



How Does It Stand With You?

Say where is thy refuge poor sinner
And what is thy prospect today?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
And treasures that rust and decay.

O think of thy soul that forever
Must live on eternity's shore,
When thou in the dust are forgotten,
When pleasures can charm thee no more.

The Master is calling thee, sinner,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasures above.

To kneel at the cross where He suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave,
The arm of His mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.

The summer is waning, poor sinner,
Repent ere the season is past,
God's goodness to thee is extended
As long as the day-beam shall last.

Then slight not the warning repeated
To all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for my soul.

. . . . *Unknown*

*"Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is
the day of salvation" (2 Corinthians 6:2)*

*"Him that cometh to me I will no wise cast out"
(John 6:37)*