Hit the Trail.

Hit the trail, Oh Sinner, and hit it now! Magnificently Billy tells you how. Yield to Christ; to His royal mandate bow.

Hit the precious, blood-stained, homeward trail! Make sure of Heaven; do not, Oh do not fail! God will hear your penitent sincere wail.

Take a friend's advice, miserable old 'Pard'!
Hit the trail right now, and hit it hard!
Do not crucify afresh your loving Lord!

Too long you've lived in sin and shame. Come now to God! Come, come in Jesus' name, His power today and forever the same.

When Billy gives the call, arise to your feet!
Walk straight to the front; the devil will retreat.
There your Lord and Saviour you will meet.

Tell Him you are sorry for the way you live, And by His grace you will ever strive. The balance of your life to Him you'll give.

Receiving the witness of the Spirit within
No matter how dreadful a sinner you've been,
A Home in the "many mansions" you'll surely win.

WM. R. GOSLIN, FEDERALSBURG, MD.

Baltimore, Maryland, March, 1916.

Copyright March 11, 1916,
WM. R. GOSLIN.

Jrsus.

W S W D A Y When the storms of life are raging
And the world is bleak and cold,
Savior like a Shepherd lead us
Until we're safe within thy fold.
'Neath thy Cross we'll watch and wait
Dear ones soon we'll meet again,
And of all who bid us welcome
Yours will be the sweetest name.

Copyright, 1916,
By Wm. R. Goslin.

WM. J. SCOTT,
Baltimore, Md., Apr. 15, '16

1101625