

THE THREE BIDDERS.

(An incident in the life of Rowland Hill.)

Just listen for a moment, kind friends,
 And a story I'll unfold—
 A marvellous tale of a wonderful sale
 Of a noble lady of old ;
 How hand and heart in an auction mart
 Her soul and her body she sold.

'Twas in the king's highway so broad,
 A century ago,
 That a preacher stood of noble blood,
 Telling the poor and low
 Of a Saviour's love and a home above
 And a peace that all might know.

A crowded throng drew eagerly near,
 And they wept at the wondrous love
 That could wash away their vilest sins
 And give them a home above ;
 When lo ! through the crowd a lady proud
 Her gilded chariot drove.

" Make room ! make room ! " cried the haughty
 groom,

" You obstruct the king's highway ;
 My lady is late, and their majesties wait ;
 Give way there, good people, give way ! "
 But the preacher heard and his soul was stirred,
 And he cried to the rider, " Nay."

His eye like the lightning flashes out,
 His voice like a trumpet rings ;