

Books.

Ye books ! With all thy knowledge stored,
 Can't never make the man.
 The worse is picked—the best ignored,
 To please some natural plan,
 For such enfolds his narrow view ;
 Uncultured fallow waste,
 Thy riches deep—unknown to few,
 Are gathered but untraced.

Good books are proper tools to use,
 To fashion mind as mind ;
 Still man must know not to infuse
 Such of a trashy kind.
 Don't taste a book ! What e're it be,
 If God be not it's aim ;
 Dare not to pry within to see,
 For satan tempts to claim.

A Short Poem on Sickness.

These days of sickness, hours of pain,
 Ye cruel denials of the past ;
 Few seek to know this glorious gain,
 Few enjoy this glorious fast.
 True frat ! I thought ye came in vain,
 Well have I viewed thee o'er and o'er ;
 Greater is thy profits spoken,
 As now I view the more and more.

Love and Obedience.

*A short poem from early writings, but
 date of composition unknown.*

Brothers, brothers ! Christ hath called me,
 Called me, called me, day by day.
 This his signal he is waiting,
 Here I meet him, I obey.

O ! my brethren how I love thee,
 Must ye all forsake me now,
 When I leave my earth and labors
 To follow up my spirit's plow.

Speak in language sweet immortal,
 This alone will crown the rest.
 Hope beyond a peace, a comfort,
 Flowing life within thy breast.

Lo, the Heaven's room must open,
 I must go to dwell therein ;
 If ye love not truth outspoken,
 Thou wilt perish in thy sin.

I Cannot Beg.

I cannot beg, I will not beg,
 My fair name to disgrace ;
 I'd rather choose to leave this world,
 Than such a life embrace.
 If the world be rich with riches,
 Could she not freely give,
 Instead of eating all my gifts,
 And nothing left to live.

Heavy is thy yoke a burden
 To all who live for thee,
 Since I knew my blessed Jesus
 I feel in spirit free.
 I but await the word to go
 And live beyond the skies ;
 Yea ! leave this cold deceitful earth
 Behind for paradise.

I know God guides me day and night,
 Through faith He walk'th near ;
 My wings are prone to worship right,
 Instil me Lord with cheer.
 Give strength to me, oh Lord ! I pray,
 To leave my gates ajar ;
 Unto Thy word my soul is stirred,
 This fading morning star.

A Winter Poem or a Thought
 Before Christmas.

The autumn winds have ceased to be,
 Behold the wintry tide ;
 Again once more as days of yore,
 The children run and slide.

The shifting flakes go drifting on
 Across the crystal crust ;
 Some pause to praise his artful gaze,
 The snow man's fingered bust.

The wind is bleak, the air is chill,
 What must it bring to fear !
 For merry rays will speed the sleighs
 To sound the Christmas cheer.

Toil is Strength.

Toil is power, knowledge gain,
 Grandeur beauty, beauty pain.
 Love is spirit ; not this earth,
 It's fire warmth not it's hearth ;
 Yet must we hold her less she rise
 Beyond our reach in vacant skies.
 When God supplies they cook us food,
 Which others taste to share our good ;
 I here conclude yet more I find,
 If ye would know expand in mind.

How Would I Like to Travel.

How would I like to travel ?
 Is a question of the past,
 For how would means unravel
 Little threads for me to grasp ;
 But contentment is a treasure
 When spoken by my God ;
 Whilst travelling is a measure,
 Weighed out to wealth abroad.