

But as for me, this knowledge was not given
For wisdom mine, more than in any living,
As Daniel saith, but that God might be feared,
His power acknowledged and His name revered.
Wisdom and might are His, He changeth times
And seasons, raiseth or abaseth kings.

Like Jonah, I from work assigned me fled,
Ah, then the weeds were wrapped about my head,
And in a sea of sorrow deep I lay,
Thinking that I never more should see the day ;
That I, like Esau, had my birthright sold,
And lost a gift more precious far than gold.
But the good Lord in mercy brought me up,
Set me to work again and bade me hope.

Visions and dreams and answered prayers to-day
Are not the "childish rattle" some folks say,
But channels through which God conveys to man
Some little knowledge of His wondrous plan.
From Genesis to Revelation we
All through the Scriptures find this so to be ;
John, Paul and Peter, many others, too,
Were taught this way—it's not a thing that's new.

These are the paths through which I have been led,
Sustained and guided, by Jehovah fed.
Consider it, and if it be of God,
Then follow in the paths the saints have trod,
And at the journey's end, when toils are o'er,
We'll meet, I trust, upon the heavenly shore.

O come, my friends, accept the proffered hand
That fain would help you to the better land.