

# Poem Collection

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## **1. Because of You**

Mother! My soul enshrines one devoutly cherished vision  
 Your pure heart's love, your life so sweet and true!  
 My heart is purer, my life is sweeter,  
 Because of you--of you!  
 Long though I've trod life's rugged way without you,  
 Your memory with love's immortelles I strew.  
 Now all my aims are higher, purer, holier,  
 Mother, because of you!

Mother! Not always was your fervent love requited;  
Willful was I, a wayward child I grew.  
Yet in my wand'rings my paths were straighter  
Because of you--of you!  
Far though I roamed amid temptation's byways,  
Though your ideals oft-times were lost to view,  
Your love prevailed, and now my life is nobler,  
Mother, because of you!

Mother! Long years have left undimmed one priceless picture  
Your dear, sweet face, the soul's light shining through,  
And ever beside you (and all the more precious  
Because of you-of you!)  
The blessed Christ you served with such devotion,  
Your constant prayer that I might serve Him, too,  
Until at last my poor heart sought and found Him,  
Mother, because of you!

Mother! My soul has found that love all love surpassing  
Christ's love divine, so tender and so true!  
My faith is stronger, my hope is brighter,  
Because of you--of you!  
Oh, 'twas your prayers and those your fond lips taught me,  
That drew my heart back to the fold anew!  
Now heaven seems nearer, and Jesus to me is dearer,  
Mother, because of you!

## **2. Little King**

Little King, so sweet to see,  
Bless all of those who come to Thee  
Prince of Peace, and Hope of all,  
Bless the world, on Thee we call.

May Your love and grace today  
Be with all for whom we pray;  
Bless this greeting, Jesus dear:  
Happy Christmas, Bright New Year!

## **3. What Is Love?**

It's Silence when our words would hurt;  
It's Patience when your neighbor's curt;  
It's Deafness when the scandal flows;  
It's Thoughtfulness of another's woes;  
It's Promptness when stern duty calls;

It's Courage when misfortune falls.  
Selected

#### **4. Ashamed**

We wouldn't hang Him on a tree  
As they did at Calvary.  
Nor drive sharp nails till blood flowed free;  
Oh, no! Not you! Not me.  
When church time comes, we stay at home;  
We don't hear His anguished cry;  
We have so many things to do  
And think too much of I.

For church we haven't time to spare  
Who'd cook the Sabbath meal?  
Who would for the baby care?  
Who'd take care of that deal?  
We've also got to wash the car  
Or paint the kitchen wall.  
Oh, no! We wouldn't cause Him pain;  
We just ignore His call.

If Jesus came to earth today,  
He'd find our ardor dim.  
We do our work, have time for play,  
But have no time for Him.  
Someday sure we'll be ashamed  
As on his face we gaze.  
I wonder if it will matter then  
How we spent our days.  
Mrs. Samuel Coons

#### **5. What Will It Be to Be There?**

When we gather at last by life's river,  
Walk the streets of that city so fair,  
When we dwell in those beautiful mansions,  
Oh! what will it be to be there?

When we gather at last over yonder  
By the side of the Jordan so fair,  
We shall look in the face of the Master,  
And what will it be to be there!

We shall meet the redeemed of all ages,  
From the first to the remnant of time,  
Tell the story of how He redeemed us,  
Then join in the chorus sublime!

But the chief of the glories of heaven  
Will be Jesus our Saviour to see;  
Just to dwell ever more in his presence  
Will be glory unending for me!  
J. L. Tucker

## 6. Friend

I went out to find a friend,  
But could not find one there,  
I went out to be a friend,  
And friends were everywhere!  
Selected

## 7. The Gift of Friendship

A Friend is someone who knows you  
Not merely knows your name;  
But knows your faults, but still true blue,  
He loves you just the same.

And friendship is a precious gift,  
When each one loves the other,  
A true friend always brings a lift,  
He's better than a brother.

Is loyalty the greatest trait  
Within the human heart?  
Is this what makes a friendship great  
With such power to impart?

Ah! Love waits not 'till friends are dead,  
Or friendship crashes on the rocks  
Instead, kind, fragrant words are said,  
We break our alabaster box.  
Adlai A. Esteb

## 8. Thy Feet

Christ, if ever my footsteps should falter,  
And I be prepared for retreat,  
If desert or thorn cause lamenting,  
Lord, show me Thy feet!

Thy bleeding feet,  
Thy nail-scarred feet,  
My Jesus--show me Thy feet!  
(O God, dare I show Thee  
My hands and feet?)  
Brenton Thoburn Bradley

## 9. Circular Track

Have you helped to make someone more happy today?  
Have you lifted a weak one who fell by the way?  
Have you listened while others have poured out their grief,  
And then spoke the words that would bring them relief?

If you have, you'll be happy, and you will be strong,  
And someone will cheer you when you need a song;  
For life is laid out as a circular track,  
And the things you send on it will surely come back.  
Nettie Nelson

## 10. A Christian Home

How God must love a friendly home  
Which has a warming smile  
To welcome everyone who comes  
To bide a little while!

How God must love a happy home  
Where song and laughter show  
Hearts full of joyous certainty  
That life means ways to grow!

How God must love a loyal home  
Serenely sound and sure!  
When troubles come to those within,  
They still can feel secure.

How God must love a Christian home  
Where faith and love attest  
That every moment, every hour,  
He is the honored Guest!  
Gail Brook Burket

## 11. To My Mother

You gave the best years of your life  
With joy for me,  
And robbed yourself, with loving heart,

Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands you toiled  
From day to day.  
For me you prayed when headstrong youth  
Would have its way.

Your gentle arms, my cradle once,  
Are weary now;  
And time has set the seal of care  
Upon your brow.

And though no other eyes than mine  
Their meaning trace,  
I read my hist'ry in the lines  
Of your dear face.

And mid His gems, who showers gifts  
As shining sands,  
I count your days as pearls, that fall  
From His kind hands.  
Selected

## **12. Rungs on Salvation's Ladder**

Salvation is a gift from God  
To all who will believe;  
In Jesus only is there life;  
First ask, and then receive.

"Come unto Me," He calls today,  
"I'll make you clean within;  
I'll justify that you may be  
As though you had no sin."

When reconciled, a man will stand  
Without a trace of fear;  
There is no life too stained with sin,  
To have this promise dear.

He has redeemed us by His blood  
That freemen we may be,  
And in return, He asks our hearts  
For His eternally.

Adopted sons and daughters now,  
His legal heirs are we;

That when His kingdom he receives,  
With Him we'll ever be.

By trusting daily in our Lord,  
We shall be sanctified,  
And when He comes through flaming skies,  
We'll then be glorified. Anna Surdal-Dorgan

### **13. Action**

It's not what you learn,  
It's not what you teach,  
Nor things you remember,  
nor things that you preach.

It's ACTION that counts,  
Not what's in your head,  
For Faith without works,  
Is Faith that is dead!  
Harold G. Hopper

### **14. The Answer**

I thanked God in the evening  
When the day was past and done,  
And I praised Him for His Presence  
Guiding me from early dawn.  
Many were the cares and problems  
There arose unseen to meet,  
But His Presence was my pilot,  
Calmly sailing o'er the deep.

So I lay aside earth's problems,  
Now the shades of evening fall,  
Thus in peace and faith to slumber  
With His Presence overall.  
Charlotte G. Johnstone

### **15. Crowned or Crucified?**

"What will ye then that I shall do unto him?" Mark 15:12 "You must either crown Jesus or crucify him."

--Dr. G. Campbell

I stood alone at the bar of God  
In the hush of the twilight dim,  
And faced the question that pierced my heart:  
"What will you do with him?"  
"Crowned or crucified? Which shall it be?"  
No other choice was offered me.



He held out his loving hands to me,  
While he pleadingly said, "Obey!  
Make Me thy choice, for I love thee so-"  
And I could not tell him nay.  
Crowned, not crucified--this it must be;  
No other way was open to me.

