

DATES

When you start to write a letter,
What's the first thing on your mind?
It's the date up in the corner,
To its meaning don't be blind!

Dates substantiate the Bible,
That its teachings are divine,
For dates always point to Jesus—
He's the focal point of Time.

Did you ever think of Jesus
By the date of some event,
How He paid it all at Calv'ry?
All your due He underwent.

All the records under Heaven
With the dates that they go by,
Point to Jesus forth and backward,
To His coming here to die.

In your business, dates are needed,
And you reckon that is true;
But they all point back to Jesus,
Since He came to die for you.

REST

LIFE FOR THE DEAD

The gospel's a message prepared for the dead,
A life-giving message of why Jesus bled;
And when a poor sinner on Jesus believes,
His sins are all pardoned, and life he receives.

For Christ is the fountain of life from on high,
Where sinners may drink, who would tremble to die;
So while you are able, just stop now and think
And come to the life-giving fountain and drink.

We're born unbelievers and dead in our sin
But yet we are able this much to take in,
Tho' we are lost sinners, completely undone,
There's life in a look at the crucified One.

MY OLD VALLEY HOME

Dreaming now of the valley where streams ever flow,
And the cot on the hillside amid Nature's glow;
It's the place of my boyhood, that's why it's so dear—
So I'll ramble it over in mem'ry of cheer.

As I hear the cock's echo resound through the vale
I, again in knee trousers, trip down the old trail;
By the stream where I wander I hear lowing herds,
Water babbling o'er pebbles, and singing of birds.

Now the sun is just creeping in over the hills
Giving dew-drops a sparkle, and lighting up rills:
As it smiles through the foliage around every bend
It displays shining colours of beauty and blend.

Grazing off on the hillsides—the scenery is grand—
At the glories of Nature, amazed, here I stand;
Golden scenes of the Autumn which Nature did gild
Will surpass all the efforts of artist so skilled.

Many times here I wandered when only a boy,
The same beauties of Nature I did then enjoy;
Looking now all around me on every sweet charm
I can think of no other just like the vale farm.

I'll return to the cottage across the hills down,
And console my dear brother who longs for the Town;
As I wade through the river, again in my glee,
How the trees seem to whisper sweet mem'ries to me!

After climbing the hillside, I'm off from the brow,
Over land rough and hilly and awkward to plow;
Yet how natural the landscape and beauty of field
With the stubble here proving a harvest will yield.

Strolling down the green pathway, I draw near the cot
Which to me is, as ever, the most sacred spot;
While resides here my brother—still home it does seem,
But the absence of Mother o'ershadows my dream.