

# *Poems*



## *The Pastor Loved*

## Preface

This collection of sacred poems is affectionately dedicated to the memory of Rudolph Kalis, who with his wife was founder and pastor of Emmanuel Pentecostal Church at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Born December 27, 1901, he first came to Elizabeth in 1929. He served as pastor of the German-English congregation of the Ebenezer Pentecostal Church (later Evangel Church). Then for almost forty years, until his home going on July 17, 1975, he faithfully ministered to the Emmanuel congregation.

A very integral part of his preaching ministry was his recitation of sacred poetry. His ability to memorize long poems never diminished. He often would clinch his sermon by reciting one or another of the poems included here.

These poems show clearly the burden of his preaching. Rudolph was an activist for Christ and sought to inspire his congregation to be active for Christ. What he sought to inspire in others, he exemplified himself.

The poems themselves have been gathered from his notes, from devotional books, especially "Streams in the Desert" by Mrs. Charles Cowman, and from the memories of those who sat under his ministry and can never forget his poetic recitations.

Perhaps some of the short untitled poems at the close of this collection belong to longer works which we have not been able to find, but we have included them as remembered in order to expedite this collection. We pray that God may bless this little memorial by inspiring His people to do His will.

~~Robert D. Kalis  
Thanksgiving Day, 1975

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## The Royal Priesthood

The race of God's anointed priests  
shall never pass away;  
Before His glorious Face they stand,  
and serve him night and day,  
Though reason raves, and unbelief  
flows on, a mighty flood,  
There are, and shall be, till the end,  
the hidden priests of God.  
His chosen souls, their earthly dross  
consumed in sacred fire,  
To God's own heart their hearts  
ascend in flames of deep desire;  
The incense of their worship fills  
His Temple's holiest place;  
Their song with wonder fills the Heavens,  
the glad new song of grace.

~~Gerhard Tersteegen

## Mine Were The Streets of Nazareth

When I am tempted to repine  
That such a lowly lot is mine,  
There comes to me a voice which  
saith,  
"Mine were the streets of Nazareth."

So mean, so common and confined,  
And He the Monarch of mankind!  
Yet patiently He travelth  
Those narrow streets of Nazareth

It may be I shall never rise  
To place or fame beneath the skies —  
But walk in straitened ways till death,  
Narrow as streets of Nazareth.

But if through honor's arch I tread  
And there forget to bend my head,  
Ah! Let me hear the voice which saith,  
"Mine were the streets of Nazareth."

~~Nettie Rooker

Pastor Kalis used to lovingly replace the word  
Nazareth in the above poem  
with the word Elizabeth

## I Met The Master

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

With station and rank, and wealth for  
my goal,  
Much thought for my body and none  
for my soul,  
I had entered to win in life's mad race  
'Till I met the Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him and blushed  
to see  
That His eyes full of sorrow,  
Were fixed on me;  
And I faltered and fell at His feet that  
day,  
As my castles all melted and vanished  
away.

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

My thoughts are now for the souls of  
men.

I have lost my life to find it again,  
E'er since that day in a quiet place  
I met the Master face to face.

~~Unknown



Emmanuel Pentecostal Church

## **I Met God In the Morning**

*I met God in the morning  
When the day was at its best,  
And His presence came like sunrise,  
Like a glory in my breast*

*All day long the Presence lingered,  
All day long He stayed with me,  
And we sailed in perfect calmness  
O'er a very troubled sea.*

*Other ships were blown and battered;  
Other ships were sore distressed;  
But the winds that seemed to drive  
them  
Brought to us a peace and rest.*

*Then I thought of other mornings,  
With a keen remorse of mind,  
When I, too, had loosed the moorings  
With the Presence left behind.*

*And I think I know the secret,  
Learned from many a troubled way:  
You must seek God in the morning  
If you want Him through the day.*

~~Ralph Cushman

## **From Prayer That Asks That I May Be**

*From prayer that asks that I may be  
Sheltered from winds that beat on  
Thee,  
From fearing when I should aspire,  
From faltering when I should climb  
higher,  
From silken self, O Captain, free  
Thy soldier who would follow Thee.*

*From subtle love of softening things,  
From easy choices, weakenings,  
(Not thus are spirits fortified;  
Not this way went the Crucified.)  
From all that dims Thy Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, deliver me.*

*Give me the love that leads the way,  
The faith that nothing can dismay,  
The hope no disappointments tire,  
The passion that will burn like fire;  
Let me not sink to be a clod:  
Make me Thy fuel, Flame of God*

~~Amy Carmichael

## **He Gave Us The Best That He Had**

*To Bethlehem they went to be en-  
rolled;  
And there, in Caesar's census book of  
old,  
His name was written 'mong the sons  
of men  
As Caesar's subject: "Jesus"—followed  
then  
By "Son of Mary, born in David's town,  
Of David's line"—the record thus set  
down.  
In a world's book of life, a place they  
gave  
To "Jesus" who was born a world to  
save.  
They numbered Him with sinful men  
and poor,  
Though He was the Son of God, divine  
and pure.*

*A heavenly census book His name  
alone  
Bears, on the title-page; for 'tis His  
own,  
That Book of Life; and there, writ clear  
and plain  
Are names of those born in that King's  
domain;  
All who alive forevermore shall be  
Are there enrolled for all eternity.  
Since He was numbered once with  
sinful men,  
We may be numbered as God's own  
again.*

