

### THINGS OF TIME

The best within the net of Time  
We should not count too precious,  
For everything in Adam's line  
Was cursed within the meshes.

Now things of Time are passing by  
They're only for a season;  
All flesh as grass will surely die,  
And sin explains the reason.

But from within the net of Time,  
We look beyond the meshes  
To things eternal, things divine,  
If Christ to us is precious.



### WHY DID HE DIE?

Well might one ask the reason why  
The sinless Son of God did die.  
He knew our lost estate full well;  
And died to save our souls from hell.

For what He bore for you and me,  
Turn to Isaiah, fifty-three:  
This was fulfilled, yes all for us,  
When Jesus died on Calvary's cross.

In love for us God gave His Son,  
A sacrifice for every one,  
That all who will in Him believe,  
Shall everlasting life receive.

Through faith I entered mercy's door—  
Outside, condemned, I was before;  
But now in Jesus I am free:  
He died, arose and lives for me.

No other gospel will explain  
Why Jesus died and rose again,  
No other way, no other creed  
Can ever meet a sinner's need.

### THE CHRISTIAN DOCTOR

Do you think a Christian doctor  
Would, because of his degrees,  
Want to count it for a reason  
To devour all he sees?

If concerned about his patients,  
That should fill his heart and mind  
More than love for filthy lucre  
Which he'd only leave behind.

No, I think this is his motto,  
"Let the rich man pay his bill;  
But go easy with the poor man  
Who has many mouths to fill."

He, with means, can spread the gospel:  
He can also help the poor;  
He can use it in God's service  
In a hundred ways or more.

Yes, at heart he has his patients,  
And for them he has a prayer:  
With the hand of God to guide him,  
They will get the best of care.

He'll refer the lost to Jesus,  
Who can make the sin-sick whole:  
For it is the blood that maketh  
An atonement for the soul.



### TO THE SCEPTIC

When just the date  
Of your own birth  
Tells when the Lord  
Was here on earth,  
To spurn His grace  
Will seal your doom,  
With date of death  
Upon your tomb.