

One of the difficulties which we are called upon to face is to live up to a good photograph.

God is proficient in all languages. He can understand a Hottentot as easily as an English earl.

THE MODEL CHURCH

Well, wife, I've found the model church,

And worshiped there today;
It made me think of good old times
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago;
But then I found when I went in
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man—
He led me holdly through
The crowded aisle of that grand
church,
To find a pleasant pew

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife;
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice,
"Let all the people sing;"
Old "Coronation" was the tune,
The music upward rolled,
I 'ntil I thought the angel-choir,
Struck all their hurps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all!"

I tell you, wife, it did me good,
To sing that song once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner,
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor safely in the port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself or creed,
But Jesus crucified!

Well, wife, the toll will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canan's happy land,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
There'll be no parting there!"
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no parting there!"