*Though Caesar's book has long since  
passed away,  
The Lamb's blest Book of Life shall  
stand for aye.*

*~~The Census Books,  
by Kay McCullough*

### **Pilgrim Song**

*On, O beloved children,  
The evening is at hand,  
And desolate and fearful  
The solitary land.  
Take heart! The rest eternal  
Awaits our weary feet;  
From strength to strength press on-  
wards,  
The end, how passing sweet!*

*Lo, we can tread rejoicing  
The narrow pilgrim road;  
We know the voice that calls us,  
We know our faithful God.  
Come, children, on to glory!  
With every face set fast  
Towards the golden towers  
Where we shall rest at last.*

*It was with voice of singing  
We left the land of night,  
To pass in glorious music  
Far onward out of sight.  
O Children, was it sorrow?  
Though thousand worlds be lost,  
Our eyes have looked on Jesus,  
And thus we count the cost.*

*The praising and the blaming,  
The storehouse and the mart,  
The mourning and the feasting,  
The glory and the art,  
The wisdom and the cunning,  
Left far amid the gloom;  
We may not look behind us,  
For we are going home.*

*Across the will of nature  
Leads on the path of God;  
Not where the flesh delighteth  
The feet of Jesus trod.  
O bliss to leave behind us  
The fetters of the slave,  
To leave ourselves behind us  
The grave-clothes and the grave!*

*To speed, unburdened pilgrims,  
Glad, empty-handed, free;  
To cross the trackless deserts,  
And walk upon the sea;  
As strangers among strangers,  
No home beneath the sun;  
How soon the wanderings ended,  
The endless rest begun!*

*We pass the children playing,  
For evening shades fall fast;  
We pass the wayside flowers—  
God's Paradise at last!  
If now the path be narrow  
And steep and rough and lone,  
If crags and tangles cross it,*

*Praise God! We will go on.  
We follow in His footsteps;  
What if our feet be torn?  
Where He has marked the pathway  
All hail the briar and thorn!  
Scarce seen, scarce heard,  
unreckoned,  
Despised, defamed, unknown,  
Or heard but by our singing,  
On, children! Ever on!*

*~~Gerhard Tersteegen*



### **Thy Mat**

*Blasted rock and broken stone,  
Ordinary earth,  
Rolled and rammed and trampled on,  
Forgotten, nothing worth  
And blamed, but used day after day;  
An open road—the king's highway.*

*Often left outside the door,  
Sometimes in the rain,  
Always lying on the floor,  
And made for mud and stain:  
Men wipe their feet, and tread it flat,  
And beat it clean—the master's mat.*

*Thou wast broken, left alone,  
Thou wast blamed, and worse,  
Thou wast scourged and spat upon,  
Thou did'st become my curse—  
Lord Jesus, as I think of that  
I pray, make me Thy road, Thy mat.*

*~~From "Gold Cord"*

### **The Task**

*To learn, and yet to learn,  
whilst life goest by,  
So pass the student's days;  
And thus be great and do great things,  
and die,  
And lie embalmed with praise.  
My work is but to lose and to forget  
Thus small, despised to be;  
All to unlearn—this task before me  
set;  
Unlearn all else but Thee*

*~~Gerhard Tersteegen*

### **Overheard in an Orchard**

*Said the Robin to the Sparrow:  
"I should really like to know  
Why these anxious human beings  
Rush about and worry so?"*

*Said the Sparrow to the Robin:  
"Friend, I think that it must be  
That they have no Heavenly Father  
Such as cares for you and me."*

*~~Elizabeth Cheney*

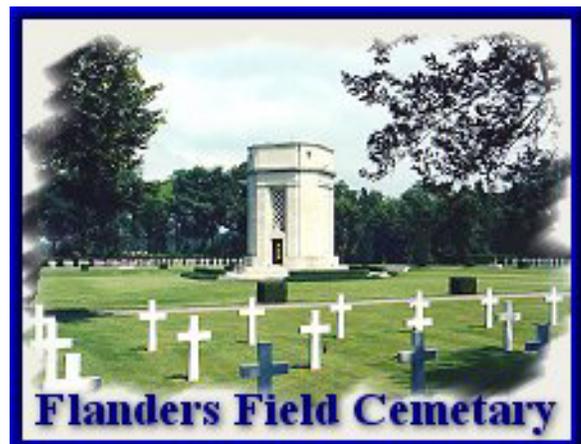
### **In Flanders Field**

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below  
In Flanders fields.*

*We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow;  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.*

*~~John McCrae*



## **I Am Not**

*"I am not;" O words unwelcome  
To the lips of men—*

*"I am not;" O words that lead us  
Back to God again!*

*Speech of him who knows the path-  
way*

*To that refuge sweet,  
Where is covert from the tempest,  
Shadow from the heat.*

*Speech of Heaven, from wise men  
hidden,*

*Unto children taught;  
Few the words of that great lesson,  
Only "I am not."*

*Heart of man, another language  
Is thy native speech,  
Spoken by a thousand races,  
All alike in each.*

*"I am, —" rich, or wise, or holy—  
"Thus, and thus am I;"  
For "I am," men live and labour,  
For "I am," they die.*

*For "I am," men dare and suffer,  
Count all loss as gain,  
Toil and weariness and bondage,  
Sin and grief and pain.*