I knelt in tears at the feet of Christ,  
In the hush of the twilight dim,  
And all that I was, or hoped, or sought,  
Surrendered unto him.  
Crowned, not crucified--my heart shall know  
No king but Christ, who loveth me so.  
Selected

## 16. Autumn's Glory

I see the autumn's gold and crimson where I stand,  
A burst of glorious color from the Master's hand.  
Could I but paint this touch of beauteous flame,  
I'd leap unbounded praise and fame.

A life like Thine outshines the seasons glory,  
To be like Thee, no heart could wish for more.  
May love from Thee reflect love's Old Sweet Story  
In word and deed, until I gain that shore.

O Master touch my life like this fair tree,  
That men may see Thy Spirit's power in me.  
In these last days and autumn of my life,  
May I endure and mellow from the strife.  
Buford Ward

## 17. My Angel Fair

I had a heavy heart one day,  
As I sat down to rest.  
I didn't have the peace of mind  
That comes from being blest.

I sorted through my troubled life  
And tried to understand  
The reason why things come about,  
Then something touched my hand.

With lifted eyes, I took a look

And saw a stranger near.  
I said unto this kindly one,  
"What are you doing here?"

He said, "I've come to comfort you,  
For you are in despair."  
And as I looked at my new friend,  
I saw my Angel Fair.

He told me of so many things  
I could not understand.  
He lifted the curtain of my life  
To show me where I'd been.

"Your Father knows your heavy load  
That life has placed on you,  
And so He sent me here today  
To help you see it through."

And then he gently took my hand,  
This last, he said to me,  
"Just count your burdens of this life  
As blessings you can't see." Virginia Atwood Shaw

## **18. God's Way With Me**

As my faith reaches out to grasp  
The promises of God's Word  
May the life He reclaimed  
Be a witness for my Lord.

May my voice proclaim His love,  
My hands, my feet, my head  
Always swift to do His will  
In the way that He has led.

Thy will be done in me, dear Lord  
That I be ever in Thy care;  
And when the way of life gets rough,  
I'll have help my burdens to bear.

Thy love so great a shield has been,  
And will be to the journeys end,  
May I be worthy of Thy love  
And grace my Maker, Saviour, Friend.  
Lora E. Matherly

## 19. God Watches Me

I know God watches over me,  
Because when I am sad  
He always has some special way  
In which to make me glad.

When I am weary with my work  
He takes my cares away  
By giving me the silver stars  
As I complete the day.

He follows me at every step  
Along the streets in town  
And if I need His helping hand,  
He never lets me down.

I know He watches over me  
Throughout each day and night,  
As long as I do all I can  
To stay within His sight

## 20. Prayer in the Kitchen

"This poem is said to have been written by a 19-year-old servant girl. It was read to a large congregation by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, at one of his last services at Westminster Chapel, London."

Lord of all pots and pans and things,  
Since I've no time to be  
A saint by doing lovely things, or  
Watching late with Thee,  
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or  
Storming heaven's gates,  
Make me a saint by getting meals and  
Washing up the plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands,  
I have a Mary mind;  
And when I black the boots and shoes  
Thy sandals, Lord, I find.  
I think of how they trod the earth  
What time I scrub the floor;  
Accept this meditation, Lord,  
I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and  
Light it with Thy peace.  
Forgive me all my worrying, and make

All grumbling cease.  
Thou who didst love to give men food,  
In room or by the sea,  
Accept this service that I do-  
I do it unto Thee.

## 21. If I Were a Sunbeam

If I were a sunbeam,  
I know what I'd do:  
I would seek white lilies  
Rainy woodlands through;  
I would steal among them,  
Softest light I'd shed, Until every lily  
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,  
I know where I'd go:  
Into lowliest hovels,  
Dark with want and woe;  
Till sad hearts looked upward,  
I would shine and shine;  
Then they'd think of heaven,  
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,  
Child, whose life is glad  
With an inner radiance  
Sunshine never had?  
Oh, as God has blessed thee,  
Scatter rays divine!  
For there is no sunbeam  
But must die, or shine.  
Lacy Larcom

## 22. Susie's Gift

Little Susie came to church  
Her dress was spotless white,  
Her hair was combed, her teeth were brushed  
Her shoes were shiny bright.

She listened to the preacher  
As he told how Jesus died,  
While in her hands she clutched her purse,  
Her money was inside.

He told of children faraway,  
No food or clothes had they,  
But worse than that they bowed before  
A wooden god each day.  
A tiny tear went down her cheek,  
Her little heart was touched,  
She took her coin within her purse  
It wasn't very much.

The prayer was said, and church was done,  
She headed for the door.  
Please give it to those children;  
How I wish that I had more!"

The preacher took the child's mite.  
God bless you, dear," said he.  
He praised the Lord for Susie's gift-  
She gave her all, you see.  
Sharon M. DAVIS Wolf

## **23. The Man With The Book of Life**

There once was a Man  
Who carried in His hand  
A book of life for me.  
He called my name,  
And He took my hand,  
And He said, "Come and follow Me;  
I will lead you home to the Promised Land.  
Please don't be afraid of Me,  
For I've been by your side all your life,  
And I know that you know Me; please Don't be afraid of me,  
My friend, please  
Don't be afraid of Me,  
For I've been by your side all of your life,  
And I know that you know Me."

This Man still has the Book today,  
And He's reaching out for you.  
He'll call your name,  
And take your hand,  
He'll say "Come and follow Me."  
He will lead you to the Promised Land,  
Please don't be afraid of Him,  
For He's been by your side all of your life,  
And He knows that you know Him.  
Please don't be afraid of Him, my friend,

Don't be afraid of Him  
For He's been by your side all of your life,  
And He knows that you know Him.  
Yes, He knows that you know Him.  
Dennis Mansell

## 24. Soul Watch

The things you've gained and hold so dear,  
May cheer your heart on this earthly sphere;  
But they can't erase sin, or make you whole,  
They'll profit you naught if you've lost your soul.

They might buy you prestige, or followers, or fame,  
But you can't get to heaven on earthly acclaim;  
Your name won't be there on that heavenly roll,  
If you've chosen the world in exchange for your soul.

Make me content, Lord, with my daily bread,  
And not long for material things instead;  
Let the heavenly things my treasures be,  
That my soul might be saved eternally!

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"For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" -Jesus of Nazareth, Mark 8:36, 37.

## 25. Life's Four Seasons

In springtime of life, young love abounds  
And hearts beat double time;  
All hardships seem so easy  
For springtime love is sublime.

On its heels comes the summer  
And roses sparkling with morning dew,  
Their fragrance so enchanting,  
Roses, summertime, and you.

Then alas, comes the autumn;  
Summer flowers fade and die.  
We try to keep alive the memory;  
But for springtime, our hearts cry.

The winter is so cold and lonely,  
Faltering steps bespeak our plight.  
We strive to keep a few sparks burning

Throughout the long, cold winter night.

The old year is left behind us,  
Spring again comes into view;  
But the frostbite of the winter  
has benumbed our heart and spirits too.

As we yearn for that fair city,  
Where the seasons never change,  
God's springtime will revive us,  
And our hearts will leap again.  
Blanche Harper Bradford

## 26. Tarry Awhile

I came to the Saviour, my life only dross,  
Claiming His promise, accepting the cross;  
In His blood I was washed as I Talked with Him there;  
I have hope in my heart since I tarried in prayer.

Why go on in defeat when there's vict'ry for you?  
Why lonely be? You've a Friend that is true;  
And not for a moment need any despair,  
There's a storehouse of blessing, 'Tis opened by prayer.

God sees all the sorrow that's breaking your heart,  
Dark clouds of anguish He'll cause to depart;  
For He cares when your sin drives you on to despair  
And He'll come to your side as you tarry in prayer.  
J. L. Tucker

## 27. Like the Flowers

We should be like gardens,  
Bright and sweet with flowers,  
Blessed with heaven's sunshine,  
Cheered by gentle showers:

Violets are the kind words,  
Roses, deeds of love,  
Fragrant pinks and pansies,  
Thoughts of God above.

