

I think I've all a man should need, in this, the simple little creed, that's posted in my lid: "With all your fellowmen be square; be kind and just to all, & care a cent what others did." If one is square and just and kind, I don't believe he'll be behind, when they distribute crowns; he'll be a credit to this globe, and he will swap for snowy robe, his workworn handmedowns. Religion's tangled, leased and vexed, with dogma and conflicting texts, by sages splitting hairs; and all that fellows really need is just that simple little creed, to climb the golden stairs.

My answer to above poem.

DOES MY CREED AND THE BIBLE AGREE?

I read your poems most every night,
Most of them give me delight,
I think I ought to tell you so,
I marvel at the thing you know.
But your poem of fourth of May,
The marvel turned the other way,
I'm surprised you said the things you did,
About a Creed beneath your lid,
Wherever did you get that creed?
I'd like to know, I would indeed.
It's not the one that Jesua brought,
The kind that Paul and Peter taught,
These all tell us straight and plain,
To be saved "we must be born again."
When you get to Heaven with that creed,
You'll cry "well done, I've done the deed,"
The blood-washed cry, "I'm saved, I am,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb."
In Heaven there'll be a great discord,
You'll praise yourself, the rest the Lord,
Now, if by being square and kind,
You think you will the GLORY find,
Then why did Jesus come to earth,
To tell us of the second birth?
This is as plain, as plain can be,
If you read JOHN and chapter three.
Could Jacob's sons be kind and square,
Treat Father and Brother so unfair?
We read they down to eat did sit,
And Joseph cast into a pit,
Will the Father say to you "Well done,"
While in the pit you cast His son?

To as many as the son receive,
He gives them power to believe. (John 1:12)
By His power you become His child,
Then you are gentle, meek and mild.
You do not boast that you are square,
LORD, keep me humble, is your prayer,
The things you name are only fruits,
In Christ the tree must have its roots,
"I am the vine," the Master said; John 15 and 5)
Are you a branch? If not you're dead.
"By grace we're saved," the Heavenly host.
About their work will never boast. (Ephesians 2, 8 and 9.)