

### SOLILOQUY.

'TIS long since I have wasted ink  
In my attempts to rhyme,  
But, really, when I come to think,  
The view is worth the climb.

I feel that I would like to write  
A song in meter sweet,  
Or monster poem of wondrous might,  
A something quite complete.

I feel as if I have a work,  
A mighty work, to do.  
A duty that I dare not shirk,  
A task that is not new.

My elder brother, Jesus, died ;  
And ere he went to Heaven,  
He bade us preach both far and wide :  
Repent, and be forgiven.

And with that last command he gave,  
He gave a promise sweet :  
Lo I am with you, I can save ;  
In me you are complete.

Now brothers, sisters, in the Lord,  
'Tis by his love we live ;  
Shall we neglect his parting word,  
Debating what to give ?

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,  
The Father says to each ;  
May we not tempt, if armed, and shod,  
We still refuse to preach ?