







Yours truly
E. U. Cook

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

(FULLY ILLUSTRATED)

FROM

GUSTAVE DORÉ

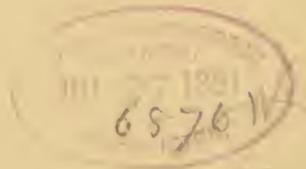
BY

E. U. COOK

33
There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky
There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King

—Holland

CHICAGO
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CHICAGO

DEDICATION.

- · · *To those who can laugh through their tears,*
- · · *Can smile in the midst of a sigh,*
- · · *Can mingle their youth with their years*
- · · *On the road to the Sweet-by-and-by,*

This Book is Dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Now reader, go along with me,
Away back to Eternity;
Go back beyond the days of youth,
Where everything that was, was truth.

Beyond the sorrow and the tears,
Beyond the suffering and fears,
Beyond the anguish and the gloom,
Beyond the shadow of the tomb.

Beyond all trouble and all pain,
Beyond all losses and all gain,
Beyond all sobs and bitter sighs,
Beyond the limit of the skies.

Before there was a ray of light,
Before there was a day or night,
Before a prayer was ever prayed,
Before the world was ever made.

Before there was a moon, or sun,
Before old time itself begun;
Before there was a now, or then,
Before there was a where, or when.

Before there was a 'here', or 'there',
Or anything, or anywhere;
Go back a hundred thousand years,
And farther still, though filled with fears.

PREFACE.

Go back until within the past,
You fail to find the place at last
Where the beginning you can see,
At one end of Eternity.

Go back until there's not a trace
Of anything, but God and space;
God all around, below, above;
Unlimited in power and love.

Away back here removed from sight,
Where everything that was, was right;
Away back here removed from sin,
Is where my story does begin.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

PART I.

Sometime, and somewhere out in space,
God felt it was the proper place
To make a world, as he did claim,
To bring some honor to his name.

Before God brought the world about,
I wonder if he did not doubt
Whether, since he had found the spot,
He'd better make a world, or not.

Hence with himself he then communed,
His attributes he importuned;
First unto Truth the Lord applied,
To see if he was satisfied.

Truth, looking down through coming years,
Declared that he was filled with fears,
And said he knew not what to do
In case that man should prove untrue.

For Truth unchanged has always stood,
And all he knows, or is, is good;
And Truth when taken all alone
Is firm as walls of solid stone.

Then Justice rising to her feet,
Said, "Unto every one I meet
I deal out justice as I should,
Alike to both the bad and good.

"And hence from duty I'll not swerve,
I'll treat mankind as they deserve,
And if on God they do not trust,
All I can do is treat them just."

And then came Mercy, mild and meek,
And asked if she a word might speak.
In gentle tones and accents mild,
She plead as would a little child.

Her lips did quiver as she'd speak,
The tears went streaming down her cheek,
Her voice was like the voice of love,
Or like the cooing of a dove.

She said, "If man should go astray,
I'll point to him another way,
And by the mercy that I give,
Poor, fallen man again may live.

“ And his companion I will be,
Both on the land and on the sea.
And should he fail to go aright,
I'll be near by, both day and night.

“ I'll be with him when young or old,
I'll be with him amongst the gold,
I'll be with him when he is poor,
When death is knocking at the door.”

The Lord adopted Mercy's plan,
And made the world — also the man.
This is the way the thing was done,
Without a ray of light or sun;

Away out there alone, above,
Without a thing to make it of,
The world was made without a flaw,
Without a hammer or a saw.

Without a bit of wood or stone,
Without a bit of flesh or bone,
Without a board or nail or screw,
Or anything to nail it to.

Without a foot-hold or a trace
Of anything at all but space.
The only thing the Lord could do
Was simply speak a word or two.

And then without apparent cause,
A thing that was not, now then was.
And if the story told is true,
The world came boldly into view,

And stood out there alone in space,
Without a blade of grass, or trace
Of life, or living thing, or light,
A bare old world in darkest night.

No rippling rills, nor balmy breeze,
No songs of birds, nor swaying trees;
There was not e'en a sound on earth,
For none of these as yet had birth.

God made the grasses then to grow,
And made the balmy breezes blow;
He made the sun to give us light,
The moon to shine for us at night.

He then did work at things like these:
Made fish with fins to swim the seas,
Horses, cows and Indian ponies,
And whales to swallow up the Jonahs.

He made the little birds to sing,
Made Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
The mighty oak, and little fern,
And beds of coal for us to burn.

Made reptiles, worms and creeping things,
Made some without, and some with wings,
Made dogs to bark, and cats to mew,
Made our colors, red, white, and blue.

Made the cyclone, and the zephyr,
The wild bull, and domestic heifer,
Made the flowers, and forest trees,
He made the bugs, and bumble bees.

He made the steam and smoke to rise,
The clouds to float up in the skies,
And, in accordance with his plan,
He took some dirt and made a man.

And many other things did make,
And in them all made one mistake;
But this was no mistake in plan—
The dirt was bad when he made man.

Now, Adam was not satisfied,
So Eve was made to be his bride,
To share his griefs, as well as joys,
And be the mother of his boys.

And they together may have played
Beneath the weeping willow's shade,
Down by the little rippling stream,
Whose waters in the sunlight gleam.

They may have played with pretty toys
Like other little girls and boys;
They may have made mud cakes and pies
Like children do of their same size.

Perhaps Miss Eve made dolls and quilts,
While Adam stalked about on stilts;
Perhaps she rode upon his sled,
Or in his wagon painted red.

While he played horse and pulled the load,
He may have trudged along the road,
As Eve within the wagon sits,
And Adam, horse like, chews the bits.

And thus their childhood may have passed,
Until they reached the age at last
When Adam wished to wed a wife
To help him pull his sled through life.

To sew the buttons on his pants,
And thus his comfort to enhance,
To brush his clothes, tie his cravat,
And do such little things as that.

To wash and iron, and scrub the floor,
And each day do it o'er and o'er;
Three times a day to cook his meals,
No matter then how tired she feels.



ADAM AND EVE.

"Now Adam was not satisfied,
So Eve was made to be his bride."

When he comes home at close of day,
He wishes her, so blithe and gay,
To meet him with a pleasant smile,
And thus his weary hours beguile.

She no doubt thought it would be grand,
To always have at her command,
Some one to love, some one to scold,
Some one to care for her when old.

Some one to brush away her tears,
Dispel her sorrow, calm her fears,
Some one to drive away dull care,
Some one to smooth her tangled hair.

Some one she hoped that she would suit,
To help her eat "Forbidden Fruit,"
Some one with whom to share her joys,
And be the father of her boys.

One day as they together played,
A proposition Adam made;
This proposition was to wed;
I think Miss Eve then hung her head.

Perhaps she bit her finger nail,
And blushed, turned red, and then turned pale,
Her tongue against her cheek did poke,
Then smiled and wet her lips and spoke.

I do not know just what she said,
As Adam with her must have plead,
But from the sequel I would guess,
She must have answered Adam, "y-e-s."

And quickly then the gossips said,
That Eve and Adam soon would wed;
And Eve was glad, and did rejoice
To know that she was Adam's choice.

Without a mansion, house, or cot,
Adam went and the license got,
And as they stood there side by side,
Old mother Eve became a bride.

No mother-in-law took him to task,
He had no father-in-law to ask,
No one, in fact, had aught to say,
Eve simply gave herself away.

There, no doubt, in that far-off land,
The bride and groom stood hand in hand;
No organ tones the air did fill,
But all around them then was still.

The zephyrs were the only breeze
That bent the flowers, or swayed the trees,
The tender limb and shady bower
Had never felt the tempest's power.

In this land there ne'er was a weed,
The plants that grew came not from seed;
The will of God had placed them there,
Tempered the breeze, and the balmy air.

Flowers of every shade and hue,
The red and orange, white and blue,
With mosses growing on the trees,
And vines that swayed with every breeze.

The mellow light from the midnight moon,
Rays so bright from the sun at noon,
The sweet perfume and singing birds
Cannot be told in human words.

As down the flowery aisles they walked,
Of loves young dream together talked,
How quickly must the years have sped,
When Eve and Adam first were wed.

To him it was a world of joys
No jealousy of other boys,
No pangs to cause his soul unrest,
For fear she loved another best.

And thus they did each other please
'Till Eve went shopping 'mongst the trees;
She wished some apple-sauce to make,
And got the apples of a snake.

When Adam came that night to tea,
She said, "Here's apple-sauce for thee,"
She'd made it very nice and sweet,
So Adam took it and did eat.

And on its goodness she enlarged,
Because, no doubt, she'd had it "charged."
And then perhaps, beside the fruit,
She may have bought a fig-leaf suit.

And just as other merchants will,
The snake at last came with his bill;
And Adam then refused to pay,
And tried to send the snake away.

And enmity the Lord did make
Between the woman and the snake,
That enmity, the Lord did quoth,
Should be between the seed of both.

"And it shall bruise the serpent's head,
And thou shalt bruise his heel instead:"
And here the promise first is met
Of him who came to pay the debt.

But while the snake around him lurked,
The Devil came for whom he clerked,
And then he said, to make me whole,
"I'll take a mortgage on your soul."

And then a mortgage Adam gives
On every soul that ever lives;
And when that mortgage was arranged,
How quickly everything was changed.

Disease and sickness, grief and pain,
Shadow and sorrow, drouth and rain,
Discord and murder, every sin,
Were by this mortgage ushered in.

The storm-winds blew, and not the breeze,
The wild birds screamed amongst the trees,
The rag-weeds and the foxtail grew,
The cuckle-burr and thistle too.

Now Adam to supply his needs,
Hoed the garden, and mowed the weeds,
He tilled the soil through drouth and wet—
You should have seen the old man sweat!

All through the day old Adam ploughs,
And then goes home and milks the cows,
And feeds the pigs and little fowls,
And then sits round and growls and growls.

A bitter follows all his sweets,
A foe for every friend he meets;
The hawks do on the sparrows prey,
The tall trees in the tempest sway.

The wild beast in his anger howls,
And nights made hideous by the owls,
The cyclone sweeps across the lake,
The earth does tremble and does quake.

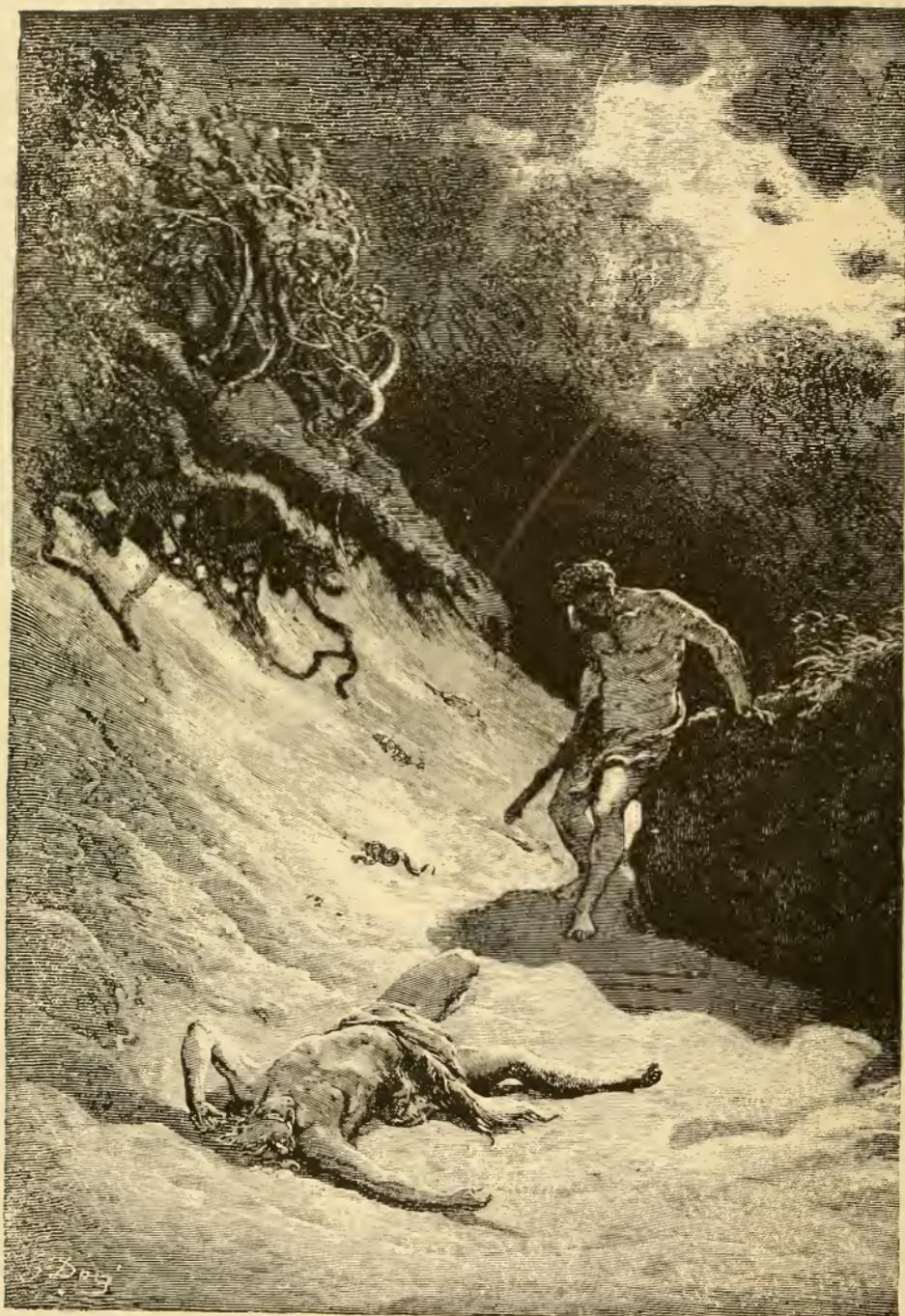
Black clouds gather, the torrent pours,
Lightnings flash, and storm-wind roars,
The thunders say as they do roll,
“ You have a mortgage on your soul.”

And further on as the story runs,
We're told that Adam had two sons;
I often wonder what he did
When Cain was just a little kid.

And in my mind behold a sight,
As Adam walks the floor at night,
And sings a lullaby to Cain,
Who, cutting teeth, is racked with pain.

No doubt the little fellow yelled,
Against his papa's will rebelled,
And unto Adam it was plain
To raise the lad — they must “ raise Cain,”

At last the lad to manhood grew,
And then his younger brother slew,
Whose body then, no doubt to hide,
Was dragged down by the river's side.



THE MURDER OF ABEL.
"And saw the serpent past him glide."

He then upon that body gazed
With both his hands to heaven raised,
Plead with the powers to end the strife
And bring that body back to life.

He kissed the brow and kissed the cheek,
And asked the lips again to speak;
He wrung his hands and shrieked in grief,
Implored the heavens for relief.

Caressed that body, cold and dead,
And, Oh! how bitterly he plead
For just one smile, or look, or word,
Then listened — not a sound he heard,

Save just a rustle by his side,
And saw the serpent past him glide;
And on his brow came drops of sweat
To pay the interest on that debt.

Cain went East to the Land of Nod,
Afraid to meet both man and God,
And with him there a wife did dwell,
But who, or what, I cannot tell.

And, sometime after Abel's death,
A child was born, whose name was Seth,
Old father Adam was his Pa,
And he was Cain's wife's brother-in-law.

And Enos now, I do believe,
Was son of Seth, grandson of Eve;
And then came Cainan next in view,
Mahalaleel and Jarad, too.

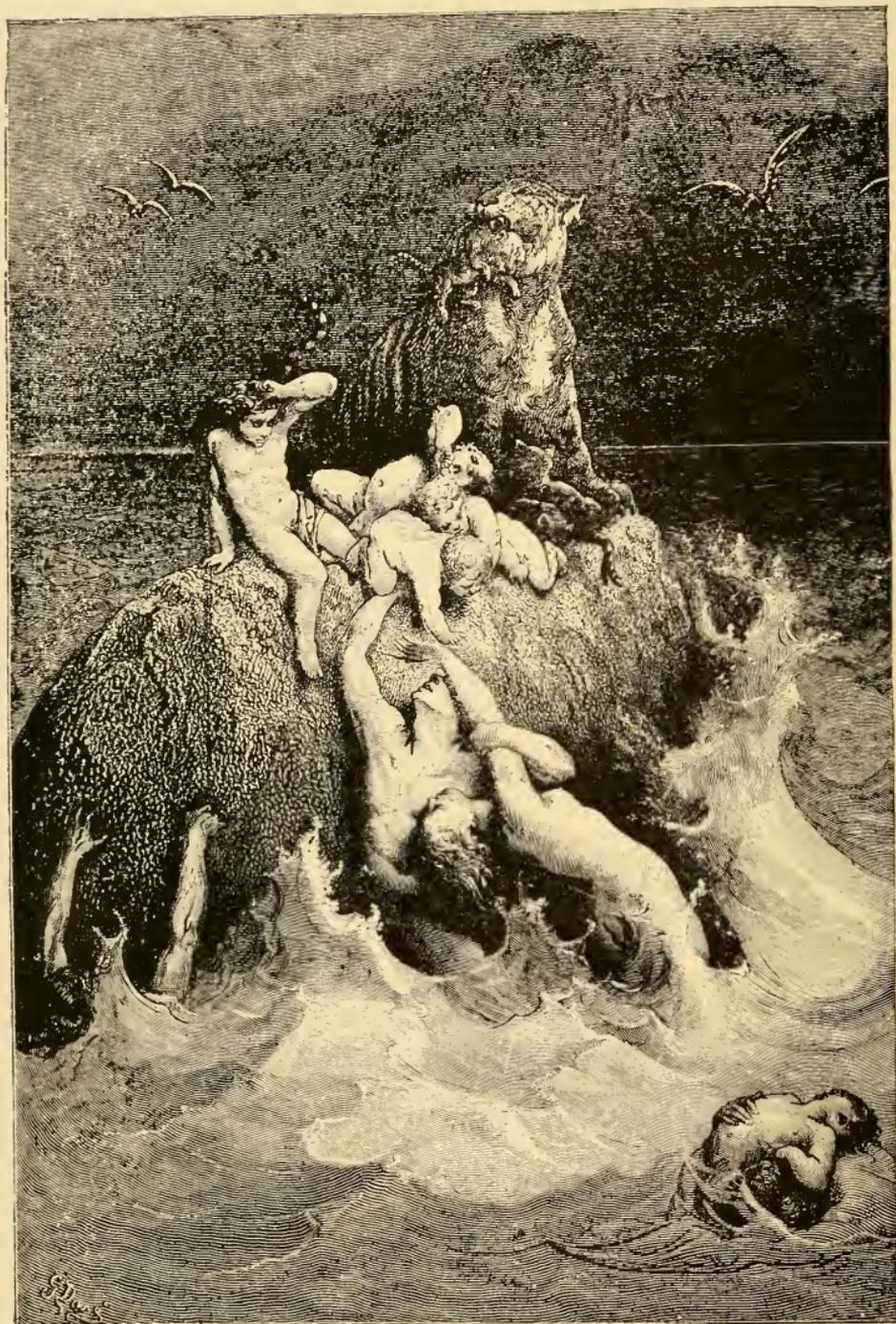
Then Enoch came and multiplied;
God took him just before he died,
And then Methusaleh next appears,
Who lived almost a thousand years.

And Lamech was Methusaleh's son,
And then old Noah's life begun —
A life of peril and of joys;
Shem, Ham and Japheth were his boys.

This is the way the story runs —
These are the father and the sons,
From when old Adam first had birth,
Until the biggest rain on earth.

For we are told about that rain,
Whose waters spread across the plain,
And covered all the hills and heights,
And lasted forty days and nights.

The waters covered all the ground,
And every one on earth was drowned,
Excepting those who did embark
Along with Noah in his ark.



THE DELUGE.

“As up the mountain side she drags
Herself by mountain peaks and crags,”

Now in my mind I see a sight,
'Tis clouds as black as darkest night,
I hear the thunders roll and crash,
I see the lightnings' vivid flash.

I see the surging of the deep,
I see strong men bow down and weep,
I see the young man and his bride,
Go climbing up the mountain side.

I hear the mother in her grief
Imploring heaven for relief,
As up the mountain side she drags
Herself by mountain peaks and crags.

The serpent, on the mountain side,
Out from his hiding place does glide,
And says, "I see mid cold and wet,
You're paying interest on that debt."

The winds, no doubt, blew cold and bleak,
The waves swept over every peak,
And everything was damp and dark,
No life except in Noah's ark.

The fountains of the deep were dried,
And then the waters did subside;
Until at last, upon dry ground,
The ark a resting place had found.

Then out of Noah's ark there came
Beasts, and birds of every name.
They came along in twos and twos,
Some polar bears and kangaroos,

Some cows and horses, sheep and shoats,
Some billy and some nanny-goats,
Some tigers, lions, wolves and bears,
Raccoons and 'possums, minks and hares.

The whip-poor-will and hooting owl,
The eagle and the barnyard fowl,
The hawk and sparrow, and the wren,
Four women and as many men.

Awhile on earth these did reside
Alone, but quickly multiplied;
They owned no land and paid no rents,
They moved about and lived in tents.

Unto the land of Shinar came,
And built a tower, to make a name.
This tower should be so very high—
Its top would rest beyond the sky.

But then, this tower was never used:
The builders' tongues became confused.
When with each other they would speak,
One talked in French, another Greek.



THE TOWER OF BABEL.

“And all at once the work did stop,
Some men below, and some on top.”

One talked Italian, one talked Dutch,
One talked Spanish, another such
A mixed up mess you never heard,
You could'nt understand a word.

While they their work together planned,
One says, "I do not understand."
"No sabe," then the Spaniard say,
And all the Germans, "nix vishta."

And when a workman ordered brick
They may have brought the man a stick,
Or if by chance he ordered bread,
They brought a stone, perhaps, instead.

And all at once the work did stop;
Some men below and some on top,
And some with mortar for the stack,
Would turn around and take it back.

And each man mad and madder got —
He didn't know at whom or what —
So many things he did not like,
That with the rest he joined the strike.

And hence at last old Babel's walls —
A pile of ruins — crumbles, falls
To pieces, and upon the ground
To-day, I'm told, those bricks are found.

Now Abram and his nephew, Lot,
Into some trouble one time got
About their cattle and their herds;
But Abram said, "We'll have no words,

"For thou canst have the left or right
Of all the land that is in sight;"
And then I think I heard him quoth:
"The world is wide enough for both."

Now, Jordan's plains were rich, indeed,
Well watered and supplied with feed;
So, Lot down in the valley goes,
Selects the land where Jordan flows.

Down in this valley, rich and wide,
Some wicked people did reside,
And wickedness did so abound,
Ten righteous men could not be found.

Now, Lot was told to save his life:
To take his daughters and his wife,
And up into the mountains flee,
Where they would out of danger be.

Here's where their trials first begun —
Their story is a salty one —
When on their way they made a halt,
Lot's wife looked back, and turned to salt.

And then his daughters did behave
In such a way, up in the cave,
Of them we do not care to speak,
It brings a blush upon the cheek.

But fire and brimstone God did rain
Down on the cities of the plain.
The people had so wicked been
That now their trials must begin.

And as the fire and brimstone fell,
I find no words with which to tell,
The grief and anguish, pain and woes,
Down where the river Jordan flows.

And while the fire and brimstone falls,
Out from his hiding place there crawls
The serpent and declares it's true,
“Today your interest cometh due.”

To Abram we will now return,
And let the fire and brimstone burn;
We'll take a peep at Abram's life,
His hired girl, as well as wife.

For, Abram, although very old,
Was promised heirs, so we are told;
And when that promise was arranged,
His name to Abraham was changed.

Now, Hagar came with them to live —
To Sarah some assistance give;
And she was treated as their child,
Until on Abraham she smiled.

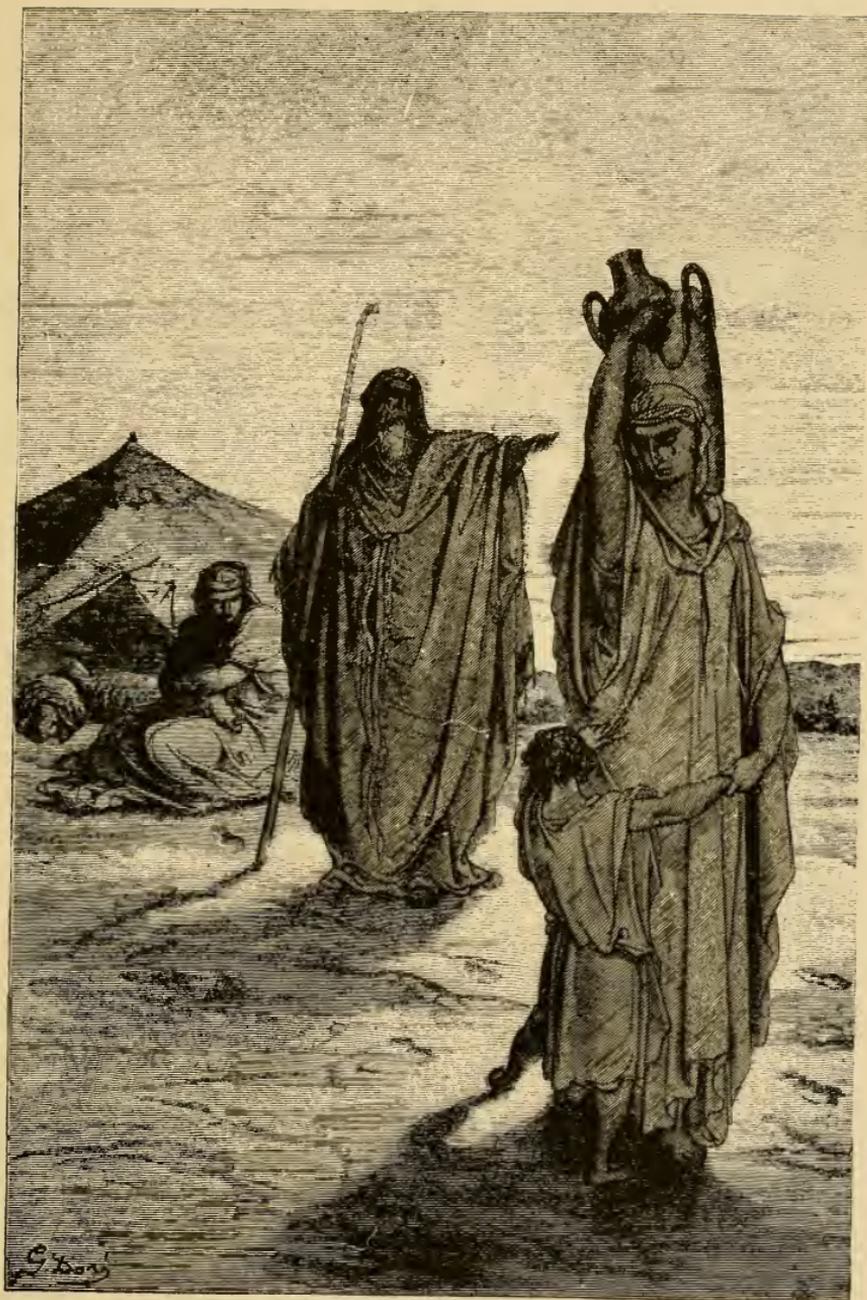
Then Sarah somewhat jealous was,
And not perhaps without a cause;
The pledge to Abraham proved true,
Instead of one heir, he had two.