Not a frown of anger,  
Not a shade of care,  
Not one look of sadness  
Do the blossoms wear;

They are always trusting,  
This is how they grow  
Beautiful and fragrant,  
In a world of woe.

Selfish thoughts and wishes,  
Unkind words and deeds,  
Are like cruel brambles,  
Thistles, thorns, and weeds;

Kind thoughts are the sweetest,  
Loving words the best,  
Yielding hope and comfort,  
Joy, and peace, and rest.

Jesus has a garden,  
Filled with children sweet;  
We would be among them,  
Bowing at his feet;

Drinking in life's waters,  
Growing by his grace,  
Like the flowers, looking  
Up into his face.

## **28. When I Have Time or Now Is the Time**

When I have time, many things I'll do  
To make life happier and much more fair  
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.  
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,  
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well  
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always  
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,  
When I have time.

When you have time?  
The friend you hold so dear  
May be beyond the reach of your intent;  
May never know that you so kindly meant  
To fill her life with love and sweet content,



When you had time.

NOW is the time!  
Ah, friend, no longer wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so dear,  
They may not meet you in the coming year;  
NOW is the time!  
(Whatsoever you do-do it as unto the Lord.)  
Author Unknown

## 29. Not Growing Old

They say that I am growing old,  
I've heard them tell it times untold  
In language plain and bold.  
But I'm not growing old.  
This frail old shell in which I dwell,  
Is growing old, I know full well,  
But I'm not the shell.  
What if my hair is turning gray?  
Gray hairs are honorable, they say.  
What if my eyesight is growing dim?  
I still can see to follow Him,  
Who sacrificed His life for me  
Upon the cross of Calvary.  
What should I care if time's old plow  
Has left its furrows on my brow?  
Another house not made with hands  
Awaits me in the glory land.  
What though I falter in my walk?  
What though my tongue refuse to talk?  
I still can tread the narrow way;  
I still can watch, and praise, and pray.  
My hearing may not be so keen,  
As in the past it may have been,  
Still I can hear my Saviour say  
In whispers soft, "This is the way,"  
The outer man, do what I can  
To lengthen out my life's short span,  
Will perish and return to dust,  
As everything in nature must.  
The inward man, the Scriptures say,  
Is growing stronger every day.  
Then how can I be growing old?  
When safe within my Saviour's fold  
This robe of flesh, I'll drop and rise

To seize the everlasting prize.  
I'll meet you on the streets of gold  
And prove that I'm not growing old.  
Mrs. May E. Hollingworth

### **30. There Always Will Be God**

They cannot shell His temple  
Nor dynamite His throne;  
They cannot bomb His city,  
Nor rob Him of His own.

They cannot take Him captive,  
Nor strike Him deaf and blind.  
Nor starve Him to surrender.  
Nor make Him change His mind.

They cannot cause Him panic;  
Nor cut off His supplies;  
They cannot take His kingdom,  
Nor hurt Him with their lies.

Though all the world be shattered.  
His truth remains the same,  
His righteous law still potent  
And "Father" still His name.

Though we face war and struggle  
And feel their goad and rod,  
We know above confusion  
There always will be God.  
Dr. Albert L. Murray

### **31. I'm Not Alone**

My Lord went through this loneliness  
I've read of His daily tests;  
Of how men sneered and laughed at Him,  
And He found no peace nor rest.  
I know you understand my problems, Lord,  
And when these trials come  
I'll try to live each passing day  
And say, "Thy will be done."  
And someday soon, oh precious Lord,  
My loneliness will cease;  
I will be with You and those I love  
And have eternal peace.

-Violet Blythe Cliff

## 32. Guilty

In studying God's sacred Word  
I find that Jesus died for me;  
Men took the cruel spikes that day,  
And nailed him to the tree.

And so I contemplate this act . . .  
God's Son nailed to the cross,  
And wonder why He must hang there  
And suffer such a loss.

But then I view His holy law  
Which shows I put Him there ...  
Each sin a thorn within that crown  
That pierced His brow so fair.

Those holy hands did only good;  
Each spike a sin of mine;  
Each hate the spear that pierced His side,  
All broke His heart divine.

Lord, I would give myself, my all,  
My will, my heart to Thee -  
Send Thy sweet Spirit to control  
From sin to set me free.  
-E. C. Schmeling

## 33. I Should Have Been Crucified

The Oak Ridge Boys

I was guilty with nothing to say  
And they were coming to take me away  
When a voice from Heaven was heard that said  
"Let him go and take Me instead"

Oh I should have been crucified  
And I should have suffered and died  
I should have hung on the cross in disgrace  
But Jesus, God's Son, took my place

That crowns of thorns, the spear in His side  
And the pain, it should have been mine  
Those rusty nails were meant for me  
Yet Christ took them and let me go free

Oh I should have been crucified  
And I should have suffered and died  
I should have hung on the cross in disgrace  
But Jesus, God's Son, took my place

### **34. A Little Word**

A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.

A word-a look-has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear-the thoughts you bring  
The heart may heal or break.  
Daniel C Colesworthy

### **35. In The Song of a Bird**

The sound of perfection  
The song of a bird!  
In its cadence of trills  
All o f Eden is heard!  
I hear the sweet song,  
And I feel in my heart  
I am transported back  
To the world at its start

Where all things are lovely  
And all things are fair,  
And serenity rides  
On the soft balmy air;  
Where purity covers  
The land and the sea  
And Adam and Eve  
And the creatures that be;  
Where never a thistle  
Has broken the sod,  
And a familiar voice  
Is the voice of God.

So I listen, and-oh,

How my soul is stirred  
For all this I hear  
In the song of a bird.  
Thais Cole

### **36. The Gal (or Guy) in the Glass**

If when you get what you want in your struggle for self  
And the world makes you queen for a day  
Just go to a mirror and look at yourself,  
And see what THAT gal has to say.

For it isn't your husband or family or friend  
Who judgment upon you must pass;  
The gal whose verdict counts most in the end,  
Is the one staring back from the glass.

Some people may think you a straight-shootin' chum;  
And call you a person of place  
But the gal in the glass says you're only a bum  
If you can't look her straight in the face.

She's the gal to please, never mind all the rest  
For she's with you clear up to the end,  
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test  
If the gal in the glass is your friend.

You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years  
And get pats on the back as you pass,  
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears  
If you've cheated the gal in the glass.

### **37. If Jesus came to your House**

If Jesus came to your house to spend a day or two -  
If He came unexpectedly, I wonder what you'd do.  
Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room to such an honored Guest,  
And all the food you'd serve to Him would be the very best,  
And you would keep assuring Him you're glad to have Him there -  
That serving Him in your home is joy beyond compare.

But - when you saw Him coming, would you meet Him at the door  
With arms outstretched in welcome to your heav'nly Visitor?  
Or would you have to change your clothes before you let Him in  
Or hide some magazines and put the Bible where they'd been?

Would you turn off the TV and hope He hadn't heard,

And wish you hadn't uttered that last loud, hasty word?  
Would you hide your worldly music and put some hymn books out?  
Could you let Jesus walk right in, or would you rush about?

And I wonder - if the Saviour spend a day or two with you,  
Would you go right on doing the things you always do?  
Would you keep right on saying the things you always say?  
Would life for you continue as it does from day to day?

Would your family conversation keep up its usual pace,  
And would you find it hard each meal to say a table grace?  
Would you sing the songs you sing and read the books you read  
And let Him know the things on which your mind and spirit feed?

Would you take Jesus with you ev'rywhere you'd planned to go,  
Or would you maybe change your plans for just a day or so?  
Would you be glad to have Him meet your very closest friends,  
Or would you hope they'd stay away until His visit ends?

