

Oh! come with true repentance,  
Forsaking all your sin,  
Look forward unto Zion,  
And long to enter in!

Oh! come with all your troubles,  
Your poverty and sin,  
Your manifold temptations,  
A *new life* now begin.

Your Saviour waits to bless you,  
Helpless, and poor, and weak;  
Think not you are forgotten,  
For you He comes to seek.

Accept Him as your Saviour,  
Your Master and your Friend,  
He will be ever near you  
To comfort and defend.

Keep very close to Jesus,  
And value much His word,  
Pray that your faith be stronger,  
That you may love the Lord.

Resist the first temptation  
To do whate'er is wrong,  
For holy thoughts and actions  
A Christian true should long.

The means of grace are channels  
Through which great blessings flow,  
And only those who use them  
Their help and comfort know.

The Sabbath day keep holy,  
In God's house meet Him there,  
Fresh faith and courage gaining  
By praise and heartfelt prayer.

Train up your little children  
In ways of truth and love,  
Teach them to be like Jesus  
In the bright home above!

Be temperate in your habits,  
A good example set,  
Your influence may be helpful  
To some poor sinner yet.

So, treading in Christ's footsteps,  
And praying day by day  
For grace and perseverance  
To tread the "Narrow" way,

Earth's trials will be lighter,  
For Christ will share the load,  
And through the darkest valley  
He, too, will light the road.

A *peace* that passeth knowledge  
Shall be your very own—  
A *peace* that to the wicked  
Is never, never known.

A *rest*, too, for the weary  
And heavy-laden soul,  
That simply trusts in Jesus  
And longs to be made whole.

A *life*, too, everlasting,  
Beginning here below,  
Fulness of joy and pleasures  
Eternity will show.

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What is your life? A vapour,  
Which passeth and is gone!  
This *present* time is only  
What you may call your own.

The world and all its pleasures  
Will soon be swept away,  
Then in the Day of Judgment—  
Oh! what will be *your stay*?

Mrs. A. J. Thubb.

## ONLY A SERVANT.

"IT isn't the cap I dislike; but you see it is a sort of badge, and if I am only a servant, I don't care to show it in my dress," said Lucy, the young parlourmaid, as she was trimming up a new head-dress, and trying to make it look as little servant-like as possible.

"Don't say a badge, as if it were something to be ashamed of," said the housemaid, who looked like one of the good old servants that people say are rare in these days. "If there's one thing I'm more proud of than another, it's being a servant."

"Well, I'm sure!" said Lucy, too much astonished to say more.

The housemaid, whose name was Susan, continued: "I don't mean to say that servants haven't got troubles of their own, like other people; but when they think it beneath them to be servants, all I say is, they'll soon think it beneath them to be Christians too."

Susan stopped, and Lucy said she hoped she was as good a Christian as other people; but she didn't see what that had to do with it, and she would like very much to be her own mistress.

"That's natural, I suppose," said Susan; "though, for the matter of that, I don't know any woman who is her own mistress, unless it's some lone old maid or poor widow. Most of us are 'in subjection,' as St. Peter says—wives to their husbands, children to their parents—and it seems God's will that it should be so, therefore no doubt it is best for us. But when you talk as if there were shame in being a servant, you forget that our Lord Himself came 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' that is, to serve. 'He took upon Him the form of a servant,' as St. Paul tells us; and are you ashamed of being one?"

"I forgot that," said Lucy, in a changed voice. "I quite forgot that."

"Yes," said Susan, kindly, "we do too often forget it. But I'm glad you spoke what was in your mind. It has set me thinking of a dear old mistress I once had; and on her dying bed she said to me, 'Susan, I thank God daily for having given me a good servant.' Now I hope I'm not telling you this from any wish to praise myself, but just to show you what a blessing a good servant can be. My mistress used to say there was nobody could quite supply my place to her, though