*In the blessed Gospel read we  
How a rich man bade  
Christ the Lord and His disciples  
To a feast he made.*

*Well it was to feed the prophet;  
Thus the rich man thought,  
But amidst his wealth and bounty  
Lacked he "I am not."*

*Then there came a sinful woman,  
Eyes with weeping dim—  
"I am not," her heart was saying—  
She had looked on Him.*

*He beheld her brokenhearted,  
Ruined and undone,  
Yet enthroned above the angels  
Brighter than the Sun.*

*All the while in dust before Him  
Did her heart adore,  
"I am not," that song of gladness—  
"Thou art, evermore."*

*For His heart to hers had spoken,  
To His wandering lamb;  
In the speech of Love Eternal,  
He had said, "I AM."*

*Now she thirsts no more for ever;  
All she would is given;  
None on earth hath she beside Him;  
None beside in Heaven.*

*Oh, how fair that heavenly portion,  
That eternal lot;  
Christ, and Christ alone, for ever—  
Ever "I am not."*

~~H. Suso

## **The Mat**

*It was on a winter's morning  
In the days of old,  
In his cell sat Father Henry,  
Sorrowful and cold.*

*"O my Lord, I am weary,"  
In his heart he spake,  
"For my brethren scorn and hate me  
For Thy Blessed sake.*

*"If I had but one to love me  
That were joyful cheer—  
One small word to make me sunshine  
Through the darksome year!*

*"But they mock me and despise me  
Till my heart is stung—  
Then my words are wild and bitter,  
Tameless is my tongue."*

*Then the Lord said, "I am with thee;  
Trust thyself to Me;  
Open thou thy little casement  
Mark what thou shalt see."*

*Then a piteous look and wistful  
Father Henry cast  
Out into the dim old cloister  
And the wintry blast.*

*Was it that a friend was coming  
By some Angel led?  
No! A great hound wild and savage  
Round the cloister sped.*

*Some old mat that lay forgotten  
Seized he on his way—  
Tore it, tossed it, dragged it wildly  
Round the cloister gray.*

*"Lo, the hound is like my brethren,"  
Spake the Voice he knew;  
"If thou art the mat, beloved,  
What hast thou to do?"*

*Meekly then went Father Henry,  
And the mat he bare  
To his little cell to store it  
As a jewel rare.*

*Many a winter and a summer  
Through those cloisters dim,  
Did he thenceforth walk rejoicing,  
And the Lord with him.*

*And when bitter words would sting  
him,  
Turned he to his cell,  
Took his mat, and looked upon it,  
Saying, "All is well.*

*"He who is the least and lowest  
Needs but low to lie;  
Lord, I thank Thee and I praise Thee  
That the mat am I."*

*"On the cold and footworn pavement  
Lies it still and flat,  
Raves not if men trample on it  
For it is a mat."*

*Then he wept, for in the stillness  
His Beloved spake,  
"Thus was I the least and lowest,  
Gladly for thy sake.*

*"Lo, My face to shame and spitting  
Did I turn for thee;  
If thou art the least and lowest,  
Then remember Me."*

*~~H.*

*Suso*

### **Go Deeper Into Me, Lord Jesus**

*Go deeper into me, Lord Jesus;  
Yes, deeper every day,  
Till Thou hast conquered me, Lord  
Jesus;  
Go deeper all the way.*

*Go deeper into me, Lord Jesus;  
Search all the secret springs  
Of thought and action,  
words and feelings,  
Of great and little things.*

*Go deeper into me, Lord Jesus,  
Cleanse all the hidden part,  
Where pride, or touchiness, or temper,  
May lurk within my heart.*

*Go deeper into me, Lord Jesus,  
Till Thou canst really rise,  
Out of the depths of this my being,  
Through Thy great Sacrifice.*

*As Thou dost rise in me, Lord Jesus,  
The life shall be Thine own,  
Till o'er my humbled, broken spirit  
Thou reignest on Thy throne.*

*~~E. E. B. Rogers*

## Lord, I Would Follow, But...

Lord, I would follow, but...  
First, I would see what means that wondrous call  
That peals so sweetly through life's rainbow hall,  
That thrills my heart with quivering golden chords,  
And fills my soul with joys seraphical.

Lord, I would follow, but...  
First, I would leave things straight before  
I go, —  
Collect my dues,  
and pay the debts I owe;  
Lest when I'm gone,  
and none is here to tend,  
Time's ruthless hand my garnering o'erthrow.

Lord, I would follow, but...  
First, I would see the end of this high road  
That stretches straight before me,  
fair and broad;  
So clear the way I cannot go astray,  
It surely leads me equally to God.

Lord, I would follow, — yea  
Follow I will, — but first so much there is  
That claims me in life's vast emergencies,  
Wrongs to be righted,  
great things to be done;  
Shall I neglect these vital urgencies?

He who answers Christ's insistent call  
Must give himself, his life, his all,  
Without one backward look,  
Who sets his hand upon the plow,  
And glances back with anxious brow,  
His calling hath mistook;  
Christ claims him wholly for His own;  
He must be Christ's and Christ's alone.  
~~John Oxenham

## Unto Myself

Fearing to launch on  
"full surrender's" tide  
I asked the Lord  
where would its waters glide  
my little bark,  
"To troubled seas I dread?"  
"Unto Myself," He said.

