

(Lines suggested on Rev. Father Ryan's poem on
 "Rest.")

Oh weary one ! there's news—good news—for thee ;
 There's rest—sweet rest,
 Just now, for all who in this life will flee
 To Jesus' breast,
 On Calvary's cross He full atonement made
 For all thy sin.
 He died (" 'Tis finished," were the words He said)
 Thy soul to win.

The justice of a holy God is satisfied ;
 Sin put away ;
 The Saviour has been raised and glorified ;
 Night turned to day.
 From heaven He speaks, as when on earth He
 spoke
 " Come unto Me."
 " Ye burdened ones—upon you take my yoke,
 And rest in Me."

Why not believe His word ? He asks thy faith
 In what He says ;
 And fruit abundant, as the scripture saith,
 Shall crown thy days.
 You need not wait until life's sun has set,
 Far down the west,
 For heaven begins, whene'er through faith you get,
 His glad—sweet rest.

Expect not rest through any works of thine—
 The precious blood
 Of Christ alone, through faith, by grace Divine
 Brings rest in God.

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