Would you be glad to have Him stay forever on and on,  
Or would you sigh with great relief when He at last had gone?  
It might be interesting to know the things that you would do  
If Jesus Christ in person came to spend some time with you.  
- Selected

### **38. The New Year**

You face an unseen year,  
The road unknown before;  
The days will dawn, some bright,  
And some all clouded o'er.  
Sometimes the night will be  
Star jeweled and aglow, And then turn dark,  
and darker still, The way you go.  
But whether light your path  
Or in the shadows trod,  
His mighty hand leads on  
So, friend, have faith in God!  
-H. M. S. Richards

### **39. New Year Resolutions**

I shall strive to live sincerely  
Through the year that lies ahead;  
I shall face the days serenely,  
I shall ask for daily bread,  
For clear water and for shelter;

I shall pray that I may grow  
Wiser, kinder, as I journey  
Down the paths my feet must go.  
With God's help, I shall be cheerful  
In a world in need of cheer;  
Through His grace I shall be patient,  
I shall strive to banish fear;  
To have charity for others,  
To walk softly-and I must  
Keep my faith a thing unshaken,  
Keep a simple, childlike trust.  
-Author Unkown

Don't worry too much about what lies ahead. Go as far as you can see, and when you get there, you can see farther. -Author Unknown

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world, stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death--and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the eternal love'? Then you can be assured of a New Year that is truly rewarding. Adapted from Henry Van Dyke

There was a wise man in the East whose constant prayer was that he might see today with the eyes of tomorrow. -Alfred Merrie

## 40. Peace at Twilight

Here in the wildwood, at the close of day,  
I hear a voice beside me softly say,  
"Fear not the deep'ning darkness that enshrouds  
Thy God is but a whispered prayer away.'

His nearness sets the summer night aglow  
My fears depart as shadows lighter grow:  
The gentle breeze consoles my weary heart  
As leafy boughs swing gently to and fro.

The moon is pale, half cradled in the west  
A tired child that seeks but sleep and rest;  
Above, in heaven's meadowland, I see  
The blossomed stars, in robes of silver dressed.

Oh, precious hour when earth's mad tumult wanes-  
When day is done, and holy quiet reigns!  
These words, `Be still and know that I am God,"  
The sacred presence of His love ordains!  
Dan H. Reese

## 41. Let It Be Jesus

Let it be Jesus in my voice  
When others hear me talk.  
Let it be Jesus in my step  
When down life's road I walk,

Let it be Jesus when I rise  
To greet the dawn of day;  
Let it be Jesus when I greet  
My neighbor on the way.

Let it be Jesus when I read  
And study from His book;  
Let it be Jesus that I see  
When on each page I look.

Let it be Jesus for I know  
There is no inner one  
That can lead me safely over home  
When my work on earth is done.  
There is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).  
Linna L. Lyle

## 42. Eventide

God loves the aged.  
He gives them greater visions than the young;  
He puts the words of wisdom on their tongue;  
And keeps His presence ever by their side,  
From dawn to dusk, and on through eventide.

God helps the aged.  
Within their home His Spirit ever dwells;  
Their mellow hearts are touched like chiming bells;  
He calms their fears; then worries disappear,  
Because they know His help is always near.

God keeps the aged,  
With hearts of gold and silver-tinted hair,  
And earnestness and greater faith in prayer;  
He keeps them as a shepherd guards his sheep,  
Till in His fold they gently fall asleep.  
Charles W. H. Bancroft

## 43. What God Hath Promised

God hath not promised skies always blue,



Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through:  
God hath not promised sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.

God hath not promised we shall not know  
Toil and temptation, trouble and woe:  
He hath not told us we shall not hear  
Many a burden, many a care.

God hath not promised smooth roads and wide,  
Swift, easy travel, needing no guide:  
Never a mountain rocky and steep,  
Never a river turbid and deep.

But God hath promised strength for the day,  
Rest for the labor, light for the way.  
Grace for the trials, help from above,  
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

#### **44. The Invitation**

Had Jesus said, "Come unto Me,  
Ye wise, ye good, ye pure, sin-free,"  
I had not dared go unto Him  
His words had not been meant for me!  
But Jesus said, "Come unto Me,  
Sin-laden soul, I'll set you free."  
He gave us then this priceless gem,  
"My grace sufficient is for thee. "  
Heeding, I hastened unto Him;  
His words, I knew, were meant for me.  
Mrs. Walter Wood

#### **45. God Answers**

When we see the birds  
All building barns for store,  
It will then be time to worry,  
And not before!

We know not what each day may bring,  
But this we know, our hearts will sing,  
For He who gives the day or years,  
Has power to still our doubts and fears.

And if the way be dark or fair,  
We will not doubt, God answers prayer.

Yes, God, who heeds the sparrow's fall,  
Will always answer when we call.  
Mrs. Ollie C. Monroe

## 46. In the Sky

There's a bright side to life  
If you can find it.  
There's a big load to tote  
If you don't mind it.  
There's a joy and peace and pleasure,  
And there's fun without measure.  
If you'll only seek the treasure in the sky.

There's a cross for you to carry  
All the way.  
There's a smile that will greet you  
Day by day.  
There's a friend that will stand by you,  
Tho all the world desert you,  
If you'll only seek for guidance in the sky.

There will be a joyful meeting by and by,  
When the Saviour comes to meet us  
In the sky.  
There will be no more sadness  
For our hearts will be filled with gladness,  
When we meet our friends and loved ones  
In the sky.  
J. M. Eubanks

## 47. My Wish For You

Just enough of clouds to  
make a sunset  
That is beautiful beyond  
compare;

Just enough of grit, that,  
like an oyster,  
You may build up pearls  
rich and rare;

Just enough dark threads  
that all your weaving  
May have warmth any  
brilliance day by day,

And your tapestry of life be  
Interwoven  
With thoughts of Him who  
Is the living way.  
Vera B. Parker

## 48. Heavenly Flowers

"They shall not plant, and another eat." Isaiah 65:22.  
One more look at the peonies, Jim;  
They're lovely this year, and the slim,  
Queenly grace of the white birch tree  
Wait just a minute, I must see it once more,  
Stately and tall by the dining-room door.

Let the car idle. Notice the way  
The pink hollyhocks are looking today;  
And the lilac bushes we planted one fall,  
Ah, I love lilacs best of them all.  
Oh, beautiful flowers, how can I leave you?  
Planned for and planted, how it can grieve you  
To leave them to alien hands, never knowing  
The care they'll receive after your going.

Drive on now, Jim. I've had my last look  
Pretty they are, like a picture book.  
Flowers we dreamed of and tended with care,  
Seems like we're leaving dear old friends there.

There's a heavenly country where flowers will grow,  
And no sad partings from things we love so.  
No one will ever be called on to roam,  
Never to leave the dear place called home.  
We can build a home there, no taxes to pay,  
No mortgages due on a certain set day.  
We can plant what we want in trees and flowers,  
And the best thing about it, they'll always be ours.  
Caroline E. Keeler

## 49. What Will It Be to Be There?

When we gather at last by life's river,  
Walk the streets of that city so fair,  
When we dwell in those beautiful mansions,  
Oh! what will it be to be there!

We shall meet the redeemed of all ages,  
From the first to the remnant of time,  
Tell the story of how He redeemed us,  
Then join in the chorus sublime!

But the chief of the glories of heaven  
Will be Jesus our Saviour to see;  
Just to dwell evermore in His presence  
Will be glory unending for me!  
When we gather at last over yonder  
By the side of the Jordan so fair,  
We shall look in the face of the Master,  
And what will it be it be there!  
J. L. Tucker

## **50. Trust in the Father's Care**

God is in every tomorrow,  
Therefore I live for today,  
Certain of finding at sunrise  
Guidance and strength for the way,  
Power for each moment of weakness  
Hope for each moment of pain  
Comfort for every sorrow  
And shine and joy after rain.  
Selected

## **51. Prayer**

Down amid the depths  
Of heathen darkness  
There are heroes true and brave;  
Shrinking not from death,  
Or toil or danger  
They have gone to help and save.

