

FACTS FROM FICTION

Many criminals now are trained

By gangsters on the screen;

While school boys love this sort of thing,

They practise all they've seen.

Those thrilling acts stay with a boy,

They're fastened on his mind,

And as he grows to be a man,

He grows to be that kind.

They see a chance to steal a car;

They've learned to crack a safe,

Or with a gun, hold up a bank

And give the cops a chase.

With hardened hearts they think it's fun

Such kind of deeds to do;

They do not reckon it's a crime,

But smart, if they get through.

This class of pictures on the screen

We surely should condemn;

They teach the boys from babies up

To be but wicked men.

Now object lessons can't be beat

When of a better kind,

They so impress the better things

Upon the heart and mind.

Our children need the best of care

Regarding what they learn

Between the evil and the good,

We must for them discern.

I don't condemn a picture show

When something good appears;

Good things impressed upon the mind

Will tell through coming years.

WILL YOU COME?

There is a Heaven bright, above,
A Hell to shun, below:
If you're not on the upward way,
It's down to endless woe.

The plane that's bound for Heaven's shore
Has room enough for all:
Now look to Jesus and be saved,
And enter at His call!

The day of grace is almost done:
Our Lord's return is nigh;
Then, if by grace you're saved through faith,
You'll meet Him in the sky.

The airport is Mount Calvary
Where sinners board the plane
Which takes us to a better land,
Beyond all grief and pain.

The passport is just, "Faith in Christ,"
He paid the fare, you see;
You're on the way when you can say,
"Yes, Jesus died for me."



BLISS

There is a land of blissful rest,
For us beyond the grave,
Where all in Christ are fully blest,
For whom He died to save;
And there to see His smiling face,
On that celestial shore,
And share the glories of His grace,
Is bliss for evermore.