

Dear sinner, have you heard the voice of Jesus, and have His words entered your soul and found a resting place there! Oh! mark! believe the gracious message and live, "he that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already." A poor Indian cannibal mother may witness against you, one whose abominable crime was not too deep to be washed away by the precious blood of Christ. For if she could believe and be ready to die, how will you stand before the now Glorified One in unbelief!—remember "The fearful and unbelieving \* \* \* have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev. xxi. 8.

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"You know," said a Christian lady to a girl whom she found one day ill in bed, "that Jesus died for *us*."

"Yes," replied the feeble voice, "but I know something better than that, *I know He died for me*."

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March! March! March! Earth groans as they tread;  
 Each carries a skull, going down to the dead.  
 Every stride, every stamp, every footfall is bolder:  
 'Tis a skeleton's tramp with a skull on its shoulder.  
 But oh! how he steps, with high tossing head,  
 That clay-covered bone, going down to the dead.

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March! March! March! How lightly they tread,  
 Looking up to that One who rose from the dead.  
 Every stride, every step, every footfall is bolder:  
 'Tis a sinner draws nigh, with a load off his shoulder.  
 And oh! how he steps, looking up to his Head,  
 Who triumphantly rose from the midst of the dead.