Now, Isaac was their lawful son,
And Ishmael the other one.
To Isaac then a feast was made,
And both the boys together played.

And Ishmael young Isaac teased,
And Sarah thus became displeased;
She told Miss Hagar to depart —
To take her son at once, and start.

The Lord, we're told, then to decide
If Abraham on him relied,
Commanded Abraham to take
His son, an offering to make.

So, Abraham, to end the strife,
Prepared the wood, and fire, and knife;
Up in the mountains he did go,
And raised his hand to strike the blow.



THE EXPULSION OF HAGAR.
"She told Miss Hagar to depart—
To take her son at once and start,"

A voice then said to Abraham:
"Look round, and thou shalt see a ram."
He looked, and saw among the thorns,
A ram stood fastened by the horns.

The ram for offering was prepared;
Bless God, young Isaac then was spared.
The father's heart then leaped for joy
To think that God had saved his boy.

When Isaac unto manhood grew,
He did as other people do;
He took Rebekah for his wife,
To love and cherish during life.

The courtship was a novel one;
This is the way it first begun:
Ten camels and a servant went —
Perhaps by Abraham were sent —

To search among the neighbor girls,
Among the false teeth, hair, and curls.
And there this servant must decide
Which one should be young Isaac's bride.

And then the servant knelt and prayed,
And asked the Lord to give him aid.
Rebekah, very young and fair,
Came out in answer to that prayer,

And met the servant at the well,
And thus enabled him to tell
Which one would be the proper choice
To make young Isaac's heart rejoice.

And here the story first begins
About two boys — a pair of twins —
While Jacob, one of them, was fair,
Esau was covered o'er with hair.

Esau, the elder one by birth,
Lost everything he had on earth;
And what he lost, young Jacob made;
Got part by fraud, and part by trade.

When Isaac's eyes with age grew dim,
Esau would kill a deer for him,
And then prepare the nicest part,
And thus he won his father's heart.

When Jacob saw what Esau did,
He went and killed a little kid,
And put the skin around his wrists,
A strip around his neck he twists.

He then prepares a little meat,
And gives the old man some to eat,
And thus the blessing he obtains;
What Esau loses, Jacob gains.



REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

“Rebekah, very young and fair,
Came out in answer to that prayer.”



THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.
"To bring some honor on his name,"

'T was on account of what I've said,
That Jacob from his brother fled,
And made the journey all alone
And for a pillow used a stone.

Perhaps he'd heard his mother tell
Of her experience at the well,
And when unto a well he came,
He hoped that his would be the same.

No doubt he sat there hours and hours,
And watched the birds, and bees, and flowers,
Admired the girls that came in sight,
From early morn till late at night.

When Rachel came along that day,
Methinks I heard young Jacob say,
As off the well the stone he slid:
"I've come to do as mother did."

But Rachel's father, it appears,
Required that Jacob work for years.
But Jacob's plans could not be foiled;
For seven years young Jacob toiled.

He milked the cows and slopped the shoats,
He did the chores and fed the goats;
And then he said, "I understand
I now have won your daughter's hand."

That night the wedding songs were sung,
That night the wedding bells were rung,
That night the groom and trembling bride
Stood hand in hand and side by side.

The bridal veil concealed her brow,
They pledged the pledge and vowed the vow;
And now imagine his surprise
When first he looked down in her eyes!

Saw not the eyes nor loving tears
Of her for whom he'd worked for years;
Saw not the one he'd hoped to wed,
But in her place he saw instead,

A weak-eyed, sore-eyed, aged girl,
Perhaps without a single curl,
No dimples; no, not e'en a trace
Of beauty in her homely face.

'T was Leah that young Jacob wed,
'T was Rachel that he wished instead;
It seems that Jacob loved to trade,
Hence he another contract made,

To work another seven years,
And in that contract it appears
That Rachel then should be his bride,
And on this contract he relied.

And when these seven years had passed,
He got the prize he sought at last;
And Rachel now became the bride:
Poor Leah had to stand aside.

Now all these contracts had expired,
And Jacob now a third time hired
To Laban, and six years did stay;
Took all the spotted calves for pay.

Hence Jacob studied all the laws
To see if he could learn the cause
That on the calves would put the spots,
The rings and stripes and streaks and dots.

Yes, Jacob did some funny tricks —
He peeled the bark from off the sticks
And put them in the troughs, I think
To scare the cows that came to drink.

The spotted calves came thick and fast,
A gloom o'er Laban came at last;
Hence Jacob felt that he had cause,
To go and live where Esau was.

Now Jacob had a dozen sons —
And from the way the story runs,
While he no doubt loved all the rest,
I think he loved young Joseph best.

He made a coat for him to wear,
Of many colors rich and rare,
Of red and blue and black and green,
And every shade that's found between.

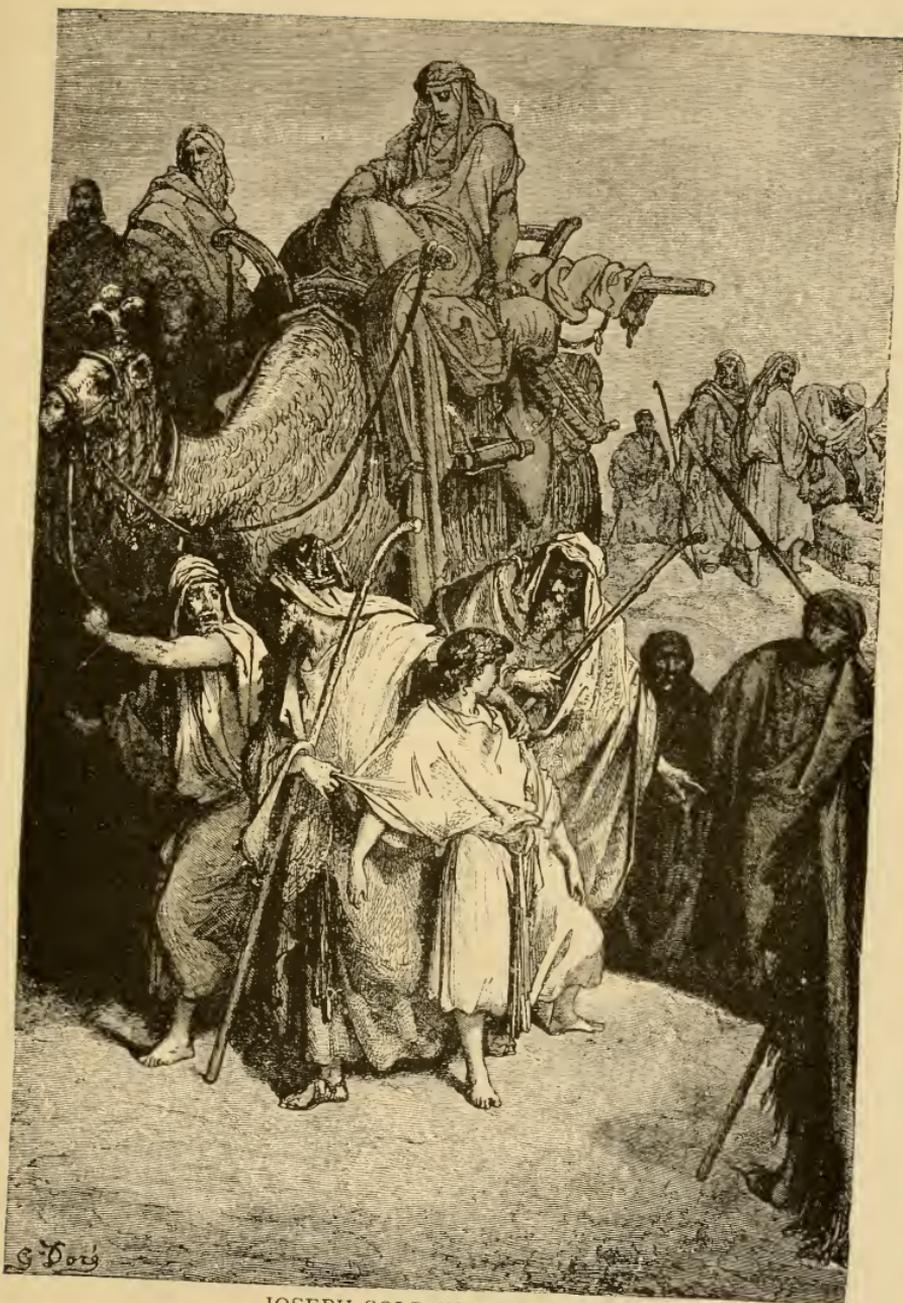
But Joseph used to dream some dreams,
About his brothers, so it seems;
Hence once when Joseph came in sight,
They sold him to an Ishmaelite.

And then they killed a little goat;
And put the blood on Joseph's coat;
And they unto their father lied,
About how Joseph must have died.

But down in Egypt Joseph went,
And many years by him were spent,
Sometimes in prison walls of stone,
Sometimes a ruler on the throne,

Sometimes without a cent in hand,
Sometimes had millions at command,
Sometimes interpreter of dreams,
Sometimes almost a god he seems.

The King of Egypt dreamed a dream,
In which he saw near by the stream
Seven fat kine along the moor,
And seven others very poor.



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.
"And they unto their father lied,
About how Joseph must have died,"

The seven poor cows, lean and lank,
Came reeling up the river bank;
The seven fat cows soon were doomed,
And by the lean cows were consumed.

He feared the dream some evil meant,
And straightway to the prison sent,
And had the prison doors unlocked,
And Joseph came out primed and cocked,

To tell him what would soon transpire;
Thus Pharaoh's soul was filled with fire.
For seven years the corn would grow,
And all the cribs would overflow.

And then for seven years a drouth,
In which the hot winds from the south
Would parch the corn and dry the wheat,
Would leave but little food to eat.

Now Joseph was put in command,
And made a ruler o'er the land—
Collected stores from north and south,
To feed the people through the drouth.

Now when the famine was severe,
The people came from far and near;
They came in wagons and in drays,
They came in various other ways.

They came by day, they came by night,
They came from valley, hill and height,
They came at evening, came at morn,
To get supplies of Joseph's corn.

Now Joseph's brothers were distressed,
And came to Joseph with the rest;
They bowed before him, so it seems,
And thus fulfilled young Joseph's dreams.

And Jacob, although very old,
Came into Egypt, so we're told,
To see his son whom he thought dead,
But who a ruler was instead,

And now, the way the story runs,
Jacob and his dozen sons,
Down in Egypt did reside,
Until at last old Jacob died.

Now when a famine does appear,
At first the poor are filled with fear—
They hear their children beg and cry,
As one by one their darlings die.

Oh how that mother must have prayed,
When on the bed her babe she laid,
And watched the baby's startled sleep,
When all that she could do was weep.

Perhaps she hears him in her dreams,
Perhaps it is with startled screams;
He put his cold hands on her head,
And begs for just one crumb of bread.

Methinks I hear that mother say,
"All I can do my dear, is pray;"
So many times she's prayed for bread,
It may be now she prays instead,

That he may find relief in death,
As on her cheek she feels his breath,
And ere the morning, bowed with care,
She has the answer to her prayer.

O'er all the land the famine swept,
From every nook the serpent crept,
And said, "I hope it now will suit
To pay the interest on that fruit."

Then back unto his safe retreat,
The serpent went; but did repeat,
That same demand that he once made,
On Adam, when beneath the shade,

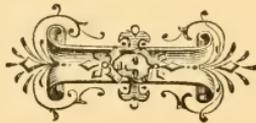
He sat with Eve his fair young bride,
With peace and joy on every side;
How little Adam must have thought,
Of all the sufferings he brought.

Upon himself and others too,
By doing as he chose to do;
By taking from the hand of Eve,
Some of the fruit she did receive

From that old serpent, Satan's clerk,
Which caused mankind to have to work;
Yes, toil to get the daily bread,
By which the loved ones may be fed.

But all this labor and this sweat,
Will never satisfy that debt;
Will never wipe away the trace,
Or blot from record that disgrace.

And as the serpent did retreat,
Perhaps the thought to him was sweet,
That while man on himself relied,
The debt could not be satisfied.





JACOB TENDING THE FLOCKS OF LABAN.

"And Rachel now became his bride,
Poor Leah had to stand aside."

PART II.

Now then Israel, alias Jacob,
As the name perhaps now reads,
Was a man of many virtues
And of many noble deeds.

Was the father of a nation
Who in Egypt one time dwelt,
Who were slaves to the Egyptians
And the yoke of bondage felt.

They performed the hardest labor,
And they carried heavy loads;
They made brick of straw and stubble
Which they gathered on the roads.

They had tasks imposed upon them
And enforced beneath the rod,
For this Pharaoh knew not Joseph,
Neither knew he Joseph's God.

But he feared the Hebrew children
Would in numbers be increased,
Until they obtained their freedom
And from bondage be released.

In his heart he planned a murder,
Of the deepest, darkest cast,
One that seldom e'er was equalled,
And will never be surpassed.

No more cruel, heartless murder
E'er was known upon the earth,
Than the one of helpless children
At the moment of their birth.

We are told about one mother,
How she planned her child to save,
Put him in an ark of rushes,
Let him float upon the wave.

He was found by Pharaoh's daughter
Down near by the river side;
When she took him from the water
We are told the baby cried.

And she called the baby Moses,
Treated him as if her own;
I can almost see him playing
Hide and seek around the throne.



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.
"He was found by Pharaoh's daughter,
Down near by the river's side."

And when Moses grew to manhood
An Egyptian once he slew,
To avoid King Pharaoh's anger,
Unto Midian he flew.

There he married Jethro's daughter,
And attended Jethro's flocks,
Led them back across the desert
O'er the sand and hills and rocks.

Climbed the hills and crossed the valley,
And his rugged pathway trod,
Until he came to a mountain
That is called the Mount of God.

Here a bush with fire was burning,
And from out the blaze it's true,
Came the voice of angels calling —
Telling Moses what to do.

Telling him to go to Egypt,
And before the King appear,
Lead the people out of bondage;
Moses then was filled with fear —

Feared his people would not trust him —
Not believe the word of God;
Then his cane changed to a serpent,
And again changed to a rod.

Then his hand became as leprous,
And as white as driven snow,
And was healed in just a moment
That his people then might know,

That it was their God who sent him;
And they soon did realize
He had power to change the water
Into blood before their eyes.

Moses still remained unwilling,
Plead a stammering, lisping tongue
Until God with him was angered—
Still he unto Moses clung.

And he brought to him his brother,
Who was gifted much in speech,
And these two should go together,
And assistance be to each.

They were to perform some wonders,
Hence they took along the rod—
Aaron should be to Moses, spokesman,
Moses be to him, a God.

And at last they came to Pharaoh,
Told him how they'd been abused,
Asked him then to give them freedom
Which King Pharaoh then refused.

Then Aaron cast the rod before him,
And a serpent it became,
Pharaoh's sorcerers did likewise,
And their rods did just the same.

And the other rods when serpents,
Were by Aaron's rod consumed,
And the fates of those magicians
Were perhaps that moment doomed.

Moses changed the blood to water,
And brought forth a host of frogs
Until they were in the houses,
In the bed-rooms, on the logs.

In the kneading troughs and ovens,
'Mongst the bedclothes in the bed,
In the dining room and kitchen,
Underfoot and overhead.

Frogs were swimming in the water,
Hiding in amongst the leaves,
Crawling up the people's pants legs,
Crawling out of people's sleeves.

They perhaps had frogs for breakfast,
Frogs for dinner, frogs for tea,
Frogs were everywhere abundant,
On the land and in the sea.

And these sorcerers of Pharaoh
Tried to play a game of bluff—
Brought forth more frogs as did Moses,
Just as if there were'nt enough.

How it was that they could do it,
I admit I do not know,
But the Bible says they did it,
Hence of course it must be so.

Aaron and Moses no doubt wondered,
Many things perhaps they planned,
Hoping to at length strike something
An Egyptian could'nt stand.

They tried frogs and bloody water,
These had proven much too nice,
Now then, Moses said to Aaron,
“Brother, give those fellows lice.”

Aaron at once the rod extended,
And there came with every gust,
Lice by hundreds, and by thousands,
They had lice instead of dust.

Then the flies came in vast numbers,
Then the cows began to die,
Aaron and Moses then threw ashes
Up towards heaven, in the sky.

Then there came on the Egyptians
Boils accompanied with blains,
Then the fire, and hail, and thunder,
Swept along across the plains.

Soon there came the plague of locusts,
Driven there before the breeze,
And destroyed the vegetation,
Ate the leaves from off the trees.

Then there came a mighty darkness
In which the Egyptians dwelt,
And they saw not one another
For this darkness could be felt.

Next, the greatest of afflictions,
Perhaps ever was on earth,
'Twas the death in every household
Of the eldest child by birth.

God commanded that the Hebrews
Were to sprinkle on the door,
Blood, that the destroying angel
Seeing it, might pass them o'er.

Pharaoh now, and the Egyptians,
Became willing to release
All the Israelites from bondage,
That they might depart in peace.

And desired that they go quickly,
And would never come again;
And the number that departed,
Was six hundred thousand men.

At the time the Hebrews left them,
From their history it appears,
They were in Egyptian bondage,
More than twice two hundred years.

They went not by the Philistines,
Although that would nearer be;
Through the wilderness God led them—
They encamped beside the sea.

The Egyptians overtook them,
And the Israelites did cry
Unto Moses and to Aaron,
“Have you brought us here to die?”

Moses then his hand extended,
And the waters did divide,
And the Israelites passed over—
Came out on the other side.

The Egyptians followed after,
Started in upon dry ground,
But the waters came together—
The Egyptians all were drowned.

I can almost see them struggling,
 Baffling with the maddened wave,
I can see them clasp each other,
 Trying thus their lives to save.

I can hear the serpent hissing,
 As the waves around him play,
“How I love to get my interest,”
 Were the words I heard him say.

Then I heard the Hebrews singing
 Over on the other side,
And I listened to the music
 Until on the waves it died.

Heard them sing of the salvation,
 Till my heart within me bled;
And as well as I remember,
 This, I think, is what they said:

“The horse and his rider are cast in the sea;
The Lord has prepared full salvation for me;
The Lord is my strength and on him I rely,
The songs that I sing shall be wafted on high.

“The Lord's my salvation, and he is the God
Of Moses, our leader who carried the rod—
The God of our fathers; in him we are free—
The horse and his rider are cast in the sea.

- “Now we will exalt him, wherever we roam,
Will give him a place in our hearts for a home,
We know there are things he does greatly abhor,
We know he is mighty and valiant in war.
- “His wrath when it’s kindled, cannot be withstood,
His right hand is mighty, in deeds that are good.
The captains and chariots, Oh where can they be,
Like the horse and his rider, they’re cast in the sea.
- “The blast of his nostrils, the waters divide,
And stand like a wall as we pass by the side,
They’re gathered together and piled in a heap;
The road lies between them across the great deep.
- “The enemies follow, and then the walls break,
Too late they discover they’ve made a mistake;
And those who pursue us, whoever they be,
Like the horse and his rider are cast in the sea.
- “Thou ledest thy people whom thou hast redeemed,
The light of thy countenance on Israel beamed.
Thou art most glorious and fearful in praise;
May we be thy people the rest of our days.
- “May we praise thee with harps, as well as with song,
It is unto thee, that our praises belong;
We’ll sing thee a song in the midst of our glee
Of the horse and the rider cast into the sea.”



DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH AND HIS HOST.

“The horse and his rider are cast in the sea.”

And then Miriam, Aaron's sister,
Took her timbrel in her hand,
And they sang and danced together
As they journeyed through the land.

And at last they came to Marah,
Where the bitter waters were,
And again the people murmured
In the wilderness of Shur.

And the waters then were sweetened,
And the manna soon appears,
Which the people gathered daily
We are told, for forty years.

They had manna for their breakfast,
They had quails at night for tea,
And they sang of horse and rider
That were buried in the sea.

And on Sinai, a mountain,
God appeared to them and spoke,
Midst the lightnings and the thunder,
And amidst the clouds of smoke.

Here he gave them ten commandments,
Which the people should obey,
And these very same commandments
Are in force with us to-day.

Yes, at one time in this mountain,
Moses was up there alone,
And the Lord gave him some tables
That were made of solid stone.

And for quite a while he lingered,
Up among the mountain heights;
Then he came unto his people
After forty days and nights.

But while he was in the mountain
Aaron then an idol made,
And the golden calf was worshipped,
And to false gods people prayed.

But when Moses came unto them
And the false gods were destroyed,
God extended to them mercy,
And his blessings they enjoyed.

Then the Lord spake unto Moses,
Told him what was good to eat,
Things that had a cud and chewed it,
And were cloven in the feet.

Camels hoofs are never cloven,
While its true they chew the cud,
And the swine is "vice versa" —
Neither one of these is good.

You may eat what lives in water,
And has fins, as well as scales,
But when either one is wanting,
As in cat-fish, eels and whales,

Then you'd better never eat them,
Neither should you eat the fowls,
Such as eagles, kites and vultures,
Ravens, pelicans and owls.

Cuckoo, swan and stork and heron,
Ossifrage as well as bat,
You may eat the beetle locust,
Grasshopper and things like that,

But you must'nt eat a weasel,
Tortoise, ferret, lizard, mouse,
Snakes or moles or even monkeys,
Should one be about the house.

Now then while these children journeyed,
There was always kept in sight
Clouds to guide them in the day time,
Fire to lead them in the night.

And these Hebrews were obedient,
Although sometimes they complained,
When the cloud moved, they went forward,
And by it they were restrained.

Aaron and his sister Miriam
Some hard things of Moses said,
He displeased them when he married—
He an Ethiopian wed.

Miriam then became a leper,
And as white as driven snow.
Moses called on God to heal her,
And in seven days 'twas so.

Shortly Moses sent to Canaan
Men, to go and spy the land,
And report what they had witnessed,
Let his people understand—

If it flowed with milk and honey,
As unto them he had said,
Or was barren, poor and rocky,
And a worthless place instead.

And these spies brought back pomegranates,
Figs and grapes and things like these,
Which they'd gathered down in Canaan,
Off the vines as well as trees.

Caleb thought they should possess it,
Joshua thought they should too,
But the spies who went there with them,
Seemed to hold a different view.

And again the people murmured;
And right here we understand
God said, "Those who have not hearkened,
Shall not see the promised land."

For the wrath of God was kindled,
While he with his people plead—
More than fourteen thousand perished
And upon the ground lay dead.

On the ground in front of Moses
Lay the dead, both far and near,
And behind him stood the living,
Who no doubt were filled with fear.

There between the dead and living
Aaron and Moses must have prayed—
Put some incense on a censer,
And at once the plague was stayed.

God at length spoke unto Moses,
Told him he should take the rod,
Call the people all together
Let them see the power of God.

And when they were thus collected,
To the rocks he then should speak,
God would show that he is mighty,
And that man himself is weak.

When the people came together
To behold the power of God,
Moses then, instead of speaking,
Smote the rocks twice with the rod.

Saying then, "Must we bring water
Gushing forth from out these rocks,
And thus satisfy the longing
Of yourselves as well as flocks?"

Moses smote the rocks, and water
Cool and fresh, came gushing out,
Rippling down amongst the pebbles,
Leaping over rocks no doubt,

Laughing in the sparkling sunlight,
From its rocky home released,
Bringing mirth and joy and gladness
Unto man, as well as beast.

It is true that God commanded
Aaron and Moses just to speak—
But the rock we're told was smitten
Just as if their God was weak.

And they said, "Shall we bring water?"
As they smote twice with the rod,
Taking to themselves the honor
Which alone belonged to God.

Then there came some fiery serpents,
When the Israelites complained,
And the people oft were bitten
While these serpents there remained.

And methinks I almost see them,
As upon the rocks they lay,
Snapping at the Hebrew children
Who came near them in their play.

And I almost think I hear them
As I see them creeping past,
Saying to the Hebrew children,
“We have come to you at last,

“To collect a little interest,
And we hope you'll not forget;
You, as well as the Egyptians,
Owe a part of that same debt.

“For that mortgage that was given
When old Adam was on earth,
Was, on every soul that liveth,
Or that ever should have birth.”

All included in this mortgage
Who of it are sore afraid,
Follow up the story farther,
Realize your part is paid.

Canaan was by lot divided,
Each tribe thus obtained his share;
Joshua was the annointed
Who should lead the people there.