Weeping beside an open grave I  
stood,  
In bitterness of soul I cried to God:  
"Where leads this path of  
sorrow that I tread?"  
"Unto Myself," He said.

Striving for souls,  
I loved the work too well;  
Then disappointments came;  
I could not tell the reason,  
'till He said, "I am thine all;  
"Unto Myself I call."

Watching my heroes—  
those I loved best—  
I saw them fail;  
they could not stand the test,  
Even by this, the Lord,  
through tear not few  
"Unto Himself" me drew.

"Unto Himself!"  
No earthly tongue can tell  
The bliss I find,  
since in His heart I dwell;  
The things that charmed me  
once seem all as naught;  
"Unto Himself" I'm brought.

~~Unknown

## **The Master of My Boat**

*I owned a little boat a while ago,  
And sailed a morning sea without a  
fear,  
And whither any breeze might fairly  
blow  
I'd steer the little craft afar or near.*

*Mine was the boat,  
And mine the air,  
And mine the sea,  
Not mine a care.*

*My boat became my place of  
mighty toil,  
I sailed at evening to the fishing  
ground,  
At morn my boat was freighted with  
the spoil  
Which my all-conquering work had  
found.*

*Mine was the boat  
And mine the net,  
And mine the skill  
And power to get.*

*One day there passed along the  
silent shore,  
While I my net was casting in the  
sea,  
A Man who spoke as never man  
before;  
I followed Him, new life began in  
me.*

*Mine was the boat,  
But His the Voice,  
And His the call,  
Yet mine the choice.*

*Ah, 'twas a fearful night out on the  
lake,  
And all my skill availed not, at the  
helm,  
'Till Him asleep I waked, crying,  
"Take,  
Take Thou the helm -- lest water  
overwhelm!"*

*And His the boat,  
And His the sea,  
And His the peace  
O'er all and me.*

*Once from His boat He taught the  
curious throng,  
Then bade me cast my net into the  
sea;  
I murmured, but obeyed, nor was it  
long  
Before the catch amazed and  
humbled me.*

*His was the boat,  
And His the skill,  
And His the catch,  
And His my will.*

~~George Macdonald

## **The Nameless Seeker**

*We are not told his name—  
This "rich young ruler"  
Who sought the Lord that day;  
We only know that he had great posses-  
sion,  
And that — he went away.*

*He went away —  
from joy and peace and power;  
From love un-guessed, untold;  
From that eternal life that he was seeking,  
Back to his paltry gold.*

*He went away—  
he kept his earthly treasure,  
But oh, at what a cost!  
Afraid to take the cross and lose his  
riches—  
And God and heaven were lost.*

*So for the tinselbonds that held and drew  
him  
What honor he let slip —  
Comrade of John and Paul  
and friend of Jesus—  
What glorious fellowship!*

*For they who left their all to follow Jesus  
Have found a deathless fame.  
On His immortal scroll of saints and mar-  
tyrs  
God wrote each shining name.*

*We should have read his there—  
the rich young ruler—  
If he had stayed that day;  
Nameless—  
Though Jesus loved him—  
Ever nameless because—  
He went away.*

*~~unknown*



*Another chum on another day  
At the selfsame crossroads stood;  
He paused a moment to choose the  
way  
That would lead to the greater good.  
And the road stretched east,  
And the road stretched west,  
But I was there to show him the best;  
So my chum turned right and went on  
and on  
Till he won the race and the victor's  
crown;  
And came at last to the mansions fair,  
Because I stood at the crossroads  
there.*

*Since then I have raised a daily  
prayer,  
That I be kept faithfully standing  
there,  
To warn the runners as they come,  
And save my own or another's chum.*

*~~Unknown*

### **Ezekiel's Bone-yard**

#### **My Chum**

*He stood at the crossroads all alone  
With the sunrise in his face;  
He had no fear for the path unknown,  
He was set for a manly race.  
But the road stretched east,  
And the road stretched west;  
There was no one to tell which way  
was the best;  
So my chum turned wrong and went  
down, down, down,  
Till he lost the race and the victor's  
crown,  
And fell at last in an ugly snare,  
Because no one stood at the cross-  
roads there.*

*Twas down on bone-yard circuit,  
There was no way to shirk it,  
A preacher named Ezekiel was sent;  
He landed at the station,  
And saw the situation,  
A valley full of bones his audience;  
By way of a suggestion,  
The Lord asked him a question  
"Can these dry bones be raised up  
from the dead?"  
The Spirit was beseeching,  
Ezekiel went to preaching,  
And from the pulpit this is what he  
said;*

*Chorus:  
O ye old dry bones, hear the word of  
the Lord,  
"Stand upon your feet, and His good-  
ness repeat,  
Lay aside your dry profession,  
Get a Holy Ghost possession.  
You've been bleaching in the valley  
long enough."*

*The bones began to rattle,  
Like muskets in a battle,  
When 'Zekiel took his text and started  
in.  
'Twas plain it didn't matter,  
In spite of all the clatter,  
For 'Zekiel kept right on a-clubbing  
sin;  
The bones all came together,  
In spite of stormy weather,  
To hear the message from the Lord's  
right hand.  
It made them sit and wonder,  
To hear this "Son of thunder,"  
As from the pulpit issued this com-  
mand:*

