

Hebrews 9: 27, 28.*

"It is appointed unto man *once* to die, after death the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

It is appointed men to die, and all must heed Death's urgent call,
 He comes alike to good and bad, to rich and poor, to great and small;
 He wends his way to city homes, he treads the busy thoroughfare,
 He calls the mother from her child, the business man from toil and care;
 He enters the door of the poor man's hut, and knocks at the mansion's gate,
 No pleading can turn his step away—no money can make him wait.
 He visits the attic, dark and drear—and the damp cellar, cold and bare;
 He takes the fairest from sunny homes, and heeds not the anxious prayer.
 He comes at the dawn of morning—at the heat of the noonday sun,
 At the golden glow of evening, when the work of the day is done.
 He gently glides to the bedside, in the dark and solemn night,
 And bears some loved one's spirit away, beyond our human sight.

It is appointed *once* to die—but *once* comes that dread mortal strife,
 As man is then, so will he live in darkest gloom, or endless life.
 Whene'er death calls, he must be obeyed; 'tis vain to sue him for delay;
 'Tis too late then to make amends to late to tune the heart to pray.
 Then thy Judge will be that Saviour kind, who is ever knocking at thy heart,
 And offering thee eternal life and peace that shall ne'er more depart.
 Oh scorn and reject not His offers now—for then it will be too late;
 Death opens the door of the Judgment-hall, and closes Mercy's gate.
 To those who accept the Master here, Death comes with a smiling grace,
 And welcomes them into the palace to see the King face to face.
 As men live here, so will they die; earth echoes the solemn refrain—
 it is appointed once to die—Death never can come again.

And after death the *Judgment*—when a great unnumbered band,
 Of every living soul, before the "righteous Judge" shall stand;
 And the sinner faints and trembles, and is filled with doubts and fears,
 As witness after witness of his great guilt appears,
 The Holy Spirit's gentle striving in his sinful, worldly heart.
 His mother's prayers—his pastor's words—yet he bid his Lord depart.

* These lines were suggested by an address given by Mr. Fegan in the "Mission Hall," on Sunday evening, 14th June, 1888, in which he dwelt on these points in his text: "Death comes to all—only *once*, the *Judgment*, and Christ bearing *our sins*," and he then urged all to accept Christ while there was yet time.

Now he stands before his Maker, to confess each idle word,
 And be sentenced to depart, forever, from the presence of the Lord.
 But at the "great white throne" there stands another brighter throng,
 Before the assembled world they sing the everlasting song.
 Their sins were deep as scarlet, too; their raiment black as night,
 But in the blood of Calvary's Cross they washed their garments white.
 Though sinners under Death's domain, all uncondemned they stand that day,
 "Complete in Him" whose precious blood has cleansed their every sin away.

Christ suffered *once* to bear our sins; He came from his home in heaven,
 And died on the Cross, that to all who believe, everlasting life might be given.
 He bore our guilt, He paid the debt—Oh! wondrous depth of love,
 And now He intercedes for us at God's right hand above,
 He is waiting and willing the sinner to save—come to Him while you may;
 Oh! close with His offer of mercy now—there is danger in delay.
 And still His tender voice is heard—that tender, pleading Come!
 That call to an elder Brother's love, and a heavenly Father's home.
 Surrender your all to His deep, true love, He will wash your sins away,
 And lead you on through the darkest night, till even is endless day,
 Till earthly joys are but trifles past, and earth's sorrows are felt no more,
 And we dwell with our Father in "perfect peace," on Jerusalem's golden shore.

KATIE.

"Too Late!"

THERE are no more melancholy words in the language than these. *Too late!*—I have heard them uttered by a brother, as, hurried home to see a dying father, he arrived only to be told that he had breathed his last; and not soon shall I forget the agony they then expressed. *Too late!*—I have known them uttered by a skillful surgeon, when he was summoned to the bedside of a dying man, and I have marked the sadness to which they then gave birth. *Too late!* I have heard of them uttered by an anxious crowd, as they stood gazing on a burning dwelling, and sadly saw the failure of those who sought to save the inmates from destruction. *Too late!*—I have known them uttered by the noble crew of the life-boat, when, as they put out to the sinking ship, they beheld her go down before their eyes, and "the freighted souls within her." But, oh! none of these circumstances are half so heart-rending as those in which the sinner who has despised his day must find himself when the terrible discovery is made that he