But we hear them crying;  
Do not leave us  
Mid these dreadful depths to drown:  
Let us feel your arms  
Of prayer around us;  
Hold the ropes as we go down.  
Dr A B Simpson

## **52. There Always Will Be God**

They cannot shell His temple  
Nor dynamite His throne.

They cannot bomb His city  
Nor rob Him of His own.  
They cannot take Him captive  
Nor strike Him deaf or blind,  
Nor starve Him to surrender  
Nor make Him change His mind.  
They cannot cause Him panic  
Nor cut off His supplies.  
They cannot take His kingdom  
Nor hurt Him with their lies.  
Though all the world be shattered  
His truth remains the same.  
His righteous laws still potent  
And Father still His name.  
Though we face war and struggle  
And feel their goad and rod,  
We know above confusion  
There always will be God.  
Dr. A. L. Murray

### **53. Forget**

Why do I get discouraged  
When I love Him so?  
It's because my eyes stray from His face  
For just an hour or so.

Why do I often fret  
When He loves me so?  
It's because my footsteps stray from His  
For just a mile or so.

"Oh, Lord, when I ignore,  
Whenever I forget  
Lift up my eyes, guide back my steps.  
Forgive me. Love me. And forget. "  
Gale Harris

### **54. The Better Things**

I do not ask for easy paths  
Along life's winding roads  
But for the promised grace and strength  
To carry all its loads.

I do not ask for treasures here  
To hoard, decay and rust,  
But for the better things of Life  
Humility and trust.

I do not ask for many friends,  
But give me, Lord, the few,  
Whose loyalty and faithfulness  
Are first of all, to You.

I ask not skies forever clear  
With one unbroken calm,  
But in each ill that overtake  
To know Thy healing balm.

I do not ask for honor, fame  
While life's short race I run,  
But for a will to do Thy will  
And then--Thy glad "well done".  
Ethel Meadows

## 55. I Thank Thee!

I thank thee, Lord, for the little things  
I find as i go my way;  
For the plain, unannounced little things  
That speak of Thee day by day:  
Green grass growing, and such restful proof  
Of thy constant, loving care  
As pattering raindrops on my roof  
And the trust in baby's prayer.

I thank thee, lord, for the little things:  
The hum of the busy bee,  
A nestling's call or a petal's fall  
From limb of an apple tree;  
For a cooling drink, a loaf of bread,  
or a cricket's fireside song;  
For loved ones dear, for their friendly cheer,  
I do thank thee, all day long.

I thank thee, Lord, for the tints of light  
That speak in a quiet voice  
Ere crowning bursts of thy glory bright  
Make evenings and morns rejoice;  
For soothing peace in the after glow,

For memories sweet it brings.  
From depths of my heart, dear Lord, I know  
I thank thee for little things.  
Edith Crow

## 56. My Need

I THOUGHT I needed many things  
Along life's toilsome way,  
When days were long and heavy cares  
Left scarcely time to pray.

I thought I needed many things  
For those I held most dear,  
When they were sad and longed for rest  
Or change of portion here.

When it was THEE I needed, Lord,  
To satisfy my heart,  
To fill my days with rest and peace,  
And every grace impart.

And those I loved but needed THEE,  
Not change of scene or place,  
But faith, just now, through sun or shade  
THY loving hand to trace.

JUST THEE ALONE, my blessed Lord,  
For every time and place ;  
Just Thee alone-until we all  
Shall see Thee face to face.  
Grace E. Troy.

## 57. Almost

The rich young ruler, in his famous interview with Christ,  
Asked the right question, asked the right Person, received the right answer,  
But made the wrong choice.  
Billy Graham

## 58. The Divine Weaver

"For now we see through a mirror dimly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." (1 Corinthians 13:12.)  
My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me:  
I cannot choose the colors,  
He worketh steadily.

Oft-times He weaveth sorrow,  
And I in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper,  
And I, the under side.

Not till the loom is silent,  
And the shuttles cease to fly,  
Shall God unroll the canvass,  
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful  
In the Weaver's skillful hand,  
And the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.

Precious thought, our Father knoweth,  
Careth for His child;  
Bids me nestle closer to Him,  
When the storm beats wild.

Now I know the heart that planneth  
Naught but good for me:  
Joy and sorrow interwoven,  
Love in all I see.  
Selected

## 59. Love's Mountain

Oh, Love went up to the mountain top  
Where the glory of God was shining;  
Away from the world with its tears and toil,  
Away from the squalor and strife and soil,  
Where the sad and the sick were pining  
And He took His way to the place of peace  
Where life's vain fretting and grieving cease,  
Up to the heart of a hush profound  
Where the calm of the still stars wrapped Him round;  
Oh, Love went up to the mountain top  
Afar from the world's repining.

Oh, Love came down from the mountain top  
Where the sad and sick were dwelling;  
With the strength of the hills in His tender face,  
The joy serene of His resting place,  
And a peace beyond all telling;  
And He came to help and heal and bless,



To lift the burdens of weariness.  
To comfort the heart of the sad and lone,  
And the sorrows of earth to make His own;  
Oh, Love came down from the mountain top  
To make with men His dwelling.  
-Annie Johnson Flint

## **60. Lord, Let Me Put My Hand in Thine**

Lord, let me put  
my hand in Thine  
As I walk on life's way. For many times  
I slip and fall  
And often go astray.

Light up my pathway  
with Thy love,  
And let the light so shine  
That it will penetrate  
the dark  
That's in this heart of mine.

Lord, let me put  
my hand in Thine,  
I need to feel once more  
The nailprint scars  
that we all made  
And Thou didst suffer for.

Each day, without  
Thy guiding hand  
No sunshine would I see. So let me keep  
my hand in Thine,  
My pathway led by Thee.  
Mary C. Hayes

## **61. Isaiah 65:24**

Before you call I will answer;  
While you're yet speaking I will hear.  
I am always ready, listening  
Child of mine. I'm always near.

Never fear how hard the problems  
Or the burdens that you bear,  
I already have the answer;  
At the right time I'll be there.

Remember, man is finite.  
What's ahead he cannot see.  
But your God is not thus blinded.  
He sees through eternity.

I've a thousand ways to help you.  
Let faith and trust replace your fear;  
Before you call I will answer!  
While you're yet speaking I will hear!  
Clara Howland

## **62. Lift Me Higher!**

Oh, lift me higher, Lord, yes, lift me higher;  
My heart is burning with intense desire  
To raise men up toward Thee.  
I cannot raise them higher than I stand;  
So Lord, reach down Thy blessed, nail-pierced hand,  
And raise me higher.

Oh, lift me higher, Lord--Thy judgment hour  
Is on. Give strength, give wisdom, and give power  
To warn my fellow men.  
I must have nobler thoughts and higher aims,  
Have more of charity and less of blame;  
Oh, lift me higher.

Lord, lift me higher-away from earthly things  
To feel the joy that sweet communion brings.  
Draw me nearer still to Thee,  
And fill my soul with passion for lost men,  
More zeal for their salvation, Lord, and then  
I'll lift them higher.

## **63. The Good Shepherd (Psalm 23)**

I will not want, wouldst Thou my Shepherd be  
In righteous paths through this world's tumult led  
To pastures green and waters still, I'd see  
My soul restored, in Thy name comforted.

I'd walk the shadowed valley dark with fear  
Of doubt within and death without, O God,  
In peace through evil, if I knew but near  
The saving guidance of Thy staff and rod.

And to a table richly set I'd go,  
My cup o'erflowed with more than heart could tell; With faith anointed I'd need fear no foe; By mercy,  
goodness blest, with Thee I'd dwell.  
All that I ask I know could come through Thee, If Thou the Shepherd of my soul wouldst be.

