

SATISFIED WITH JESUS

I am satisfied with Jesus;
He is everything to me.
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

I am satisfied with Jesus;
Now, for me He's on the throne
Interceding with the Father:
All my ills to Him are known.

I am satisfied with Jesus;
He's my comfort, guide and stay;
O'er the hills and thru the valleys,
He will lead me all the way.

I am satisfied with Jesus;
Oh, what joy to know His love!
I can daily sing His praises
As I journey home above.

I am satisfied with Jesus;
I deserve no mansion fair:
Yet among the many mansions,
One for me, He's building there.

I am satisfied with Jesus;
Soon I'll reach that blissful home,
Where I'll share in full His glory,
Occupied with Him alone.



MAN'S GREATEST DISCOVERY

When you find yourself a sinner
Trembling on the brink of Hell,
You will truly find the Saviour
And His love you'll want to tell.

POEMS

POEMS CONCERNING
THE THINGS OF TODAY
AND
POEMS CONFIRMING
THE HEAVENWARD WAY

. . . . BY

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The Poets "Must"

Yet must the poet keep his feet
And beat it down the line;
And make his feet the accent keep
Or lose the swing and rhyme.

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OUR ANCESTOR'S LAMENT

One day I was kidnapped and placed in a zoo;
My offsprings now see me, but make no ado,
But rather the opp'site--of me they make fun,
This spoils our reunion as father and son.

Of course they are climbing in science and fame,
In trees I'm still climbing as ever the same;
To me it's a myst'ry when they appear shrewd,
If they are my offsprings, why then am I crude?

They can't say I'm human--I go on all fours
And live not in houses with windows and doors;
In every appearance I'm really too odd
To say I was made in the image of God.

I leap through the tree-tops, I dangle and swing
If I could learn music, I'd whistle and sing,
But I am not clever like people, you see:
There's no place I'm clever but up in a tree.

My age I can't tell you, I can't reckon time,
Although I still monkey, I don't earn a dime.
I never keep Sabbath--all days are the same,
I'm only a monkey with no other aim.

It makes me downhearted to think I am such,
It's clear I'm not human, that's why I'm not much
I should think of blessings, be thankful and calm:
Lamenting won't help it, I am what I am.

One thing, I am healthy, I get natural food,
With fresh air and sunshine, I'm physically good;
But people with science, they're always down sick,
They mess against Nature, and that does the trick.

My drink is clear water--no whiskey nor beer,
Lest I should get plastered and make people jeer;
Nor need I cosmetics or any such stuff,
I'm quite sure, without it, I'm homely enough.

Yes, simple and homely, that's how I was made:
I'm just a poor monkey, a hairy old jade,
Yet, "I'm the beginning of all human life"
Says science, not Scripture, just Darwin's device.

ACCEPTABLE SERVICE

We should seek to serve the Master
Here, as children of the day;
He will surely give us credit
If we do it in His way.

We will be as sons and daughters
In the service of our Lord;
And to us He'll be a Father,
If we seek to keep His word.

To obey is all that matters:
Never mind what others say.
When we call Him Lord and Master,
Let us serve Him in His way.

Some day soon we will be like Him
For we'll see Him as He is,
With the wounds received at Cal'ry,
There He died to make us His.



THAT GOOD PART

If we will truly serve our Lord,
Near Him we must abide,
Where we can humbly hear His Word,
Which is our only guide.
Yes, Mary chose the better part--
His words she valued more,
That she might serve Him from her heart,
And all His ways explore.

WE NEED CHURCH TRUTH

The local church, in early days,
Failed somewhat in its mission;
But now it's scattered many ways
To sects, through vain tradition.

Church truth in all is set aside,
For all is in declension:
The Spirit's leadings are denied
By ways of man's invention.

With much to lure the carnal mind,
And captivate the masses,
It's like a net with every kind
Entangled in the meshes.

We need church truth these trying times.
If from the sects we'll sever,
And keep our place on scriptural lines,
Around our Lord together.

Let him that hath an ear to hear
Hear as the Spirit told it;
And all assemblies far and near,
If scriptural should unfold it.

Then if we're truly saved by grace
And gathered 'round our Saviour,
And keep not in the scriptural place,
It's wilful misbehaviour.

But if we're sitting at His feet
And by His Word we're guided,
We can enjoy communion sweet
Around Him, undivided.



A WASTE OF TIME

It is folly to be seeking
In the world a place of fame,
For the Lord will soon be coming,
And it all will end in shame.

SPRING TIME IN THE GARDEN

O, how lovely is the Spring time,
With its smiling atmosphere,
Colours blending in the sunshine
And the songs of birds to cheer.

'Mid the flowers in the garden,
'Neath the arbor on the bench,
Seated here, we see the robin
In the font his thirst to quench.