Lead them over beyond Jordan—
For we're made to understand,
Moses never was to enter,
Only see the promised land.

His life's work was nearly ended;
To his people he rehearsed
How the Lord had them befriended,
And their enemies had cursed,

How he'd taken them from bondage,
And had met them face to face,
How he'd cared for them and fed them
As they went from place to place.

How the clouds had gone before them
And how it had changed to fire;
Then he went up on Mount Nebo,
And on Pisgah went still higher—

Looked across the river Jordan,
Over on the other side,
All alone with God, on Nebo,
We are told that Moses died,

He was buried in a valley
In the land where Moabs dwell—
But no one knows where his grave is—
And perhaps it's just as well.

Let the old man rest in silence
Underneath the dark green sod,
For in life he loved most dearly
To be left alone with God.

But sadness kin to sorrow,
Comes unbidden as we dwell
On this mountain scene at Nebo—
And our hearts within us swell.

Ah! the thought of that great leader
On that mountain all alone,
As he fought the greatest battle
That mankind has ever known.

Fought, and yielded to the victor—
Fought the battle, then he died;
With the prize he long had sought for—
Over on the other side.

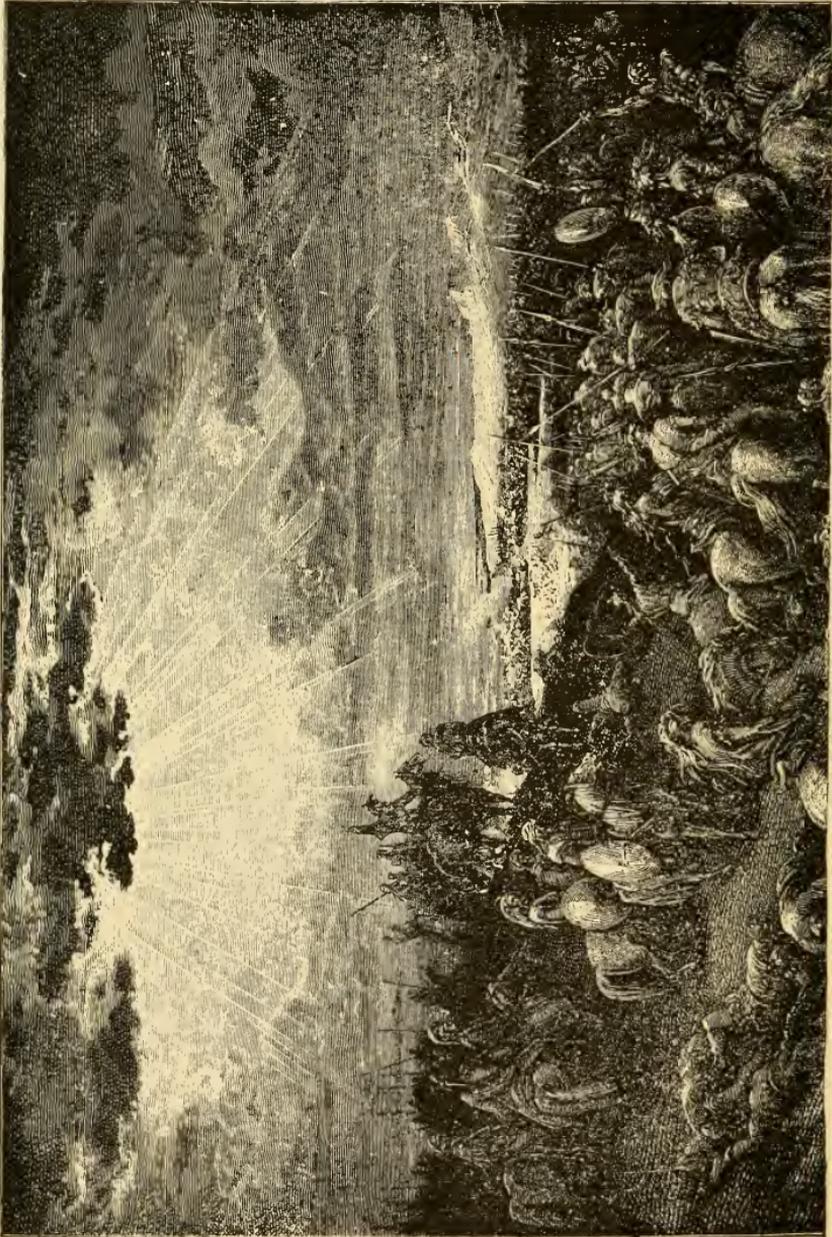
Like the weary stormy petrel,
As it sails the broad sea o'er,
Is exhausted, and drops, dying
In the water near the shore,

So it was that this man Moses—
Died with Canaan just in sight—
With no one to sooth or comfort,
On that lonely mountain height.

God perhaps in his great wisdom,
In the mercy by him shown,
Hid from view the tears of Moses,
As he died while all alone.

Drew the mantle gently o'er him—
Hid his sorrow and his grief;
And in heaven we will find him—
Saved by mercy and belief.





JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN TO STAND STILL.

“If pressed for more time unto God he would pray,
And even the sun and the moon would obey.”

PART III.

There have been many kings of wonderful worth
To rule o'er the people and nations of earth,
But none were more noble and worthy of praise,
Than he who on Nebo in solitude lays.

Now Joshua followed where Moses had stopped—
He picked up the rod which old Moses had dropped;
He sprang from the humble and lowly of earth,
Selected for ruler because of his worth.

He sent out some spies to look over the land,
To bring back some word that he might understand
More of the people, whether many or few,
That he in his might was required to subdue.

The spies did their duty, through Canaan they dodged
One night on the top of a house they were lodged,
The officers followed were close on their tracks,
But Rahab had covered the spies with her flax.

The wall of her house was the wall of the town—
With the aid of a rope she let the spies down,
And then on account of the way she behaved,
By Israel she and her family were saved.

Now Joshua said upon God we rely
To cross over Jordan whose waters are high;
It was simply because on God they relied,
The waters of Jordan for them did divide.

And then they crossed over upon the dry land,
And Israel over in Canaan did stand,
The waters were closed and flowed on as before,
With dashing and splashing and rumble and roar.

Now all under forty, how strange they must feel
When over in Canaan they eat their first meal—
No use for the manna, for each one instead,
Gnaws like a hero, on his first piece of bread.

Now as Joshua did by Jericho stand
And there saw a man with a sword in his hand;
That he was the Lord, somehow Joshua knew,
And of him took advice of what he should do.

And Jericho then soon in ruins was laid,
And the power of the Lord was greatly displayed;
But one of the children of Israel we're told
Had taken from Jericho silver and gold.

And Joshua now, no more victories could win
Until he had punished the man for his sin—
The man was soon slain and the goods were all burned,
And then unto God all the people returned.

With thirty-one kings we are told that he fought,
And into subjection each one of them brought;
If pressed for more time unto God he would pray,
And even the sun and the moon would obey!

He trusted in God and on him he relied,
And always had God when he fought, on his side;
But when he grew old, all his fighting did cease,
And Joshua died and was buried in peace.

Now Israel knew not who their ruler should be;
And Judah was chosen, but quickly we see
That they are in league and alliance with sin—
Their eight years of bondage does shortly begin.

They cried to the Lord when their burdens increased,
And soon from their bondage by him were released;
They were not as faithful as they should have been,
One time out of bondage, another time in.

The Israelites sinned—unto Jabin were sold—
Deborah the prophetess, of whom we are told
Prevailed upon Barak, to try to set free
The children of Israel, wherever they be.

So Barak advanced with his army of men
Conquered the army of Sisera, and then
Sisera, all tired and weary and sore,
Fell asleep in a tent, stretched out on the floor.

And Jael, a woman had charge of the tent,
And a nail through Sisera's temple she sent,
And thus the great warrior was lying there dead,
A nail driven into the floor through his head.

And the next great leader that Israel knew
Was Gideon, who with just only a few
Good men he'd selected, who with him would stand,
And would always be known as Gideon's band,

Conquered the Midianites, and put them to flight,
Captured two kings and put the rest out of sight;
The army of Gideon as he did select
Were chosen as no one would ever expect.

The army was large, and then Gideon said:
"The honor belongs unto God," so, instead
Of taking them all, each one I will please—
For all may go home who are weak in the knees.

So twenty-two thousand at once did depart—
Had ten thousand left, but before he did start,
The number decreased to three hundred I think,
Who lapped like a dog when they wanted to drink.

Each one had a pitcher, a trumpet and lamp—
The pitcher he broke as they came near the camp,
And then on his trumpet each one of them blew—
The Midianites fled, and each other they slew.

And thus a great victory to Gideon came
Who trusted the Lord and believed on his name;
When Gideon died they soon scattered the news
That Abimelech should be made king of the Jews.

Abimelech was hit on the head with a stone
Which at the old king by a woman was thrown—
'Twas not by the hand of a woman he died—
He had a young man thrust a sword in his side.

Now Jephthah was made over Israel to reign,
And he slew the Ammonites out on the plain—
An offering he said unto God should be burned
Of whatever met him when he had returned.

By one lovely daughter King Jephthah was blest,
And it was by her he was greatly distressed—
This daughter came out when her father returned,
And then as an offering she had to be burned.

She went up and down in the mountains near by—
In two months returned to her father to die;
The smoke up towards heaven did gracefully curl,
The off'ring was made of an innocent girl.

If I had been he who upon her did wait,
Unto Jephthah, I think I plainly would state,
“Your daughter, old King, I'm determined to wed,”
And Jephthah himself I'd have offered instead.

Then soon cometh Samson with hair of great length,
In which lay the secret, perhaps, of his strength;
At one time he journeyed in search of a wife—
A lion come near and endangered his life.

And when the young lion by Samson was slain,
The carcass was left lying out on the plain—
And soon the old carcass was filled full of bees,
And honey they'd gathered from flowers on the trees.

Then Samson at once did a riddle prepare,
And bet thirty suits that were ready to wear,
The riddle by no one would ever be guessed—
His wife having learned it, told all of the rest!

The riddle was guessed, and he lost all his bets—
He killed thirty men and paid all of his debts;
The suits were all taken from those he had slain—
Their bodies were left to decay on the plain.

But Samson at once his opinion expressed,
To those, who the riddle did claim to have guessed,
That they were unfair, and he plainly avowed,
That they with his heifer undoubtedly ploughed.



JEPHTHAH MET BY HIS DAUGHTER.

"Your daughter, old King, I'm determined to wed,
And Jephthah himself, I'd have offered instead."

Now Samson, I think was a mischievous kid —
I judge him alone by the mischief he did —
Caught three hundred foxes before he did tire,
Then tied tail to tail, and then set them afire.

Unto the Philistines young Samson was brought,
Tied firmly with ropes, as most everyone thought,
But the ropes he snapped as the people did pass;
A thousand he slew with the jaw of an ass.

And when he was thirsty, a hollow he saw,
And drank all the water right out of the jaw;
The gates of a city he carried at will,
And left them at last on the top of a hill.

He married Delilah, whom he wished to please,
And slept like a baby would, over her knees;
She cut off his locks, with his tresses she played.
He to the Philistines by her was betrayed.

They cast him in prison and there made him grind,
And they punched at his eyes until he was blind;
He tore down a temple — there ended the strife —
Killed more at his death than he did in his life.

Naomi's son's wife, we are told, was named Ruth,
That she loved Naomi I know was a truth;
Her husband soon died, and old Boaz she wed,
And Obed, the father of Jesse, they had.

Next, Jesse, the father of David of old,
Of whom very much in the Bible is told;
And then came Elkanah and Hannah, his wife,
And Samuel, their child, was the Lord's all his life.

Now, while yet a child, by the Lord he was called,
Because he did hearken was duly installed
A Prophet, and quickly all Israel knew
That he learned of the Lord the things he should do.

Now, Job was a man who with riches was blest,
And who was by sickness most sorely distressed;
His wealth disappeared, and his family all died,
But still on the Lord, we are told he relied.

He bore all his troubles in patience and love,
For they were permitted by God from above;
And he remained faithful as every one should;
He believed all these things were intended for good.

Gave praises to God for his mercy and love,
Who sends down the rain and the snow from above,
Who gives us the heat and the frost and the cold,
Whose lightnings have flashed, and whose thunders
have rolled.

Who teaches the wild beast to hunt for his prey,
Who cares for the little birds day after day;
But Job remained faithful, though greatly distressed.
Again by great riches and health he was blest.

Now, Jonah one time by the Lord had been sent
To Nineveh, to have the people repent;
He jumped on a boat, to Joppa did sail,
And got into trouble, perhaps with a whale.

A tempest was raging while Jonah did sleep,
And he was cast overboard into the deep;
A fish passing by as the water he struck,
Decided to swallow old Jonah for luck.

And good luck to Jonah it proved to be —
He sailed for three days in the fish in the sea;
Now Jonah was tough, and he would'nt digest,
And shortly the fish became greatly distressed.

And said to himself, "I believe it is true,
I've bitten off more than I ever can chew;
This pain in my stomach was never before;"
And he with an effort cast Jonah ashore,

And now then, I think, unless I'm deceived;
That Jonah as well as the fish was relieved;
For he from imprisonment now was released,
And the pain in the fish was greatly decreased.

Now, I often wonder how Jonah did act,
And if he displayed, as he might, all his tact,
In planning for safety, as never before,
In making a rudder to run her ashore.

The rudder, perhaps, could be made from a rib —
And he sail the sea as he would with a jib —
Alone he could sail o'er the ocean so blue,
And he be the captain, the pilot and crew.

The people of Israel demanded a king,
And Saul was anointed, unto them did bring
Temptations and trouble, vexations and dread,
Until David himself was anointed instead.

The Philistines came near to fight against Saul;
Goliath came out over six cubits tall,
And five thousand sheckels the weight of his coat,
And a helmet that covered his head and his throat.

With brass on his legs, and shoulders beside —
And loudly and bravely to Israel he cried:
“Why are you come out to set battle array?
Now send out your man you want me to slay!”

The children of Israel at once then did say:
“Whoever goes out, and this giant will slay,
Can wed the King's daughter, have riches untold,
His father be free, besides silver and gold.”

Now, David, a lad, was by chance passing near,
And saw that his people was trembling with fear;
So he spake unto Saul and told him right there,
That he had at one time killed a lion and bear.

That he would go out in battle array,
Like the lion and bear the Philistine would slay;
With five little stones that he'd found in a brook,
A sling, and a staff, were the things that he took.

And thus he went out, the Philistine to slay —
Who almost disdained to be treated that way —
But David replies, “Unto you we'll not yield;
Your carcass I'll feed to the beasts of the field.”

Goliath arose, unto David drew near
With shield, and with target, with helmet and spear,
And David ran forward with naught but his sling,
And a stone that he had intended to fling.

And which he did fling with such wonderful skill,
That he the great giant did instantly kill.
He stood on the giant and cut off his head,
And then the Philistines immediately fled.

Now, as the Philistine upon the ground lay,
His head by young David was carried away —
Perhaps it was not with a dignified air,
That he carried the head held fast by the hair.

I almost can see him wherever I glance,
With blood dropping down on the leg of his pants,
As down to Jerusalem he carries the head
Of him who once boasted, but now then is dead.

The women come out as the people advance;
They sing before David, make music and dance;
And Saul becomes jealous of David, 'tis said,
But Jonathan loved him the more in his stead.

One day when King Saul was quite gloomy and sad,
A tune David played on a harp that he had;
But Saul, being angry, his javelin cast,
Intending thereby to kill David at last.

But David escaped and to Jonathan run,
And told him the things that his father had done;
They bitterly wept, when the time came to part,
To sever the cords that bound heart unto heart.

But David soon fled and was hid in a cave —
For he hoped that thereby his life he could save;
But King Saul pursued him, and one thing he did,
Was to sleep in the cave where David was hid.

The King being weary was soon wrapt in sleep,
And close to his side young David did creep,
And cut a small scrap from his clothes, so it seems,
And creeping away, he disturbed not his dreams.

But Saul soon awakened and then he did start
With murder and malice hid deep in his heart;
And David ran after, and to him he shows
The scrap which he had, that he'd cut from his clothes.

And Saul spake to David and said, "I'll forgive —
My life thou hast spared and thou, too, mayest live;
But Saul grew more wicked; his God he forsook;
Being wounded in battle his own life he took.

He called to a soldier on whom he relied —
Commanded a sword to be thrust in his side;
The soldier refused what the King had desired —
Saul fell on his own sword and quickly expired.

Perhaps he remarked that it was with regret,
That he paid the interest at last on the debt.
The serpent was hissing, no doubt, in his ears,
"I take for my interest deep sorrow and tears."

For ever since Eve with the serpent did trade,
The Devil has seen that his interest was paid;
Sometimes 'tis by one that a payment is made,
Sometimes there are thousands involved in the trade.

But one thing is certain, that all may expect
The Devil his interest intends to collect;
And he will collect it, no matter how small:
The safer way is, not to owe him at all.

Now David was shortly installed as a King,
And unto the people much comfort did bring;
He was a great poet, and used to write songs
In honor of God, to whom honor belongs.

He had a son, Absalom, a beautiful lad,
Who took too much pride in some hair that he had;
He desired to be King — an army he raised —
His beauty and hair were by every one praised.

His father he sought, whom he wished to dethrone;
One day as he rode on a mule all alone,
His hair, perhaps, flying about in the breeze,
Got tangled somehow in the limbs of the trees.

When Joab, a friend of King David of old —
How Absalom was hung by the hair, had been told—
Sought out the young man with an envious heart,
And pierced him three times in the side with a dart.

When David was told how young Absalom died,
He leaned on the gates of the city and cried;
But being rebuked, his own grief he restrained —
For forty long years over Israel reigned.

He judged them with justice as well as with truth,
From the day of his death, clear back to his youth;
He wrote us the Psalms where he mourns for his
 wrongs.
Gave praises to God, unto whom praise belongs.



SAUL AND DAVID.

“And thus he tried to pierce him through
With javelin, a kind of dart.”

PART IV.

I read those Psalms that David wrote,
Admire the words as well as thought,
And think of when their tunes did float
O'er Israel and much comfort brought.

And in my mind I see that King,
Who ruled o'er Israel forty years,
And killed Goliath with a sling;
When Absalom died, was bathed in tears.

I think of him when just a lad
Attending to his father's sheep; -
I think of him when King Saul had
Him play the harp to try to keep

Away the blues; but quickly threw
Directly at young David's heart,
And thus he tried to pierce him through
With javelin, a kind of dart.

I think of David when he fled
And hid himself within the cave,
When Saul was in his power, instead
Of killing him, his life did save.

I think how David must have cried
When Absalom died upon the tree;
And then I think how Jesus died
That we from bondage might be free.

Before King David died, we're told,
A temple he had planned to build;
Its walls should be o'erlaid with gold,
And everywhere with grandeur filled.

But David's life was nearly run,
And soon he saw the other side.
The temple which he had begun
Was finished after David died.

And Solomon, his son, became
The King of Israel while yet young.
He built the temple, and his name
Unto that temple always clung.

On Mount Moriah it was built,
In grandeur it was unsurpassed,
Sometimes its walls of gold and gilt
The colors of the rainbow cast.

Now Hiram, King of Tyre, sent word
That he had workmen skilled and neat;
No sound of hammer should be heard,
Until the building was complete.

The stones were dressed in distant lands,
Each piece prepared its place to fill,
And all were placed by skillful hands,
And everything around was still.

The temple was of wondrous strength,
And it was everybody's pride;
It was a hundred feet in length,
And thirty feet from side to side.

The building stood three stories high,
And at the east end rose a tower
Two hundred feet up towards the sky,
An emblem of its strength and power.

For seven years the people toiled
Before the building was complete;
Within the walls the serpent coiled,
But for the present did retreat.

Then Solomon a mansion built—
For thirteen years he was employed,
For it was trimmed with gold and gilt,
And everything to be enjoyed.

He had some ships that sailed the seas
And brought him gold — his wealth increased,
He might have lived in perfect ease,
Were he from other cares released.

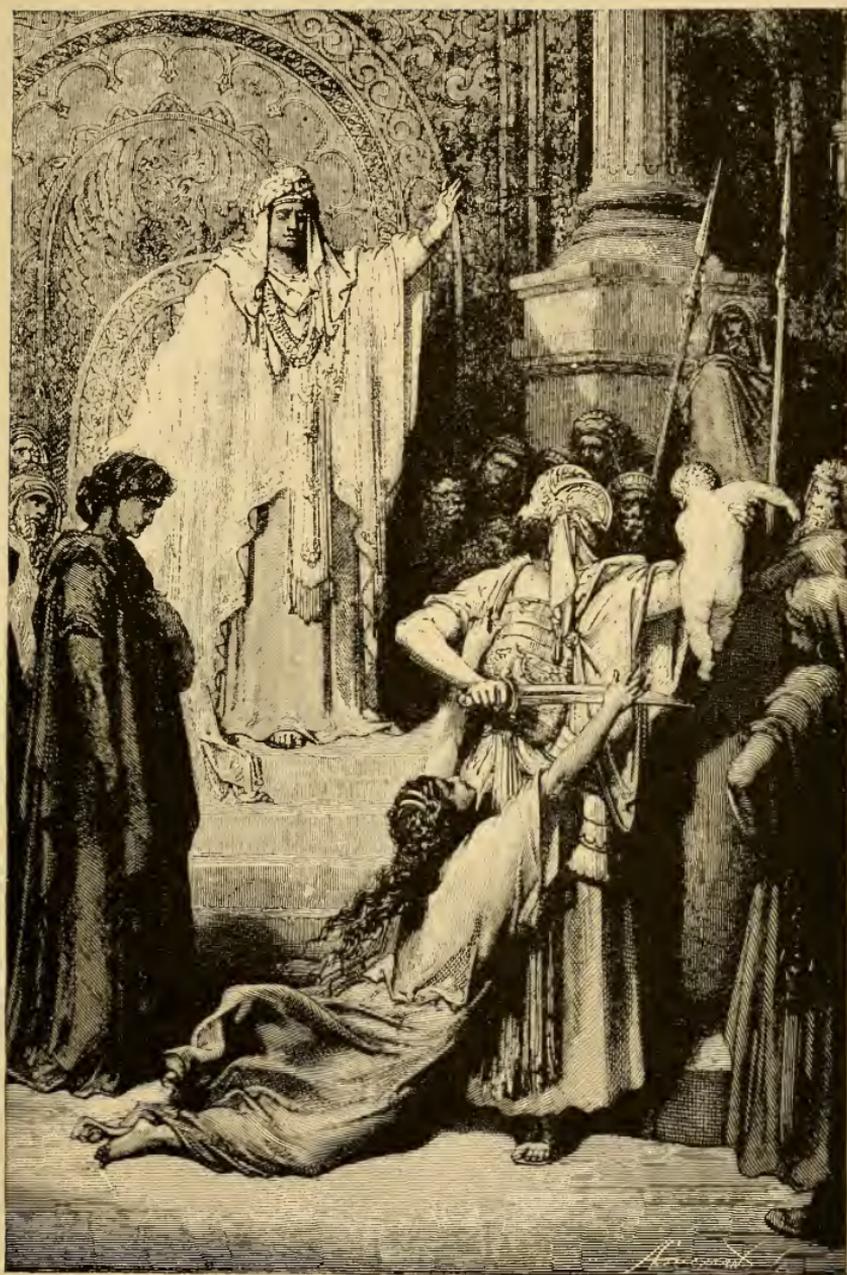
But he must judge of right and wrong
Between his subjects day by day,
As they around his throne would throng
To hear the words that he might say.

Two women brought a child, one day,
And each one claimed it as her kid;
Now Solomon sent right away
To have a sword brought — yes he did —

And said he'd cut the child in twain,
And let each mother have a part;
At this one mother did complain,
And from her eyes the tears did start.

She plead with him to save the child,
And said, if he would let it live,
That she herself was reconciled;
And he to her the child might give.

And then the other woman cried:
“As thou hast said, now let it be;
Proceed at once, the child divide —
Give half to her, and half to me.”



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

"For she is mother of the child—
The other woman is a fraud."

And then he said, "I'll end the strife,
And to the one the child will give
Who most desired to save its life,
And wished that I would let it live.

"For she is mother of the child —
The other woman is a fraud;"
And all were pleased and many smiled,
When this decision went abroad.

His fame was scattered near and far,
He spake of streams and rippling rills,
He spake of cedar trees that are
Around on Lebanon's green hills,

The hyssop which sprang from the wall,
He spake of fowl as well as beast,
He spake of great things, and the small
With him, were not always the least.

He wrote more than a thousand songs;
Three thousand proverbs he did speak—
He tried to rectify the wrongs,
And strengthen all whom he thought weak.

He built great cities out of stone,
He wed the daughter of a king;
He should have worshipped God alone,
Who to him did such honor bring.

His fame had down to Sheba gone —
Reports of wealth and mansions grand;
The Queen then put her trinkets on
And started to this far-off land,

In which did dwell this mighty King,
Who showed to her great piles of gold;
She said she thought the strangest thing
Was, that “ One-half had not been told.”

Now, Solomon, as we are told,
Was not averse to woman's charms;
No doubt his neck they did enfold,
And clasp him in their loving arms.

For, seven hundred wives he had,
With whom to dine and drink his wines;
For fear that he might still be sad,
He kept three hundred concubines.

But after while when he grew old,
The King against the true God strives;
He still had plenty of his gold,
But worshipped idols with his wives.

And God with him became displeased,
And said his kingdom he would take;
His wrath became somewhat appeased
Just on account of David's sake.

Now Solomon was laid to rest,
And Rehoboam took the throne;
By him the people were oppressed,
In ways that they had never known.

With whips King Solomon chastised,
Scorpions Rehoboam used,
And thus the people realized
That they by him were much abused.

And then the people did rebel;
Of Rehoboam they complained,
And Rehoboam's kingdom fell,
And he no longer o'er them reigned.

