

Sin.

Cruel disobedience first temptation,
 The only one from truth ;
 Ever first and ever last to yield vexation
 In years which follow youth,
 Only this once we hear the pleading
 child,
 First prompted by its word from impulses
 self-desire,
 Unrestrained the spirits growth is natural
 wild :
 Why now withhold thy training word of
 fire,
 Beneath the sunshine of the sky ;
 Weakly first let the spirit die.

The King of Beasts.

Weak man alone is king of beasts,
 For he alone will say :
 Ye dare to use his tongue gain't truth
 And utter in his simple way
 There is no God.

Hearken to him who made the earth,
 Reason dusty lover,
 Study nature but know thyself
 And sure it is you will discover
 There is a God.

Scan the stars throughout the Heaven's,
 To question if they shine in vain ;
 Study actions of the heathen
 And lovely flowers of the plains,
 They praise a God.

Man himself is weak, imperfect,
 A fool if not denied ;
 All his strength doth tend to weaken,
 When living in his selfish pride
 Without a God.

Into the egg within the shell
 His hand is clever shown,
 In insects life, in daily life,
 We see the mark of His alone,
 The hand of God.

Within a volume book of truth,
 Is wisdom perfect given ;
 It's love and power doth foretell
 By it's promise of a Heaven,
 The voice of God.

Where is there such another shown
 Amid the works of man ?
 Where was there wisdom ever known,
 So full and perfect in it's plan,
 Without a God ?

There is a God who reigneth o'er
 This darkened earth of nights,

There is a God forevermore
 Ready to flood the soul with light.
 Such is my God.

By day and night He walks with us,
 To light us on our way,
 And always shall we know him thus
 If we conceive by faith His ray,
 A ray of God.

He gives us reason to behold,
 A gift not born of flesh ;
 This mortal life proves at it's best,
 To be a net of deathly mesh.
 Our mortal God.

Immortal is the spirits beam
 That sheds abroad his light,
 And everlasting is that stream
 Which always flows on day and night.
 The love of God.

The stars which shine beyond the gaze,
 The day it's sure return ;
 From each and all of every phase,
 We could not fall if we would learn,
 The power of God.

The promise in His word fulfilled,
 Gives us His high ideal ;
 To ever let our minds be tilted,
 For prayer and praise will still reveal
 The truth of God.

To trust and live despairing doubts,
 Whilst tempting storms may roar ;
 From hearts to God our praises shout ;
 Soon we shall go forever more
 To live with God.

The Sinners Epitaph.

HERE KNELT THE IMAGE OF THE LORD.

This is the spot, now mark it well,
 Within this tomb a sinner fell ;
 Yet died not till his spirit fled,
 And numbered with the tempting dead ;
 But God of Heaven lent a hand,
 And raised him up again to stand.
 This resurrection unto truth,
 Gave back the vigor of his youth ;
 To live by prayer in sweet accord,
 Here knelt the image of the Lord ;
 Long hath he passed, his earth was riven,
 He lives with God, he rests in Heaven ;
 May all who see this as they trod,
 Laud not this spirit, but it's God.

Above this trampled dust,
 Life is above, below is death ;
 Our God is love and claims our breath.