Upon the balls that deck the walls
The squirrel is very frisky.
While 'round the pool the turtle crawls,
Which game would be more risky?

Hear the wood-pecker in the tree!
How sweet his little rhythm!
When pecking out a melody,
He's picking out his livin'.

The busy bee with mellow bass
Hums along in breezy style,
While on he goes from vase to vase
In sunny hours on the dial.

The gazing-globe we'll not reject
Because of making faces;
A general view it does reflect
Of beauty in all places.

In the garden 'mid the flowers,
In the woods and in the field,
God gives sunshine and the showers
That the earth its beauty yield.



"RIGHT IS MIGHT"

Who is more subtle, cruel or mean
Than Hitler will, his war machine?
He's fleeced his neighbors all around
And laid their cities to the ground.

With no regard for human life
He's well equipped for any vice;
But like a beast or selfish knave,
He's out to all the world enslave.

We know not what he'll next devise,
In artful treachery he is wise;
But in the finish of the fight
Right will triumph—for "Right is might"!

We must expect blow after blow—
In any war this must be so,
But come what may, we must endure,
If Freedom's flag waves on secure.

With many dark days yet ahead,
Many a heart will feel like lead;
But Right reserves the fatal blow
To lay the Nazi tyrant low.

God is supreme, He's over all,
And by His might all stand or fall,
Our cause is right, and in His hand,
So by his might, we'll surely stand.

~~72-51~~

EXHORTATION

A word to Christians I must say—
If we love God, why take our way?
We say we love to do His will;
But keep on in our own way still.

Now, since the gospel we have heard,—
If we love Him we'll keep His word;
The ways of men we'll lay aside,
And make His Word our only guide.

If like the world we still can be,
How can we help the blind to see?
How can we in the Lord rejoice,
Unless we make His way our choice?

The teachings that are not of God,
We'll sit and sanction with a nod;
But "ever learning" we can be,
And miss the things we ought to see.

To God for guidance we must pray,
If we are loosed from Satan's way;
For, as an angel here, of light,
He'll make us think that wrong is right.

If truth we seek, it's truth we'll find,
God will reveal it to the mind;
Then with discernment we will know
Our place as Christians here below.

~~72-51~~

CHRIST ALONE

Saved by grace thro' faith in Jesus
Not by works which we have done;
Fit for Heaven, here God sees us,
In the Person of His Son.

Christ alone is our salvation;
And on Him we rest secure;
For He is the Rock Foundation
Which forever will endure.

Don't neglect your soul's salvation,
For your sins the Lamb was slain,
Just to blot out your transgression,
Make you free from every stain.

MAN AT HIS BEST

Man's body is but dust, we read,
The soul the inner man,
The spirit is the mind to lead,
To reason, think and plan.
He's incomplete, though three in one,
For one thing yet he lacks,
And that's the Spirit of God's Son
To know eternal facts.

He knows not that which is divine,
Nor does he care to hear:
It's just the natural things of Time
For which he has an ear.
He disregards the grace of God
For man by sin depraved
And values not that precious blood,
Whereby he could be saved.

He builds upon some moral creed,
Or what he thinks is right;
But not until he sees his need,
Will he seek further light.
If once of self he gets a sight,
The gospel he'll obey,
And find salvation, life and light
In Christ without delay.

Man at his best is born in sin,
Though moral he may be;
Except a man be born again,
God's kingdom he'll not see.
As this applies to all mankind,
Our best will not suffice:
In Jesus, only, we can find
A perfect sacrifice.

He underwent our sin and woe,
And triumphed o'er our fall,
That love and mercy we may know:
The Cross reveals it all.
It's just on Jesus to believe-
There's nothing more to do:
By this His Spirit we'll receive,
And thus be born anew.

I DON'T KNOW

If I could place
The things I know,
Beside the things
I don't know,
I'd feel so small,
I'd want to crawl
Away somewhere
I don't know.

Then if conceit
Should say "I know",
Among the things
I don't know,
I'd pray for grace,
To keep my place
And frankly say
"I don't know".

MAN

GUARD YOUR CREDIT

Do not withhold a single cent,
Or hide around when broke or bent;
For if you start a shady trick,
You'll cause mistrust and soon a kick.
Respect yourself and others too,
Then all will have respect for you;
So try and do just what you say,
And when you owe, be prompt to pay.

If it should happen that you can't,
Just go and tell the circumstance;
And any decent-minded man
Won't keep you frying in the pan.

So, for your own financial good,
Unless your head is made of wood,
Please take from me this little tip,
And guard your credit lest it slip:.

THAT UNPAID BILL

Concerning now that unpaid bill,
To sue for it is not my will;
But if you are the upright sort,
I'll need not bring your name in court.

