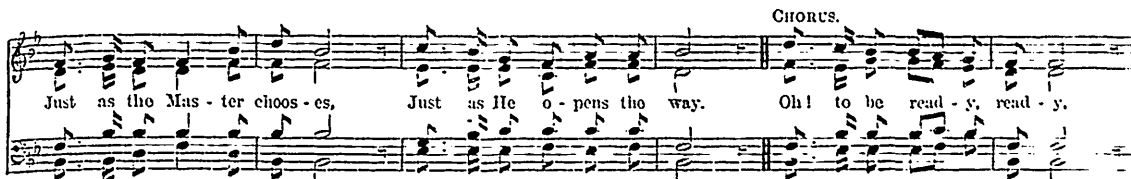
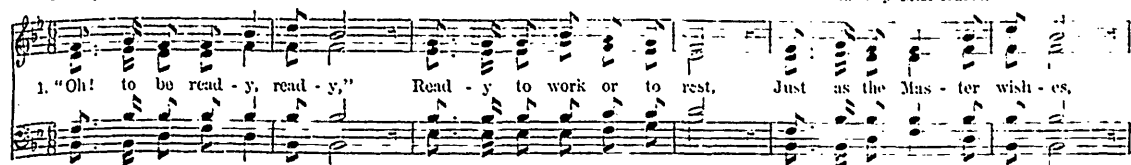


"OH! TO BE READY."

Words by I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Harmonized by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH.



2 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready God's word to obey;
Shunning the path of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to suffer His will,
Whom the Lord loves He chastens,
Chastens for good not for ill.

3 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to go at His call.
Over the cold, dark river,
Flowing so near to us all.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready my dear ones to meet,
Shouting the Saviour's praises,
Casting their crowns at His feet.

4 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to join in the song,
Filling the courts of glory,
Sung by a numberless throng.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready with Jesus to dwell;
Saved evermore in heaven,
Saved evermore from hell.

writings had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrid to witness." These are awful facts and foreshadowings after a life of infidel pleasure.

I once read the memoirs of two men whose lives ran side by side, but in whose end the contrast was deeply instructive. Both were born in the year 1800; both lived unto the third quarter of the century; both were men of genius and culture; both had access to the first literary circles of Europe; both were writers of celebrity. One was a sceptic; the other a firm believer in Christianity. The one, John McLeod Campbell, closed his days in a calm evening of serene, unbroken repose. His last words were, "What a rest to know that I am in my Father's hands!" The other, Heinrich Heine, wrote before his death, "I am very wretched; I am almost mad with vexation, sorrow, and impatience." His last letter contains these words: "My brain is full of madness, and my heart of sorrow; never was poet so unhappy in the fulness of fortune which seems to make a mock of him!" Thus died the sceptical poet of the gay world of this era!

One of the most accomplished and gifted of authoresses has told us that dark doubts on divine subjects once shrouded her spirit. As she looked up at midnight to the vault of the heavens, and saw the stars moving in serenity and order, the thought came over her troubled spirit—"The Creator of those orbs must take an interest in me, His rational creature. I held to nothing but a dim hope of His existence. I will take my dark mind to him, and ask Him for light. Prayer shall be with me the 'test of truth.'" To that sincere cry the answer came. Her heart, intellect, and conscience found rest in Christ; the Bible became to her an exhaustless fount of wisdom; in mathematical culture and in musical taste she became distinguished, and her life became signally useful and saintly. Two eminent men were lifted out of their doubts by the promise in Luke xi. 13. "If the Bible be true," they reasoned, "the Lord will give His Spirit to them that ask

Him. We will put this promise to the proof." The one—John Newton—became the most influential preacher of the Gospel in the British metropolis; the other—William Wilberforce—became one of the best, most useful, and most honoured of statesmen.

My brother, let this be the test of your sincerity. Will you earnestly and perseveringly ask God to fulfil His promise in you?

GEMS FROM THE WORTHIES.

STONER.

"If you wish to see extraordinary effects you must use extraordinary efforts."

"God follows you out of your bed-chamber with a jealous eye, to see what book lies nearest your heart."

"Let the fire be always burning brightly and ardently on your own altar, wherever it may blaze or blink beside."

"Cease to sin, and we will cease to tell you that Satan is your master, that hell is your home, and eternal torment your portion."

"It is our exalted privilege to have all the feelings of nature sanctified, and blessed to our increase in holiness. By this every drop of natural sorrow will be mingled with drops of spiritual comfort and sanctifying grace."

"Time is momentary duration; eternity is duration without end. Time is fleeting; eternity is stationary. Eternity's Reason staggers; calculation reels; our weary head's imagination is paralysed. The minds of angels are infinitely too contracted to grasp the mighty idea of eternity. Yet you will not repent, though urged to it by the solemn warnings which threaten an eternity of woe?"