

THE MASTER'S CALL.

THEY tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,
 For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see;
 They say that at any moment the Lord of Life may come,
 To lift me from the cloud-land into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning : I may not even hear
 The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near ;
 Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall,
 The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He'll come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,
 When with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay ;
 Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,
 Up from the dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He'll come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night,
 When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light ;
 When the stars are softly shining o'er the slumbering land and sea ;
 Perhaps in holy stillness the Master will come for me.

I think I would rather hear it, that voice so low and sweet,
 Calling me out from the shadows, my blessed Lord to meet ;
 Up through the glowing splendours of a starry, earthly night,
 To "see the King in his beauty," in a land of purer light.

READ THE BIBLE—READ IT ALL.

Dr. Parker, the well known pastor of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London, has recently returned from his annual vacation, which he spent this year on the Continent. Giving his impressions and the lessons he had derived from a temporary absence from home, he stated that he was more than ever convinced of the necessity for purely biblical preaching,—the exposition of God's Word in all its scope and simplicity. The following Sunday morning, accordingly, his theme of discourse was the Bible. Having quoted the passages—"Search the *Scriptures*," "Let the *Word* of Christ dwell in you richly," "The sword of the Spirit which is the *Word* of God," and remarked on the unity, cohesion, and entirety conveyed by the phraseology of these texts, he proceeded :—

THE BIBLE *ought to be read right through*. It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and the tears, of God's Word. What would you know of our boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired towards the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me ;