

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers ;
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A Milky-Way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flight and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.

—*Vaughan.*

THE GOSPEL.

What is the Gospel ? 'tis the glorious scheme
God has devis'd lost sinners to redeem ;
Good news of God's abounding love and grace
To every one of Adam's ruined race :
God does not will that any one should lie
In dark despair :—Hence gave his Son to die ;
He bore the curse which was the sinners due,
And turned aside the bolts which justice threw :
I come, he cries, to be the sinner's Friend ;
On me let justice' fiery darts descend :
'Tis done—Jesus the law hath magnifi'd ;
God honour'd is—Justice is satisfied :
The chief of sinners now may freely come
And plead successfully what Christ has done ;
Since Jesus died for all, he died for me,
For no respecter of mankind is he ;
O that each one of our apostate race,
Would unreservedly accept his grace ;
And by their future, holy conduct prove,
How high their estimate of sovereign love.

J. D.