*The rattle was terrific,  
The message was specific,  
"Repent," the preacher roared in  
thunder tones;  
There'll be no absolution,  
Till you make restitution.  
The muscles then appeared upon the  
bones.  
You'll have no good beginning,  
Until you quit your sinning.  
The muscles soon were covered o'er  
with skin;  
His breathless congregation  
Was filled with consternation,  
As 'Zekiel's voice arose above the din:*

*Chorus:  
O ye old dry bones, hear the word of  
the Lord,  
"Stand upon your feet, and His good-  
ness repeat.  
Lay aside your dry profession.  
Get a Holy Ghost possession.  
You've been bleaching in the valley  
long enough."*

*They sat and warmed the benches,  
While 'Zekiel rushed the trenches,  
And preached the word with all his  
might and main;  
It caused a big commotion,  
When he, with deep emotion,  
Said, "Breath of God, come breathe  
upon these slain."  
The wind was soon a-blowing,  
The bones were soon a-going,  
Around the place as fast as they could  
run;  
They got the second blessing,  
And now the real excitement had  
begun.*

*~~C. C. Mourer*



Ezekiel's bone-yard

## The Charge of the Light Brigade

*Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred,  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns," he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.*

*"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldiers' knew  
Someone had blunder'd.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.*

*Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd!  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death  
Into the mouth of hell  
Rode the six hundred.*

*Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Falsh'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd;  
Plung'd in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.*

*Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.*

*When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!  
~~Alfred Tennyson*

## The Hell-bound Train

*Tom Gray lay down on the barroom  
floor  
Having drunk so much he could drink  
no more.  
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain,  
And dreamt he rode on the Hell-bound  
Train.*

*Then engine with blood was red and  
damp,  
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone  
lamp,  
For fuel an imp was shoveling bones,  
While the furnace rang with a thou-  
sand groans.*

*The boiler was filled with lager beer,  
And the devil himself was the engi-  
neer.  
The passengers made such a motley  
crew—  
Church members, atheist, Gentile and  
Jew.*

*Rich men in broadcloth and beggar in  
rags;  
Handsome young ladies and withered  
old hags;  
Yellow and black men, red, brown and  
white—  
All chained together! What a terrible  
sight!*

*The train dashed on at an awful pace,  
And the hot wind scorched their hands  
and face,  
Wilder and wilder the country grew,  
And faster and faster the engine flew.*

*Louder and louder the thunders  
crashed;  
And brighter and brighter the lightning  
flashed;  
Hotter and hotter the air became,  
So clothes were burned off each quiv-  
ering frame.*

*Now in the distance arose such a  
yell—  
"Ha! Ha!" Croaked the devil,  
"we're now nearing hell!"  
Then—oh, how the passengers  
shrieked in pain,  
And begged the devil to stop the train.*

*But he capered about and sang in his  
glee,  
And laughed and joked at their agony.  
My faithful friends, you have done my  
work,  
And the devil can never a payday  
shirk.*

*You have bullied the weak, and robbed  
the poor,  
And the starving brother turned from  
your door;  
You have laid up gold where the can-  
ker rusts  
And given free vent to fleshly lusts.*

*You have justice scorned, and corrup-  
tion sown,  
And trampled the laws of nature  
down,  
You have drunk and rioted,  
murdered and lied,  
And mocked at God in your hell-born  
pride.*

*You have paid full fare, so I'll carry  
you thru  
For it's only just, you should get your  
due.*

*Why, the laborer always expects his  
hire,  
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire,*

*Where your flesh shall roast in flames  
that roar,  
And my imps torment you forever  
more.*

*Then Tom awoke with an agonized  
cry,  
Clothes soaked with sweat,  
and hair standing high.*

*And he prayed as he never prayed  
before,  
To be saved from drink's satanic  
power,  
And his vows and prayers were not in  
vain,  
For he never more rode on the hell-  
bound train.*

~~Unknown



## **Columbus**

*Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind, the gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
The good mate said, "Now we must  
pray,  
For lo! The very stars are gone,  
Brave Adm'r'l, Speak, what shall I  
say?"*

*"Why say 'Sail on! Sail on! And on!'"*

*"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a  
spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy  
cheek.*

*"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,  
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on!'"*

*They sailed and sailed as winds might  
blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why now not even God would know,  
Should I and all my men fall dead,  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dead seas is gone,  
Now, speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and  
say"—*

*He said: "Sail on! Sail on! And on!"*

*They sailed and sailed. Then spake the  
mate:*

*"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait  
With lifted teeth as if to bite:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leap as a leaping sword,  
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! And on!"*

*Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that  
night,  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag, unfurled!  
I grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world, he gave the world  
Its grandest lesson, "ON! SAIL ON!"*

*~~Joaquin Miller*



## **I Dare No Be Defeated**

*I dare not be defeated  
Since Christ, my conquering King,  
Has called me to the battle  
Which He did surely win.  
Come, Lord, and give me courage,  
Thy conquering Spirit give,  
Make me an overcomer;  
In power within me live.*

*I dare not be defeated,  
Just at the set of sun,  
When Jesus waits to whisper,  
"Well done, beloved, well done!"  
Come, Lord, bend from the Glory,  
On me Thy Spirit cast,  
Make me an overcomer,  
A victor to the last.*

