

I see already three bidders—
The World steps up at first:
"I will give her my treasures, and all the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall dance through each day, more joyous
and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst."

But out speaks the Devil boldly—
"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 pray, what hast thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows, unknown?
And He gently says, "My blood I have 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 suffering,
My cup of sorrow to share;
But with endless love, in my home above,
All shall be righted there;
She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,
And a radiant crown shall wear."

"Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,
That each hath offered for thee,
Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou lose,
This life, or the life to be?
The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady! which of the three?"

Nearer the stand of the preacher
The gilded chariot stole,
And each head was bowed, as over the crowd,
The thundering accents roll;
And every word, as the lady heard,
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she whispered,
As she rose from her cushioned seat.
Full well, they say, as the crowd made way,
You could hear her pulses beat;
And each head was bare, as the lady fair
Knelt at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hands the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
'Lord Jesus,' she said as she bowed her head,
'The highest bidder art Thou;
Thou gav'st for my sake Thy life, and I take
Thy offer—and take it now.

"I know the world and her pleasures,
At best they but weary and cloy;
And the Tempter is bold, but his honors and gold
Prove ever a fatal decoy;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
Lord, I accept it with joy!

"Give me Thy cup of suffering,
Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss,
Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering dross!
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross."

"Amen!" said the holy preacher;
And the people wept aloud.
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone
Around that altar who bowed.
Lady and throng have been swept along
On the wind like a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat,
A mightier throng, in an endless song,
The wondrous story repeat;
And a form more fair, is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.

So, now, in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care;

But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on you to share
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord;
Oh! will you not answer her—there?

Copies of this poem can be had from Alfred
Holness, 14 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

As Ye Have Opportunity.

(Lettice A. King, in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

'One morning,' said the cripple, 'as I was a-sitting in this chair, I began to grumble at the Lord. I had been hearing about a lot of work as other Christians was a-doing in the vineyard, so there I sat, a-grumbling at the dear hand.

'Them words was in my mind, "He that watereth shall be watered," and I said to the Lord, "If I could only go out and mingle with men, I could water and be watered, but here you keep me in this chair. You could give me the use of my limbs, then I might do something."

'Then he said to me quite gently, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good."

"Yes, Lord," I says.

'(Yes, Lord! Ah, that was the keynote of this man's life.)

'It wasn't ten minutes,' he continued, 'before a lady came in.

"Mr. H.—," she says, "I want to have a talk with you. I am in a difficulty," she says, "and I can't see my way clear."

'So she sat down, and we talked a couple of hours, and the dear Lord just showed me how to help her.

'Do you keep looking up to him while you are talking to anyone? I always do, that he may give me the words.

'When she got up to go, "Oh, I'm so glad I came," she says.

'Next morning a man came along, a pedler. His arm was in a sling.

"What's the matter with your arm?" I says.

'He ripped out an oath.

"I've broken it," he says, "and the thing won't get well."

"What did you say when you broke your arm?"

Uncle Dan leaned forward and looked very deliberately at an imaginary man.

"I said God d— it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, God heard your prayer!" Uncle Dan spoke quietly.

"Prayer?" he says. "Call that a prayer?"

"Yes," I says; "most certainly it was a prayer."

"Well, I didn't mean it for a prayer," he says; "I'm not one of your praying people."

"Now," I says, "If you'd said, 'God bless my arm, and forgive my sins,' that 'ud have been a better prayer."

'He sat down then, and I talked with him.

'Presently he asked if I would pray.

"Certainly I will," I says; "come right in here," and I wheeled my chair into the bedroom. He knelt down and I prayed.

"Now," I says, "you pray."

"I can't." Uncle Dan's tone expressed a kind of helpless sullenness. "Never said a prayer in my life."

"You prayed when you broke your arm," I says.

"That warn't a prayer," he says.

"Yes it was; now make a better one."

'He burst right out a-crying. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" he says.

'And with that he got up, and cleared out.

'Next morning he come in.

"Good morning," says he; "I can say a better prayer than yesterday's!"

"What's that?"

"I can say, Praise the Lord! I went home yesterday," he says, and sat down, and thought of my sins, and what a miserable man I was; and I confessed it all to the Lord, and asked him to pardon me and make a better man of me.

"Yes, I made it right with the Lord," he says; "and I never was so happy in all my life as I was this day!"

'I saw him last week,' added Uncle Dan, 'and he was a-keeping right on.

'Now, see how the dear Lord taught me a lesson? I never want to grumble again. If he wants me right here in this chair, well, it's right here I want to be.'

How Job Helped a Chinese Boy.

A Christian lady of Oakland, says the 'Congregationalist,' furnishes the following illustrations that have come to me of the grace of God bestowed abundantly on Chinese believers for service in the kitchen:

'Leu Yen worked in my family for nine years, and, though he was always a good servant, there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

'As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry on Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed; and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation; and the answer came readily and quick: "All right. Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash; very heavy quilt, too; and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up; then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again. Then I feel so mad, feel like I swear; then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over. He never swear; he praise God. Then I also praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

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