

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 unfolds 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 misuse
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 first ! 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.

Oh ! 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 moon must open,
I must go to dwell therein ;
If ye love not truth outpoken,
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,
Instill 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.