I would not class you as a crook
Because your name is on my book;
But you must soon make some attempt,
If from this class you are exempt.

So don't delay, have self respect,
The upright way do not neglect.
Don't play the fool, and bring disgrace
Upon yourself and all your race.

While gossip is a thing that's mean,
A wilful crook, we cannot screen.
He doesn't care, he has no shame,
And no excuse could shield his name.

Now if you're wise you won't get sore,
Nor these few lines will you ignore.
It's for your good to try and pay
Your honest debts without delay.

And this is all that I request,
That you will try and do your best,
And that you'll have no mind so ill,
As to evade that unpaid bill.

THE DOOR

The Door of Salvation
Is open today,
And all who would enter
Come now! Don't delay.

Don't try to climb over
And steal your way in;
But enter through Jesus,
Be cleansed from your sin.

Just come, now believing,
The gospel is plain;
'Twas only for sinners
That Jesus was slain.

There's no way but Jesus,
And He is the Door
To Life everlasting,
And joys evermore.



THE NAME I LOVE

The name of Jesus I love best,
It's music in my ear,
It thrills my heart, and gives me rest,
And drives out every fear.
When I was lost and lured by sin,
He had no charm for me,
But when I came, He took me in
And by His grace I'm free.
Now I can praise His holy name
And thank Him for it all.
He bore the cross—despised the shame
To save me from the fall.
He suffered in my room and stead,
All Hell He did defeat;
In love for me His blood was shed—
What name could be more sweet?
Some day His blessed face I'll see,
No longer here I'll roam;
With His sweet smile He'll welcome me
In that eternal home.



IS THERE NO GOD?

"There is no God," the fool hath said,
In Psalm fourteen, of him I've read.
He has no prayer, nor song of praise,
No God to meet one earnest gaze.

How can a man be quite so blind,
When Nature so displays God's mind?
"But, there's no God, It's Nature's art,"
Still says the fool within his heart.

He is depraved in all his works—
A tool for all the Devil's quirks;
But, with no knowledge from above,
He knows not God, the God of love.



IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

It nothing to you, all ye that pass by,
At Jesus in sorrow did suffer and die?
Are's no sorrow like His, the Scriptures declare,
It nothing to you, how can you not care?

A punishment due to a world that is lost,
Sins bore it in full; oh, think of the cost!
Sins, the cross He endured, despising the shame,
Died for sin, by sinners, was cruelly slain.

Why neglect or reject this wonderful love?
Seek and to save us, He came from above.
Left Heaven's glory to die on the tree,
Save guilty sinners like you and like me.
The depths of His sorrow can never be told,
For the breadth of His love we'll ever unfold.

THE POLITE THIEF

His entrance is by credit's door,
He has no ready cash in store;
Fair enough, he'll make a bargain,
But his terms are always chargin'.

None can go beneath his level,
He's as slippery as the Devil,
With no intent to ever pay,
He'll take the goods and go away.

Everywhere in village and town,
His name in shame is going down;
He owes the firm, he hooks the clerks,
From all attempt to pay he shirks.

Shame on the man with such device,
Who self-respect will sacrifice!
His selfish heart is hard as stone,
All decency is overthrown.

Now such work consider ceasing,
It's yourself that you are fleecing;
Why sell yourself to be a crook
And dodge around with guilty look?

"Well, I can't help it," some will say,
"They all beat me and I can't pay."
Oh, yes, sometimes it may be true,
This need not make a crook of you!

The honest man without a pound,
With open face will come around;
Respect and mercy for that man,
For he will do the best he can.

All bitten victims surely then,
To these few lines can say "Amen";
And if we still are not insane,
We'll cut down on the credit game.

OUR TOWN

When people come to Tillsenburgh,
They say it's quite a town;
We have the stores and factory floors,
Of credit and renown.

We have the highways in and out,
It seems that we are blest,
And railways, too, are passing thro,
To North, South, East and West.

We have the gas and hydro here,
Which keeps the town aglow,
The water line will any time
Give us sufficient flow.

We have the schools and churches, too,
The Bible and good books;;
But even then, all business men
Agree, we have the crooks.

~~THE~~

LIVE IT DOWN

If by mistake or foolish move
You've caused disgrace and trouble
Stay in your town and live it down
And prove you're not a bubble.

It is the folk of lower grade
Who are the first to tattle.
With upright face stay in the place
And never mind their prattle.

They'll soon pick up another line
To string about some other;
And while they jest, you'll have a rest—
So don't lose courage, brother!

When by mistake you're in disgrace,
With care you'll rise above it.
If heart is right, you'll lose the blight
And gain a name they'll covet.

