

Oh! sons of men this lesson learn,  
And to God's word again return,  
And as you read you'll surely prove  
His Word is truly from above.

It's just the very thing you need,  
To comfort, cheer, who runs may read,  
Of Christ it speaks, so plain to you,  
It's with Him now you have to do.

If to thy God thou wilt return,  
Take but His word and all else spurn,  
"Come, search the scriptures," cried the Lord,  
"For it is there you'll find my Word."

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LETTER WRITTEN TO FRED TOWNS. ESQ.

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Haneyville, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter this day, I have duly received,  
And from its contents am greatly agrieved.  
You speak of me using the language of slang,  
As "would" the vain and profane, shut the door with  
a bang.

You say "as slang goes"  
"There's some class you suppose,"  
In what kind of a class is slang to be found?"  
To me it is only the vulgar profound.

A literary choice is truly divine,  
And raises mankind from the lowest to shine,