Judah was left to him alone,
For all the other tribes had said:
"Let Jeroboam take the throne,
And rule in Rehoboam's stead."

False gods, did Jeroboam make—
One in Bethel, and one in Dan;
And this is why the Lord did take
The kingdom from this wicked man.

The people suffered as they toiled,
And on their troubles did reflect,
And everywhere the serpent coiled
Around his interest to collect.

A Prophet after while arose —
Elijah was the Prophet's name.
He prophesied with other woes,
For years that they should have no rain.

Elijah by brook Cherith hid,
Where he had sought a safe retreat;
The ravens fed him, yes, they did—
Each day they brought him bread and meat.

I've often wondered where they found
The bread they brought him, and the meat —
Perhaps when they were flying 'round
They saw it lying in the street.

Perhaps the bread was cast away —
It may have been in some swill-tub;
But still they brought it day by day,
But why they did it — there's tne rub.

But after while brook Cherith dried;
He had no water then to drink;
Down where a widow did reside,
He went and lived awhile; I think

He found the widow at the gate,
And unto her he quickly said:
"I pray thee do not hesitate,
But bring me water and some bread."

She said, "I have no bread at all,"
And now methinks I heard her sigh:
"A little oil and meal is all
We have to eat before we die."

But still Elijah did insist
That she should make for him a cake,
And she, poor thing, could not resist —
She made it for Elijah's sake.

She made some for herself and son,
And then she still had some on hand;
Day after day the same thing done,
And perhaps did not understand

How that the oil and meal would keep,
And plenty always have in store;
And thought she never lived so cheap
In all her life perhaps before.

She made her cakes and pies and bread,
But still the meal did not decrease;
She had no lard — used oil instead —
And still had plenty left for grease,

And kept herself and son alive;
And also had a boarder, too;
And all of them, I think, did thrive
As well as other people do.

But after while the boy took sick;
His mother thought that he was dead;
Unto Elijah she went quick,
“ Why have you killed my boy ? ” she said.

He took the child and went up stairs,
And he alone with God did plead;
That mother, burdened with her cares,
Was sad, yes very sad, indeed.

Until Elijah did return,
And in his arms, no doubt, he brought
The child for which her soul did yearn —
A pretty child its mother thought —

Alive, and kicking, too, no doubt;
And on his face a smile so calm,
As to his mama he did shout:
“ I’m well and hearty; yes I am.”

Elijah unto Ahab went,
And unto Ahab he did say:
“ I do desire that word be sent
To Baal’s prophets, and that they

Will come and test their god with mine;
And all agree then to obey
The one which answers to a sign,
And does the greatest power display.”

Baal's prophets an offering made,
And called upon their god for fire;
No power by their god was displayed,
So after while they did retire.

But not until they called all day;
And then Elijah did pretend
That their god was perhaps away,
Or else was talking to a friend.

Twelve stones Elijah then did take,
Also prepared a little wood;
And then the altar he did make,
And took some water, as he should,

And poured it on the whole concern,
And then he called upon his God
To send down fire and thus to burn
The very altar and the sod.

And then some fire from heaven fell,
Consumed the wood and sacrifice,
The water and the stones as well,
Were burned before the people's eyes.

And quickly then the people cried,
And said by this it might be known;
And they themselves were satisfied —
The Lord was God, and God alone.

And those false prophets then were slain,
And soon the thunders roll and crash,
And all around are signs of rain —
Black clouds and lightnings' vivid flash.

The storm-winds blow across the plain,
And everywhere it now appears,
That they will soon be blest with rain —
More than they had, perhaps, for years.

When Ahab told to Jezebel,
Elijah had their prophets slain;
With anger then her heart did swell —
Which anger she did not restrain.

But told Elijah she would take
His life before another day;
But then Elijah haste did make,
And from her presence sped away.

Tired and weary, he went to sleep —
Beneath the Juniper was hid —
While angels o'er him vigils keep,
And acted as the ravens did.

Near by a jar of water stood,
And on the coals a fresh made cake;
They acted as the widow would,
And made it for Elijah's sake.



THE GUARDIAN ANGELS OF ELIJAH.
"Beneath the juniper was hid,
While angels o'er him vigils keep."

Beneath the Juniper's dark shade
He ate the meal gave God the praise
For cakes that angels' hands had made;
And then he fasted forty days.

God with Elijah then did talk,
And unto him, no doubt, he said:
“As thou with me ere long shall walk;
Anoint Elisha in thy stead.”

Elijah to Elisha spoke
While he was ploughing in a field,
And o'er his shoulders threw his cloak;
And to Elisha 'twas revealed

That he should soon a prophet be;
His course of life should be reversed,
He said that, “I will go with thee,
But I must kiss my father first.”

He left his oxen in the field—
We're told he had a dozen yoke—
And unto him it was revealed
That he should wear Elijah's cloak.

They journeyed to the river side;
In God, assistance here they found,
For Jordan's waters did divide
And they passed over on dry ground.

Elisha with Elijah walked —
And they perhaps were filled with fear —
For as they both together talked,
A fiery chariot did appear —

Drawn by a fiery team as well —
A moment for Elijah stopped,
And when Elijah's mantel fell,
Elisha caught it as it dropped.

And now it seems that I behold
Elijah in the trackless sky;
And how the beauties did unfold
To him, as he went passing by

World upon world, in endless space;
And as he looks them o'er and o'er,
Perhaps he does not find a trace
That man was ever there before.

And still, perhaps, it may be true,
He found within those far-off climes
People who live as we now do —
Perhaps he heard the church-bell chimes.

He may have seen the lightnings flash,
And heard the thunder's distant roar;
He may have seen the waves that splash
Against a foreign rock-bound shore.

He may have gone with lightning speed
Direct to heaven's golden shore;
One thing, I'm sure is true, indeed —
He never went that road before.

Just how the team for him was sent —
What road it took, I cannot say;
I sometimes think it came and went,
Perhaps along the milky way.

Now when Elijah was no more;
Elisha unto heaven cried;
And when he came to Jordan's shore,
Again the waters did divide.

And he crossed over on dry land,
And came to Jericho, it's true;
Of all the prophets took command,
And taught them what they ought to do.

One day in Bethel children came,
And close around Elisha got;
They did not call him by his name,
But by the hair which he had not.

These children chided him, no doubt —
At his defects perhaps did laugh,
At last two hungry bears came out
And ate three dozen and a-half.

Perhaps in Bethel's crowded streets
To-day, as children come and go,
When a bald-headed man they meet,
They call him Mr. So-and-So.

The lesson that Elisha taught,
Because they did not speak his name,
Was quite severe, no doubt they thought;
But then he taught it just the same.

At Shunem, a rich woman dwelt,
And when Elisha came that way,
This woman kindly towards him felt,
And told him he could come and stay,

And occupy a room they had,
Which for him they had set apart;
This made Elisha very glad —
Yes, touched the cords around his heart.

Gehazi then Elisha sought,
And of him he at once inquired
If he would tell him what he thought
It was, the woman most desired.

He wished to give her in return,
Something for all that she had done;
The answer was that she did yearn,
And long to have a little son.

And sure enough a child was born;
When he was grown, one day he said
Unto his father gathering corn:
“I have some trouble with my head.”

His mother held her child and wept
Until at noon, and then he died;
She laid him where Elisha slept,
And by her dead boy sat and cried.

Unto Elisha then she fled,
And told him what befell her child;
He came and raised it from the dead,
And she again was reconciled.

He healed the sick and raised the dead,
And thus he drove away the cares —
When children spoke of his bald head.
He had them eaten up with bears.

When Captain, Naaman Israel fought,
A little captive maid he took;
And to his wife this maid he brought
To do the chores and help her cook.

To wash the dishes, carry wood,
To build the fires, and errands run —
They treated her as people should,
And made her life a pleasant one.

This Captain was indeed distressed,
Because the leprosy he had;
But then this little maid possessed
Some facts, which made the Captain glad.

In Israel she had heard them tell
About a man who raised the dead —
He likewise made the sick folks well —
“ Please, Captain, go to him,” she said:

And straightway then the Captain went,
And to this prophet he appealed;
And many presents to him sent
In order that he might be healed.

Elisha all these gifts declines,
And says, “ I will not take thy wealth:
Go wash in Jordan seven times,
And thou shalt be restored to health.”

Gehazi said, “ I'd not decline
Those gifts which Naaman tries to make —
I wish that all of them were mine —
I'll take them for somebody's sake.”

Now Naaman was made whole and clean,
From leprosy he was made free;
Upon Gehazi soon were seen
Some spots of that same leprosy.

On Jordan's banks tall timber stands,
And sways in every gentle breeze;
One day Elisha, with some hands,
Was cutting down these self-same trees,

One ax was in the water dropped —
The ax was borrowed from a friend —
One man from labor now was stopped,
One neighbor had no ax to lend.

Elisha took a little limb,
And in the water it was tossed;
And soon the ax began to swim —
The very ax that had been lost.

I've shot the antelope, and buck,
I've fished for salmon, and for shad;
But then I never had such luck
As my old friend, Elisha, had.

Benhaded, King of Syria, went,
And said he would this prophet take;
But God some fiery chariots sent,
And horses, for Elisha's sake.

It may have been the same old team
With which Elijah once did ride,
Whose light again on earth did beam,
And shone along the mountain side.

Elisha died, was laid away;
On earth no longer he was known;
His body no doubt changed to clay —
All that was left perhaps was bone.

A man was dead, and stiff and cold —
In fact, had yielded up the strife —
Was buried — touched Elisha's mold,
And then returned again to life.

The prophet Amos then was sent,
Who told them of their sinful deeds;
But still he said they could repent —
And many times with them he pleads.

He told them of their sinful ways,
How he unto them had been sent;
And then unto his Father prays
That of their sins, they will repent.

The prophet Hosea did appear,
Then Joel came and prophesied.
And Zachariah half a year
Ruled over Israel and died.

And Shallum then ruled in his stead
For just one month, and he was killed;
And then his place, when he was dead,
By Menahem at last was filled.

And Menahem for ten years reigned,
Then Pekahiah took his place;
And Captain Pekah soon complained,
And brought upon himself disgrace.

By him the King at last was slain,
And Pekah ruled when he was dead —
For twenty years this King did reign,
Then Hosea ruled in his stead.

While unto Israel he did bring
Much sorrow, of which they complained;
O'er Judah, Ahaz was made King;
When he died, Hezekiah reigned.

To please his God he, no doubt, strove,
And for his people, no doubt, wept;
He even did destroy the grove
Where they the brazen serpent kept.

At last when fourteen years had passed —
Perhaps 'twas fourteen years of joy —
Assyria's King came up at last,
And all the walled towns did destroy.

Isaiah, then the prophet, spoke,
And told them what they should endure:
“Learn to do well, and bear the yoke,
Help both the widow and the poor.”

And further on we're told he said,
When he had ceased to speak of woe:
"Although their sins are scarlet red,
They would be made as white as snow —

"If they like crimson chanced to be,
Like wool," he said, "they would appear;"
When from that mortgage they were free,
The road to follow would be clear.

Assyria's King then made her boast,
Jerusalem he would destroy —
Yes, he would sacrifice a host,
That he might realize this joy.

Isaiah then some word did send
To Hezekiah not to fear,
If he on God would just depend,
His way to victory was clear.

The angel of the Lord appeared —
To the Assyrians quickly flew,
Because their God they had not feared —
More than one hundred thousand slew.

Those who were left did quickly flee
To Nineveh, so it is said —
And in my mind I think I see
The serpent, in amongst the dead.

Methinks I hear the serpent hiss —
And I ere long am filled with fears;
I seldom see such sights as this,
When serpents lick the briny tears

From eyes that now are closed in death,
From cheeks so pale that once were red —
Methinks they feel his icy breath,
Although I know that they are dead.

The serpent's gray, cold leaden eyes
Around him glances then did cast —
For he did not yet realize
How soon the harvest would be past.

About this time Isaiah said
That one would come to us and plead,
When he was risen from the dead,
At God's right hand would intercede.

And those who did on him believe,
And follow in the paths he trod,
Would his rich blessings soon receive,
And be near him at last with God.

Isaiah no doubt did behold,
While looking down through coming years,
The beauties as they did unfold,
Of him who soothes and calms our fears.

Behold our Saviour from afar,
Long years before he came below—
Perhaps he saw the self same Star,
By which the shepherds once did know,

That Jesus Christ had come to dwell,
And live on earth with fallen man—
For whom his heart no doubt did swell
As hearts of mortals never can.

Unto Isaiah, Christ was shown;
A Saviour, who would come to die,
And bear our burdens, as his own,
He saw with his prophetic eye.

The power that did this fact reveal,
Unto Isaiah— years ago—
Some how, we can not help but feel,
Can make our sins as white as snow—

Can wash away the scarlet stains,
Can comfort give, can calm our fears,
Can sooth our sorrows, and our pains,
Can wipe away our bitter tears.





THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

“And then Josiah we behold —
A child of only eight years old.”

PART V.

At last when Hezekiah died,
We're told Manasseh occupied
The throne for five and fifty years,
And worshipped idols, it appears.

His son upon the altar died,
By his own father crucified —
Unto Moloch, the god of fire,
The victim of a wicked sire.

The heathen altars were rebuilt,
And trimmed in purple, gold and gilt;
And soon the worship was begun,
Of stone, and wood, and moon, and sun.

Manasseh died, so it appears,
And Amon ruled for two short years;
And then Josiah we behold —
A child of only eight years old.

Ere nine short summers he had known,
This child did occupy a throne;
He loved the Lord, whom he obeyed,
And daily unto him he prayed.

Josiah on the Lord believed;
A wound in battle he received.
Unto Death's angel he did yield —
Died as they bore him from the field.

And now then, since Josiah died,
The people on his son relied;
But in a foreign land alone,
He died in prison, made of stone.

Then Zedekiah took the throne,
And ruled o'er Israel alone;
The prophet Jeremiah came,
And prophesied in God's own name.

He told of things that soon should be,
Unless from sin they were made free;
He cried so much his eyes were red —
So much he had no tears to shed.

The city, which they had enjoyed,
He told them soon would be destroyed;
And that, unless they did repent,
This great affliction would be sent.

Nebuchadnezzar, it appears,
Fought with the Jews eleven years;
The city and the temple burned,
Then unto Babylon returned.

No doubt he made a grand parade,
And many captives he displayed;
Daniel and Shadrach, no doubt go
With Meshach and Abednego.

When they in Babylon arrived,
Somehow the King for them contrived
To have them fed on meat and wine —
To always keep them fat and fine.

Ere long they did refuse the meat
The King had sent to them to eat;
Likewise refused the wine so red —
Used pulse and water in their stead.

And each day fat and fatter grew,
Their lips and cheeks a rosy hue,
Their limbs and muscles plump and round,
Their merry voices did resound.

Nebuchadnezzar dreamed some dreams,
And Daniel told him, so it seems,
When unto him the King had sent,
Exactly what the dreams had meant.

Daniel was then put in command,
And made a ruler o'er the land;
Likewise, we're told, the other three,
Were rulers in a less degree.

These three were in a furnace cast,
Because they would not bow at last,
And worship idols made of gold,
As by the King they had been told.

Those fiery flames, made white with heat,
Shot upward, as if they would meet
The very clouds up in the sky,
And did consume those standing by.

The three young Jews were tied at last,
And in this fiery furnace cast;
The King perhaps that moment saw
A thing that filled his soul with awe.

Shadrach and Meshach, to and fro,
Walked and talked with Abednego;
When from the fire they had returned,
Not e'en their hair was singed or burned.

The fire appeared to do no harm —
Perhaps it simply kept them warm;
No smell of fire their garments bore,
No injury to the clothes they wore.



THE FIERY FURNACE.

“ Shadrach and Meshach, to and fro,
Walked and talked with Abednego.”

When God had thus his power displayed,
His will at once the King obeyed,
And lived in peace and perfect joy,
A life, it seems, naught could annoy.

A dream one night caused him alarm —
It seemed to threaten him with harm —
He saw a tree of wondrous size;
Its top did reach beyond the skies.

Its leaves with beauty were arrayed;
The beasts did rest beneath the shade;
Rich fruit upon its branches hung,
And birds their sweetest carols sung.

And then an angel did appear,
And what it said filled him with fear;
“Hew down this tree,” the angel cried:
“Cut off the branches from its side—

“Shake all the leaves from off its boughs,
Scatter the fruit, remove the crows
That may be nipping at the grass,
And bind the stumps with iron and brass.”

The King unto the wise men sent
To have them tell him what it meant;
But this the wise men failed to do,
For it was more than wise men knew.

Then unto Daniel he did send
To know if he did comprehend
The meaning of this dream he had,
Which troubled him and made him sad.

Then Daniel said, "The tree, it's true,
Means no one else, my King, but you;
Your greatness, like the tree's broad boughs,
Gives shelter to the birds and cows.

"Prosperity and power and fame
Belong alike to your great name;
You tower above mankind so high,
Your greatness reaches to the sky,

"But after while," young Daniel said:
"When all of these, and reason's fled,
When you've grown worse and weaker still,
And have no mind, no power, no will,

"Among the beasts you'll have to stay,
And eat the grass and corn and hay,
Until at last you've learned one thing,
That God is greater than a King."

This message to the King was sent —
A year was given to repent —
One day he in the garden walked,
And with himself perhaps, he talked.

And looking 'round him, perhaps said:
“ These gardens hanging over-head —
In fact, this city, I have built,
And finished in rich gold and gilt — ”

And ere the sentence was complete
An angel's voice then did repeat
The sentence, and the awful doom,
Which o'er his life cast so much gloom.

At once he joined the beasts that roam,
And had no place to call his home;
No one to love or cherish now,
To smooth the wrinkles from his brow.

While he thus lived a living death,
Perhaps he felt the serpent's breath
Against his cold and icy cheek;
He may have heard the serpent speak,

As he unto himself rehearsed
How he rejoiced when man was cursed;
How sadness, sorrow, grief and pain
Were Heaven's loss and Satan's gain.

How envy, hatred, malice, pride,
Were things on which he had relied
To work amongst mankind, to get
At least a payment on that debt.

His finger-nails like birds' claws grew,
His hair like eagle's feathers, too;
When seven weary years were passed,
He was restored to health at last.

Returned to friends as well as throne,
When he his God was made to own,
And made to see how he relied
Upon his own strength and his pride.

And when at last the King was dead,
His grandson then reigned in his stead;
Belshazzar was the new King's name,
Who did a wondrous feast proclaim.

And many came from west and east,
To join the King in this great feast;
And there within the banquet hall,
Appeared handwriting on the wall!

The King and guests were filled with fear;
But Daniel quickly did appear,
Because the King for him had sent,
To come and tell them what it meant.

He told the King because of sin,
Ere long his trials would begin;
That night from Persia, Cyrus came,
And he a vict'ry did proclaim.



THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.
"And there within the banquet hall
Appeared hand-writing on the wall."

He into Babylon did pass,
Because those heavy gates of brass
Were left ajar the night before,
Amidst the tumult and the roar

Of that great feast, where wine went 'round,
By which their sorrows all were drowned;
And ere the morning's light was shed,
The King of Babylon was dead.

As King Belshazzar now was dead,
Darius was made King instead;
A certain law this King had made —
They claimed that Daniel disobeyed.

Hence he was cast into the den
Where hungry lions long had been —
Perhaps where they had picked the bones
Amidst the shrieks and cries and groans

Of those who were condemned before —
Amidst the yell and snarl and roar
Of lions in a pit, where mud
Was mixed with bones and human blood.

As he into this pit was thrust,
In God alone he put his trust;
Safety for him God did provide,
Because on him he had relied.

As Daniel with the lions slept —
Perhaps he never moved, except
When he was startled by his dreams
Of some poor victim's horrid screams.

The lions' mouths were somehow closed,
As they by Daniel lay and dozed;
The power that rules to-day o'er men,
Looked after Daniel in the den.

And what Isaiah prophesied —
Long years before the prophet died —
King Cyrus would ere long proclaim,
And thus bring honor to God's name.

The Jews, who had in bondage been,
Because they walked in paths of sin,
When Cyrus issued the command,
Returned unto their father-land.

The temple which had once been burned,
The Jews re-built when they returned,
The city and its walls as well,
In which the serpent oft did dwell.

In Persia, Vashti was a queen,
And one more handsome ne'er was seen;
The King sent word to her one day,
To come to him and thus display



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

"Among the lions where the mud
Was mixed with bones and human blood."

Her beauty, and her royal gown,
Perhaps her jewels, and her crown;
But this the Queen at once refused,
And thus the King did feel abused.

And then the King felt he was forced
To have his wife from him divorced;
But Vashti he could not forget,
For we are told, he loved her yet.

Some one then did suggest the thought,
To have some handsome women brought —
All dressed in purple, white and green —
To let the King select a Queen.

Methinks I see that crowd of girls,
Each one with powder, paint, and curls,
And eyes that jealous glances cast,
And heart-throbs coming thick and fast,

Arrayed in all their Sunday clothes,
Well-trimmed in lace and furbelows;
Defects made perfect by the skill
Which women use—and always will.

Each one before the King was brought,
That he might take the prize he sought;
When all of them by him were seen,
He chose young Esther for his Queen.

A secret hidden in her breast —
She kept from him and all the rest —
For she a Jewess was by birth,
One of the humble ones of earth.

Her cousin, Mordecai, she thought,
Did all that any cousin ought;
But she her cousin dare not own,
For he to be a Jew was known.

But Mordecai one day did hear
A thing, that filled his soul with fear;
Two men were stirring up a strife,
Which did involve the King's own life.

Of this he quickly made report,
Which reached the King one day in court;
And those who planned his blood to shed,
Ere long, themselves, were lying dead.

An office was by Haman held —
With pride, no doubt, his bosom swelled —
At Mordecai a glance he cast,
Who would not bow when Haman passed.

This was reported to the King,
Who from his finger took a ring;
And then decreed in one short breath,
That all the Jews should suffer death.

When this decree by all was seen,
Poor Mordecai approached the Queen;
And he, no doubt, with her did plead,
That she for him would intercede.

And then the Queen made this reply:
"All who go to the King must die,
Unless his sceptre he extends;
This law applies to foes and friends."

Then Mordecai said, "It was true
That she herself was born a Jew,
And subject to this same decree,
Unless somehow, they were made free."

Thus, death before Queen Esther's sight
Stood to the left, as well as right;
No way unto her was revealed —
Hence she unto the King appealed.

And then unto the King did say,
That she upon the coming day,
A banquet would for him prepare,
And wanted him and Haman there.

And Haman, no doubt, did rejoice,
To think that he should be the choice,
And chosen one of King and Queen —
Perhaps no prouder man was seen,

As he was passing by the gate,
Feeling so proud and grand and great;
By Mordecai, he chanced to go,
Who would no recognition show.

That night he told his wife, perhaps
About the Queen and all her traps;
He may have told her all he knew,
Of Mordecai, the hated Jew.

This unto him she did suggest—
She may have even made request—
That he would build up toward the sky,
A gallows fifty cubits high.

That night the King quite poorly slept,
And in the morning, where he kept
A record of events, and strife,
He saw where two men sought his life,

And where they had reported been,
By one who would not join in sin;
And thus he said his life was saved
By Mordecai, who thus behaved.

Just at this moment Haman came,
And ere he called him by his name,
The King commanded him to tell
What things, perhaps, it would be well

To do, to one who pleased the King,
And did to him much pleasure bring;
Then Haman quickly did decide
It was to him these words applied.

And then unto the King he said:
“First, place a crown upon his head,
And let him wear your robe, indeed,
And ride upon your royal steed.”

And then the King said, “Now make haste,
And see that you no time do waste;
And unto Mordecai, the Jew,
Do all that has been named by you.”

And Haman dared not now refuse,
Not even though the hated Jews
Were honored, and put in a place
That made apparent his disgrace.

When all of this at last transpired,
Mordecai to his gate retired —
But Haman, feeling the disgrace,
Sought refuge in a quiet place.

In quietness was not content—
Hence he unto the banquet went,
And there before the Queen he knelt,
And told how much remorse he felt.

The King himself indignant grew,
When some one told him it was true
That Haman did a gallows build,
And Mordecai was to be killed.

The King to Mordecai did send,
As one on whom he could depend,
And put him in a place of trust,
Where he with all mankind was just.

And Haman on the gallows died,
Which for the Jew he did provide;
By Mordecai, the King was served,
Who treated him as he deserved.

Queen Esther to the King revealed
The secret she had kept concealed,
And with his little Jewess wife
The King did live a happy life.

But ever since the world was made,
Sometimes there's sunshine, sometimes shade,
Sometimes the gentle, blowing breeze
Will sway the flowers, and bend the trees.

Sometimes the lightnings dart and flash,
Sometimes the thunders roll and crash,
Sometimes there's peace and joy and love
Showered down from heaven up above.

Sometimes sickness, sorrow and sin,
Unbidden and uncalled, come in,
Sometimes from angels' silvered throats.
A blessed strain of music floats.

Sometimes old Satan, in disguise,
Appears most pleasing to our eyes,
Sometimes the serpent will assist,
In ways we cannot well resist.

But one thing we should bear in mind,
Where ever we the serpent find—
In sunshine, shadow, drouth or wet,
He's looking after that old debt.

And some provision should be made,
By which the debt ifself is paid;
Some cancellation or release,
Some kind of satisfaction piece.

Temptations come to one and all,
And many, in their weakness fall,
And fail to find a place of rest
Among the mansions for the blest.

Some fall when it is darkest night,
And some when everything looks bright;
Some fall in storms, and drifting snow,
And some when gentle breezes blow.

Some fall in sickness, some in health—
And some surrounded by their wealth,
By Satan have been led astray—
Forsook the straight and narrow way.

Some fall when poverty appears,
Amidst their sorrow and their tears;
Some bowed with age forsake the truth;
And others midst the scenes of youth.

