

## Sonnet.

Outside beauty pileth envy within the heart  
 True the loveliest form which nature can  
     produce  
 Falls a prey beneath this vile instinct and  
     desire.  
 The laws of God are not the laws of man  
 Protrayed in full, when he would'st a temple  
     make ;  
 The tenth he gave to shelter and to clothe  
     the rest,  
 Still Christ perceived them yet without a  
     spire.  
 Heaven his great belfry, he rose to build  
     above ;  
 He the bell to call forth and raised the  
     numbered dead,  
 To bloom in sacred faith a life beyond the  
     skies ;  
 Love for it's mission to prove the first un-  
     altered,  
 Unchangeable His law, His spirit rules the  
     same.  
 Thus Heaven is Christ's palace, if we  
     would'st enter,  
 Great is that pass and only sought through  
     His most holy name.

## Learn Ye The Lord to Fear.

To-night if He would'st call thee,  
 Would'st thou be ready friend ?  
 Would'st thou in fulness grace and joy  
 This summons comprehend ?  
 To-night would'st thou receive his claim,  
 The claim thy Saviour makes ?  
 Be not a man in self built frame,  
 The humble child he takes ;  
 Come prepare for thy departure,  
 It may beawaiting near !  
 Thy life is not as yet secure,  
 Learn ye the Lord to fear.

## My Journey.

*Written and composed one evening at  
 sunset, Marsh 2nd, 1898.*

My journey though long is nearly wended ;  
 This temple soon must pass into decay,  
 As yon towering cloud now is blended,  
 Behind is nature's tints before the way ;  
 Well may these transparent moments glad-  
     den,  
 Thus, my effect the future here shall trace,  
 Every cloud is rich when viewed in sun-  
     shine ;  
 And my life though ye know no smiling face.

*The following are verses collected from  
 papers here and there, which I had written  
 and overlooked :*

## I

Perishable is external beauty,  
 Such beauty crown thee with the frailest  
     gift ;  
 Death like that thought disregarding  
     duty,  
 Up unto Heaven all our actions lift.

## II

We may here be mighty, lofty and great,  
 Before assemblies blessed with blinded eyes,  
 We may at heart view ourselves pure of  
     truth ;  
 But judgment from God rests upon our  
     enterprize.

## III

Life for gold stores no heavenly treasure,  
 But lures us far upon a path of woe ;  
 Visible the fulness of it's measure,  
 Whilst false pride inspires hearts to down-  
     ward go.

## IV

A living spirit brings us a blessing !  
 One to warm these our deadened hearts of  
     night ;  
 Ever found the tiny spark caressing  
 In life, such is our God and such our light.

*From memory of a lost poem, enough to  
 preserve the metre, style and title, which was  
 termed as*

## Trouble.

Trouble, trouble in the air,  
 Trouble, trouble everywhere,  
 Trouble, trouble all to soon !  
 Trouble, trouble in the air,  
 Trouble, trouble all to scare,  
 Trouble, trouble, condescending to the tomb.

Heaven with light is a treasure,  
 Heaven is shining in gold !  
 Heaven shall never give pleasure  
 To spirit of earth uncontrolled.

Laugh hearty friend at jokes ye crack so  
     well  
 Possess ye wit, but genius is not thine ;  
 Well do ye draw the eye and mind with  
     ease ;  
 But when alone thyself thou vain would  
     please ;