

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
Be Thou my guide, be Thou my way  
    To glorious happiness.  
Ah! write my pardon on my heart,  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
    Let me depart in peace.

The minstrel ceased—the solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter, for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to the Saviour.

---

Unsaved reader, you are a lost soul! a *lost soul!* and the night cometh. A night that has no morning, a long, long, dark endless night, into which no ray of light shall ever come. Oh! lost, lost soul, your night has no morning.

The night of the Christian is illumined by the love of Jesus, and is terminated by a morning that has no evening, “for there shall be no night there.” Oh, think of that scene, that happy scene, “the city that had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, and there shall be no night there.” Eternal and unfading glory.

But listen, “the morning cometh, and also the *night.*” Oh, what a night, Christless soul! You go into eternity without Christ, and what is it? All night! all night! No morning to that awful night, and for a few passing hours of pleasure will you risk that fearful night?