## **The Touch of the Master's Hand**

*Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while,  
To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile,  
"What am I bidden, good folks," he  
cried,  
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"  
"A dollar, a dollar;" then "Two! Only  
two?  
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?  
Three dollars, once; three dollars  
twice;  
Going for three--" But, no,  
From the room, far back, a gray-  
haired man  
Came forward and picked up the bow;  
Then, wiping the dust from the old  
violin,  
And tightening the loosened strings,  
He played a melody pure and sweet  
As a caroling angel sings.*

*The music ceased, and the auctioneer,  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said: "What am I bid for the old vio-  
lin?"  
And he held it up with the bow.  
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make  
it two?  
Two thousand! And who'll make it  
three?  
Three thousand, once, three thousand,  
twice,  
And going and gone," said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them  
cried,  
"We do not quite understand  
What changed its worth," Swift came  
the reply:  
"The touch of the master's hand."*

*And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and scarred with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless  
crowd,  
Much like the old violin.  
A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;  
A game--and he travels on.  
He is "going" once, and "going" twice,  
He's "going" and almost "gone."  
But the Master comes, and the foolish  
crowd  
Never can quite understand  
The worth of a soul and the change  
that's wrought  
By the touch of the Master's hand.*

~~Myra Brooks Welch



## What Would He Say

*If He should come today  
And find my hands so full  
Of future plans, however fair,  
In which my Savior had no share,  
What would He say?*

*If He should come today  
And find I had not told  
One soul about my heavenly Friend,  
Whose blessings all my way attend,  
What would He say?*

*If He should come today,  
Would I be glad, quite glad?  
Remembering He had died for all  
And none through me had heard His  
call,  
What would I say?  
~~unknown*

## When He Saw The Wagons

**"When he saw the wagons . . . the spirit  
of Jacob . . . revived." (Genesis 45:27)**

*"All these things are against me!" Yet  
those things,  
Those very things, were God's machin-  
ery  
For working out your heart's  
imaginings,  
For turning hope to blessed certainty.  
Oh, man who walked by sight,  
You should have known the darkest  
hour of night  
Is just before the earliest streak of  
grey.  
Your wagons, all the time, were on  
their way!*

*Faith! Yes, but with a flaw.  
Here was a man who trusted when he  
saw!*

*And yet, The Holy One has set  
His name beside two men of saintly  
will,  
And calls Himself the "God of Jacob"  
still!  
That you and I,  
Lacking in faith, maybe, or gentleness  
May yet stretch out weak hands of  
hopelessness,  
And find the GOD OF JACOB very  
nigh.*

*Oh, sorrowful soul! Trust just a little  
longer.  
Who knows, but o'er your bare, brown  
hill  
The wagons may be coming nearer  
still?  
Give faith a chance. For soon, how  
soon it may  
Give place to sight; and then never  
again  
Will you have opportunity to show  
That you can trust, albeit you cannot  
know.*

*~~Fay Inchfawn*



Jacob leaves for Egypt

## **The Secret of His Presence**

*In the secret of His presence  
How my soul delights to hide!  
Oh, how precious are the lessons  
Which I learn at Jesus' side;  
Earthly cares can never vex me,  
Neither trials lay me low;  
For when Satan comes to tempt me,  
To the secret place I go.*

*When my soul is faith and thirsty,  
'Neath the shadow of His wing,  
There is cool and pleasant shelter,  
And a fresh and crystal spring;  
And my Savior rests beside me,  
As I hold communion sweet,  
If I tried, I could not utter  
What He says, when thus we meet.*

*Only this I know: I tell Him  
All my doubts, my griefs, my fears.  
Oh, how patiently He listens!  
And my drooping soul He cheers.  
Do you think He ne'er reproves me?  
What a false friend He would be  
If He never, never told me  
Of the sins which He must see!*

*Would you like to know the sweetness  
Of the secret of the Lord!  
Go and hide beneath His shadow;  
This shall then be your reward.  
And whene'er you leave the silence  
Of that happy meeting-place  
You will have and bear the image  
Of the Master in your face.*

*~~Ellen Lakshmi Goreh*

## **Wilt Thou Follow Me**

*"Wilt thou follow Me?"  
The Saviour asked,  
The road looked bright and fair,  
And filled with youthful hope and zeal,  
I answered, "Anywhere,"*

*"Wilt thou follow Me?"  
Again He asked,  
The road looked dim ahead;  
But I gave one glance at His glowing  
face.*

*"To the end, dear Lord," I said.*

*"Wilt thou follow Me?"  
I almost blanched,  
For the road was rough and new,  
But I felt the grip of His steady hand,  
And it thrilled me through and  
through.*

*"Still followest thou?"  
'Twas a tender tone,  
And it thrilled my inmost heart,  
I answered not, but He drew me close,  
And I knew we would never part.*

*~~Unknown*

## Heir of a Mighty King

*Heir of a mighty King, heir to a throne,  
Why art thou wandering, sad and alone?  
Heir to the love of God, heir to His grace,  
Rise to thy privilege, claiming thy place.*

*Heir of a Conqueror, why dost thou fear?  
Foes cannot trouble thee when He is near.  
Child of the promises, be not oppressed.  
Claim what belongs to thee, find sweetest rest.*

*Heir by inheritance! child of thy God!  
Right to thy sonship is found in His Word;  
Walk with the noble ones, never alone;  
Prince of the Royal Blood, come to thy throne.*

