

of sorrow, when friends are far away, and there was none to help, she called upon Him, who has said to little children, "Come unto me." Mary had closed her eyes in prayer, and when she opened them she espied a lamb. It was seeking the tenderest herbs among the tall grass, and had strayed away from its mother and the flock, so that Mary saw at a glance she had a companion in her solitude, and her heart was gladdened, as if she heard the voice and saw the face of a friend.

The lamb was happy also. It played at her side, and took the little tufts of grass from her hand, as readily as if she had been its friend from infancy. And then the lamb leaped away, and Mary's heart went out after it, and she followed her heart. Now the little thing sports by her side, and then rushes forward as if about to forsake her altogether; and so she followed it, without any anxiety as to whither it would lead her. She was lost—she had no friend to help her in her distress—the lamb had found her in loneliness, and she loved it, and loved to follow it, and would go wherever it should go. So she went on; and the sun—a summer sun—was setting, and her shadow stretched away before her as if she were tall as a tree. She was thinking of home, and wondering if she should ever reach it, when the lamb, of a sudden, sprang away over a gentle knoll, and as she reached it, her sportive playmate had found the flock from which it had strayed, and they were both within sight of home. The lamb had led Mary home!

You see the bearing of this on your own case. You have wandered from your Father's house in pursuit of the follies and sinful pleasures of life; and oh, that like this child, you may feel your lost and wretched condition! Night—the dark and doleful night of death, is coming on, and dangers are thickening around you—dangers from which there is only one can deliver you. You know that you have a Father in heaven—a forgotten, neglected, and despised Father, but a Father still; one who is moved with compassion towards

you, and waits to be gracious unto you. And oh, if you will but lift your supplications to Him, then, like this lost child, with the eye of faith, just now blinded with tears of grief because you have wandered, you will catch a sight of the lamb—even of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, and which can take away your sin. And, like her's, your heart will go after the Lamb, and you will "follow Him whithersoever he goeth" till at last he will lead you through the dark valley, and from thence to your Father's house, where are "fountains of living waters," and where God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes!—*From Pearce's Voice in Rama hushed.*"

### COMING TO CHRIST.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John vi. 37.*

Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict—many a doubt,  
"Fightings within and fears without!"  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love I own,  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now, to be thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

### COME TO CHRIST.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God: Beloved, now are we the sons of God."—*1 John iii. 1, 2.*