

walk,  
Till it receiveth strength direct from  
Heaven.  
Well may I be timed in purity to receive,  
To stand upon high vantage ground when  
called away  
From this tabernacle to that substantial  
throne,  
Clad as angels in robes to praise forever  
more ;  
My weakness telleth where my weakness  
lies ;  
Each triumph gaineth me required strength  
To battle with the thorns upon my way.  
The right of choice is given unto all who  
thirst ;  
The bee pertaketh of the tasty and to good,  
For such their glorious choice none could  
well refuse ;  
To thee those rustic trees which mark my  
presence here,  
Which by day hath swayd the chittering  
squirrel ;  
Russel slightly before this short lived  
breeze,  
As if to call me homeward from this spot.  
Drowy, yet mind is temple fearless of the  
night ;  
Now strengthens and rules beyond the  
power of sleep ;  
Behold the many who have gifts to pen their  
page,  
Have yielded to this tempting God, in peace  
sleep on ;  
But woe shall find them at their troubled  
wake,  
When age is born, the spark about to fade,  
And view beside their talent nothing done.  
Show me the gift not worth the cultivated  
gain !  
Point out to me the mind unworthy of it's  
muse !  
Dead is that critic's heart which seeks to  
hew away,  
Yet doth not build itself a higher, better  
make.  
Why judge the weak at equal with thine  
own ?  
This same said sword by which ye love to cut,  
Unmercifully by it shall ye be judged.  
Our souls may grow into conceited selfbuilt  
strength,  
And ever rule at leisure in times little day !  
Men may live to boast physically a giant  
great,  
And yet intellectually an erring child ;  
Wisdom is not conceived by mortal eye ;  
So wisely hidden it shall always be,

Thus toil must bear it to the humble heart.  
The very breath which taints this fragrant  
air to muse,  
Gives forth new life at each heartfelt in-  
spired draw ;  
So is it now, as when first the man breathed  
forth life,  
Into his nostrils did he receive the breath of  
God ;  
Our life lies daily within his hand to  
quench,  
Deadly pressure is he at will to give,  
Or draw it forth into another world.  
Oft have I pondered, but have never  
thought so vain,  
As mortal sought to fully independent be ;  
Convinced through reason, ye great teacher  
of the soul,  
That lives of prayer and praise must light  
our dwelling here ;  
So youth hath passed with all her idle  
dreams,  
As seasons pass with every morning sun  
From us to never, never more return.

Lives once wasted, but repented in dying  
hours,  
Should not daily within the ear be left  
unheard,  
When danger meets us face to face at every  
step ;  
Consider of this universe through which we  
tread,  
And view in heart the frailness of the man,  
Inducted through truth we, vile sinner's  
learn ;  
Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shall re-  
turn.

### The Mirror of Our God.

View we within the mirror of our God  
The eye for such, it is  
Deceiver, reverse of faith used to land  
And look on all as his.  
The inward eye within this mansion dwells,  
Seen but by those who know the true  
divine,  
To weep whilst mortal eye in mischief swells ;  
But when reversed it ever seeks to dine.  
The true light of the body is the eye,  
When mortal such we see,  
When spiritual this temple then is high  
And ever seeks to be.  
True faith through spirit is it's noble guide,  
One which can't never fail to guide  
aright ;  
Though round it lurk the mocking voice  
of pride,  
Withdrawing by day, returning by night.