

THE PRESBYTERIAN

OCTOBER.

BE YE ALSO READY.

It may be to-day
He will call me away—
So I'll stand at the gate
And patiently wait ;
And bear my great load
Up the rough, stormy road
With sweet, quiet rest,
To the land of the Blest—
To my home and my God.

Or it may be to-night
That the angels of light
Will raise this poor head
From its low suffering bed,
And bear me away
To the regions of day,
And crown me with health,
And undying wealth,
At home with my God.

The hour's on the wing,
So I'll joyfully sing,
For it cannot be long
Ere I join the bright throng :

And no suffering I fear,
For my Saviour is near,
And He'll bear my great load
Up the rough, stormy road—
To my home—and my God.

How small and how poor,
When my sufferings are o'er,
Will they seem to my sight
From that bright word of light,
And how wondrous the change,
When my spirit will range
Through the green pastures fair,
And by still waters there—
At home with my God.

WHEN IT IS ALL OVER.

WHEN it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that, instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadows of the cross.—*Edward Garrett.*