

What's the News?

Where'er we meet, you always say,

What's the news? What's the news?

Pray, what's the order of the day?

What's the news? What's the news?

Oh! I have got good news to tell;

My Saviour has done all things well,

And triumphed over death and hell—

That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—

That's the news! That's the news!

To set a world of sinners free—

That's the news! That's the news!

'Twas there his precious blood was shed;

'Twas there he bowed his sacred head;

But now he's risen from the dead—

That's the news! That's the news!

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone—

That's the news! That's the news!

He's passed triumphant to the throne—

That's the news! That's the news!

And on that throne he will remain.

Until as judge he comes again,

Attended by a dazzling train—

That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—

That's the news! That's the news!

And many have redemption found—

That's the news! That's the news?

And since their souls have caught the flame,

They shout Hosannah to his name;

And all around they spread his fame—

That's the news! That's the news?

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—

That's the news! That's the news!

I feel the witness now within—

That's the news! That's the news!

And since he took my sins away,

And taught me how to watch and pray,

I'm happy now from day to day—

That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now—

That's the news! That's the news!

Your sinful hearts he can renew—

That's the news! That's the news!

This moment, if for sins you grieve,

This moment, if you do believe,

A full acquittal you'll receive—

That's the news! That's the news!

And then if any one should say—

What's the news? What's the news?

O tell them you've begun to pray—

That's the news! That's the news!

That you have joined the conqu'ring band,

And now with joy at God's command,

You're marching to the better land—

That's the news! That's the news!

R. R. W.

It is Hard to Die Without an Interest in Christ.

Mary Ann — was a beautiful girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, of an esteemed and intelligent family. Though acknowledging some regard for religion she gave it but little attention, and seldom allowed it an entrance into her thoughts; and, like many of those around her, she allowed 'the pleasures of the world,' and the deceitfulness of earthly joys, to withdraw her attention from the all-important things which 'made for her eternal peace.'

In a time of revival, when many of her young friends becoming pious, she was strongly and repeatedly urged to dedicate her soul to Christ. She listened respectfully to all that was said, and sometimes, under the solemn appeals made to her, a tear was seen to glisten in her eye; but still her heart was set upon the world, and she persevered in, putting off to a more convenient season, the concerns that THEN demanded her *immediate* consideration.

Soon after, however, she was taken ill. The physician was summoned to her bedside. He found her dangerously ill with the typhus fever. He alluded to the state of her soul; but she told him she was too weak then to converse with him. After an absence of several hours he returned, and found her on the brink of dissolution. 'The patient,' he says, 'had fallen into a state of stupor, so fearfully ominous of the fatal termination of the typhus fever.— The tongue and lips were covered with a dark tenacious fur, the speech was scarcely intelligible, and the eyes were partially closed. A sort of murmur or moaning was heard from her half-opened lips. Yet when called by name, she would open her