

She shall walk in light in a robe of white
And a radiant crown shall wear.'

"Thou hast heard the terms, my lady fair,
That each has offered for thee ;
Which wilt thou choose and which wilt thou lose,
This life or the life to be ?
The figure is mine, but the choice is thine.
Dear lady, which of the three ?"

Nearer and nearer the preacher's stand
The gilded chariot stole,
And each head was bowed as over the crowd
The gospel accents roll ;
And every word which the lady heard
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she kindly said,
As she rose from her cushioned seat ;
As the crowd made way, you might almost say
You could hear her pulse's beat :
And each head was bare as the lady fair
Knelt down at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels rare,
The coronet from her brow,
"Lord Jesus," she said as she bowed her head,
"The highest bidder art Thou ;
Thou hast died for my sake and I gratefully take
Thy offer—and take it now.

"I know the pleasures and treasures of earth
At the best but weary and cloy ;
And the tempter is bold, but his honours and gold
Prove ever a fatal decoy ;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best :
O Lord, I accept it with joy !