A GLAD FAREWELL

I'm going home to mansions bright,
On that celestial shore,
Where Christ, my Saviour, is the light
And death will be no more.

More fully then I'll understand
The myst'ry of His love,
When He fulfilled the law's demand,
That I might dwell above.

He loosed me from the jaws of Hell
And made me nigh to God,
And saved me from a sad farewell,
By virtue of His blood.

Now, when I see Him face to face,
On that celestial shore,
There, on the ground of sovereign grace,
I'll praise Him ever more.

~~THE~~

AM I ON THE ROCK?

Have I really heard the story
Of the Saviour and His love?
Will I be with Him in glory,
In a mansion bright above?

Is He waiting my decision,
As the precious moments fly?
If I linger in derision
He will surely pass me by.

Am I free from condemnation;
Is His blood my only plea?
Yes, I'm on the rock foundation,
For I know Christ died for me.

'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 fall,
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.

22-24

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:
Thea 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.

THE SPENDTHRIFTS' SOLILOQUY

Never was there quite so many,
What a problem we must be!
Back in old times was there any
Who could spend so lib'rally?

We can freely spend our money
We don't have to look ahead,
They'll provide us milk and honey,
And a coffin when we're dead.

Helps received we cannot mention,
They're too many here to tell,
And in old age there's the pension—
We are surely cared for well.

We are furnished with protection
In a hundred ways or more,
And because we lack perfection
Wages earned, they hold in store.

We've been blessed with education,
Yet can't manage our affairs;
They're afraid we'll meet starvation,
So relieved us of our cares.

Some among us use their senses
And in spending they are wise,
But they're counted "stingy cusses"
And their presence we despise.

Yet it makes one feel like quitting
When there's not a cent in store.
Makes no difference what we're getting,
We can spend it all, and more.

Though we don't possess a nickle
We look smart, so finely clad.
But we're always in a pickle.
Short of cash and pleasure-mad.

It's the law in many cases
Taking now us birds in hand!
They are forming legal bases—
Only props to help us stand.

THE SAVIOUR IS WAITING

The Saviour is waiting, how long will it be
Till visions of mercy shall break upon thee?
In love He is willing your soul to release;
His patience you've proven; why can you not cease?

Alone in sin's darkness, in danger you stand;
And yet you're rejecting the help of His hand.
In love to poor sinners, Christ died on the tree;
In Him there is mercy, and pardon for thee.

By faith look to Calv'ry, and list to His call;
Why yet do you linger? There's mercy for all.
The Saviour is waiting; He welcomes today;
There's no condemnation for sins washed away.

THE

COMING JUDGMENT

When Jesus comes, all saints will go,
Earth then reveals that man of sin
And soon the judgment tide shall flow
On every nation, tribe, and kin.

The Son of Man will then appear,
God's righteous judgment to display;
The wicked then shall stand in fear
And will in vain for mercy pray.

The harvest then is truly past,
The summer days are at an end;
The doom of earth is sealed at last
By One whose mercy would defend.

The way is broad to endless wrath
And millions now are travelling there;
While on the straight and narrow path,
The few in Christ will Glory share.

REAPING WHAT WE SOW

Whatever we sow, that shall we reap—
It's for a harvest growing
And at our feet ill things will heap,
If to the flesh we're sowing.

We're either sowing good or ill—
On good or ill we're feeding
If it's with ill our lives we fill
We're others downward leading.

But when we're truly born of God,
And careless in our seeding
In love, our God spares not the rod
If we neglect the weeding.

When to the Spirit we can sow
It's not in vain, our casting.
In Christ we'll show the life we owe
And reap life everlasting.

THE

WHY LINGER IN DARKNESS?

Why linger in darkness when Christ is the Light?
He's longing to save you, and guide you aright;
He bore in His body our sins on the tree,
Procuring a pardon for you and for me.

Why linger in darkness? it may be your last;
If death overtakes you, your chances are past.
To shelter and safety, Christ still is the Door,
But Him you pass by, and His mercy ignore.

Why linger in darkness, why do you not fear,
When judgment you're facing for all your career?
Your sins are recorded, each day's full amount:
In darkness forever, you'll face the account.

Why linger in darkness? There's nothing to gain,
But just a sad ending in sorrow and pain;
Christ settled forever the question of sin:
Consider His mercy, take shelter within!

THE SPENDTHRIFTS' SOLILOQUY

(continued)

Helps will never solve the question,
All we need is work to do,
Then keep out is my suggestion,
Let us row our own canoe.

Every man, with health and senses,
On his own feet he should stand!
He should pay his own expenses,
And have surplus cash on hand.

Self reliance we are needing
Linked with caution for each day.
Why among the helpless feeding
When we've strength to make our way?

THE

JAZZ

I don't know what they see in jazz,
A squeally, squaking sound it has—
They rake and file and thump and snort,
And snap the words off mighty short.

