

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God, in any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When on the wings of prayer unborne
The world I leave.

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm of grief
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

THE FOUR CALLS.

The Spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded, "Let Me in;"
But ah, the door was bolted
And barred by childish sin.

The child said, "I'm too little;
There's time enough to-day;
I cannot open;" sadly
The Spirit went His way.

Again He came and pleaded
In youth's bright, happy hour.
He called, but heard no answer;
For, fettered in sin's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly,
And crying: "Not to-day."

For I must have some pleasure."
Again He turned away.

Again He came in mercy,
In manhood's vigorous prime;
But still could find no welcome—
The merchant had "no time"
To spare for true repentance,
No time to praise and pray;
And thus, repulsed and saddened,
The Spirit turned away.

Once more he called, and waited,
The man was old and sad;
He scarcely heard the whisper,
His heart was seared and bad.
"Go leave me. When I need Thee
I'll call for Thee," he cried;
Taen, sinking on his pillow,
Without a GOD he died!

THE CHRISTIAN'S FIRM BANK.

BY THE LATE REV. LAUCHLAN MACKENZIE
LOCHCARRON.

I have a never failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich
How can I then be poor?
'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat;
I'm glad to hasten to my bank
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
Why don't you oftner come;
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?
Why live so niggardly and poor.
Your bank containeth plenty,
Why come and take a pound note
When you might have twenty?

Yea twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum;
To what the Father has laid up
Secure in God his Son.
Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to bow;
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gave me more
Than asked for or expected.
Sometimes I feel a little proud
I've managed things so clever;
But ah! before the day was gone
I've felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes, with blushes in my face
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses kept me back
I surely must be damned;
I know my bank will never break,
No, it can never fail;
The firm, three persons in one God,
Jehovah Lord of all!

Should all the banks in Britain break,
The bank of England smash;
Bring in your notes to Zions bank,
You'll surely have your cash;
And if you have but one small note
Fear not to bring it in,
Come boldly to this throne of Grace,
The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits are rejected;
There's not a single note will pass,
That God has not accepted.
'Tis only those beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood
That ever had a note to bring,
These are the gift of God.

Though a thousand ransomed souls may say,
They have no note at all;
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So ruined by the fall.
This book is full of precious notes,
All signed and sealed, and free,
Though many doubting souls may say
There is not one for me.

Unbelief will lead the child,
To say what is not true;
I tell the soul that feels self lost,
These notes belong to you.
The leper had a little note,
"Lord, if thou wilt, thou can;
The Banker cashed his little note
And healed the sickly man."

We read of one young man indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in the Banker's book of Grace
This man was never found.
But see the wretched dying thief,
Hung by the Banker's side;
He cried dear Lord, remember me.
He got his cash, and died.