## 64. Success

I have learned that success is measured not so much by the position one has reached in life as by the  
obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed.  
Booker T. Washington

## 65. Giving

The more of everything you share,  
The more you'll always have to spare  
For only what you give away  
Enriches you from day to day!  
Helen Steiner Rice

## 66. Jesus Knows

Do you long for home? Does your sad heart ache  
For the loved ones far away?  
Do you often sigh for the days gone by  
And feel that you cannot stay?  
Then remember that Jesus was homesick too,  
When He came with us to abide,  
For His heart was there in the mansions fair,  
And He looked up to heaven and sighed.

Are you grieved because some temptation strong  
Perplexes you day by day?  
And 'tis hard to resist as you pass along  
In the straight and narrow way?  
Just tell it all to the One who knows  
And He will help you to be true;  
This One who will help each trial to bear,  
For Jesus was tempted too.

Has a dear one gone? Do you look through tears  
On that loved one's vacant chair?  
Do you wonder why that he had to die  
When you needed his love and care?  
Do you feel that no one else can know  
What into your life has crept?  
Remember that Christ lost a loved one too.  
Remember that Jesus wept.

Yes, over the rough and stony ways  
The Saviour has passed before;  
He knows of the dark and stormy days,  
Borne all you have borne and more,  
Has struggled and fought the wiley foe,  
And He gained the victory too,  
And, knowing it all He will soothe your woe,  
And will pilot you safely through.  
-Selected

## 67. Ballad of an Old Man

There's a little old house  
A few miles from town  
Where weeds have grown up.  
The porch falling down.  
It looks so neglected  
With windows all bare,  
And few people know  
That anyone's there.  
But I know an old man  
Quite wrinkled and gray  
Who lives there alone  
I saw him today.  
I asked him again  
To come home with me;  
I'd take care of him  
He's my dad, you see.  
His answer to me  
Brought tears to my eye:  
"This house is my home  
'Twill be till I die.  
'Twas here that your mother  
First came as a bride;  
She loved this old house  
'Twas here that she died.  
It sheltered our children.  
But now you've all grown;  
The years have flown past  
Your mother is gone.  
It won't be much longer  
Till I am gone too.  
I'm sure until then  
This old house will do."  
So I left him there  
Alone, but not sad:  
For that home's still a castle

To my dear old dad. Mary Kaufman

## 68. My Dear Old Dad

I stood beside the casket there  
And looked down on the face  
Of my dad who had now passed on  
To his final resting place.

Somehow I knew I'd see again  
This valiant dad of mine  
That his resurrection was so sure  
When God decides the time.

Then I thought of days now past and gone  
As I saw him lying there  
How he had asked the Lord to keep  
His family in His care.

In sadness I remembered, too  
How seldom I had tried  
To make him happy while he lived,  
As I stood there by his side.

So busy seeking my own way  
In pleasures of sinful deeds,  
While he patiently kept struggling on,  
To help supply my needs.

No flowers did I to him  
No loving word of thanks.  
Yet he forgave me in my wrong,  
And my foolish childish pranks.

And now I'd love to tell him so.  
Since we have been apart.  
For God looked down and said to me:  
Son, now give to me your heart.  
Elton D. Smith

## 69. My Church

What kind of a church  
Would my church be,  
If all the members  
Were just like me?

Would the preacher be happy  
And free from care?  
Or would his life be weary  
And hard to bear?

Would the pews all be crowded  
Each Sabbath morn?  
Or would many be empty,  
Cold and forlorn?

Would the bills all be settled?  
Lights shining bright?  
Or would the church be closed  
On Sabbath night?

So I'm asking you,  
You ask me, too:  
What kind of a church  
Would my church be,  
If all the members  
Were just like me?  
Claribel Osborn

## **70. In His Footprints**

In the footprints of the Master  
Is a story so sublime  
It has won the hearts of millions  
And withstood the test of time.

Oh those precious loving footprints  
They were left for you and me,  
And they will be our guideposts  
From here to eternity.

Some will choose the Master's footprints  
Others though will pass them by,  
And they will miss the glad reunion  
That awaits us in the sky.  
A. A. Rees

## **71. The Peace of Faith**

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust,  
My loving God, in Thee;  
Unwavering faith that never doubts

Thou choosest best for me.  
Best, though my plans be all upset;  
Best though my way be rough:  
Best, though my earthly store be scant  
In Thee I have enough.  
Selected

## 72. Helping Others

You gave on the way a pleasant smile  
And thought no more about it.  
It cheered a life that had been dark the while  
Which might have been wrecked without it.  
And so for that smile that was given there,  
You'll have a reward sometime-somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,  
And passed to other duties.  
It cheered a heart; new promise stirred  
And painted a life with beauties.  
And so for that word of golden cheer,  
You'll have a reward sometime-somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one;  
A lift in love was given.  
You saved a soul when hope was gone  
And helped him on toward heaven.  
And so, for that help you proffered there,  
You'll have a reward sometime-somewhere  
Selected

## 73. The Parson's Sermon

Fear not the hour nor time of death,  
In Christian love I speak.  
For death, so called by all but one,  
Is but a time of sleep.

Yet contemplate the day that we  
Shall heed the trumpet's call,  
When from the grave our sleep is o'er  
For judgment, one and all.

Shall we receive eternal life  
From Him Who has all power?  
Or shall we hear those fatal words:  
"Depart from Me this hour."

Our time is here and in the now.  
Decisions are today.  
So think of this in every act;  
Do good along life's way.

Then fear not death (Christ calls it sleep)  
Nor fear the judgment's end;  
When sleep is o'er and God shall say:  
"Come unto Me. My friend."  
Orville J. Stoehr

## 74. My Wish

I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I this earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children shall be with Him there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I wish they could know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.  
Jemima Luke, 1841



## **75. I Met the Master Face to Face**

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,  
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led,  
Until one day in a quiet place,  
I met the Master face to face.

I met Him, and knew Him, and blushed to see  
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me:  
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,  
While my castles melted and vanished away,

Melted and vanished, and in their place  
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.  
And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meet  
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet!"

My thought is now for the souls of men,  
I have lost my life, to find it again,  
E'er since one day in a quiet place,  
I met my Master face to face!

## **76. A Little Prayer**

When you're alone with Jesus  
And He sweetly smiles on thee,  
Will you gently whisper to Him,  
A little prayer for me?  
And when I'm alone with Jesus  
And all else is hid from view  
I'll gently drop into His heart  
A little prayer for you.

## **77. The Bridge Builder**

An old man traveling a lone highway  
Came at evening, cold and gray,  
To a chasm deep and wide,  
Through which there flowed a sullen tide.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
For the sullen stream held no fear for him,  
And he turned when he reached the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.  
"Old man," cried a fellow pilgrim near,  
You waste your strength with your building here,  
Your journey will end with the ending day,  
And you never again will pass this way.  
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,

Why build a bridge at eventide?"  
And the builder raised his old gray head,  
"Good friend, on the path I have come,  
There followeth after me today  
A youth whose feet will pass this way  
This stream, which has been naught to me,  
To that fair-haired boy may a pitfall be,  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim. Good friend,  
I am building this hridge for him.

## **78. Trust and Rest**

As when a little frightened child,  
Oppressed by strange alarms,  
Runs straight and swift to his father's side  
And climbs into his arms,  
So we too throw our troubled selves  
Upon our Father's breast  
And there in trembling wordless prayer  
We cling, and trust, and rest.

## **79. The Kindly Touch**

A friendly word, a kindly deed,  
A cheerful smile each day,  
A helping hand to those in need,  
We meet along life's way.

A bracing word when things go wrong  
And tears aren't far behind,  
Gives hope anew to make one strong  
And understanding find.

Not much to say or ask or do,  
But oh! It means so much.  
Who knows? One day it could be you  
Who needs that kindly touch.

## **80. Thou Passest Through**

"When thou passest through the waters"  
Deep the waves may be and cold,  
But Jehovah is our refuge,  
And His promise is our hold;  
For the Lord Himself hath said it,  
He, the faithful God and true,  
"When Thou comest to the waters

Thou shalt not go down, but through."