Now if our kids made half that noise
We'd make them stop, lay up their toys,
No one enjoys that sort of thing
When it so lacks the proper swing.

But jazz is music, so they say,
The kind they love to sing and play,
They keep the time but not the key,
It sounds more like a chivaree.

Some people seem to think its fine
To hear it played, they're right in line,
But as for me I will confess,
For music, it's a proper mess.

IF TOO OFFICIOUS

If I were too officious
And having much to say,
You'd surely be suspicious
Lest I should have my way.
And if I were persistent
In pushing what was wrong,
I'd have no true assistant
In helping me along.
To press a wrong endeavor,
To lead without fore sight,
It isn't being clever
Nor aiming for the right.

CONTENTION

When you find yourself disputed
By a friend who isn't suited,
Don't become extremely nettled
Just be calm and get it settled.
If the tongue is set on fire
Common sense will soon expire:
And there's nothing can be righted
When both ends become ignited.
Cutting words of shameful mention
In a heat of rash contention,
Only end in shame and sorrow
And in hatred for tomorrow.

CAN I BE PROUD?

My Saviour gave His all for me,
Himself He humbled low,
Saved by His grace, can I be proud,
When all to Him I owe?

In death He humbly took my place,
My guilt and shame He bore,
While on a felon's cross for me
A crown of thorns He wore.

How can I stand before His cross
Uplifted in my pride, "It's for me
And from my heart say "It's for me
The Lord was crucified?"

How can I thank Him for such love,
If I'm not humbly bowed;
Or join the humble in His praise
And hobnob with the proud?

It's written "God resists the proud"
First Peter, five and five;
And to the humble He gives grace,
Thus pride should not revive.

When Satan is the source of pride
And 'twas by pride he fell,
How can a christian then be proud?
It's more than I can tell.

A SURE CURE

A SURE CURE

To put a finger on the wrong,
We need to tell the cure;
When we are freed from world and self,
In Christ we'll stand secure.

LOVE AND LIFE

Glad tidings from Heaven,
The best ever seen;
It's here in a nutshell--
John, three, and sixteen
Here's life everlasting
For all who believe;
A pardon forever
Will sinners receive.

In love for lost sinners
God gave up His Son,
Redemption He finished
The work is all done.
None merit salvation,
It's grace, grace alone
For Christ is sufficient,
His blood will atone.

What more can be given?
No more can be told!
This verse in John's gospel
God's love does unfold.
Then whoso believeth
This message of love
Has life everlasting
And joy from above.

TO NEWLYWEDS

Your future, now, as newlyweds,
Depends on how you use your heads:
Although the tide of Time will sway
Unlooked-for things across your way.

But, it's a time you'll not forget--
When old, you'll fondly muse on it;
And it's a day you'll never rue
If it so be your love is true.

In Jesus' name, and in His way,
We wish you joy for every day.
And with you we can all rejoice
Before the Lord with cheerful voice.

BEWARE

BEWARE OF SELF DEFEAT

Keep your head and hands united
There's defeat with one alone,
As the fruit of toil is blighted
Leaving naught to call your own.

Though your head excels in scheming,
Working plans both sound and fair;
If alone, you're vainly dreaming--
Building castles in the air.

Or your hands may earn the money
Which your head would plan to blow,
And reliefs would keep you sunny
With a zeal to farther go.

Use your head and hands together
If you'd have success in life;
Hands or head alone, though clever,
Will not prosper in the strife.

SWARMING FRIENDS

When swarming friends come buzzing 'round,
There's many things they must expound;
Back in your cushions they will sag,
And fast enough their tongues will wag.

Then round the board, each in his place,
They poke the grub in through their face,
But if it takes your house and home,
It's better than to dwell alone.

They love to spend and cut a swell,
And to this end they argue well;
They say "We're young and what's the use
To save up for some other goose?"

The hobos too are at the door,
It's just a bite they'll ask you for;
You'll bring them in, prepare a lunch,
And in the kitchen they will munch.

The beds are full, upstairs and down;
It's like a hotel in the Town.
They prow! around both night and day,
And have a good time, so they say.

At last they're gone, you think you'll rest;
But look out here! Well, I'll be blest!
Another bunch is driving up;
They too, with you, would like to sup.

The same as ever you will do—
Invite them in, shove on the glue;
But when you're old and can't afford,
You'll hump around the pension board.

Now this is private, don't you see?
Don't show it to your company.
They'll say that we are Scotch or Jew,
And set us back a notch or two.

THE STORMS OF LIFE

We're homeward bound o'er ocean wide,
Tho' billows rise and fall—
With Christ our Saviour, Strength and Guide,
We'll ride above them all.

