

"Your grand fête-days, your fashions and ways,
Are all but perishing things ;
'T is the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings."

Then he cried, as he gazed on the lady fair,
And marked her soft eye fall,
"Now here in His name a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole—her body and soul,
Her coronet, jewels, and all ?

"Three earnest bidders already I see,
The world steps up as the first :
'My treasures and pleasers, my honours I give,
For which all my votaries thirst :
She'll be happy and gay through life's bright day,
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

"Next out speaks the devil and boldly bids :
'The kingdoms of earth are mine ;
Fair lady, thy name with an envied fame
On their brightest tablets shall shine ;
Only give me thy soul, and I'll give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth to be thine.'

"And what wilt Thou give, O sinners' true Friend,
Thou Man of Sorrows unknown ?
Then gently He said, 'My blood have I shed
To purchase her for Mine own ;
To conquer the grave and her soul to save
I trod the wine-press alone.

" 'I will give her My cross of sufferings here,
My cup of sorrow to share ;
Then with glory and love in My home above
For ever to dwell with Me there ;