Seas of sorrow, seas of trial,  
Bitterest anguish, fiercest pain,  
Rolling surges of temptation  
Sweeping over heart and brain,  
They shall never overflow us  
For we know His Word is true;  
And His waves and all His billows  
He will lead us safely through.

Threatening breakers of destruction,  
Doubts insidious undertow,  
Shall not sink us, shall not drag us  
Out to ocean depths of woe;  
For His promise shall sustain us,  
Praise the Lord, whose Word is true!  
We shall not go down, or under,  
For He saith, "Thou passest through."  
Annie Johnson Flint

## 81. How Old Ought I To Be

"Dear Mother," said a little maid,  
"Please whisper it to me  
Before I am a Christian,  
How old ought I to be?"

"How old ought you to be, dear child.  
Before you can love me?"  
"I always loved you, Mother mine,  
Since I was tiny wee."

I love you now, and always will.  
The little daughter said,  
And on her mother's shoulder laid  
Her golden, curly head.

"How old, girlie, must you be,  
Before you trust my care?"  
Oh, Mother dear, I do,  
I do trust you everywhere.  
"How old ought you to be, my child.  
To do the things I say?"  
The little girl looked up and said.  
"I can do that today."

'Then you can be a Christian, too.  
Don't wait till you are grown;  
Tell Jesus now you come to Him,  
To be His very own,"

Then as the little maid knelt down  
And said, "Lord, if I may,  
I'd like to be a Christian now.  
'He answered, "Yes, today."

## 82. Choose Now

"Some day," you say, "I will seek the Lord;  
Some day I will make my choice;  
Some day, some day, I will heed His Word,  
And answer the Spirit's voice."

God's time is now, for the days fly fast,  
And swiftly the seasons roll;  
Today is yours, it may be your last;  
Choose life for your priceless soul!

Choose now, just now; there's a soul at stake;  
O, what will your answer be?  
Tis life or death; and the choice you make  
Is made for eternity.

Choose now, just now, for the Lord is here, ~,  
And angels your answer wait.  
Choose now, just now, while the call is clear;  
Tomorrow may be too late!  
Harriet Fithian

## 83. Two Prayers

Last night my little boy confessed  
Some childish wrong;  
And kneeling at my knee,  
He prayed with tears –  
"Dear God, make me a man  
Like Daddy - wise and strong;  
I know You can."

Then while he slept  
I knelt beside his bed,  
Confessed my sins,

And prayed with low-bowed head,  
"O God, make me a child  
Like my child here -  
Pure, guileless,  
Trusting Thee with faith sincere."  
Andrew Gillies

## 84. The Answer

I thanked God in the evening  
When the day was past and gone,  
And I praise Him for His presence  
Guiding me from early dawn.

Many were the cares and problems  
There arose, unseen, to meet.  
But His presence was my pilot.  
Calmly sailing o'er the deep.

So I lay aside earth's problems.  
Now the shades of evening fall.  
Thus in peace and faith to slumber.  
With His Presence over all.  
Charlotte G. Johnstone

## 85. The World Is Mine

Today upon a bus I saw a lovely maid with golden hair;  
I envied her, she seemed so bright, and wished I were as fair.  
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;  
She had one foot and wore a crutch, but as she passed, a smile.  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two feet--the world is mine!

And then I stopped to buy some fruits.  
The lad who sold them had such charm,  
I talked with him--he said to me:  
"It's nice to talk with folks like you,  
You see," he said, "I'm blind."  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two eyes--the world is mine!

Then, walking down the street,  
I saw a child with eyes of blue.  
He stood and watched the others play  
It seemed he knew not what to do.  
I stopped a moment, then I said:

"Why don't you join the others, dear?"  
He looked ahead without a word, and then  
I knew, he could not hear.  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two ears--the world is mine!

With feet to take me where I'd go,  
With eyes to see the sunset's glow,  
With ears to hear what I would know,  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I'm blessed indeed! The world is mine!

## 86. My Lord

My Lord is so precious;  
He keeps me each day.  
He lovingly cares for my soul,  
Protects me in danger,  
Provides for my needs,  
'Tho the waves of adversity roll.

He comforts in sorrow.  
He strengthens when weak.  
But for Him I should faint by the way.  
He forgiveth my sins,  
Tells me I am His child,  
And answers when to Him I pray.

O my precious Saviour!  
How sinful I am.  
So often I grieve Thee, I know.  
O wash me and cleanse me  
From all that defiles;  
Through Thy blood make me whiter than snow.

And when by Thy grace  
At last I shall stand  
With the ransomed on yon blissful shore  
With saints and with angels I'll sing and rejoice,  
With Jesus to dwell evermore. C. E. Grey

## 87. Seeing Him Who Is Invisible

With my eyes upon the Saviour  
I can walk the sea of life  
With its waves and billows 'round me,  
With its tempests, storms and strife.

Should I look upon another,  
Look at self or turn my gaze  
On life's problems and temptations,  
I would sink beneath the waves.

Saviour, let me walk beside Thee,  
Let me feel my hand in Thine;  
Let me know the joy of walking  
In Thy strength and not in mine.  
John Sidebotham

## **88. Judge Gently**

Pray don't find fault with the man that limps  
Or stumbles along the road,  
Unless you have worn the shoe he wears  
Or struggled beneath his load.

There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,  
Tho' hidden away from view,  
Or the burden he bears placed on your back  
Might cause you to stumble, too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today  
Unless you have felt the blow  
That caused his fall or felt the shame  
That only the fallen know.

You may be strong; but still the blows  
That were his, if dealt to you  
In the selfsame way at the selfsame time  
Might cause you to stagger, too.

Don't be too harsh with the man that sins,  
Or pelt him with word or stone,  
Unless you are sure-yea, doubly sure  
That you have no sins of your own.

For you know perhaps if the tempter's voice  
Should whisper as soft to you  
As it did to him when he went astray,  
It might cause you to falter, too.

## **89. If You Were Busy**

If you were busy being kind

Before you knew it you would find,  
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true  
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad  
And cheering people who are sad,  
Although your heart might ache a bit  
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good  
And doing just the best you could  
You'd not have time to blame some man.  
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true,  
To what you know you ought to do  
You'd be so busy, you'd forget  
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right  
You'd find yourself too busy quite  
To criticize your neighbor long  
Because he's busy being wrong.

## **90. When His Ship Comes In**

With an air of expectancy about him,  
My grandpa would tell with a grin  
All the wonderful things that would happen  
On the day that his ship comes in.

We'd sit around his knee by the hour,  
Spellbound by the tales he'd relate  
Of travel, adventure, and wonder  
Sure to come-there was no debate.

Although wealth was not his possession,  
He was rich in so many ways;  
His zest for living was contagious  
When near him-my happiest days.

As he grew older and slower,  
Eyes dimmer, and weaker his grip,  
His enthusiasm never waivered  
'Cause just 'round the corner-his ship.

On his last day he still looked with wonder



At life, and things he would do with kin  
On that wonderful day that was sure to come  
The day that his ship comes in.

His ship didn't come in the form I expected:  
Saddened, I wondered what had gone wrong;  
Then I discovered the secret he'd hidden:  
His ship was there all along!  
Dorothy Leonard Sharpe

## 91. His Lamp

His lamp am I,  
To shine where He shall say;  
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,  
Nor for the light of day;  
But for the dark places of the earth,  
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,  
Or for the murky twilight gray,  
Where wandering sheep have gone astray,  
Or where the lamp of faith grows dim,  
And souls are groping after Him.  
And as sometimes a flame we find,  
Clear-shining through the night,  
So dark we cannot see the lamp  
But only see the light  
So may I shine-His love the flame,  
That men may glorify His name.  
-Annie Johnson Flint

## 92. Prayer for a School

For a schoolhouse anywhere  
I send up a silent prayer:  
Christ, great Teacher, bless this place  
On it shed Thy love and grace.  
Teach the teachers; let them see  
That they shape earth's destiny.  
Home and church and school  
These three  
Carry on Thy ministry.