*Heirs! We are joint-heirs with Jesus our Lord!  
Heirs of the Covenant, found in His Word!  
Rise to thy privilege, heir to His grace!  
Heir to the love of God, rise, claim thy place!*

~~unknown

### Be Strong!

*Be strong!  
We are not here to:  
lay, to dream to drift;  
We have hard work to do,  
and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle;  
face it, 'tis God's gift.*

*Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil--  
who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce--  
O shame!  
Stand up, speak out,  
and bravely in God's name!*

*Be strong!  
It matters not how deep  
entrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes,  
the day how long,  
Faint not; fight on!  
Tomorrow comes the song.*

~~Maltbie D. Babcock

## A New Leaf

*He came to my desk  
with quivering lip--  
"Dear Teacher,  
I want a new leaf," he said,  
"I have spoiled this one."  
I took the old leaf,  
stained and blotted,  
And gave him  
a new one all unspotted,  
And into his sad eyes smiled,  
"Do better, now, my child."*

*I went to the throne  
with a quivering soul--  
The old year was done.  
"Dear Father,  
Hast Thou a new leaf for me?  
I have spoiled this one."  
He took the leaf,  
stained and blotted,  
And gave me a new one  
all unspotted,  
And into my sad heart smiled,  
"Do better, now, My child."*

~~Kathleen Wheeler

### **Hast Thou No Scar**

Hast thou no scar?  
No hidden scar on foot, or side, or  
hand?  
I hear thee sung as mighty in  
the land,  
I hear them hail thy bright  
ascendant star,  
Hast thou no scar?

Hast thou no wound?  
Yet I was wounded by the archers,  
spent,  
Leaned me against a tree to die: and  
rent  
By ravening wolves that  
compassed me,  
I swooned  
Hast thou no wound?

No wound? No scar?  
Yet, as the Master shall the servant  
be,  
And pierced are the feet that follow  
Me;  
But thine are whole, can he  
have followed far  
Who hath no wound nor scar?

~~Amy Carmichael

### **Unanswered Prayer?**

Unanswered yet the prayer your lips  
have pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope de-  
parting?  
And think you all in vain those falling  
tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard  
your prayer;  
You shall have your desire sometime,  
somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say  
ungranted;  
Perhaps your work is not yet wholly  
done.  
The work began when first your prayer  
was uttered,  
**And God will finish what He has  
begun.**  
If you will keep the incense burning  
there,  
His glory you shall see sometime,  
somewhere.

Unanswered yet? **Faith cannot be  
unanswered;**  
Her feet were firmly planted on the  
Rock.  
Amid the wildest storms she stands  
undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder  
shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard  
her prayer,  
And cried, "It shall be done," some-  
time, somewhere.

~~unknown

### **I Supposed I Knew My Bible**

I supposed I knew my Bible,  
Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,  
Now a bit of John or Matthew,  
Now a snatch of Genesis,  
Certain chapters of Isaiah,  
Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!)  
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs--  
Yes, I thought I knew the Word!  
But I found that thorough reading  
Was a different thing to do,  
And the way was unfamiliar,  
When I read the Bible through.



*You who like to play at Bible  
Dip and dabble, here and there,  
Just before you kneel, aweary,  
And yawn through a hurried prayer,  
You who treat the crown of writings,  
As you treat no other book--  
Just a paragraph, disjointed,  
Just a crude, impatient look--  
Try a worthier procedure,  
Try a broad and steady view;  
You will kneel in very rapture,  
When you read the Bible through!*

*~~Amos R. Wells*

## **From Notes and Markings in Rudolph's Bible...**

*Begin the day with God!  
He is thy Sun and Day!  
His is the radiance of thy dawn;  
To Him commit thy way.*

*\* \* \* \* \**

*He died as expected,  
Much sooner than later,  
With his foot pressed hard  
On the accelerator.*

*\* \* \* \* \**

*Don't stop praying, but have more  
trust;*

*Don't stop praying! For pray we must;  
Faith will banish a mount of care;  
Don't stop praying! God answers  
prayer.*

*\* \* \* \* \**

*Could'st thou in vision thyself the man  
God meant,  
Nevermore woud'st be the man thou  
art content.*

*\* \* \* \* \**

*The battle is not yours, but God's;  
There why fight?  
True faith will cease from struggling,  
And rest upon His might;  
Each conflict into which you come  
Was WON on Calvary.  
'Tis our to **claim** what Christ has  
done,  
And "hold" the victory.*

*God nothing does nor suffers to be  
done  
But thou would'st do thyself  
Could'st thou but see  
The end of all events, as well as He.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*I clasp the hand of Love Divine  
I claim the gracious promise mine,  
And add to His my countersign.  
I take, He undertakes.*

*I simply take Him at His Word;  
I praise Him that my prayer is heard  
And claim my answer from the Lord.  
I take, He undertakes.*

~~A. B. Simpson

\* \* \* \* \*

*I saw a human life ablaze with God,  
I felt a power divine  
As through an empty vessel of frail  
clay  
I saw God's glory shine.*

*Then woke I from a dream, and cried  
aloud:*

*"My Father, give to me  
The blessing of a life consumed by  
God  
Then I may life for Thee."*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hold on my heart in thy believing  
The steadfast only wins the crown.  
He who when stormy winds are heav-  
ing  
Parts with his anchor shall go down.  
But he who Jesus holds through all  
Shall stand tho heaven and earth shall  
fall.*