Because they could not then resist,
Old Satan, when he did insist
Upon his way, God felt inclined
To send his Son to save mankind.

For his own Son had so much might,
That one with him would put to flight
Ten thousand, who would not receive,
Or on this Son of God believe.





THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

"One day there was not e'en a breeze
To sway the flowers or bend the trees."

PART VI.

One day there was not e'en a breeze
To sway the flowers or bend the trees,
And not a cloud appeared in sight,
From early morn till late at night.

That day the sun shone clear and bright,
The moon poured forth her mellow light,
The birds their sweetest carols sung,
And even time itself seemed young.

That day was blessed with glorious morn —
It was the day when Christ was born —
A day when all mankind was blest,
A day surpassing all the rest.

Man was permitted then to hear
The voice alone that he should fear —
The voice of God, the great I Am —
The voice of Jesus and the Lamb.

No cyclone swept across the seas;
The gentle hum of honey-bees
Was mingled with the sweet perfume
Of flowering shrubs in fullest bloom.

The lion with the lamb lay down;
In every village, hamlet, town,
In crowded city, on the plain,
The Prince of Peace began to reign.

Men had been born, had lived and died —
Four thousand years had prophesied,
Of him who now this day was born
Upon this glorious Christmas morn.

Their prophecies at last were proved —
All doubts before were now removed —
For in the line direct from Shem,
A King was born in Bethlehem.

Before this child was given birth,
Before he came to dwell on earth,
Before he left his home above,
And came to manifest his love,

In Nazareth a woman dwelt,
The presence of her God she felt,
And she no doubt was reconciled
To be the mother of this child,

Who was to come to earth and live,
And peace and joy and comfort give
To every one on earth's green sod,
Who believed he was the Son of God.

This woman, no doubt, must have been
Both free from deeds and thoughts of sin,
As any one on earth can get,
Whose soul has burdened been with debt.

For she like others was a slave
Unto the mortgage Adam gave,
Until at last she was made free
By her own Son that was to be.

I think of Mary, pure and good,
And often wonder how she could
Make known to those she loved so well,
The secret she so soon must tell.

No doubt her eyes were bathed in tears.
No doubt she trembled, filled with fears,
While in her God she put her trust,
And bowed herself e'en to the dust.

Now Mary was ere long to wed
A carpenter — so it was said —
A man who labored day by day,
That he his honest debts might pay.

Or might a dollar lay aside
To care for him and his young bride;
To him the secret she must tell —
To him, the one she loved so well.

Now, Joseph had been wed before,
But thought he'd try his luck once more,
And if he won, would then give thanks —
For with each prize were many blanks.

Now, Mary plead with God for power
To aid her in that trying hour;
She got the power for which she plead,
For Joseph believed the words she said.

Now, Joseph and his fair young bride,
A while in Nazareth did reside;
Then went to Bethlehem, we're told,
Where he with others was enrolled.

The road they took upon that day,
Led down, perhaps, the self-same way
That it does now; so let us look,
And follow down the road they took.

We're told these roads do seldom change —
Bound in by mountain gorge and range,
Or winding past some stream or well —
Hence, we to-day, can almost tell

The very route they must have gone,
The very ground they walked upon,
The towns and hills they must have seen,
And fields with waving grasses green.

The journey that they wished to make,
Perhaps at least three days would take;
Down through this land he took his wife,
A land that teemed with human life.

They journeyed down the mountain side,
Where mountain streams do swiftly glide,
And sparkle in the sun's bright ray,
The same as in that olden day.

Through valleys rich, just to the right
Of Tabor's tall and rounded height,
They journeyed on across the plain,
And passed the little town of Nain.

Likewise passed Endor in the hills,
Near by those leaping, rippling rills,
Sometimes half hid beneath the shade,
That on their waters pictures made.

Methinks they must have stopped quite near
Those waters, bright and cool and clear,
To rest upon the dark green sod,
And sang their praises unto God.

And then they journeyed on, at last,
Through densely peopled valleys passed,
O'er rugged hill-sides, rough and steep,
Down through the gorges dark and deep.

Along the vales and through the dells,
And heard the tinkling of the bells
Upon the cows, as they did pass,
While nipping at the short, green grass.

They must have heard the lowing herds,
They must have heard the songs of birds,
The gentle hum of busy bees,
While gathering honey from the trees.

Gilboa soon appeared in sight,
With Jezreel lying to the right,
And Dothan, we must not forget,
Where Joseph once his brothers met

And by Samaria they did pass,
'Midst-rolling fields and waving grass,
And Shechem soon appeared in view,
A town which they no doubt passed through.

Perhaps at Jacob's well they stopped—
The bucket in the water dropped—
And drank where Jacob did of old,
Of water pure and clear, and cold.

From here, no doubt, they must have seen
The water-shed of Palestine —
The heights of Ebal, Gerizim,
The rocks and peaks of Akrabbim.

And just before them Shiloh lay,
Where Hannah sometimes went to pray;
And on to Gilgal then they trudged,
Where Israel was by Samuel judged.

Then Baca's valley soon appears,
Which David called the vale of tears;
The town of Gophna, Bethel, too,
And then came Ramah next in view,

The town where Jeremiah said
That Rachel's eyes with tears were red —
'Twas here her lamentations rose,
The outburst of a mother's woes.

And Gibeon they soon behold,
Where Solomon, in times of old,
Did worship God; and Mizpah's height
Would likewise soon be brought in sight,

Where Samuel once did worship God;
And here, perhaps upon the sod,
While he with God was all alone,
Did raise the Ebenezer stone.

And when Jerusalem they'd passed,
They came to Bethlehem at last,
A little, unknown mountain town,
Without a thing to give renown.

Without a thing to make it known,
Except the birth of Christ alone;
No thing that man could e'er create,
Would make a place one-half so great.

No gilded halls of marble brown,
No tombs of men of great renown,
No monuments or piles of stone
Were there to make his birth-place known.

It was not in a mansion grand,
Which architects before had planned;
'Twas not amongst the rich of earth
That Jesus Christ was given birth.

It was not in a gilded room,
All fragrant with the orange bloom;
It was not in a stately hall,
But in a manger — in a stall!

From Bethlehem, among the hills—
The source of many rippling rills—
The news, no doubt, would soon be her'ald,
A King was born to save the world.



THE NATIVITY.

“That day was blessed with glorious morn;
It was the day that Christ was born.”

'Twas thus began a grand career —
A life to every Christian dear —
A life made sweet with tender love,
From heaven's store-house, up above.

And now, the debt that Eve once made,
The serpent knew would soon be paid;
No lustre in his eyes did gleam,
For he no longer reigned supreme.

And from the mortgage Adam gave,
By which mankind became a slave,
Poor, fallen man would be relieved,
When he had on this child believed.

The Devil, no doubt, saw with pain,
His pride and power begin to wane,
For many souls he hoped to win,
By debt or voluntary sin,

He now began to realize,
Would find a home beyond the skies —
A home where they would ever be,
From mortgage debt and bondage free.

Straightway the Devil darkness sought,
And lost himself awhile in thought;
And did his attributes implore,
That they his kingdom would restore.

These attributes around him came,
And each one then he called by name,
Envy and Malice, Hatred, Lust,
And did to each some power entrust.

The love of gold, of dress and ease,
And things which most the fancy please;
And unto these 'twas then revealed
That they should keep themselves concealed.

For when they acted in disguise,
Perhaps might even fool the wise,
Might lead the honest man astray,
Who seeks the straight and narrow way.

So straightway then the Devil goes;
From heaven's wardrobe stole the clothes,
And all his attributes he clad
In garments that the angels had.

Hence, Falsehood wears the garb of Truth;
Old Sin himself appears as Youth,
And Malice coos just like a dove,
While Hatred wears the cloak of Love.

Envy is wreathed in Friendship's smile;
That which seems good is sometimes guile;
Some actions with Deceit are full,
And wolves wear garments made of wool.

Hence, it sometimes is hard to tell
An attribute direct from Hell,
From one whose mission is from above,
Is Peace, and Hope, and Joy, and Love.

Near Bethlehem may still be seen
The field where Ruth once came to glean;
'Twas here that Boaz wedded Ruth,
The home of David in his youth.

'Twas here that Jacob must have cried,
'Twas here that his wife Rachel died;
And near the town upon the green,
Her tomb, we're told, may still be seen.

While Jesus in his manger lay —
Perhaps before the break of day —
Unto some shepherds, filled with fears,
The glory of the Lord appears.

The echo of an angel's voice
Did make the shepherds' hearts rejoice
With other voices it did sing,
"Glory to God and Christ our King."

And then the angel did depart,
And straightway then the shepherds start
To find the child, which they were told,
In swaddling clothes would be enrolled.

They found him, and did homage pay,
While he within the manger lay;
And then returning to their sheep,
The watches of the night they keep.

Some wise men who no doubt were good,
Beheld a star which came and stood
Just o'er our Saviour's lowly bed.
And by this star these men were led

To where he lay, and then the King
Desired to learn the self-same thing;
But from the sequel we can see
The wise men knew much more than he.

Now Herod sought the baby's life —
Hence Joseph took his child and wife,
And down in Egypt they did dwell;
How long, we have no means to tell.

But this one fact is not denied,
That they returned when Herod died;
And dwelt in Nazareth, 'mongst the hills,
Where Mary's heart with rapture thrills.

Surrounded by the scenes of youth —
The scenes of childhood, which in truth,
Grow dearer as the years roll past;
How sad that things like these can't last.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

"Now Herod sought the baby's life,
Hence, Joseph took his child and wife."

No doubt, when Jesus was a child,
He played amongst those mountains wild;
And listened to the singing thrush,
Amongst the hedges or the brush.

The lark that sings and soars above,
The roller, hoopoe and the dove,
The blackbird and the willow-wren,
The sun-bird darting 'cross the glen.

He may have seen the white-throat sail,
He may have heard the nightingale,
He may have watched them in their flight,
While gathering roses, pure and white.

He may have climbed those mountains steep,
Or, down those gorges, dark and deep,
He may have whiled away the hours,
Amidst those rustic scenes and flowers.

He must have loved to play with toys,
With little girls and little boys;
For, while a child, I think it's true,
He must have done like others do.

He must have carried coal and wood,
And all he thought or did was good;
He must have sometimes worried been,
But still he kept himself from sin.

We know but little of his youth;
But what he said, or was, was truth—
Truth direct from heaven above—
The source of Truth as well as Love.

Now, Jesus when near twelve years old
Went to Jerusalem, we're told.
And there he did attend a feast—
As was the custom in the East.

Now Joseph and his wife went, too,
And when the feast at last was through,
Along the road the people jammed—
All mixed and crowded, jogged and crammed.

That night they camped upon the ground;
But Jesus nowhere could be found;
They sought for him with hearts that yearned,
And to Jerusalem returned.

And here their child ere long they saw,
Amongst the doctors of the law;
And many things he did expound,
That in the scriptures they had found.

'Twas here, and at this very hour,
He must have realized his power;
He must have realized, at length,
His mother's weakness, and his strength.



JESUS QUESTIONING THE DOCTORS.

“And many things he did expound
That in the scriptures they had found.”

And in the words his mother spoke,
We can behold a slight rebuke;
For she it was addressed her son:
“Why hast thou dealt as thou hast done?”

He made his answer, gave the cause,
No wiser answer ever was;
Although he was but still a youth,
The answer made, was simple truth.

No doubt for knowledge Jesus yearned,
But with his parents he returned.
This fact, in childhood should instill
Obedience to its parents' will.

Now as I think of his great power,
His birth, his death, his dying hour,
The thought, indeed, is sweet in truth,
That Jesus showed himself in youth.

For in his life for thirty years,
'Tis only once that he appears,
And then our Saviour we behold—
A child of only twelve years old!

Whenever Jesus comes in sight,
'Tis then the serpent takes his flight;
Hence, he who keeps the Saviour near,
The serpent's fangs need never fear.

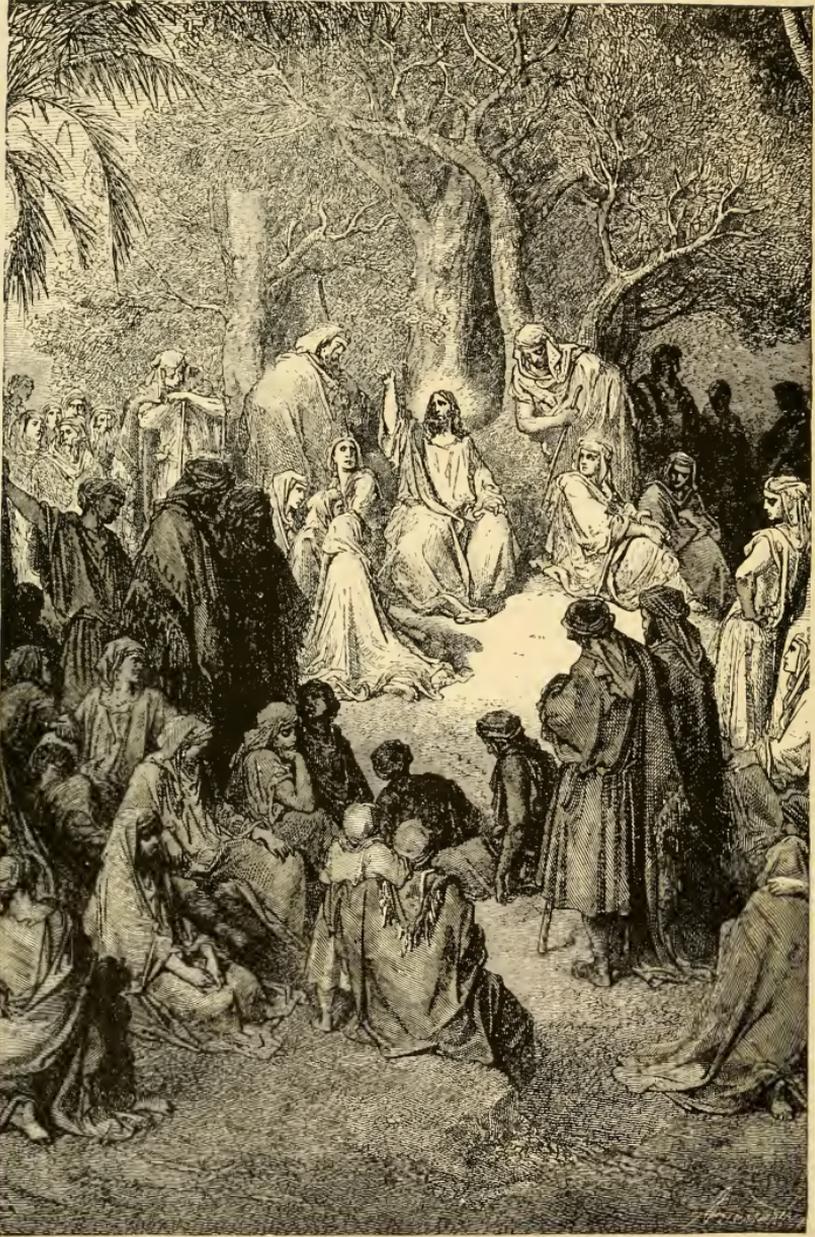
But from the Saviour go astray,
And then the serpent seeks his prey;
Around your head his thunder rolls—
It is his harvest-time for souls.

But little children need not fear,
If they will keep the Saviour near;
He came to save them with the rest—
And they with others have been blessed.

He knows their wants as well as needs,
He knows their wicked thoughts and deeds;
He hears their little songs of love,
As they are wafted up above.

He knows the trials they must bear;
He knows their need of tender care—
He came and died upon the tree,
That they from bondage might be free.





THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"He brings the sweet lillies and grass to account,
As seen in the sermon he preached on the mount."

PART VII.

For eighteen long years from the story that's told,
The acts of our Saviour we no where behold;
For not until thirty again he appears,
Much riper in wisdom and older in years.

We only imagine the things that he thought,
The life that he lived, and the lessons he taught,
From childhood, until we behold him again,
The public instructor and teacher of men.

However, we see from the lessons he taught,
His life was devoted to study and thought;
He drew many lessons from very small things —
The hens as they gathered their chicks with their
wings.

He brings the sweet lillies and grass to account,
As seen in the sermon he preached on the mount;
He spoke of the rich, the physician they need,
He spoke of the poor, who were blessed, indeed.

He spoke of the hungry, and those that did thirst,
He spoke of the blessed, as well as the cursed,
The rich and the poor, and of those that should leap,
Of those that should laugh, and of those that should
weep.

He spoke of the coat, and spoke of the clack,
Of the burden to bear, as well as the yoke;
He spoke of a house that was built on the sand,
Of one on a rock that was likely to stand.

The dew and the rain that comes from on high,
The moat that was seen in another man's eye;
He spoke of a lamb that was lost from the sheep,
Of those that should sow and those that should reap.

At one time he said, and referred to the soul,
"The blind lead the blind, and get into a hole;"
The symbols he used in the lessons of truth,
Were gathered, no doubt, in the days of his youth

He must have watched closely the birds of the air,
And studied their habits with wonderful care;
The bride and the groom who were recently wed,
The mourner who weeps o'er the grave of the dead.

A tribute to labor by Jesus was paid —
For he was a carpenter, worked at his trade —
Supported himself, and his mother beside,
For she was a widow when Joseph had died.

She may have been poor and sorely distressed —
With Christ as a son she was wonderfully blest;
Not burden with cares for the things he might do,
So faithful and honest, so noble and true.

The first thirty years of his life are now past,
His lot had but little with others been cast;
Near Jordan his life-work upon us does dawn,
Where he met his cousin, the forerunner, John.

'Twas here they first met, and no doubt were surprised,
'Twas here that our Saviour by John was baptized;
And soon his great struggle for life did begin,
In fighting the battles with Satan and sin.

The serpent, of course, came to Satan's relief,
And fought with his sword, which is called unbelief;
He fought with the old and the young that he met,
Whose souls had been mortgaged and burdened with
debt.

He knew that if they on the Saviour believed,
Unless by deceit he could get them deceived;
The debt and the mortgage which he did control,
Would lose all its powers and effect on the soul.

When he was baptized and complied with God's law,
The heaven's were opened, an angel he saw —
The angel descended in form of a dove,
The emblem of purity, peace and of love.

A voice came from heaven, its accents did swell,
Saying, "This is my son, he pleases me well;"
Then into the wilderness Christ did depart,
Communed with his God from the depths of his heart.

And here without food, forty days he did dwell
He no doubt was hungry and thirsty as well —
The Devil did tempt him, and with him he plead
To change a few stones into pieces of bread.

The Devil, you see, is quite cunning, indeed,
He tempted our Saviour with things he did need;
And it is the same with the Devil to-day —
He puts everything in a plausible way.

When upon the temple that towered toward the sky,
A leap from the top he wished Jesus to try;
And said he could prove from the Bible alone,
The angels would keep him from striking a stone.

Then upon a mountain our Saviour he took,
At all that surrounded him wished him to look,
And said that the whole of those things he should own,
If he would just worship the Devil alone.

To think he had power to deceive the elect,
Was more than the Devil himself could expect —
For cheek unsurpassed, and for gush and for gall,
The Devil, I think, surpasses them all.

Now when these temptations had come and had gone,
Our Saviour returned to the Jordan, and John;
John pointed him out to the multitude there,
As the one who all of their burdens would bear.

Two of the disciples were already called,
And very soon others were likewise installed;
They went to a wedding in Cana, near by —
The wine was all gone and the guests were all dry.

Six water-pots there, that were made out of stone,
Were filled to the brim with cold water alone;
Now Jesus did change this cold water to wine,
And experts pronounced it exceedingly fine.

This miracle here was the first he performed —
The people, no doubt, were both pleased and alarmed;
Alarmed at the power that our Saviour displayed.
And very much pleased at the wine that he made.

Now Cana to-day is not peopled at all,
The houses, in ruins, are ready to fall;
The wild boar is hunted, the jackal is heard,
The leopard runs wild where this wedding occurred.

The story of water and wine will be told —
Will always be new — it will never grow old —
The deeds and the words of our Saviour will last
When critics are numbered with things that are past.

These miracles Christ in his wisdom displayed:
His power was supreme, and the waters obeyed.
The storm was subdued as it swept o'er the deep,
The lepers were cleansed and the lame men did leap.

The dead men were raisèd from the bed or the bier;
The devils cast out would stand trembling with fear —
Such wonderful power was by Jesus displayed,
That he, by the devils themselves, was obeyed.

Soon Jesus went down and did dwell by the shore,
Where wild waves do murmur, and billows do roar;
And now at Capernaum, Jesus we see —
A town on the banks of the sweet Galilee.

The town was quite small, for we nowhere behold
The name ever mentioned in scriptures of old;
A custom-house stood by the sea, on the land,
A synagogue built by a foreigner's hand.

Now, here at Capernum, one can behold
Most beautiful sunsets of silver and gold —
How many, indeed, with hearts that have swelled,
Have looked on the scenes that our Saviour beheld.

Now Jesus soon went to the Passover feast —
A custom which then did prevail in the east,
And there in the temple, no doubt, could behold,
How goats, sheep, and oxen, were bartered and sold.

Our Saviour, no doubt, was displeased at such things,
And plaited a whip with some very small strings;
The sheep and the oxen were turned out at large,
As well as the people who had them in charge.

And those who sold doves were commanded to go,
And pack up their cages — resembling a show —
And as they marched out, the display that they made
Was equal, no doubt, to a showman's parade.

Now those who changed money, he handled quite rough,
No doubt he had seen of their dealings enough
To know, that the Devil himself was cashier —
Hence they were expelled without mercy or fear.

And they were removed with such wonderful care —
The tables were left with their legs in the air —
He cleared out the place where this traffic had been
A harbor for Satan, the serpent, and sin.

If one has a heart that is burdened with sin,
The first thing that's done when the Saviour comes in,
Is, drive out the oxen, turn over the chairs,
And make things feel greatly in need of repairs.

And when it's repaired by that power up above,
The heart is so full of his mercy and love,
That even the serpent is greatly dismayed —
He knows that the mortgage and debt have been paid.

The temple was cleansed and the Devil had fled,
And God now was reigning supreme in his stead;
But God will not stay where the Devil does dwell —
And hence there's no God in the regions of hell.

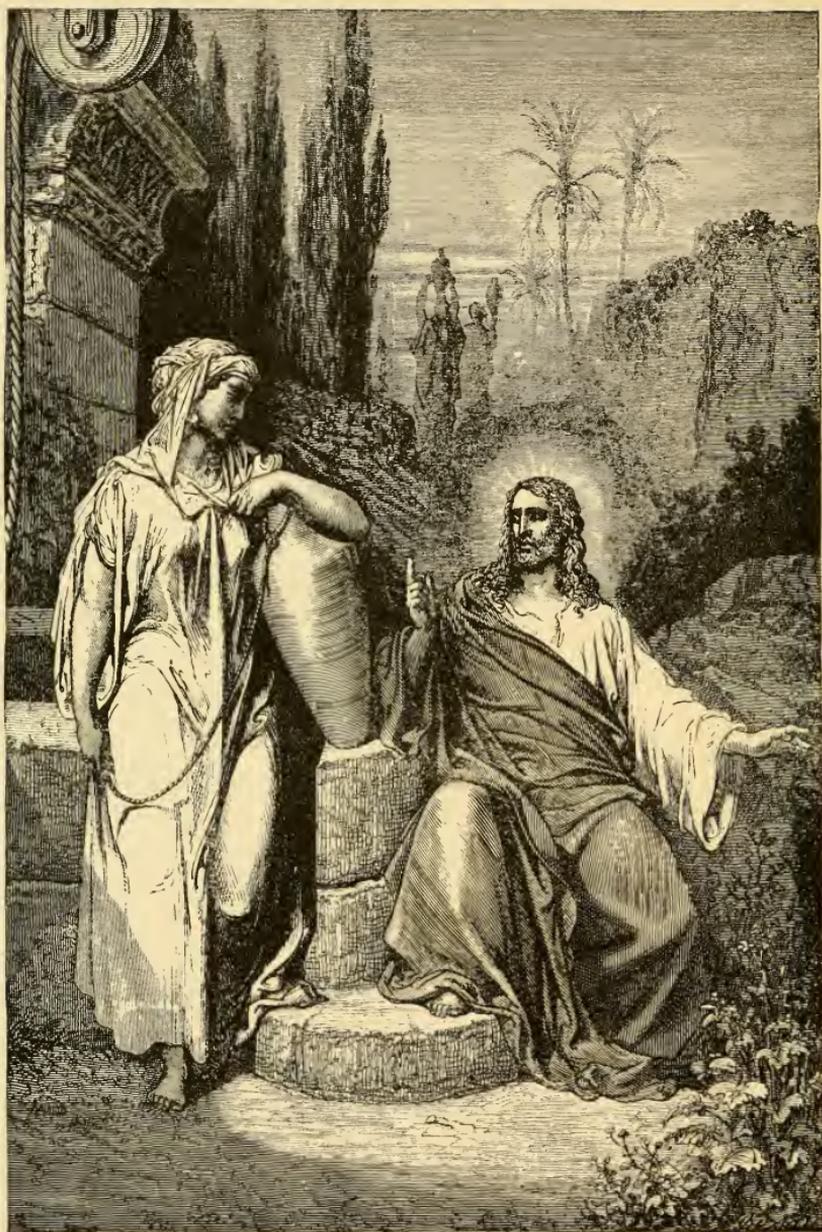
The Jews were displeased by the things he had done,
And asked for a sign to prove he was the one —
The promised Messiah of whom they had read,
And expected to reign as a ruler instead.

An answer he gave to the question they sent,
“Destroy this temple” — his own body he meant —
“And it will be raised at the end of three days,”
And thus unto God was bestowed all the praise.

Then Jesus set sail to a far away place,
Again showed the people the power of his grace,
And taught them one thing they must all understand:
“Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven's at hand.”