As from Thee come growth of seed,  
So to Thee we bring our need:  
What to plant and how to sow,  
That is what we pray to know,

Let schools be in Thy pure sight  
Bethlehems of truth and light.  
For a schoolhouse anywhere  
I send up a silent prayer!  
-Cortlande W. Wayres

### **93. A Father's Prayer**

Give me, O God, the wisdom that I need  
To mold the tender lives within my care:  
Give me the power, that I may subtly lead  
Them into righteousness-true joy is there.  
I ask for them no rainbowed path of ease:  
I ask for them no store of wealth or fame;  
I only ask that by their lives they please  
Thee and the world with an untarnished name.  
I know that Man is weak and life is strong,  
And sometimes honest roads look very drear,  
That winning laurels often takes too long  
And luring vistas from all sides appear . . .  
But, while my young are still beneath my wing,  
God, help me guide them right in everything.  
Patricia Clafford

### **94. The Land of Yesterday**

Oh, the wonderful days of the long ago!  
How we love to wander away  
Where life's sunshine falls in mellow glow  
On the distant paths that we used to know  
In the Land of Yesterday.

Oh, the common things of the bygone years  
Wear a halo of gold today;  
Ah, friend, take heed! for 'tis swiftly done,  
The hopes we cherished, our joys and fears  
In the Land of Yesterday.

Oh, days will come and days will go,  
Time swiftly is fleeting away;  
And the common round that we daily know  
Will soon be a part of the long ago,  
In the Land of Yesterday.

We gaze on them fondly, through smiles and tears  
Tomorrow soon is today;  
And today will pass at set of sun

O'er the race that now is being run  
To the Land of Yesterday.

Will mem'ry then hold a golden glow  
O'er the things we do today?  
Will smiles awake, or teardrops flow,  
When we view the paths we used to know,  
In the Land of Yesterday?  
Alta Hilliard Christensen

## 95. A Candle in the Night

So very many people  
Are like a candle in the night,  
Their gentle, noiseless beauty  
Is like a steady burning light.

Though they be short and tiny  
Or shapely tapers tall and fair,  
Around them beams a radiance  
That brightens life and steals our care.

They do not sense the darkness  
Because their self-effacing glow  
Encircles them with beauty  
That shines alike on friend or foe.

And so I watch the candles  
That banish darkness in the night,  
Though they be short and tiny  
Or tapers tall with flames of light.  
Mary Staner Wine

## 96. If You Have a Friend Worth Loving

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him, ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend-till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart

Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble, pleading tone,  
Join it. Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone.  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling  
From a brother's weeping eyes,  
Share them. And by kindly sharing  
Own your kinship in the skies.  
Why should anyone be glad  
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying  
For both grief and joy a place.  
There's health and goodness in the mirth  
In which an honest laugh has birth.

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness  
All enriching as you go  
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;  
He will make each seed to grow.  
So, until the happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.

## **97. Saviour, Teach Me**

Saviour, teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson-to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a child's glad heart of love  
At Thy bidding may I move,  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,

Strong to follow in Thy grace,  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.  
Jane Eliza Lesson

## 98. Was That Nobody You?

Once upon a time there were four men who went to the same church. Their names were Joe SOMEBODY, George ANYBODY, Jack EVERYBODY, and Sam NOBODY. EVERYBODY thought he would go to church on Sabbath, but he figured SOMEBODY wouldn't be friendly with ANYBODY, so NOBODY went. EVERYBODY was asked to teach a Sabbath School class, but he thought surely ANYBODY would want to be a teacher and at least SOMEBODY would do it; but it turned out that NOBODY taught it. Whenever there is a job to do, EVERYBODY agrees with ANYBODY that SOMEBODY will do it, but NOBODY does it. Now when the rewards are handed out up in heaven someday, guess who will get them all? You are right NOBODY!  
-So I Have Heard, by J. K. French

## 99. Rest And Work

by Anne Whitney

The camel at the close of day,  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off,  
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too, shouldst to thy knees  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift thy load  
And grant repose.

The camel kneels at break of day  
To have his guide replace his load,

'Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning dawn,  
That God may give thee daily care,  
Assured that He no load too great  
Will make thee bear.

## 100. The Tour Of A Smile

My papa smiled this morning when  
He came downstairs, you see,  
At mamma; and when he smiled, then  
She turned and smiled at me;  
And when she smiled at me, I went  
And smiled at Mary Ann  
Out in the kitchen; and she lent  
It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one whom  
He saw while going by,  
Who also smiled, and ere he knew  
Had twinkles in his eye;  
So he went to his office then  
And smiled at his clerk,  
Who put some more ink on his pen  
And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home, he smiled  
Right at his wife, and she  
Smiled over at their child,  
As happy as could be;  
And then the little child, she took  
The smile to school; and when  
She smiled at her teacher from her book  
Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed one on  
To little James McBride,  
Who couldn't get his lesson done,  
No matter how he tried;  
And Jamesy took it home and told  
How teacher smiled at him  
When he was tired, and didn't scold,  
But said, "Don't worry, Jim."

And when I happened to be there

That very night to play,  
His mother had a smile to spare  
Which came across my way;  
And when I took it after while  
Back home, my mamma said,  
"Here is that very selfsame smile  
Come back with us to bed."

## 101. Beside The Silent Sea

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.  
And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care  
And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

## 102. Help Him Now

Help a brother while he lives,  
Don't wait for him to die  
To show how much you cared for him,  
With mourners standing by.  
No funeral pomp can take the place  
Of a kindly word or deed,  
Should misfortune be his lot  
And the brother be in need.  
No eulogistic praise e'er writ  
Or flower on his bier  
Can help a brother when he's dead,  
So help him while he's here.

No man's so great but the day may come  
When misfortune's chilly blast  
Will wreck his fondest hopes and aims  
And shadows o'er him cast;

When he will need a kindly hand  
To help him on his way,  
When fighting life's tempestuous seas  
To a brighter, happier day.  
A crust of bread is better far  
A starving man to save  
Than a monument of bronze or stone  
Erected o'er his grave.

So help a brother while he lives,  
Don't wait for him to die  
To show how much you cared for him  
With tears that dim the eye;  
For when his span of life is run  
And he sleeps the eternal sleep,  
He needs no help from mortal man.  
God has him in His keep.  
Selected

### **103. Suppose**

If all we say  
In a single day,  
With never a word left out  
Were printed at night In clear black and white,  
'Twould make queer reading,  
no doubt.  
And then just suppose  
Ere one's eyes could close,  
We must read the whole record  
through;  
Then wouldn't one sigh,  
And wouldn't one try  
A great deal less talking to do?

And more than half think  
That many a kink  
Would be smoother in life's  
tangled thread,  
If one half we say  
In a single day,  
Were forever left unsaid,

### **104. The Difference**

I got up early one morning  
And rushed right into the day,



I had so much to accomplish  
That I didn't have time to pray.

Problems just tumbled about me  
And heavier came each task  
"Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered.  
He answered, "You didn't ask."

I wanted to see joy and beauty,  
but the day toiled on, gray and bleak.  
I wondered why God didn't show me;  
He said, "But you didn't seek"

I tried to come into God's presence,  
I used all the keys at the lock.  
God gently and lovingly chided,  
"My child, you didn't knock."

I woke up early this morning  
and paused before entering the day,  
I had so much to accomplish  
That I had to take time to pray.

## **105. Don't Quit**

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,  
Keep your spirits high for through thick and thin,  
You must carry on if you are to win.

Life is strange with its twists and turns  
As everyone of us sometimes learns.  
It challenges us to often give up  
When we could have captured the victor's cup.

So turn your failures inside out,  
Press them on past fear and doubt.  
Never mind if things hold you back a bit,  
You'll come out on top, but you mustn't quit.