

### 'MID SHIFTING SANDS

All earthly things with Time shall fall,  
Change and decay we see in all;  
There's nothing certain in our plans;  
Our lot is cast 'mid shifting sands.

Our friends and all that's dear now fail,  
And leave us in despair to wail;  
Our treasures go with moth and rust,  
And soon we'll too return to dust.

Through faith we know the risen Lord,  
And rest assured on His own word,  
The second death we'll never see;  
For us He died, nailed to the tree.

When trials of earth upon us prey,  
Then Jesus is our guide and stay;  
We'll trust in Him and not despair,  
He'll lead us to a land more fair.

We know not what a day may bring;  
But we can pray, and praises sing;  
It's all of God, and He knows best;  
He loves us, and our faith He'll test.

Some day we'll soar above the skies,  
Beyond this vale of tears and sighs;  
It's only then we'll understand  
Our trials amid the shifting sand.

If by translation we should go;  
We'll not taste death, that dreaded foe;  
With Jesus then, all saints will stand  
And see the nail-prints in His hand.

Then like our Saviour we will be,  
Except the wounds that made us free,  
Clothed in His beauty, we shall shine  
Beyond the shifting sands of Time.

### THE TEN CENT DUDE

Puffed up with self, in feathers fine,  
You think you are a dandy;  
If debis were paid, you've not a dime,  
You couldn't buy the candy.

Why are you proud and feeling big?  
I'll answer here, the question.  
The trouble is beneath your wig—  
Your brain has indigestion.

You swell up so and think you're nice—  
It's just imagination;  
With selfishness and other vice,  
You waste your reputation.

Now in this stuck-up selfish mood  
You call yourself a christian,  
But what you are, more than a dude,  
It just remains a question.

A christian is beyond this thing,  
Unless the flesh is ruling ;  
A bogus coin has no true ring,  
Neither have you by fooling.

The way that's right always pursue—  
In all things do your duty!  
If not so handsome, don't feel blue!  
In virtues there is beauty.

### RE- VI

### DON'T SPOIL SUSAN

Don't tell Susan she is pretty  
It will only do her harm;  
If she's conscious of her beauty,  
She will lose her natural charm.

She'll grow selfish, proud and prouder,  
And attention she will seek;  
Then she'll be, with paint and powder,  
One more artificial freak;

Which is like to paint the lily,  
Or to tint the goldenrod;  
So beware! don't make her silly,  
And insulting to our God.