

But-I could not get that plant to grow,
 When it was brought inside,
 The cause I really do not know,
 But it withered soon, and died,
 Dear Brother, you may be a plant,
 Alone, and far from wealthy,
 Too poor to get some things you want,
 And yet your soul be healthy.
 Well "life is more than meat" we'er told;
 And "the body more than raiment,"
 Salvation's better far than gold,
 And you got it without payment.
 If GOD should answer every prayer,
 And you got the place you wanted,
 You might be lean in spirit there,
 Die, if you were transplanted.
 It's better far to be alone,
 Like JOHN when on Patmoss,
 And get a vision of GOD'S throne,
 Than live for earthly dross.
 Then let us, Brother, murmur not,
 But for GOD'S glory shine,
 And if we're in a lonely spot,
 PRAISE GOD, WE'RE IN THE VINE.

THE BEST SHOW.

If you want a show,
 To the show my Brother go,
 But you might as well just have the proper style,
 You'll be left far in the lurch,
 If you go to show in church,
 The Theatre kind are better by a mile,
 Real religion's loving JESUS,
 And the kind of things that He does,
 But you cannot love the world and God as well,
 So my Brother do not trouble,
 And try and do things double,
 Where your treasure is your life will always tell.

SAFETY FIRST.

If there is a GOD above,
 One I ought to serve and love,
 If it's true there is a Hell,
 Pains of which no tongue can tell,
 If when I die I'm blest or cursed,
 My motto should be "safety first."

SOME ONE HAS SAID.

Don't worry about the future,
 The present alone thou hast,
 The future will soon be the present,
 And the present will soon be past.

BUT I SAY.

Do not worry about the past,
 Nor o'er the present fret,
 Future alone with you will last,
 You've that to deal with yet.