

SOMETHING WANTED.



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RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
56, Paternoster-row ;
BOLD ALSO BY J. NISBET, BERNERS-STREET.

SOMETHING WANTED.



My little friend, a moment stay,
My tale will soon be told;
Thou yet art young, and light, and gay
But I in years am old.
A moment let a word of truth
Thy wandering mind engage;
In every passing season, youth
May wisdom learn from age.

When I was yet a thoughtless child,
A lovely spot I found ;
It was a bower of roses wild,
With woodbines clinging round.
How light were then my earthly woes
Few cares my heart opprest ;
And every morn I pluck'd a rose,
And wore it at my breast.

One day, returning from the bower,
An aged man drew nigh,
Who calmly fix'd upon my flower
His lustre-lacking eye ;
A smile was on his face, but age
His body bended low,
And lines of thought, and wisdom sage,
Were graven on his brow.

I mark'd him as I lightly ran ;
His locks were thin and gray ;
And very old was that old man
Who met me in my way.
He paused awhile, and made a stand
My lovely flower to see ;
He gently took me by the hand,
And thus he spoke to me :—

“ Oh set your heart on better things
Than those on earth that bloom ;
The fairest earthly flower that springs
Will find an early doom.
And though you wander where you will,
Believe me, while you live,
A something will be wanted still
This world can never give.”

That aged man pass'd on his way,
I saw his face no more ;
And soon my heart was light and gay
As e'er it was before.
The fields were green, the sky was blue,
The bird sat on the tree,
And every balmy breath I drew
Was happiness to me.

But happy childhood swiftly flies,
And rolling years went round ;
And then my cares began to rise,
And many a grief I found.
Not every leaf was fresh and green,
That seem'd so fair and light ;
Not all was peace that look'd serene,
Nor gold that glitter'd bright.

Unnumber'd frailties pass'd along,
With fear and grief behind;
And sin a thousand sorrows flung
On erring human kind.
I saw, amid the deep distress
Of crime and earthly woe,
The world that peace did not possess
It promised to bestow.

In that dark hour the Lord of life
Affliction sent in love,
To wean me from a world of strife,
And raise my heart above.
My hopes that wither'd in my breast;
My fears a countless crowd;
And disappointments near me press'd,
And seem'd to cry aloud:—

“Oh set your heart on better things
Than those on earth that bloom;
The fairest earthly flower that springs
Will meet an early doom.
And though you wander where you will,
Believe me, while you live,
A something will be wanted still
This world can never give.”

Depress'd, and almost in despair,
In humbler paths I trod,
Convinced of sin, and pour'd my prayer
Before the Lord my God.



My soul, at his eternal throne,
By grace and mercy free,
Was taught that I could live alone,
Through Him who died for me.

I sought his grace, and then I found,
As on a starry night,
That, though the world was dark around,
The heavens above were bright.
E'en now, while thus my life I trace,
And mark my day's decline,
God is my strength : seek then his grace,
And thou wilt find him thine.

My spring and summer days are past,
And autumn, too, is fled ;
And I beneath the wintry blast
Must bow my aged head.
Oh learn from me, in faith and love,
Ere earthly joys are flown,
To fix thy heart on heaven above,
And trust in God alone.

Though now thy foot the hill can climb,
Lit by the sunny ray,
The morning of thy youthful prime
Is wearing fast away.
And soon thy faltering foot will learn
To step with cautious tread,
And Time with hoary influence turn
The hairs upon thy head.

E'en like a breath our days are gone!
No earthly power can save:
Without a pause we hurry on,
All hastening to the grave.
These beating hearts of ours are cold,
And pleasures turn to care,
And infancy and youth grow old
Before we are aware.

It seems to me a little space
Since youth its pleasures spread;
My heart was light, my glowing face
Like thine was rosy red.
The joys that promised ne'er to end
Beam'd brightly on my brow:
Remember this, my little friend,
And gaze upon me now.

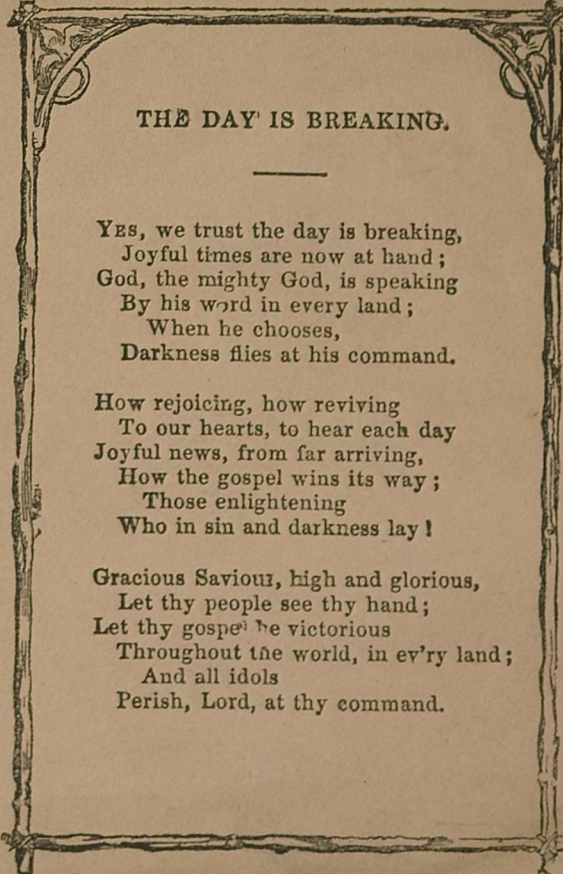
The longest life is but a span;
My locks are thin and gray,
And I am old as that old man
Who met me in my way.
He met me in the days of youth,
As thou hast now met me;
The words he spoke were words of truth:
Again I give them thee:—

“Oh set your heart on better things
Than those on earth that bloom ;
The fairest earthly flower that springs
Will find an early doom.
And though you wander where you will,
Believe me, while you live,
A something will be wanted still
This world can never give.”

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them,” Eccles. xi. 9; xii. 1.

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THE DAY IS BREAKING.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are now at hand ;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land ;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

How rejoicing, how reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way ;
Those enlightening
Who in sin and darkness lay !

Gracious Saviour, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand ;
Let thy gospel be victorious
Throughout the world, in ev'ry land ;
And all idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.