A multitude came and were hungry, indeed,
And Jesus, no doubt, on beholding their need,
Did take the five loaves and the two little fish,
And gave to each one of them all he did wish.

The five thousand men and some others, it's said,
All got a square meal from these fishes and bread;
Twelve baskets were filled, when the meal was complete,
Of fishes and bread that the guests did not eat.



JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.
"He told her of water which he had to give,
Of which she could drink, and forever would live."

I think that our Saviour ere long could be seen,
As over the hills and the valleys between,
He journeyed along on his mission of truth,
To the home of his childhood, the scenes of his youth.

Perhaps he was weary, foot-sore and oppressed,
And stopped by the road-side for water and rest —
Yes, stopped at the well which old Jacob had dug,
And there met a woman with pitcher or mug.

This woman was wicked and may have been sent,
That Jesus might show her the way to repent;
He told her of water which he had to give,
Of which she could drink, and forever would live.

She told others of things which she had received,
And those who did hear her on Jesus believed;
He stopped in Samaria a couple of days,
And many believed, and gave Jesus the praise.

To Nazareth Jesus did journey at last —
Along by the scenes of his boyhood he passed;
Beheld the same hills, the same tangled wildwood,
That he once beheld in the days of his childhood.

He saw the same rocks, the same valley and glen,
He saw the same faces of women and men;
He witnessed their deeds, and the way they behaved,
And prayed to his father their souls might be saved.

He told of his father in heaven above,
He told of his power, of his mercy and love,
He told how that he, by his father was sent,
That all who had sinned, might be led to repent.

But he was rejected by neighbors he had —
He turned with a heart, that was heavy and sad,
And went to Capernaum, down by the sea,
Where souls from the mortgage did long to be free.

The multitude one time by Jesus was taught,
Some fishers went fishing, but no fish they caught;
And Jesus beheld them repairing a net,
And into the boat of one of them did get.

He then taught the people who stood on the shore,
The same old, old story, he'd taught them before;
The story he told was undoubtedly true —
Although it was old, it was equally new.

The discourse was ended, the boat was then oared
To where Christ commanded the nets to be lowered;
The numbers they caught and pulled into the shore,
Was never, perhaps, by them, equalled before.

Said Christ unto Andrew and Peter right then:
"If you'll follow me, you'll be fishers of men;"
They went as requested, did not hesitate,
Had Christ for their net, for their boat, and their bait.

Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever —
She tried many things, but none would relieve her —
The pills and the poultice, the salves and the tea,
With Simon's wife's mother did never agree.

Now Simon felt sad, for quite plainly he saw,
He might be bereft of his mother-in-law;
The treatment was changed — unto Christ they
 appealed —
The woman, with others, by Jesus was healed.

And many, no doubt, were made perfectly whole,
Were freed from disease of both body and soul;
The devils were cast from the ones they possessed,
The lepers were cleansed and most graciously blest.

One man with the palsy to Jesus was brought,
Having heard of the wonderful miracles wrought —
Through the roof of a house the man was then lowered,
His body and soul unto health were restored.

The guests were surprised as together they talked —
The man put his bed on his shoulder and walked,
Relieved from the palsy and cleansed from his sin —
Thus Christ a great vict'ry o'er Satan did win.

No doubt there was seen at the windows and door,
Such crowds as had never been witnessed before;
The blind man was led by his daughter, no doubt,
On cots lay the sick with the palsy, or gout.

The lepers, and those with the devil possessed,
The lame and the halt came along with the rest,
The rich and the poor, the humble and proud,
The high and the low could be seen in the crowd.

The boot-black and newsboy, "the girl on the town"
The priest with his mantel, his robe or his gown,
The deacon or layman by sickness distressed,
Desired to be cured by our Saviour, and blest.

The seamstress and servant, the matron and maid,
The girl who with pride had her beauty displayed,
The girl who had labored in garments well worn,
All clad in her best; but still tattered and torn.

From mansions of wealth, from cottages rude,
The proud and the humble, the crank and the dude,
The merchant and tradesman, the begger and thief,
All came to the Saviour in search of relief.

The old and the young, the groom and the bride,
The mother whose children clung fast to her side,
The father who labored all day in the field,
All came to our Saviour to hear, and be healed.

The pain and the anguish, the grief and the sighs,
The tears that fell fast from the sufferer's eyes,
The pleadings and prayers, and the misery beside,
Caused Jesus to heal every one who applied.

If you, and if I, had been there on the spot,
Would we have gone near him, or would we have not?
The answer I think will undoubtedly show,
In the answer that's made in the questions below.

Do we live as near him to-day as we should?
Do we look to him for all things that are good?
Do we open our hearts and let him come in?
And heal them, and cleanse them from sorrow and sin?

So many by Jesus this day had been blessed —
No doubt he felt weary and tired and oppressed;
But early next morning, among the green trees,
In communion with God he is found on his knees.

The crowds did assemble in numbers so vast,
That yesterday's scenes would soon be surpassed;
He came not to heal or to raise from the dead —
His mission, the Kingdom of God, was to spread.

Now Jesus with God had that morning communed —
It matters but little how much importuned;
From that which was duty he could not be swerved,
The will of his father he always observed.

Hence Jesus at once did his circuit begin,
In coping with Satan, the serpent and sin,
Those whom he had healed did perhaps go along,
And gave him the honor in sermon and song.

The news of his teaching most rapidly spread
Through those whom he'd cured, or raised from the dead
By those who had witnessed those wonderful deeds,
And thus for his Kingdom was scattered the seeds.

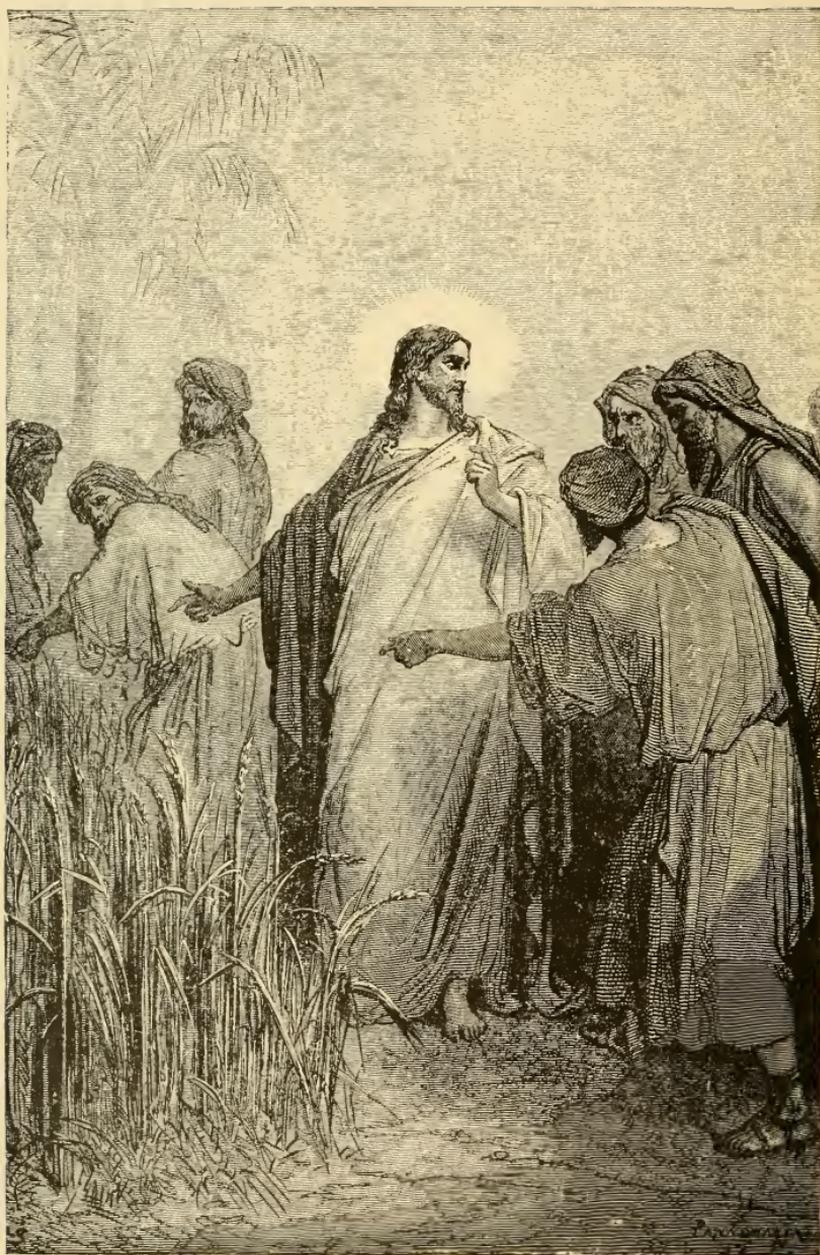
Great crowds had collected wherever he stopped,
All eager to catch every word that he dropped;
A leper with others to Jesus appealed,
And said, "I believe, and desire to be healed."

The leper was cleansed from that dreadful disease,
While he still remained before Christ on his knees;
The value of cleansing was greater than wealth,
For he was restored to his friends and to health.

Ere long to Capernaum Jesus returned,
His heart, full of kindness and sympathy, burned;
He knew that his Father in heaven was pleased,
When men could be shown that their souls were
diseased.

Christ's mission on earth was to deal with the soul —
To render it free from old Satan's control,
To show to its owner its value, and then
Establish his Kingdom on earth among men.

And this could be done by redeeming the lost —
By paying the debt at whatever the cost;
This payment was made for both you and for me,
By Christ when he died between thieves on the tree.



THE DISCIPLES PLUCKING CORN ON THE SABBATH.

"We're told the disciples of Jesus did eat
The corn, the barley, the oats, or the wheat."

The prodigal sons and the sheep that have strayed,
Are the ones for whom the great payment was made;
A payment for him who believes and repents,
A payment not measured by dollars and cents.

Now Levi, named Matthew, by Jesus was called,
With other apostles was likewise installed;
But being a publican, we can thus see,
Christ came to save sinners whoever they be.

We're told the disciples of Jesus, did eat
The corn or the barley, the oats or the wheat
They gathered, one Sabbath, while passing along,
And hence they were censured for doing a wrong.

The Pharisees saw it, to Jesus complained,
But Christ in his wisdom their actions explained;
How David one time on the shew bread did feast —
A thing that was lawful alone for a priest.

He told them the Sabbath for man had been made;
The very next Sabbath again he displayed
His love, and his mercy, for those who obey,
By the power that our Saviour saw fit to display.

A slave was from pain and from sickness relieved,
Because the centurion, his master, believed;
A widow was weeping in sadness and gloom —
She followed her son, who was dead, to the tomb —

And Christ on beholding the tears in her eyes,
Commanded the young man at once to arise;
The young man arose at the sound of the word,
The people went back, and no funeral occurred.

This young man by Jesus was raised from the dead,
Not far from the place where the ravens once fed
Elijah, who one time great power did display,
In raising the dead in a similar way.

'Twas near where Elijah, in times long gone by,
Three times brought the fire from the clouds in the sky;
The team that he had when towards heaven he rode —
Perhaps he still drives in that blessed abode.

Christ claims to have been of most wonderful birth,
A King from on high, come to dwell upon earth;
Could cure the frail body, as well as the soul,
From sickness and sin, make them perfectly whole.

Exalting the humble, and strengthening the weak,
He still remained humble, and lowly and meek,
Afraid not of danger, a stranger to fear,
He bore all our burdens and shed not a tear.

We know that his mission from heaven above,
Was one of great mercy and meekness and love;
No one ever lived, or will ever appear,
Whose title as "Christ" is so perfectly clear.



"I AM THE WAY."

"No one e'er pointed out the road, that leads up to that blest abode, but Jesus."

No one e'er pointed out the road
That leads up to that blest abode,
No one such blessings e'er bestowed,
But Jesus.

No one that we have ever known
Has ever sacrificed a throne,
And come to claim us as his own,
But Jesus.

No one e'er came to make the call
That he his Kingdom might install,
And give his life-blood once for all,
But Jesus.

No one e'er walked upon the sea,
No one e'er died upon the tree,
That from that debt we might be free,
But Jesus.

No one can ever make the boast
That he has yielded up the ghost,
To save from death so great a host,
But Jesus.

No one such miracles e're wrought,
No one such lessons ever taught,
And comfort gave, and pleasure brought,
But Jesus.

No one did ever yet arise
From lowly tent to vaulted skies
With all that it to us implies,
But Jesus.

No one e'er wore a robe so white,
No one e'er cast such shining light,
No one ere made our paths so bright,
But Jesus.

No one is there who intercedes,
And with our Father daily pleads,
And knows full well our wants and needs,
But Jesus.

No one e'er drove away the gloom
That clusters 'round the dismal tomb,
And in its stead made flowers bloom,
But Jesus.





JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.
"And Jesus walked on the waves of the sea."

PART VIII.

Christ came from above
On a mission of love —
Of mercy, and kindness, and peace;
 The sick he did heal,
 And his power did reveal,
 And his kingdom on earth did increase.

The lame he made walk,
And the dumb he made talk,
The blind were enabled to see;
 The lepers were healed,
 Who unto him appealed,
 And he walked on the waves of the sea,

The dead had been raised,
And Jesus was praised,
Because of the deeds he had done.
 And God who is love,
 Gave him power from above —
 For he and his Father are one.

This power he possessed,
Was enjoyed by the rest;
For himself it had never been used;
For many were cured
From the pains they endured —
Not one was by Jesus refused.

And he will receive,
All of those who believe,
And trust in his name and his love;
And they will find rest
In the home of the blest —
In the mansions prepared up above.

Where he sits and pleads,
And with God intercedes
For man, who had wandered away:
For he it was died,
On the cross — crucified —
And opened to sinners a way,

A path and a road
To that blessed abode,
Where they would be free from regret;
From sorrow and care,
For when they are there,
They're released from the mortgage and debt.

Christ's mission on earth
Was of wonderful worth
To the lame and the halt and the blind;
 To the sin-ridden soul
 That longed to be whole,
 But no way was able to find.

To the rich and the blest,
To the poor and distressed,
To the dwellers in mansions of stone;
 To those in a cot,
 Who no mansion have got,
 But the mansion of Jesus alone.

To the humble and meek,
To the strong and the weak,
To all who his blessings have known;
 To him who's forlorn,
 And to millions unborn,
 His blessings will sometime be shone.

To those who believed,
And our Saviour received,
Whether sick in the body or soul,
 His mission on earth
 Was of wonderful worth,
 In cleansing and making them whole.

But those who refused,
And our Saviour misused,
While he was on earth here below,
Did sometime apply
To our Saviour on high,
But those fellows he then didn't know.

Since Jesus is dead,
Just the same may be said
Of those who are living to-day;
If we wound him afresh
In spirit or flesh,
He forever will cast us away.

Unless we return
While the lamp does still burn,
And know that our sins are forgiven,
With demons we'll dwell,
In the regions of hell —
Just outside, but in sight of heaven.

Like the rich man who died,
And to heaven applied
For Lazarus to cool down his tongue,
But got no relief
From his anguish and grief,
And the torments with which he was wrung.

So sad is the lot
Of a fellow that's got
In a place where no peace he can claim;
He may squirm and may twist,
May beg and insist,
But the torments go on, just the same.

With remorse he is tossed;
For his title is lost,
To the realms of eternal bliss;
His lot he bemoans,
'Midst his shrieks and his groans,
And the serpent's detestable hiss.

He begs for relief
From his sorrow, and grief,
But there is no relief for his soul;
He there must remain
In his sorrow and pain,
While ages eternally roll.

Christ died and arose,
And the way did disclose
That leads to the realms up above;
The choice must be made,
And the debt must be paid,
Which alone can be done by his love.

The joys and the peace,
Will forever increase,
If we live in the way that we should;
 For heaven begins
 When we're freed from our sins,
 And the deeds that we do are all good.

On earth we are taught
Great battles are fought,
Between Jesus, the serpent, and sin;
 These battles will last
 'Till the portal is past,
 And Jesus has gathered us in.

If the Devil retreats,
His attack he repeats,
In a way that we may not expect;
 But one thing is sure —
 He will knock at your door,
 When his interest he wants to collect.

The lessons Christ taught
Were connected in thought
With things that were well understood;
 He spoke of the poor,
 And of what they endure,
 In a manner, no doubt, as he should.

He showed how that gold,
And great riches untold,
Were but naught, unless he were obeyed;
 The ravens were fed
 By his Father, he said,
 And the lillies with beauty arrayed.

He spoke of a field,
And the crops it did yield,
Of a fellow who went out to sow;
 He spoke of the ground,
 That the fellow had found,
 Of the wayside, where nothing could grow.

In most beautiful words
He told of the birds —
No doubt heard the songs that they sung —
 To supply their own needs,
 They picked up the seeds,
 And then flew away to their young.

Of the seed that was sown,
Some fell on a stone,
In a place 'mongst the rocks, and the clay;
 It quite rapidly grew,
 Till the dry winds blew,
 And then quickly it withered away.

Some fell among thorns
That were hard as the horns
Of oxen that long had been yoked.
 It tried hard to grow,
 But it could'nt, you know,
 Because by the thorns it was choked.

And some of the seed
Struck a rich place, indeed —
Was matured from the bottom to top;
 And some of the rest
 Was not equally blest,
 But still, made a very fair crop.

And then Christ explained,
How the truth when retained,
Produced a most wonderful yield;
 But the Devil has horns,
 Resembling the thorns
 That choked out the grain in the field.

Another man sowed,
But before the seed grewed,
An enemy came unawares;
 By the moon's pale light,
 In the midst of the night,
 This enemy scattered some tares.

The field was the world
Where the seed had been hurled,
When the sun shone so clear and so bright;
The Devil, I'm sure,
No such light could endure —
Hence he sows the tares in the night.

Christ told of a seed,
Which produced first a weed
Like the grass that is nipped by the cows;
But grew to such length,
Such size and such strength,
That the birds used to light in its boughs.

The seed was a trace,
Of that wonderful grace,
Which he sheds abroad in the heart;
Although it's as large
As a boat or a barge,
It may have been small at the start.

The kingdom of heaven
Is likened to leaven,
Hid away in three measures of meal;
It is not with a jerk
That the leaven does work —
You can tell by the way that you feel.

It's just like a treasure
Of wonderful measure
You've found in a field all alone —
 There's no cause to doubt it,
 You won't do without it,
 That field you're determined to own.

Like a valuable pearl,
Or a beautiful girl—
The line next above is my own —
 If one wants to gain it,
 He'll buy it, obtain it —
 But its value can never be known.

The valuable pearl,
Or the beautiful girl,
Is the kingdom of eternal life;
 Its worth can't be told,
 By both silver and gold —
 Just secure it and thus end the strife.

I shall never forget
How he told of the net,
And the fishes they caught in the sea;
 The lesson he taught,
 Was so laden with thought —
 'Twas a lesson for you and for me.

The moral he drew
From the lesson, was true —
How the good would be saved from the bad;
 And none will receive it,
 Unless they believe it —
Hence the fate of the wicked is sad.

On the lake, Galilee —
A beautiful sea —
A most wonderful storm did arise;
 The waters were splashing —
 Yes, surging and dashing —
 Like mountains approaching the skies.

Thunders were pealing,
The lightnings revealing
Great dangers, as seen on the deep;
 While Jesus was sleeping —
 No doubt he was keeping
 Such a watch, as no other could keep.

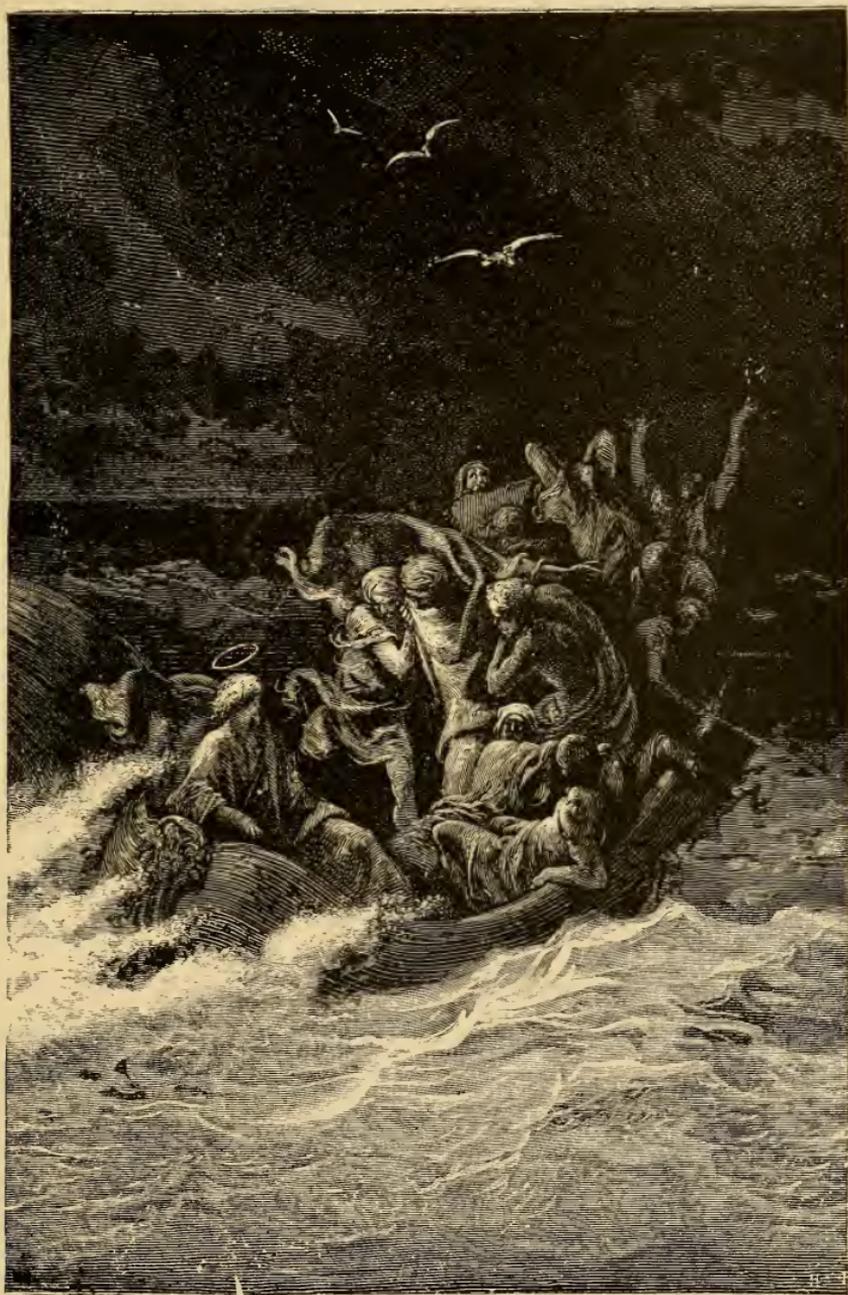
The vessel was creaking,
Dipping and leaking,
And it seemed as if death was at hand;
 When Christ first awoke,
 Just a few words he spoke,
 And the sea was as calm as the land.

They landed at last,
And the boat was made fast
To the land of the old Gadarenes;
 His heart soon did yearn
 For a speedy return,
 To the place of his earlier scenes.

An old Gadarene,
With a spirit unclean,
Came out from the tomb, or the cave;
 They tied him, at length,
 But so great was his strength,
 And he like a mad-man did rave.

That he snapped the great chain —
Yes, broke it in twain —
Like the cords that his arms did entwine;
 But the old Gadarene
 By Christ was made clean,
 And his spirit took refuge in swine.

They ran down the bank,
To a pond or a tank,
And soon not a hog could be found;
 For the whole of the herd —
 When Christ spoke the word —
 Swam out in the sea and were drowned.



CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.
"Just a few words he spoke,
And the sea was as calm as the land."

But the spirit, I'm sure,
Did somehow endure,
For I've seen it in hogs in the pen;
 It could not have drowned,
 For that spirit I've found,
 Not only in hogs, but in men.

These men were as mean
As the old Gadarene,
But may not have lived in a tomb;
 In satin and felt,
 In a mansion they dwelt,
 Where flowers continually bloom.

No hog, I am sure,
Could ever endure
A spirit so base and so mean;
 If water was found,
 He perhaps would be drowned,
 In his effort, no doubt, to get clean.

The Devil, no doubt,
Kept on lurking about,
While Jesus his power thus displayed —
 And counted the cost,
 If the debt should be lost,
 Not even the interest be paid.

And he felt much aggrieved,
At those who believed,
For he knew since he came to reflect,
That those who believed,
From the debt were relieved,
And he would have naught to collect.

When Jairus had learned
That our Saviour returned,
He came unto him and implored
That his daughter be cured
From the pain she endured —
That she unto health be restored.

In the crowd that was near,
A woman with fear,
Touched the garments that Jesus had on;
And she was made whole
In both body and soul,
And all her afflictions were gone.

A messenger came,
And the news did proclaim,
That Jairus' daughter was dead;
This word was received—
But Jairus believed,
And a few words by Jesus was said.

The girl then arose,
And, no doubt, I suppose
Must have walked up and down, to and fro,
 And felt just as good,
 As most any one could,
 Who'd been dead such a short time ago.

On the very same day,
On a public highway,
Two blind men by Jesus were healed;
 And a man who was dumb,
 Unto Jesus did come,
 And again his great power was revealed.

To Nazareth he went,
But they would'nt repent,
And Jesus returned to the sea;
 And there in a boat,
 His disciples did float,
 On the beautiful Lake Galilee.

A storm did appear,
And it filled them with fear,
And Christ then did walk on the wave;
 And Peter to greet him,
 Started to meet him —
 But called on our Saviour to save.

For he sank to his knees —
Out there in the seas —
But Christ some assistance did lend;
 He no doubt discerned,
 When this lesson he learned,
 The value of Christ as a friend.

Christ soon did retire
Unto Sidon and Tyre —
A woman by him was there cured,
 And a man who was deaf,
 Likewise got relief
 From the troubles he long had endured.