While rising tempests sigh and moan,
We hear the breakers roar;
But rest assured we're nearing home
On that celestial shore.

By faith alone we're standing fast,
Tho' now whate're beside,
Our faith is proved by every blast—
As gold we must be tried.

We'll stem the storms, tho' fierce they blow,
With Jesus always nigh.
In haven rest and morning glow,
We'll anchor bye and bye.

~~THE~~

A WAY—"THE WAY"

There is a way that seemeth right
But ends in death and sorrow,
It seemeth right, but ends in night,
No sunrise, no tomorrow.

It's without blood like that of Cain,
With nought but works to offer—
And as with Cain, it's still in vain
And leads one down, a pauper.

God had respect for Abel's way—
A lamb upon the altar.
Now Christ "The Way" His blood did pay:
In Him none need to falter.

It is through faith in Christ alone,
For there remains no other;
Christ did, alone, for sin atone,
All sin His blood will cover.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

(In memory of a dear sister)

From earthly trials and sorrow here
The Lord has called her home.
No more to shed the falling tear—
No more to sigh and moan.

At Christmas time farewell to earth,
To meet her Saviour fair,
The one she knew of lowly birth
She'll now His glory share.

There to rejoice on Christmas day,
Not for His birth alone,
But for His cross—the blood-stained way,
That leads us safely Home.

She will rejoice with mother-love
Her dear ones there to see;
The family circle there above
Unbroken, was her plea.

To those bereft, the Lord is near,
With promised strength to bear
And when our trials are ended here
We'll, too, His glory share.

AN INDISPUTABLE FACT

All flesh is as grass,
In the Bible we're told
The tender blades die
Just as well as the old.

NO TICK

We work for cash and not for fun,
For what you get we want the mon'.
Our terms are cash, we need the dough—
So cough up, please, before you go.

Don't come to buy when you are broke,
For bills unpaid is not a joke.
Just pay the cash and then it's done—
You have the goods we have the mon'.

We want no list of bills unpaid,
Nor steps to take for legal aid,
No chance for loss, no cause to kick,
So, this is why we say "No tick."

TO OUR SCHOOL MAM

As you've resigned our village school,
The truth we can't ignore;
You have well done your daily task
From nine o'clock till four.

Our school will surely miss you now
When lessons they review;
In all their problems, for a friend
They could rely on you.

The good you've done for others here
We must not under rate;
It means more to each child you've taught,
Than we can estimate.

Our deep regret and gratitude
These tokens here will tell
And for your future, we as friends,
Can truly wish you well.

HERR HITLER

Herr Hitler has become well known
To nations far and near,
He loves to conquer, show his might
And keep the world in fear.

With all his legions out in arms
He's like a vicious beast;
Among the nations he's at large,
And several has he fleeced.

Old England now he would invade,
But water stops the way;
And when it comes to air attacks
Royal Air Force has the sway.

How can a man with common sense,
And moral claim to be,
Join Hitler in his wicked work
Against all liberty?

Why should a nation stand in fear,
Lest they to Hitler fall?
All nations have a right to live
No matter large or small.

Old England is behind God's Word,
For this I think she'll stand;
Her strength to win depends on God,
And asking for His hand.



THANKS TO GOD

We offer thanks to Thee, O God
Thro' Jesus Christ Thy Son,
We thank Thee for the cross He bore
And for the vict'ry won.

We thank Thee for redeeming love
Which tongue can never tell,
When Thou didst give Thine only Son
To save our souls from Hell.

We thank Thee, here His work is done,
"It's finished," was His cry;
He faced the cross steadfastly on
For sinful men to die.

We thank Thee He's now on the throne
Where He for us doth dwell
All accusations Satan brings
Our Saviour's wounds will quell.

We thank Thee we can sing Thy praise
In fellowship with Thee
It's just a glimpse of Heaven, Lord—
A foretaste here we see.

We thank Thee for Thy holy Word
Inspired from above—
It tells us of our every need
Supplied by Grace and Love.

We thank Thee for Thy guiding hand,
Tho' by-paths we have trod;
But for each day's restoring grace
We give Thee thanks, O God!

NOT OF WORKS

It's not of works that we have done.
God gives salvation free;
It's trusting only in His Son
Who died on Calvary.

It's not of works, God's Word will prove—
Just note John three, sixteen;
We've life in Christ, God's gift of love,
If just on Him we lean.

Then works are reckoned with the Lord,
If wrought from heart of love;
But only reckoned for reward
When we are home above.



SAVED BY GRACE

I once was sinful, lost and blind,
But God in mercy stirred my mind
And caused me then to clearly see
The blood of Christ, my only plea.

My long account was settled then
'Cause Jesus died for sinful men,
By grace through faith He took me in:
His blood then cancelled all my sin.

