

Green pastures and whispering light.
Within these lines I hope you'll find
There's nothing like a bright, clean mind;
Swift actions noble charm;
Pleasant is the voice that calls you,
Pleasant to the journey's end;
Sparkling wavelets bursting glory
Stimulates the universe with richest beauty,
Fills the air with peace and blessing.
When death at your portals knock
Have ready a bright, clear mind,
Of holy love,
On that fateful day,
At the judgment seat;
All other arts are as sinking sand;
Consider the green pastures and whispering light,
Love, knowledge and purity.

DETERIORATION.

Sad, sad, O, bitter sad
Sits an old man in his mansion,
Once a laughing, roving boy,
Flowers bloomed round him,
Birds sang sweetly,
In his home burned the sunshine,
His friends, fond and true,
He remembers them all so well.
He mourns for the shelter of youth,
Love, purity, and brightness.
In his mansion a shriveled sin-stained soul
Bearing the sin of an ill spent life;
Soon he shall pass to yon bright shore,
To meet his God!
O, what a wretched sight.
Take thought young man,
Never lose your individuality,
Never glide into sin;
Give your best, your very best to God,
Remember my boy,
Our Father in Heaven, sees and hears everything.