A man who was blind,
His eyesight did find,
And four thousand people were fed;
 They all were supplied —
 And had some left beside —
 From a few little fishes and bread.

While Jesus still taught,
Some small children were brought,
That his blessings they then might receive
 Along with the rest —
 All these children were blest,
 Because they on Jesus believe.

Ten lepers were healed,
Who to Jesus appealed —
And one of them fell at his feet,
 And gave him the praise
 For his merciful ways,
 In words that were fervent and sweet.

Christ one time did meet,
As he walked down the street,
A man who was blind from his birth;
 He spat on the clay —
 At the same time did say
 As he mixed up the clay and the earth:

“Go wash in the pool,
Where the waters are cool,
From your eyes, the spittle and clay.”
 His sight he received,
 Just because he believed,
 And his Saviour's commands did obey.

This man who was blind,
On the Sabbath we find,
By Christ was made able to see;
 And Christ was abused,
 And likewise accused
 Of doing what ought not to be.

But the man who received
His eyesight, believed,
And told what great things had been done;
 He told them that they,
 His commands should obey,
 For he and his Father are one.

In Bethany of old
Near Jerusalem, we're told,
Both Martha and Mary did dwell;
 They loved one another,
 And likewise their brother,
 And they all loved Jesus as well.

But Lazarus died,
And his sisters applied
To Jesus, to bring them relief;
 They knew of his love,
 And his power from above,
 And they had great faith in belief.

They went to the grave —
To the tomb, or the cave —
Where Lazarus had lain for four days;
 And the tomb did unclose,
 And Lazarus arose,
 And Jesus was given the praise.

No doubt they then talked,
As homeward they walked
By the roadside where flowers did bloom,
Of Christ and his love,
And his power, from above,
Over death, and the grave, and the tomb.

No doubt their hearts swelled,
At what they beheld
That night, in the dim-lighted room;
Four days they had wept,
While their brother had slept,
And their hearts were o'er shadowed with gloom.

But their sorrow had fled —
For he, who was dead,
Had been raised, and to-night he was well;
They sang of their love
For their Father above,
Who in heaven forever will dwell.

They spoke of the tomb,
Of the sorrow and gloom.
Of the pain, and the anguish, and grief,
Of the sobs, and the sighs,
And the tear-moistened eyes,
And of one who had brought them relief.

They spoke of the need
Of a Saviour, indeed,
Of one who their burdens could bear;
 Whose worth can't be told
 In both silver and gold —
 And the evening was ended in prayer.

And watches were kept,
That night as they slept,
By the guardian angels above;
 And when they awoke,
 The silence was broke,
 By expressions again of their love.

And day after day,
Their love they display,
As brother and sisters should do;
 The prayers that they prayed,
 And commands they obeyed,
 Were those that belong to the true.

The serpent, no doubt,
Kept on lurking about
Where Christ so much power had displayed;
 And he wished he could get
 A good hold on the debt —
 And the interest he hoped would be paid.

The Devil, you see,
Had been made mortgagee,
By the terms to which Adam agreed;
 But Christ in his love,
 Came down from above,
 That we from this debt might be freed.

He suffered and died,
And his blood when applied,
Will wash all the stains from the soul;
 Will remove every trace
 Of sin, and disgrace,
 And render it perfectly whole.

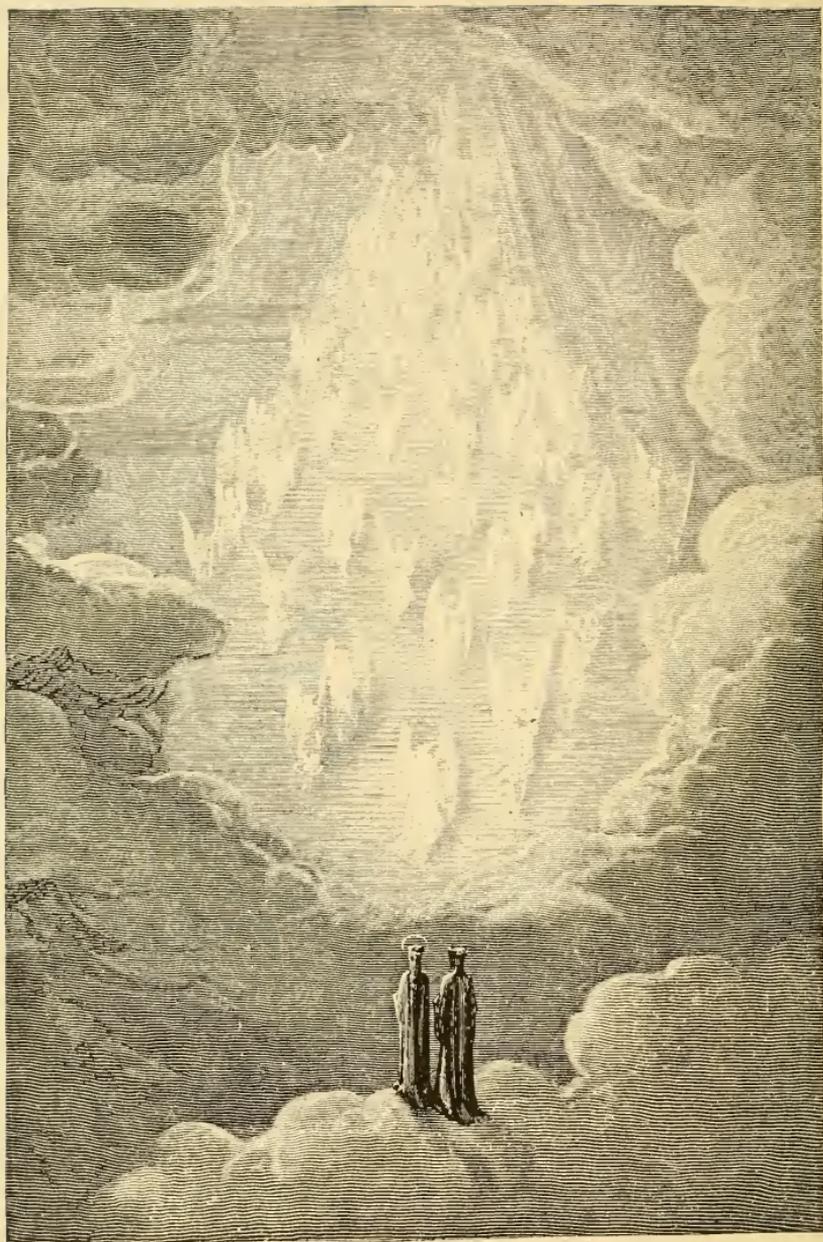
His mission on earth,
Was of wonderful worth
To the man who with sin is oppressed;
 Who suffers with grief,
 But finds no relief
 For his soul, that is greatly distressed.

He opened the road—
To that blessed abode—
To the mansion prepared up above;
 Where man may rejoice,
 Who has taken his choice,
 And accepted his mercy and love.

The angels will sing,
And Heaven will ring
With joy when the sinners return;
 And the heart that was sad,
 Will again be made glad,
 By the lamp that continued to burn.

And beauties untold,
Will forever unfold,
To those who have witnessed his care;
 In those regions above,
 They will bask in his love—
 For Jesus himself will be there.





THE KINGDOM.

"Thy Kingdom come, in power and love."

PART IX.

Now Jesus taught how men should pray
Unto his Father up above —
Yes, told them just what words to say,
And how to manifest their love.

Now in this prayer our Father claim,
Acknowledge he is up above,
And hallowed be thy blessed name,
Thy Kingdom come in power and love.

Thy will be done on earth, we pray,
As it is done in heaven above;
Give us our daily bread to-day —
An emblem of thy care and love.

Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Those who owe us a trifling sum;
And free from evil may we live,
Into temptation never come.

Thine is the Kingdom and the power,
Glory forever, now and then;
Be with us every day and hour,
And always watch o'er us. Amen.

And then Christ said, to seek and find,
To knock and it would opened be;
And all his teachings were designed
To set mankind from bondage free.

Upon the Sabbath day he cured
The sick, and blind, as well as lame,
From trials they long had endured —
And all of these did praise his name.

Christ said if one should make a feast,
Invite the poor, the maimed, the lame,
His honor would he much increased,
And praises heaped upon his name.

In his own Kingdom it is so,
The rich had some excuse to make —
Some reason why they could not go,
Some reason that he could not take.

For he had called to his abode,
The rich, the poor, the lame, the blind,
And he had pointed out the road
For those to come who felt inclined.

It was for little things like these,
That Jesus Christ at last was tried,
For there were some he could not please,
And by these same was crucified.

'Twas said that Christ with sinners eat,
And worked upon the Sabbath day;
And what he said, they did repeat,
Except perhaps, when he did pray.

He told about some sheep one time —
How one of them got lost one day;
And then he told of ninety-nine,
Not one of which had gone astray.

And when the one was found that 'strayed —
It may not have been near so fine —
But more joy was o'er it displayed,
Than over all the ninety-nine,

Which never left the field at all,
But always stayed near the corral,
And answered at the shepherd's call,
Because they knew his voice so well.

Then of a prodigal, Christ told —
Perhaps a wayward kind of lad,
Who asked his father for some gold —
And thus he made the old man sad.

He started out to see the world —
Perhaps on land as well as sea;
Its beauties somehow were'nt unfurled
Just as he hoped that they would be.

His money after while was spent —
He saw the serpent 'round him lurk,
He felt that he must now repent —
At least he'd have to go to work.

He felt that life, like that, was tough —
A life so burdened down with care;
And sometime thought, it was enough,
Or even more than he could bear.

He looked around to find some work,
That he, at least, his bread might win —
And saw the serpent 'round him lurk,
And try to lure him into sin.

At last he was employed to feed
Some hogs — and while around the pens,
He felt that he was then in need
Of food — perhaps as well as friends.

No doubt but he sometimes did feel
While feeding hogs, both night and morn,
That he could make a good, square meal
Of husks, that grew around the corn.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

“And when quite near his home, perhaps,
He may have sent his folks a note.”

No doubt he heard the serpent hiss —
And then perhaps he heard him say:
“I do enjoy a thing like this,
Your interest cometh due to-day.”

And when he dropped to sleep at night,
Perhaps the serpent, in his dreams,
Coils 'round and presses him so tight
That he's disturbed by his own screams.

And when he thinks of home and hands.
Who plenty had, and some to spare —
Perhaps right then he laid his plans
To homeward go, and meet them there,

And hence he started home at last —
Yes, tramped for many weary miles;
And not a thing which he had passed
Could change that sad look into smiles.

And when quite near his home, perhaps
He may have sent his folks a note,
To meet him, with a lot of traps —
A pair of pants, a vest, and coat;

A needle, and a spool of thread,
A shirt, some socks, and things like that;
And ere he closed, he may have said:
“P. S.: I've got an old cravat.”

And when the prodigal returned,
They made a feast, did dance and laugh;
Their hearts with gladnes, no doubt, burned —
We're told they killed the fatted calf.

That night his brother heard a noise —
Yes, heard the merry laugh ring out;
And then he said unto the boys:
“ What is this racket all about ? ”

“ Your wayward brother is at home,
And this is why the people laugh:
No more to wander or to roam,
And hence they killed the fatted calf. ”

The elder brother said, “ I feel
As if they treated me quite bad,
In having killed the nicest veal
For such a worthless, roaming lad. ”

And then his father with him plead
To join them, as the wine went 'round —
For his own son, who once was dead,
Was now alive — the lost was found.

The brother said, “ The soil I've tilled,
While he a fortune, goes and spends,
And I, a calf have never killed,
Ne'er gave a party to my friends. ”

Another parable Christ gave,
About a rich man down in hell;
How he did plead, and beg, and rave —
I find no words with which to tell.

But up towards heaven he did glance,
And there a beggar did behold;
If he could only have his chance,
He'd sacrifice his wealth in gold.

He wished to have the poor man sent
To touch his burning, scorching tongue —
A mighty gulf this did prevent;
To Abraham the poor man clung.

Methinks I heard the serpent say,
As he beheld the rich man sweat:
“Your gold and silver would'nt pay
Not e'en the interest on that debt.

“Hence, we have had to take your soul,
Which now in bondage does appear —
For stacks of silver, piles of gold,
Are not a legal tender here.”

And after while, as ages roll,
And Lazarus up in heaven is,
Some place in hell we'll find your soul —
Methinks e'en now I hear it sizz.

A publican and Pharisee
Went in a temple once to pray —
One was as proud as he could be,
The other one, the other way.

The proud man said that he was glad;
Thanked God that he was just and true —
He gave one-tenth of all he had,
And did not do as others do.

The Publican himself did smite,
And from the public view retired,
But like the widow with her mite,
His gift was all that God required.

Some little children once were brought,
That they by Jesus might be blest,
But somehow his disciples thought,
That he by them would be distressed.

“Forbid them not,” our Saviour said,
“But suffer them to come to me;”
He placed his hand on baby’s head,
And placed the baby on his knee.

And said, “Those who to heaven come,
Must be just like a little child;”
And his disciples then were dumb —
Perhaps were once more reconciled.



JESUS BLESSING CHILDREN.
"Forbid them not," our Saviour said,
"But suffer them to come to me."

When Jesus came to Jericho,
A blind man by the road did rest;
And he was healed, that he might know
What power the Son of Man possessed.

Through Jericho our Saviour passed,
And Zaccheus ran on before,
To get a sight of him — at last
He had to climb a sycamore.

In stature, we are told that he
Was very short, in fact, was small;
And this is why he climbed the tree,
To get a sight at Christ at all.

Now Jesus saw him on a limb,
And said, "Come down among the rest,"
And he would go and stay with him,
And for a while would be his guest.

Then Zacheus came down at last,
Along the road with Jesus walked,
And as those rustic scenes they passed,
Of God and of his Kingdom talked.

Then Zaccheus his sins confessed,
Gave half he had unto the poor;
And then he felt that he was blessed
More than he'd ever been before.

Then Christ came unto Bethany,
And Bethpage, too, which stood near by,
And then Christ said, "Now go and see,
And find a beast, and it untie.

"And if they do objections make,
It would be well, perhaps, to say,
You took it for your Master's sake;
Then lead the beast and colt away."

Now, Zachariah prophesied
About this journey long before —
How Christ upon a beast would ride,
As he salvation to them bore.

As Jesus journeyed on that day,
The branches from the trees were thrown;
And some threw garments in the way —
And thus their love for him made known.

When he unto the mountain came,
Along the mountain must have rung
Loud praises to his holy name,
And hallelujahs that were sung.

Some Pharasees to Jesus spoke,
Asked him to stop that mighty noise,
To his disciples give rebuke,
As if they were a crowd of boys.

And Jesus then did make reply,
And said, if they should hold their peace;
“The very stones themselves would cry;”
Methinks the noise then did increase.

And while the people did rejoice,
Jesus himself began to weep —
Because Jerusalem's sad choice,
Was not the blessed word to keep.

It was when they were holding feasts,
And all the city was well filled,
We're told, that some of these chief priests,
Sought Jesus that he might be killed.

These priests said, “Any one who knows
Where Jesus is, can end the strife,
When they to us these facts disclose,
For we will go and take his life.”

Not only Jesus would they slay,
But Lazarus, who once was dead,
And in the grave four days did lay,
But now a living man instead.

But all of this did not prevent,
Our Saviour from his daily work;
For he from heaven had been sent,
And hence from duty did not shirk.

Soon he unto the temple came,
And drove the money-changers out,
Who brought no honor to his name,
But were a den of thieves, no doubt.

And when the temple he had cleared,
He cured the blind and healed the lame —
It was because that they had feared,
And trusted in his holy name.

To Bethany he went that night,
And in the morning he returned;
And when a fig tree came in sight,
No doubt for figs our Saviour yearned.

And stepped aside to eat a few,
That he his wants might thus supply —
But then no figs upon it grew,
And Christ then caused the tree to die.

When to Jerusalem Jesus came,
The priests and elders with him plead,
To know what power, and in whose name,
He did perform this wondrous deed.

And then a parable Christ made
About a man who had two boys —
And thus it was that he displayed
The one, to whom belonged the joys.

To one of them the man did say:
“ Go in my vineyard now and work,”
The boy said, “ I will not to-day ”—
Perhaps he felt inclined to shirk.

But afterwhile, he changed his mind,
And out into the vineyard went,
And then his father felt inclined
To favor him who did repent.

The other son a promise made —
To go and labor in the field;
But he this promise disobeyed,
And then Christ unto them appealed,

To know, “ which did his father’s will ? ”
They answered, “ It was he who went ”—
And thus we see he did instill
The lesson, that they should repent.

And then Christ told about a man
Who built a wall, and planted vines,
And in accordance with his plan
Arranged a pit for making wines.

The vineyard he at last did rent;
And when he was to take his share,
His servants unto them were sent,
Whom they abused while they were there.

And other servants likewise went,
And, like the former, were abused —
And then his own son, too, was sent,
Who was mistreated and misused —

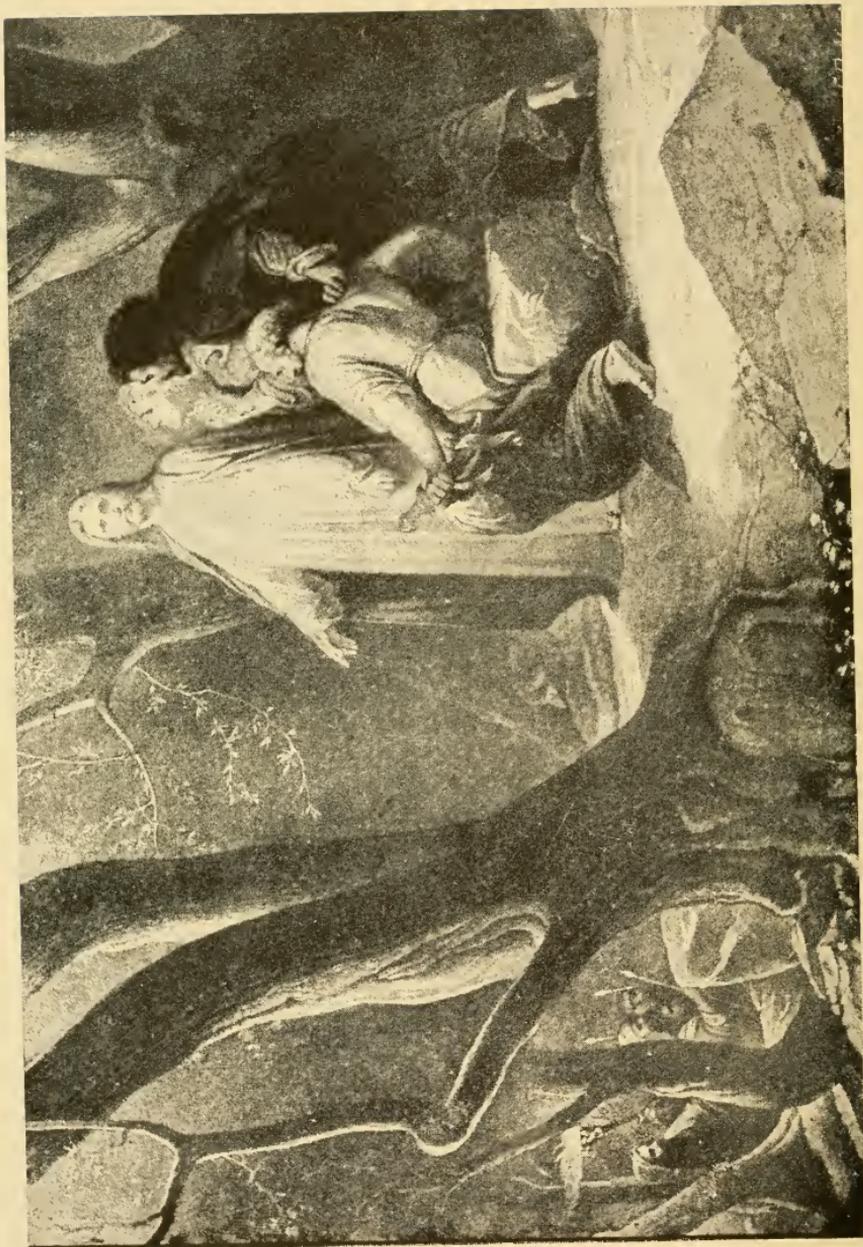
For from the vineyard he was cast,
Indeed, by them was badly used,
They even took his life, at last,
Though he of nothing was accused.

And when the Pharisees had learned
The parable that Jesus made,
Their hearts with anger no doubt burned —
But somehow they were sore afraid,

But many questions did propound,
And hoped that they could end the strife,
And that some reason could be found,
By which to terminate his life.

But many lessons Jesus taught,
While danger stood on every hand,
And all were laden well with thought,
That anyone could understand.

It seems that parables he chose,
When he a lesson wished to teach,
And by those parables he shows,
Just how it does apply to each.



THE BETRAYAL.

"Beneath the dark green olive's shade
Methinks I see the serpent glide."

He told about a marriage feast,
A king had given to his son —
How he had killed the fatted beast,
And did as other kings had done.

How the invited guests were called,
And how they had this call refused,
And then how others were installed,
And how his servants were abused.

A few more lessons Jesus taught,
A few more parables he made,
His life by enemies was sought,
And he unto them was betrayed.

For nineteen dollars Christ was sold
By Judas, who had chosen been —
And thus a story does unfold,
Of degradation and of sin.

When he by Jesus was dismissed,
Perhaps he sought a safe retreat;
And when our Lord by him was kissed,
The great betrayal was complete.

Now, when I think of that sad night,
Of that betrayal by a kiss,
The serpent seems to come in sight —
In fact, I almost hear him hiss.

And there upon the mountain side,
Beneath the dark green olive's shade,
Methinks I see the serpent glide,
And smile when Jesus was betrayed.

Perhaps, he very little thought
Of what mankind would shortly get,
And that the very thing he sought,
Ere long would satisfy the debt!

And then on Jesus they laid hold,
And bound him, perhaps with a cord;
Then Peter cut, so we are told,
A servant's ear off with a sword.

Heroic was the deed displayed,
But very sadly out of place;
Christ put the ear on so it stayed,
And thus the man felt less disgrace.

And then to Peter Jesus spoke,
Told him to put away his sword,
And said that he would bear the yoke,
And quietness was thus restored.

Legions of angels would defend,
If Christ had issued the command;
But he did not on these depend —
His death had long before been planned.

And that the scriptures be fulfilled,
He did comply with each request;
And did what ever things they willed —
And thus mankind by him was blest.

Now, in the darkness of the night,
Soon after the arrest was made,
A human form, all dressed in white,
Was seen beneath the olive's shade.

Perhaps, it dodged from tree to tree,
Hoping thus to keep concealed,
But somehow they the form did see,
But who it was, is not revealed.

Perhaps, some one aroused from sleep,
Some one who loved the Saviour well,
Close to his Master tried to keep —
But who it was, we cannot tell.

And this a secret must remain,
Throughout the ages yet unborn —
This knowledge we can only gain
Upon the Resurrection Morn.

Now, Christ's diciples all had fled,
Had sought some quiet, safe retreat,
While he by officers was led,
With jives upon his hands and feet.

Some one with Peter, we are told,
With loving hearts did follow him;
And Jesus, they could just behold,
By that sad moonlight, pale and dim,

Led captive, and perhaps, with haste
Rushed down and onward to his doom —
His captors had no time to waste,
Surrounded by that dismal gloom.

Unto the self-appointed court
With Jesus, they at last arrived,
And there, perhaps, they made report —
How they with Judas had connived.

How Jesus was by him betrayed,
How they themselves made the arrest,
What power by Jesus was displayed,
When he the wounded ear had dressed.

The court before which he was brought,
With other courts would not compare;
But then his life by them was sought —
And that was why they took him there.

For they, no doubt, did understand
Just what the verdict was to be,
Because by them it had been planned,
That Jesus never should go free.

Before the judges he was led —
The Roman soldiers stood outside;
His case by no one then was plead —
No wonder, that the convict died!

No witnesses in his defence
Were called, or even testified;
The trial was a mere pretence —
The verdict was not justified.

There was no law which did sustain
The verdict, which they found at last;
For that of which they did complain,
Was not of that decree or cast.

Hence they conceived another charge,
That Jesus did stir up a strife
Amongst the people who, at large
Did thus endanger Pilate's life.

He also claimed to be the son
Of God, and would not even deny
That he was Christ, the only one
To whom such language would apply.

