

* * * "Well might we love the Psalm as they were so often quoted by our Saviour."

In the preceding remarks we have only furnished a sample of the facts and arguments by which is established the claim of the Psalter to exclusive use in praise, and by which we arrive at the conclusion that the action of the committee of arrangements, in excluding uninspired hymns from the devotional services of the late Presbyterian Council, was a concession, not to a "superstitious whim," but to a great established principle of the Bible that excludes from the ordinances of the Christian Church whatever bears not the imprimatur of "Thus saith the Lord."

WHOSOEVER.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Rev. XXII. 17.*

"WHOSOEVER—take it freely, whosoever will.
Does He mean it? does He want me? will He have me still?
For His gracious invitation I have slighted long,
Passed the Cross with taunt and laughter, idle dance and song."
"Yet He means it, yet He wants you, yet He loves you still,
Whosoever—take it freely, whosoever will!"

"But I've let this world, so eager with its carking care,
With its gettings and its graspings, all my soul ensnare,
And its selfishness so noisy for long years hath drowned
Those sweet words of loving welcome which from Calvary sound."
"Yet he means them, yet He wants you, yet He loves you still,
Whosoever—take it freely, whosoever will!"

"But I've sinned beyond all sinning; I have spurned His grace,
Sunk my soul in foul wrongdoing, dared Him to his face;
I have broken His commandments all defiantly;
Surely that kind, loving welcome cannot be for me."
"Only try it; only trust it; cast away your doubt,
Think if that true 'whosoever' can shut any out.
See Him standing, waiting, longing—hear Him pleading still,
Whosoever—take it freely, whosoever will!"

Doubting, trembling, thirsting sinner, hear the gracious call
Take, believe the invitation, which includes you all;
For the dying love that crieth "Whosoever will,"
Than your deepest depths of sinning goeth deeper still.
How He wants you! how He loves you! how He yearns to bless!
How He longs to cleanse your spirits, from their sinfulness,
Longs to throw an arm around you, shielding you from ill,
Saving you from self for ever, if you only will.

How your long distrust has grieved Him, you can never know;
Think you whence those living waters which He brings you flow
You are doubting love that suffered, Love that died for you,
Love that offers highest blessing—life, eternal, true.
Can you think how much it cost Him, and refuse it still?
"Take it freely, and for ever, whosoever will."