Now in return my soul can sing
Of my Redeemer, Lord, and King,
And taste the bliss of Heaven free
All on the ground He died for me.

For me He lives now on the throne,
He'll not forsake nor leave His own:
While interceding He'll prepare
For me a mansion over there.

And when I join the ransomed throng,
To sing the new and endless song,
My Saviour's love I'll then retrace,
In praise anew, for saving grace.

WHEN WE GOSSIP

When we gossip we are loaded
With a line of people's faults,
And it's no good when exploded—
There is no one it exalts.

Faults in self we'd like to cover,
Or for them make some excuse;
But the same faults in another
We'll expose with mean abuse.

Why backbite or judge a brother
For the same things we would do?
Judge ourselves before we bother,
And we'll find enough to chew.

If we know no good to mention,
Let's keep still don't talk at all—
True or not, it brings contention
With our backs against the wall.

Keep the word that's not adorning
Even though it may be true,
If it's for someone a warning,
Then we may release a few.

When we run around a-squealing,
We are only "raising Ned".
I believe it's worse than stealing—
And, of us, ill things are said.



THE TRUTH IS BEST

The truth is best, it works no ill,
Nor shirks its duties to fulfill,
No myst'ries from it that arise
Need be explained by telling lies.

Deceit works ill in every way—
The rights of others are it's prey;
Your honour too, it steals from you
And leaves you to the world untrue.

Now what can one expect to gain
By blasting friendship, self and name?
A careless tongue, when speaking lies,
Is self-destroying and unwise.

But if you're hardened in this sin,
You'll chance the law, and lie to win;
Then when your honour all has fled,
You'll loathe the shameful life you've led.

BE IN TIME

BE IN TIME

Like a river Time is flowing,
Ever coming, ever going,
When the future keeps us waiting
And the present hesitating
We are left to chance and guessing
Opportunities we're missing.

We may have sufficient learning
And ability for earning,
But the present on renewing
Is the time we have for doing.
As the future is arriving
Be in time is best advising.

DRIFTING ON—BUT WHERE?

We're drifting down the stream of Time
In Life's helpless canoe;
A precipice, all would decline,
We are advancing to.

No man can stop or halt the tide,
Nor from its bounds escape;
But swiftly onward all must glide
Till each plunge to his fate.

Death without God! where is our hope?
No blood can then atone;
Forever lost, we're doomed to grope
In darkness all alone.

The second and eternal death
Awaits us for our sins;
Ten thousand years without a breath—
It only then begins.

This we are facing every day,
Yet still we drift along,
Without the light of Heaven's ray,
And no redemption song.
God saw us in this hopeless case,
Compassion great had He;
He gave His Son to take our place;
To die on Calvary.

Our judgment Jesus fully bore
While hanging on the tree;
For us, the crown of thorns He wore,
In love to set us free.

Eternal Life God now will give
To all who trust His Son;
Then peace and joy, in Christ we live;
Our victory is won.

In peace we still drift on to death,
If Christ come not before;
But when we take our latest breath
We'll meet Him on the shore.

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 Calvary?
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.

MEET

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.

Gazing 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 memories 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.

ADORNMENT

When we were children of the night,
To please ourselves was our delight;
But now, as children of the day,
What God has said we should obey.

He tells us how we should adorn:
And, even though we suffer scorn,
Gold and pearls and costly array
Are not for children of the day.

In modesty we're told to dress,
Not like the world which is excess:
They spend and dress to suit their pride,
Because in darkness they abide.

Men's clothing now their women wear,
And mince along with brodered hair;
With faces painted, trimmed with red,
They care not what the Lord has said.

Can we, as children of the day,
Be led by Satan in that way?
To some extent it can be so,
To spend our blessings for a show.

No testimony can we be,
While trifling with such vanity;
And when it's to our loss and shame,
We honor not our Saviour's name.

May our adornment, bright and fair,
Which Christ has given us to wear,
Shine outward from the heart within,
And hindered not by pride and sin.



SELF CONCEIT

If we are filled with self and pride,
In self and pride we'll revel;
And with our minds thus occupied,
Our state is quite unlevel.

In knowledge, too, we'll find conceit,
Where wisdom makes one humble;
And with a knowledge incomplete,
We're prone to fall or stumble.

HEAVEN OR HELL?

The time will come and soon be past
When you and I must go;
It's either Heav'n or Hell at last,
God's Word declares it so.

We'll have two dates to live within,
Which will be carved in stone;
Except we're here and born again
When Christ comes for His own.

The dead-in-Christ shall first arise,
The living ones just changed
And caught up to Him in the skies,
As God has so arranged.

The wicked dead shall there remain,
Their souls in Hell cast low—
A thousand years to writhe in pain,
Then raised to endless woe.

