His heart was seared and bad.
"Go, leave me. When I need Thee
I'll call for Thee," he cried ;
Th n, sinking on his pillow,
Without a God he died !

JOSEPH BEFORE PHARAOH

At Othan by his cruel brethren sold
To the wild Ishmaelites, toward Egypt bent,
The youthful Joseph in his grief behold,
But God was with him wheresoe'er he went.

By falsehood wronged, and into prison thrown,
His true nobility was still displayed :
His virtue like the cloudless sunshine shone,
And blest a d prospered all he did and said

Called from the prison, see him calmly stand,
In conscious rectitude and sense of right,
Unmoved amidst the princes of the land,
Before the throne of Pharaoh in his might.

And there, with wisdom all divine imbued,
He solves the mystery of prophetic dreams,
And tells of famine year by year renewed—
Seven years on which no harvest-gathering beams.

See Pharaoh draws from his own hand his ring,
And puts it upon wondering Joseph's hand ;
"None shall be great as thou except the king,
See ! I have made thee ruler of the land."

Clad in a royal vest—with chain of gold,
Next to the king he rides, for ever free,
While heralds of his chariot cry, "Behold,
Your ruler and deliverer—bow the knee !"

So Joseph prospers—sent before of God
To save a nation in its hour of need ;
The captive issues from his dark abode,
Great Egypt's millions to sustain and feed.

So Jacob's tears all brighten into joy,
For God sent Joseph to preserve his life ;
He never thought to see his darling boy,
Or end his days in Goshen free from strife.

Wouldst thou be happy ? Do as Joseph did ;
Strength grows with virtue and with sin withheld,
And though God's ways in mystery may be hid,
All things shall work together for thy good.

A SWEET little boy, four years old, was one night observed by his female attendant to be wakeful, and apparently engaged in thought. "What troubles you, dear?" he was asked. "Oh!" said he in reply, "the Bible says the f oxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but dear Jesus had not where to lay His head! And I have such a nice, comfortable bed, and yet I am often naughty. O! will God forgive me?" Here his voice, which had been tremulous with feeling, became quite choked, and he burst into a flood of tears of penitential sorrow.