

"YET A LITTLE WHILE."

"Yet a little while"—and the months and years
Shall soon be number'd with the things that
were ;

And joy give place to sorrow ; smiles to tears ;
And rest divine, where once was strife and care.

"Yet a little while"—and the One we love
(Whose love for us has been so true and tried)
Will call His own unto Himself above,
To be for ever with Him, as His bride.

"Yet a little while"—and the robes of white
We shall be clothed in, and defilement cease ;
No shade of darkness sully His pure light ;
No harrowing care intrude upon our peace.

"Yet a little while"—and the night is spent,
And we shall enter on His endless day,
And His blest home, with hearts, oh, how content,
A scene which human words can ne'er pourtray !

"Yet a little while"—and the tear-dimm'd eye
Shall on the glories of our Jesus gaze ;
And hearts oft sadden'd, beat with holy joy :
And tongues oft murm'ring celebrate His praise.

THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, *save* in THE
CROSS of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the
world is crucified unto me, and I unto the
world."—Gal. vi. 14.

I would say a few words on the entire *end of
self* in THE CROSS—the *nothingness* to which it re-
duces us. How little do we know practically of