

The whirlpool opes  
 For the gallant prize ;  
 And with all her hopes  
 To the deep she hies !  
 But who may tell  
 Of the place of woe,  
 Where the wicked dwell—  
 Where the worldlings go ?

For the human heart  
 Can ne'er conceive,  
 What joys are the part  
 Of them who believe,  
 Nor can justly think  
 Of the cup of death  
 Which all must drink  
 Who despise the faith.

Away, then—oh, fly  
 From the joys of earth !  
 Her smile is a lie—  
 There's a sting in her mirth.  
 Come, leave the dreams  
 Of this transient night,  
 And bask in the beams  
 Of an endless light.

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**B**EHOLD “the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men, hath appeared.” Will you have it? Will you accept your pardon through that precious blood?

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