But all who make the wretched choice,
Since Christ for us has died,
And disregard His pleading voice,
Their judgment must abide.



SALVATION

Was it for me in all my sin
That Jesus came to die?
It was for me, my soul to win
And take me home on high.

He left the glory there above,
To meet the sinner's need;
And proved it here that God is love,
When He for all did bleed.

Yes, all our sin and shame He bore,
And died nailed to the tree.
Since justice here can ask no more,
To all, salvation's free.

So this is why I seek to tell
The good news far and near,
That many may be saved from Hell;
If they will only hear.

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.

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

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.

HOME AND MOTHER

In my mem'ry still is Mother,
With the smile upon her face
When around her we would hover
In our humble dwelling place.
Boys and girls, regard your mother,
None can fill her place for you—
She is dearer than a brother
And a friend you know is true.

Think of home without a mother!
How you'd miss her tender care;
By the fireside no other
Would sit mending clothes you wear.
Yes, a friend indeed is Mother!
Kisses do her love express,
Deeds of kindness art no bother
And her deeds do love impress.

Would you like to meet your mother
In that bright eternal home?
And, with Mother, praise Another
Which is Christ, and Christ alone?
Be attentive, then, to Mother
When she tells the Saviour's love!
How He died, our sins to cover,
Why He came from Heav'n above.

Always listen to your mother!
She knows what is best for you.
For your welfare, there's no other
Who can guide your steps so true.
Think how much we owe to Mother!
It's a debt we ne'er can pay!
Give your best respects to Mother,
Do not wait till "Mother's Day."

CHRISTMAS

It's Christmas time, and giving time,
May hearts rejoice in every clime,
Reminded of the Saviour's birth—
God's Gift of gifts to all the earth.
Back to that ancient Christmas morn,
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
Low in a manger He was laid,
The Son of God, a new-born babe.

His star did lead the wise men near,
They saw Him, gave Him gifts so dear;
Rejoicing all with one accord,
Did magnify and praise the Lord.
So, if we're wise to His blest name,
We need not keep this day in vain.
Let Christ be all our theme of joy
In everything we now employ.

His mission here on earth was this—
To save us from the serpent's hiss,
He bled and died for you and me,
And rose again to set us free.
May all who trust our risen Lord
Rejoice in Him and His own word;
And if we know the Saviour's worth,
In truth we'll celebrate His birth.

EDEN SCHOOL DAYS

Back to those nineties long ago,
School days fill my memory;
I oftentimes think of old school pals,
Roy, Tom and Henry.

I'd like to pen your names all here,
Also my own brothers;
To fit this rhyme I mention three,
Memory has the others.

Some trying games we used to play.
One was "Rough and Tumble",
But even in a snowball fight
Little did we grumble.

"Bull in the Ring," a game boys played;
Girls played "Drop the Hanky,"
Sometimes together we would play,
Neither side too cranky.

"Pom Pullaway" and "Crack the Whip,"
Such like kept us busy;
If nothing else, we'd whirl around
Just to make us dizzy.

I don't remember "Basketball!"
"Baseball" was more common,
And "Football"—Boy! We used to play
Till it was like bombin'.

The same old woodshed was our gym,
This was where we dangled;
Our stunts were only monkeyshines,
We were not new-fangled.

We loved to ride down Phelps' hill,
How our sled went gliding!
And down the stair-rail in the hall
Head first we went sliding.

At sound of bell we all marched in,
Every one was seated;
Then on the floor a class was called,
Lessons were repeated.

We learned to figure, read and write,
Then we studied grammar;
"Attention!" would the teacher call,
If there was a clamor.

EDEN SCHOOL DAYS—Continued

We liked our teachers very well;
They were sometimes crabby,
I did not blame them very much,
We were far too gabby.

The old Inspector made his rounds;
He was always barking.
We'd rather hear a thunderstorm
Than to see him parking.

All geared to go on Arbor Day,
Boys and girls together,
To tidy up our old playground
If it was fair weather.

The same old well there in the yard
Still is flowing freely;
An iron pump replaced the wood,
It is not so squeally.

The maple trees around the yard
Seem to be some bigger;
The wire fence on metal posts,
Less decay, they figure.

There is a song my mother sang,
Here in part the lining,
I'll use it here because it blends,
Also has the rhyming.

"The old school house is altered now,
The benches are replaced,
And new ones very much the same
As penknives did deface."

"The same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro,
It's music just the same, dear Tom,
As forty years ago."

Old Eden is attractive still,
Always clean and tidy;
They yet have school five days a week,
Ending up on Friday.

I'd like to meet my old school pals,
Boys and girls together,
In that fair Eden bright above,
Never more to sever.