

THE SLAVE SET FREE.

Once I was bound by the fetters of sin,
My conscience condemned me, I'd no peace within,
I struggled for freedom, but struggled in vain,
The Devil He beat me again and again,
At last to the Saviour I came with my case,
He gave me Salvation, Salvation by grace,
And now the joy and peace I know,
I would not sell for "a picture show."

Salvation has made a most wonderful change,
My old friends have left me, they think I've gone strange,
From worldly amusements I easily abstain,
The theatre, etc., I treat with disdain,
Hockey and baseball to me are the same,
Let others enjoy them, for me they're too tame,
I find my delight in keeping God's law,
And would not forsake it for all OTTAWA.

GOD'S kingdom is first dear Brother to me,
I try to extend it wherever I be,
The thought of position or building a church,
I've left far behind me, yes left in the lurch,
Let others seek honour, and desire to rise,
I'm content to await my reward in the skies,
So my motive is pure, when I speak and I pray,
And I would not be double for all Canada.

The world is my parish, the "Harvest is great"
Iems and schisms can't alter my state,
I'll glean for my Master, like Ruth in the field,
But to cold forms around me, I never will yield,
My soul is on fire a revival to see,
How or where it may come is nothing to me,
I fight beneath God's banner unfurled,
And would not forsake it for all the world.

USELESS PRAYER.

Suppose you were to pray and sing,
To be a soldier of our King,
But don't enlist or do a thing,
Well that's a useless prayer.

Suppose you put up a petition,
That you might be a great musician,
But practice not nor take tuition,
Well that's a useless prayer.

Suppose to-night you should begin,
To pray to GOD for peace within,
But still hold on to wilful sin,
Well that's a useless prayer.

GOD'S order is confess, forsake,
Salvation on His terms you take,
Or all the prayers you like to make,
Will just be useless prayer.