

Dear sinner, God has loved you, too—
He gave His Son for such as you ;
Who took the ruined sinner's place,
And now He saves them by His grace.

And hence 'tis not of works, you see—
'Tis all of grace so rich and free,
The work was done when Jesus died,
And "it is finished!" loudly cried.

In God's own Word we plainly see
GOD SAVES, and for eternity ;
But not thro' works which we have done,
But by the blood of His dear Son.

* * *

My God, I would give thanks to thee
Thro' Jesus I'll get victory,
And, by that precious blood made nigh,
I yet shall reign with Him on high.

I would remember now, while here,
The coming of my Lord draws near.
Redeem the time, and watchful be
For Him who soon shall come for me.

Rom. v, 8.
1 Tim, i, 15.
Isaiah, liii, 5.
Ephes, ii, 8.

Eph. ii, 9.
Rom. xi, 6.
Acts, xiii, 41.
John xix, 30.

Isa. viii, 20.
Eccles. iii, 14.
Titus, iii, 5.
Epes. 1-7.

1 Thess. v. 18.
1 Cor. xv, 57.
Heb. x, 19.
Revel. xxii, 4,

Mark xiii, 35, 3
James v, 8.
Eph. v, 16.
Heb. x, 37.

HE that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.—(John iii. 36.)

Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.—(Job 36, 18.)

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