

Yet, whosoever will may know
 Who will the button turn,
 That light, and heat and power will flow,
 They can see and feel it burn.

GOD'S light and power come just the same,
 OF course, you can't see through it,
 You must believe on JESUS' name,
 You're in darkness till you do it.

GOD gives directions if you look,
 You need not go on guessing,
 Just turn the button, by the book,
 And you will get the BLESSING.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Things were so dull, for trade was bad,
 The want of work sent some folks mad,
 One day I lost the job I had,
 In the Old Country.

I heard but thought it rather funny,
 That Canada flowed with work and money,
 So like a bee in search of honey,
 I left the old country.

I never shall forget the day,
 I started giving my things away,
 Or selling to those who would not pay,
 In the Old Country.

In packing I was much perplexed,
 Shall I pack this first, or pack that next?
 I left MANY things which made me vexed,
 In the Old Country.

At last I got on board the ship,
 I felt a quiver on my lip,
 Shook hands with friends, 'twas my last grip,
 Of the Old Country.

When just a short time on the sea,
 Some fish were fed instead of me,
 Oh how I wished that I could be,
 IN the Old Country.

I'd scarcely reached the Canadian shore,
 And got sea sickness nicely o'er,
 When another sickness troubled me sore,
 'Twas for the Old Country.

But I am glad I am not sick to-day,
 I've settled down, I've come to stay,
 I never think of going away,
 To the Old Country.