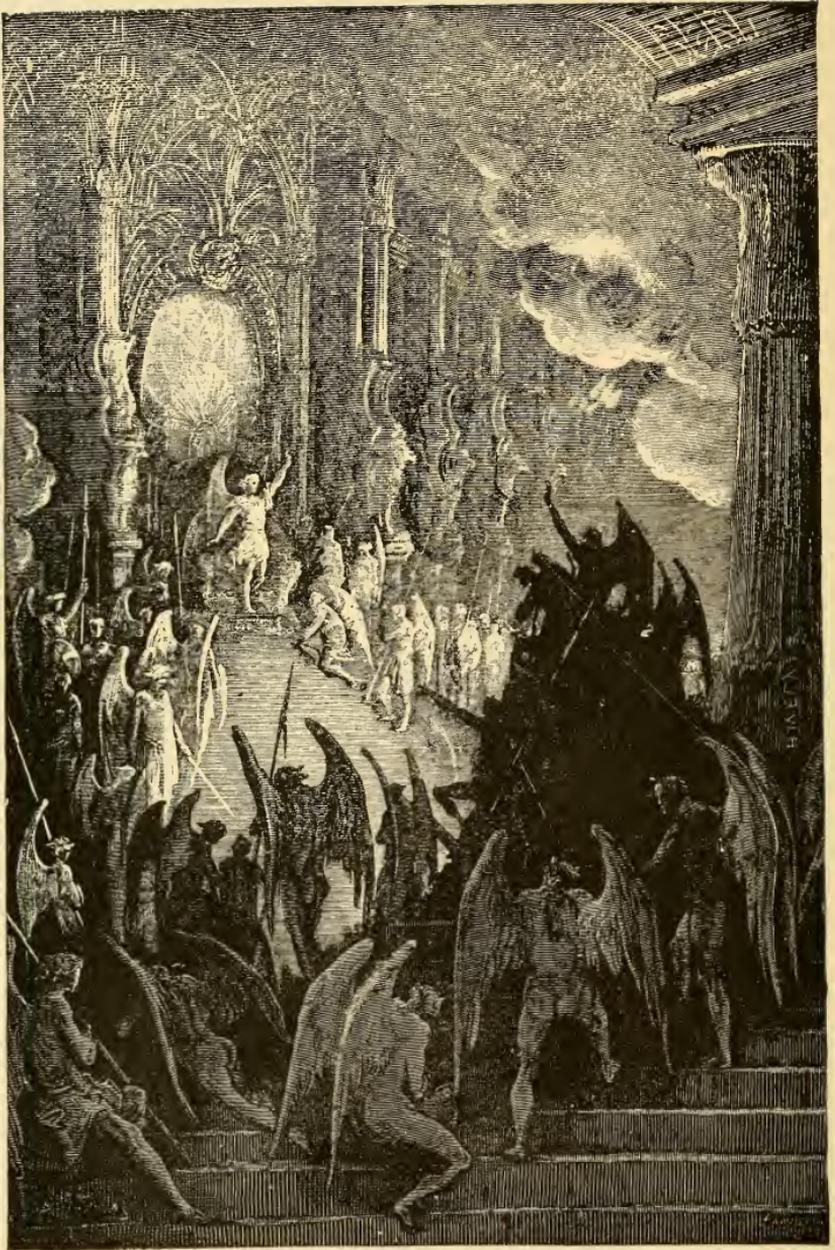
He said, the temple, if destroyed,
In three short days he would re-build;
Thus his accusers were annoyed,
With fear and anger they were filled.

And thus the Saviour of the world
Was bound in chains, in prison cast,
And Satan's banner was unfurled —
A victory he had won at last —

A victory over those who led
Our Saviour captive on that night —
Who, when his life-blood had been shed,
Would rise a victor in his might.

And then would sit at God's right hand,
There for poor, fallen man would plead —
And thus make Satan understand,
Who was the conqueror, indeed.





THE COURT OF SATAN.

"The court which had our Saviour tried,
Was not the court that could decide."

PART X.

The court which had our Saviour tried,
Was not a court that could decide
What punishment, I apprehend,
But just a court to recommend,

Unto the court of high degree,
Just what that punishment should be;
These vigilants, I dare to say,
Were like the vigilants to-day —

A kind of self-appointed court,
Who did prefer to make report,
And let the law then take its course,
Which they controlled, perhaps by force.

No wonder then, they did decide,
That Jesus should himself be tried
By other courts, his death decreed,
That they from censure might be freed.

Now on that cold and chilly night,
Peter, who followed just in sight,
Inside the court-yard sat and warmed,
While he for Jesus felt alarmed.

Some servants there a fire had made,
Perhaps when Christ was first betrayed;
And Peter with these servants sat,
And talked of this thing, and of that.

And hoped that he might not be known,
Hence, he his Saviour would not own;
A maid among those servants stood,
And looked at Peter, long and good.

And said she knew this man, because
He was out there where Jesus was;
And Peter said it was not so,
And presently the cock did crow.

The maid remarked that it was true,
But Peter said he never knew
This man, of whom he had heard them speak;
Which showed that Peter, too, was weak.

And still another time denied
That he knew Christ, and, hence, he lied;
And when he told what was not so,
The cock a second time did crow.

Christ said, " Before the cock crows twice,"
That Peter would deny him thrice;
Then Peter, walking from the crowd,
Did weep most bitterly and loud.

He felt remorse for what he'd done —
He had denied the Holy One;
Refused to own him as his Lord —
A thing, no doubt, which he abhorred.

He felt regret and deep reproof,
Because from Christ he stood aloof;
His Lord and Master had denied,
And furthermore, because he lied.

Before the High Priest Christ was brought,
And questions put whereby they sought
To make him talk, and thus obtain
Some cause for which he might be slain.

When to those questions he replied,
The people were not satisfied;
And one, we're made to understand,
Struck Jesus with his open hand.

Now, one who had been guilty found,
It mattered not upon what ground;
Before the council must be brought,
To see what punishment it thought

Was proper, and should be applied,
And have the sentence ratified;
This council said that Christ should die,
Because he would not e'en deny

That he was Christ, the only one,
That then did claim to be the Son
Of God above; and they abused,
And shamefully our Lord misused.

Upon his eyes they placed some bands,
And then they smote him with their hands,
Spit in his face, and thus abused.
The one who falsely was accused.

And as they struck him they would say:
"Who was it struck thee then, we pray?"
And then to Pilate he was led,
And all of his accusers said:

"This man before thee, we now bring,
Because he claimed to be a King —
Forbid that tribute should be paid,
And taught that he should be obeyed."

Awhile with Jesus, Pilate talked,
And then it seemed their plans were balked;
For Pilate said unto them all:
"I find no fault with him at all."

As Herod ruled in Galilee,
Pilate refused to set Christ free,
Until by Herod he was seen,
Who was a kind of "go-between."

Before this ruler he was tried,
But Herod nothing did decide;
While Christ was there he held his peace,
And thus their anger did increase.

A purple robe was on him placed,
And he was then returned disgraced;
They made him wear the hated thing,
Because he called himself a King.

He was a King from up above —
A King of joy, and peace, and love;
He hoped his Kingdom soon would show
Within the hearts of men below.

No earthly throne did he desire;
From all display he would retire,
And live as quiet as he could,
Consistent with the greatest good.

And Pilate, when he had returned,
No evil in the man discerned —
And told the priests and rulers so,
And said that he would let him go,

When he, perhaps had been chastised,
Or in some mild way criticised.
But all the people, in one breath,
Demanded he be put to death.

And for a robber then they plead,
That he should be released instead;
And louder still the people cried,
And said, "Let Christ be crucified."

When Pilate realized their plans,
With water then he washed his hands;
No water in an earthen bowl
Could wash the stain from off his soul.

He knew that Christ had done no wrong,
And by the power that did belong
To him, he knew he could release,
And let the man depart in peace.

Pilate, like other men, was weak —
He did not have the force to speak,
And say that Christ should be set free.
But let him suffer on the tree.

I think that he who has the power,
That's needed in a trying hour;
And fails that power to exercise —
Stands guilty in our Saviour's eyes.

And hence I think, no doubt, but he,
Who had the power to set him free —
Committed murder in his heart,
As much as though he'd cast the dart.

I have no use for men like these,
Who try so hard both sides to please;
Who, rather than destroy their plans,
Turn 'round and wash their dirty hands.

No soap that I have ever seen
Would make a man like that look clean;
And what I say of him is true —
The man was dirty, through and through.

Now when a man was crucified,
His hands and feet were firmly tied;
His entire body then was bared,
Thus he was for the whip prepared.

And from the lashes they applied,
Sometimes, we're told, the convict died;
Sometimes he fainted, sometimes plead,
And cried and wished that he were dead.

Now Jesus was by Pilate scourged,
And others, no doubt, then were urged
By Pilate's act to deeds of shame,
Against our Saviour's blessed name.

The soldiers put upon his head
A crown of thorns; a robe of red
Was then upon his shoulders cast;
And then they smote him as they passed.

They put a sceptre in his hand,
And then the soldiers come and stand,
And bow before him — call him King —
Dishonor on themselves they bring.

Then Pilate one more effort made
To save the one who was betrayed;
He said he had no fault to find,
And to release him was inclined:

The Jews with one accord then cry:
“ We have a law, and he must die;
The Son of God he claimed to be”
And hence he never shall go free.

Then Pilate felt still more afraid,
But he the people's will obeyed,
And turned Christ over to the Jews,
To do with him as they might choose.

When Judas learned what had been done
With Jesus Christ, the Holy One,
With fear and terror he was filled —
With thoughts that Christ would soon be killed.

Now, from the money he'd received,
He much desired to be relieved;
Unto the priest he then applied,
To see if they would not decide

To take the money back again —
Thus hoped to rid himself of sin;
But this the priests refused to do,
And said, "The sin belongs to you."

Now short, indeed, has been the time,
Since they were partners in the crime;
And now they scarcely recognize
The one who, acted in disguise,

And did his master thus betray,
In such a base, deceitful way;
A man who stoops to things like these,
His own base comrades will displease.

Now, after Jesus had been scourged,
Pilate was by his conscience urged
To have him brought, and then did plead,
At last, to have our Saviour freed.

When unto Jesus, Pilate turned,
His heart within him, no doubt, burned,
As he beheld his bleeding face,
Which loudly spoke of their disgrace.

His quivering form to him appealed,
And Pilate scarcely kept concealed
Emotions, which within him swelled,
At that which he, at last, beheld.

The quivering lips, and bleeding face,
Which plainly showed, and bore the trace
Of punishments, which they did plan,
Made Pilate say, "Behold the man."

And louder still the people cry
In their demands, that Christ should die;
And Pilate weak, and weaker grew —
He knew not what to say or do.

He wished that Christ could be set free,
But saw not just how it could be —
That he was innocent, he knew,
And duty told him what to do.

But duty's call he did not heed;
Hence, Christ from bondage was not freed —
But Pilate sentence on him passed,
That he be crucified — at last.

Some place amongst the crowd, or throng,
Judas, who realized his wrong,
Stood crouching, trembling neath the gloom.
Cast o'er him by our Saviour's doom,



JUDAS AND THE MOB.

"Judas, who realized his wrong,
Stood crouching, trembling 'neath his gloom."

Bowed down with sorrow, and with care,
The load was more than he could bear;
The hours that passed, were hours of grief,
From which he could not get relief.

Filled with the thoughts of what had passed,
A mighty gloom was o'er him cast —
Gloom, and sadness, for what had been —
Remorse, and suffering for sin.

Thoughts of the one he had betrayed
Thoughts of the sacrifice he made,
Thoughts of the days and years long past,
Thoughts of the gloom now o'er him cast,

Thoughts of the power of a Saviour's love,
Of the loss of a home in heaven above,
Of that betrayal by a kiss,
Thoughts of the serpent's horrid hiss!

Thoughts of eternity in hell,
Where he must now forever dwell,
Thoughts of all that out Saviour bore,
Thoughts of the punishment in store,

Made Judas mad, and racked his brain,
No doubt, he suffered so much pain,
He thought that hell was all around —
And he the hottest place had found.

From all these torments and this grief
He sought, but could not find relief,
For comfort, peace, and pardon plead,
And wished that he himself was dead.

How gladly would he now recall
The last few hours, and change them all;
And Jesus he would re-instate —
But now, alas, it was too late!

Too late, because the deed was done,
And Jesus Christ, the Holy One,
Was sentenced to be crucified,
With all to him that this implied.

A punishment which Cicero
Declared, no Roman e'er should know;
Among the Persians it had been
In use as punishment for sin.

In Carthage it was sometimes used
With those whom they desired abused;
By Alexander — low and mean —
'Twas introduced in Palestine.

Two thousand on the cross once died,
By Alexander crucified,
When Tyre by him was made to yield,
And he his cruelty revealed.

Agustus brought it into use
In Rome; first, by its great abuse,
Six thousand slaves at one time died,
Who were by him all crucified.

This punishment they did not use —
Was not permitted by the Jews —
It was by Roman law that he
Did suffer death upon the tree.

The cross upon which Jesus died,
Before his death they did provide;
Jesus though weak, weary, and sore,
This cross upon his shoulders bore

Along the public street and road,
Until he sank beneath the load —
For he was weak, and weary, too —
He had so many things passed through.

By Judas he had been betrayed,
Arrested near the olive shade,
By Peter he had been denied,
And had the whips on him applied.

Had worn some thorns upon his head,
Was spit upon and buffeted,
Was mocked, and sneered at in disgrace,
Blinded and smitten in the face.

He suffered all of these and more —
He had no sleep the night before;
He knew that death for him was planned,
And that the time was near at hand.

He bore the sins of all mankind,
That they a resting place might find;
He died for all mankind on earth,
For thousands who had not had birth.

Through all of this he ne'er complained;
His self-composure he retained —
He acted as a brave man should,
And died, as only Jesus could.

A man named Simon, a Cyrene
From Africa, by them was seen,
As he came marching down the road,
Where Christ sank down beneath the load.

Some sympathy he may have shone,
Or else because that it was known
That he was from a foreign shore,
That he the cross for Jesus bore.

Along the road which Jesus passed,
The people came in crowds at last,
And loudly many women cried,
Because Christ would be crucified.

They made no effort to conceal
The love, which they did thus reveal;
“ You must not weep for me,” he said,
“ But for yourselves should weep instead.”

The pains which he endured would cease,
While theirs, no doubt, would soon increase;
For in this wicked world below,
Both pain and sorrow we must know.

Besides he came to earth, to die,
And rise again, beyond the sky,
And there at God's right hand to plead,
And for mankind to intercede.

His work on earth was not complete,
If he from death did now retreat;
Upon his father he relied,
And in him he was glorified.

The place where Christ was crucified,
Was reached, and he was firmly tied,
Perhaps, according to their plans,
Before they nailed his feet and hands.

A deed more cruel ne'er was done,
Than this against the Holy One;
But through it all, he ne'er complained —
Emotions were by him restrained.

Now all who do this story read,
Whatever name, whatever creed,
Will disapprove a thing like this —
Methinks the serpent would not hiss.

I think the demons down below,
A thing like this would scarcely do,
Such pains, and anguish, without moans.
Without the sobs and sighs and groans

All borne by one who did restrain
Emotions, caused by so much pain,
Would make the demons' life-blood freeze,
As they would turn from things like these.

Methinks that even they would plead,
That one from bondage might be freed,
Who thus upon the cross behaved,
And died, that others might be saved.

The words he uttered then with care,
Did constitute a simple prayer:
“Forgive them, Father,” it is true —
“They know not what it is they do.”

No man such prayer has ever made,
A prayer for him who had betrayed,
A prayer for all, for you and me,
For those who nailed him to the tree.



BEYOND.

"Besides, he came on earth to die,
And rise again, beyond the sky."

This prayer, I think, may be applied
To all of those who crucified
The Saviour on that early morn,
And to the millions yet unborn.

No doubt Christ suffered from the heat
Of Syrian sun, whose rays did beat
Upon his bare and bleeding flesh,
By his position torn afresh.

After Jesus the prayer had prayed,
Taunts, and bitter jibes, were made
By soldiers, and the rabble, too,
About what Jesus ought to do.

“Come down from off the cross,” they said,
As mockingly with him they plead,
To come and show his mighty power,
In this most trying, dreadful hour,

Two thieves, we're told, were crucified
With Jesus — one on either side —
One of these in this sad hour,
Made light of Jesus and his power.

The other one showed his belief,
In asking Jesus for relief —
Not from the cross on which he hung —
But in the Kingdom yet to come.

Then Jesus unto him replied,
This day upon the other side,
That he should be with him at last,
And all these trials would be past.

And hence the cross began to yield
Its fruit, for when the thief appealed,
And to our Saviour had applied,
He found forgiveness ere he died.

When heaven's gate had open swung,
No doubt the thief to Jesus clung,
And into heaven, side by side,
They went as they on earth had died.

Now Christ's disciples all had fled,
When he to Calvary was led,
Excepting John, who kept quite near
The Saviour, whom he held so dear.

The heart of Mary must have swelled,
When she her loving Son beheld
Upon the cross. where he must die —
Mocked by the crowds who passed him by.

How sad, indeed, it must have been,
To think that he should die for sin —
He who had never sinned at all —
Must bear the burden of it all.

When Christ upon the cross was nailed,
A darkness over earth prevailed;
The wrath of heaven thus was shown
Towards those who would not Jesus own.

Christ, looking from the cross above,
Beheld his mother filled with love;
No doubt he knew how sad she felt,
And how her heart with grief did melt.

He said to John, "Instead of me,
To you a mother she will be;
And treat her as you would the one
To whom you are, in fact, a son."

As darkness o'er the earth arose,
Christ thought of all his mother's woes;
He thought about her grief and pain,
As he looked back o'er life again.

Beheld his mother at her prayers,
Who now was burdened down with cares,
As he for sin and sinners died —
Falsely accused and crucified.

Perhaps he thought of her deep grief,
From which she could not find relief,
In him alone as her own son;
But could in him, the Holy One.

He thought of things that she might need,
He thought of how her heart would bleed,
Because he knew that she was poor,
And many hardships must endure.

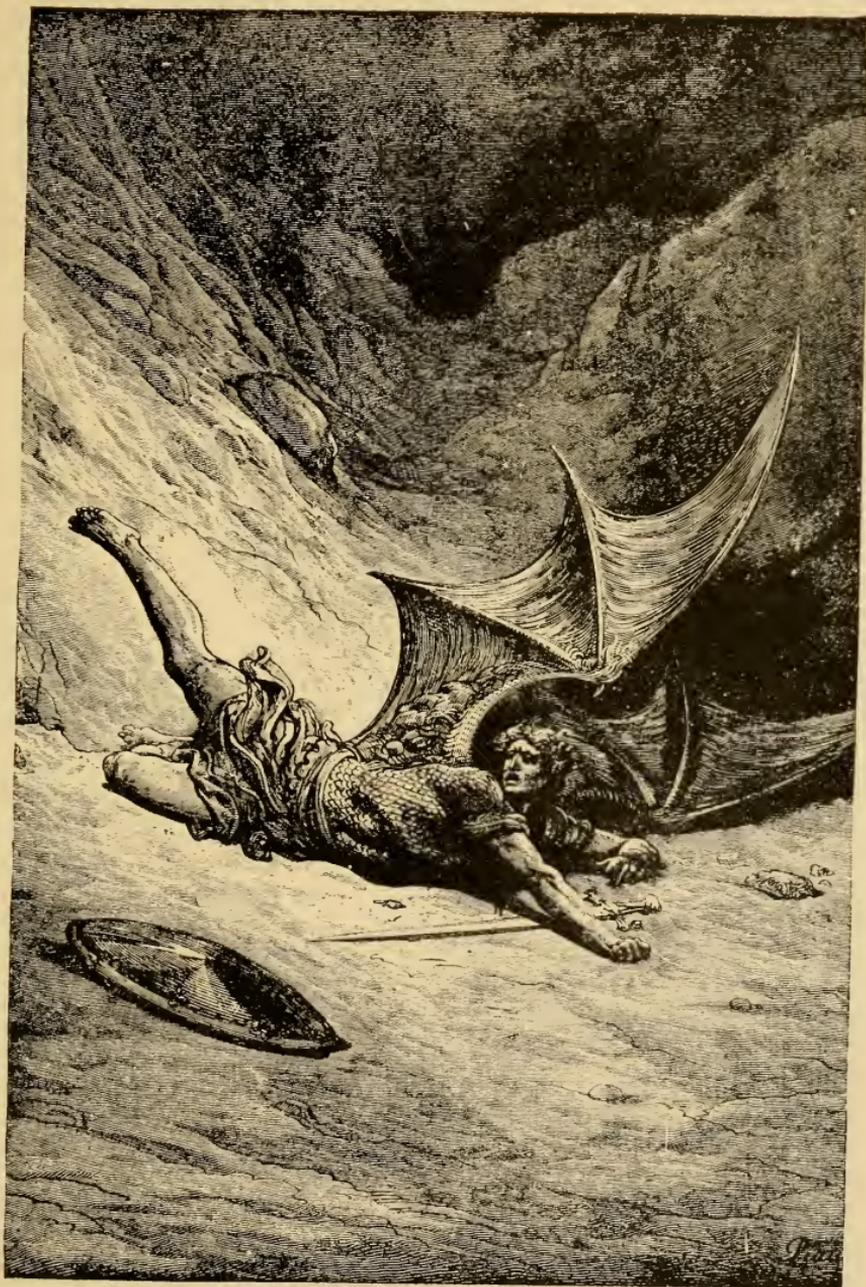
Around Christ gathered then a gloom,
As he beheld the dreadful doom —
The suffering, and pain and woe —
That he as Christ must undergo.

He felt that he rejected was,
Without a reason or a cause,
By those for whom he came below
To save from everlasting woe.

And as this sorrow to him clung,
He broke forth in his mother tongue —
In words which to such thoughts apply:
“Eloi! lama sabachthani.”

And thus he said, “How can it be,
My God hast thou forsaken me?”
The vict'ry which our Saviour won
When he was dead had just begun.

For it through ages yet untold,
Will gather sinners to the fold;
He ope'd the door whereby belief
Would bring to fallen man relief,



SATAN DETHRONED.

“To our own souls, we then can see,
How great is Christ, and victory.”

For Jesus came to save the lost,
To satisfy the debt and cost,
To blot from record every trace
Of sin, and Satan, and disgrace,

For when his blood has been applied,
The blood he shed when crucified,
To our own souls, we then can see
How great is Christ and victory.

The end was drawing near to hand,
The great salvation which was planned
Would be made perfect by the love
Of Christ, the Son of God above.

For "It is finished," Jesus said,
And ere the son of man was dead,
His spirit he did then commend
To God, on whom he could depend.

Christ's head that moment may have dropped,
The beating of his heart was stopped;
The blood no longer coursed his veins,
And Christ was freed from all his pains.

Then loving hands, amid the gloom,
Laid Jesus down within the tomb;
A stone was rolled against the door —
And thus, it seemed, that all was o'er.

But hark! I hear an angel say —
After rolling the stone away
From the door of that dark prison:
“He is not here! for he is risen.”

O, glorious fact! to man forlorn,
It was the Resurrection Morn!
“Go preach my word in every clime,”
Said Christ, “until the end of time.”

He then arose to heav'n above,
To rule in harmony and love,
To make complete the mighty plan
Of God's salvation unto man.

And he at God's right hand now pleads,
For fallen man he intercedes;
With arms extended does receive
All who in truth on him believe.

Thus heaven's gate we see afar—
For you and me now stands ajar;
The road that leads to heav'n above
Is guarded by our Saviour's love.

Thus in the line, direct from Shem,
A King was born in Bethlehem;
Great drops of blood for us he sweat,
And by his death he paid the Debt.



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To dwell in harmony and love."

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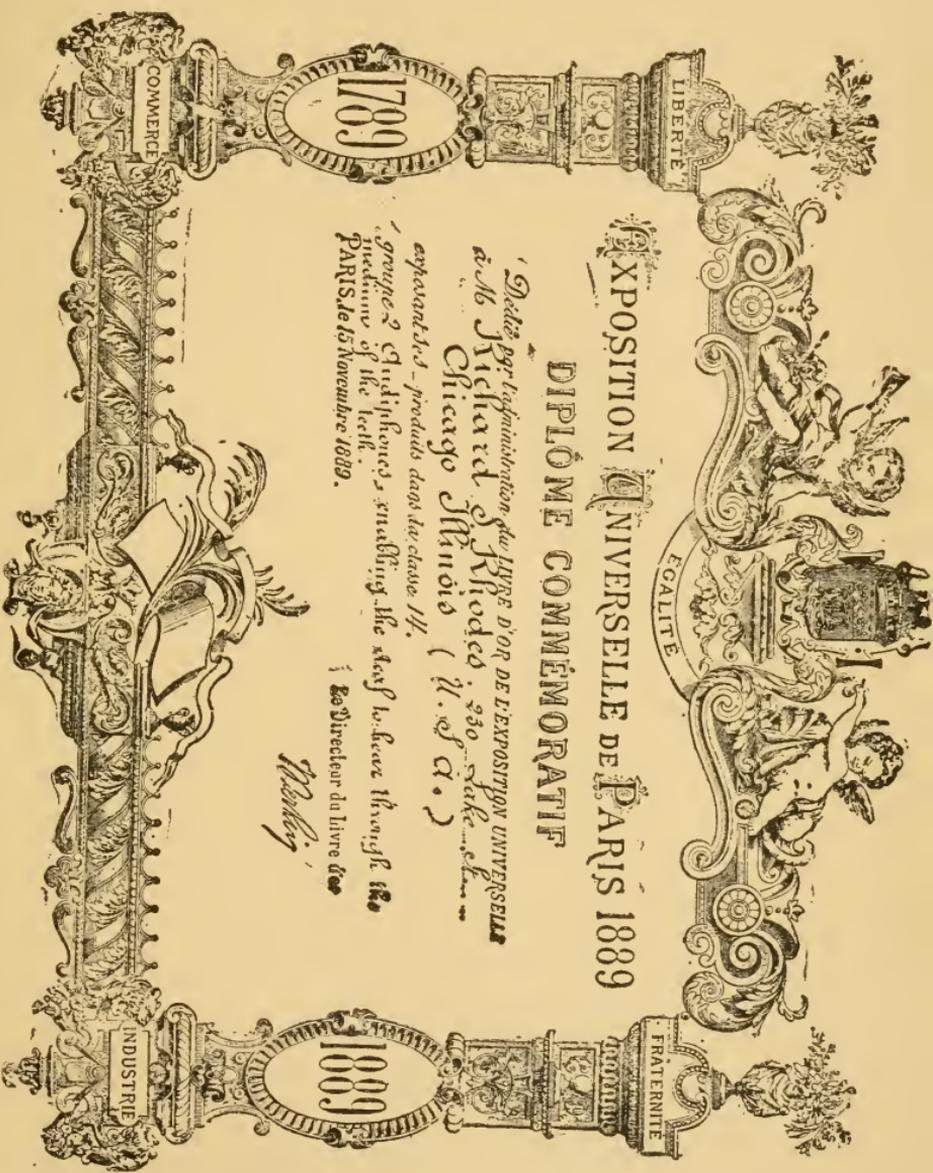
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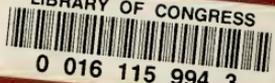
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