*Hold out, there comes an end of sor-  
row.  
Hope from the dust shall conquering  
rise;  
The storm foretells a summer's mor-  
row,  
The cross points on to Paradise.*

*The Father reigneth;  
Cease all doubt.  
Hold on my heart--hold on--hold out!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Say to this mountain, "Go,  
Be cast into the sea;"  
And doubt not in thine heart  
That it shall be to thee.  
It shall be done; doubt not His Word.  
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!*

*Claim thy redemption right,  
Purchased by precious blood;  
The Trinity unite  
To make it true and good.  
It shall be done; obey the Word.  
Challenge thy mountain in the Lord!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted  
cloud,  
You shall see but the Lord alone.  
When He leads you on from the place  
of the sea  
To a land that you have not known;  
And your fears shall pass as your foes  
have passed;  
You shall be no more afraid;  
You shall sing His praise in the better  
place,  
A place that His hand has made.*

~~Anne

Johnson Flint

*E'en for the dead I will not bind my  
soul to grief;  
Death cannot long divide.  
For is it not as though the rose that  
climbed the garden wall  
Has blossomed on the other side?  
Death doth hide,  
But not divide;  
Thou art but on Christ's other side!  
Thou art with Christ, and Christ with  
me;  
In Christ united still are we.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Faith came singing into my room,  
And other guests took flight;  
Fear, anxiety and gloom  
Sped out into the night.  
I wondered that such peace could be;  
But Faith said gently,--  
"Don't you see  
They really cannot live with me?"*

\* \* \* \* \*

*I walked a mile with Pleasure;  
She chattered all the way;  
But left me none the wiser,  
For all she had to say.*

*I walked a mile with Sorrow,  
And ne'er a word said she;  
But, oh, the things I learned from her,  
When sorrow walked with me.*

*Break through to God,  
Be dauntless, faithful, strong.  
E'en though the fight is long,  
Raise to Him the victor's song.  
Break through to God.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Got any rivers you think are  
uncrossable?  
Got any mountains you can't tunnel  
through?  
God specializes in things called impos-  
sible;  
And He can do what no other power  
can do.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*I simply take Him at His word,  
I praise Him that my prayer is heard  
And claim my answer from the Lord--  
I take, He undertakes.*

~~A. B.

*Simpson*

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Follow Me, and I will make you"...  
Make you speak My words with power;  
Make you channels of My mercy;  
Make you helpful every hour.*

*"Follow Me, and I will make you"...  
Make you what you cannot be--  
Make you loving, trustful, godly,  
Make you even like to Me.*

~~L. S. P.

\* \* \* \* \*

*He placed me in a little cage,  
Away from gardens fair;  
But I must sing the sweetest songs  
Because He placed me there.  
Not beat my wins against the cage,  
It is my Maker's will,  
But raise my voice to heaven's gate  
And--sing the louder still!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-  
vived,  
And now I live in Him.  
~~ H. Bonar*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Only one life  
"Twill soon be past  
Only what's done  
For Christ will last.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees  
And looks to God alone,  
Laughs at impossibilities  
And cries, "It shall be done."  
~~A.  
Yeomans*

\* \* \* \* \*

*If our faith were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine,  
In the sweetness of our Lord.  
~~Frederick  
William Faber*

\* \* \* \* \*

*At Thy feet I fall,  
Yield Thee up my all,  
To suffer, live or die,  
For my Lord crucified.  
~~ C. Booth-  
Clibborn*

\* \* \* \* \*

*It matters not how the battle goes,  
The day how long.  
**Faint not!** Fight on!  
Tomorrow comes the song.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Speak to Him Thou, for He hears  
And Spirit with Spirit can meet--  
Closer is He than breathing,  
And nearer than hands and feet.  
~~Alfred Tennyson*

\* \* \* \* \*

***Faith that goes forward triumphs!***

\* \* \* \* \*

*You can be more than you are;  
You must be more than you are.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Faith says not, "I see that it is good  
for me,  
so God must have sent it,  
but; "God sent it, and  
so it must be good for me."*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Pray until the thing you pray for has  
actually been granted, or until you  
have the assurance in your heart that  
is will be.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Delays are not denials.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Do not get discouraged;  
it may be the last key in the bunch  
that opens the door.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The glory of tomorrow is rooted in the  
drudgery of today.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*There is "no failure" for the brave.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ask not for tasks equal to your power;  
Ask for power equal to your tasks.*

\* \* \* \* \*

***Stay firm.*** *He has not failed thee  
In all the past,  
And will He go and leave thee  
To sink at last?  
Nay, He said He will hide thee  
Beneath His wing;  
And sweetly there in safety  
Thou mayest sing.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Let me burn out for Thee, dear Lord,  
Burn and wear out for Thee;  
Don't let me rust, or my life be  
A failure, my God, to Thee.  
Use me, and all I have, dear Lord,  
And get me so close to Thee  
That I feel the throb of the great  
heart of God,  
Until I burn out for Thee.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In spirit there already;  
Soon we ourselves shall be  
In soul and body perfect,  
And glorified with Thee:*

*The Father's love sustains us  
Along the thorny way,  
Thy Father's house, the dwelling  
Made ready for that day.*

\* \* \* \* \*