

"I LOVE THE BLESSED BIBLE."

—
"We have not followed cunningly devised fables."

—2 Peter i. 16.

Some tell me that the Bible
 Is not God's sacred word,
 And brand as cunning fables
 The records of the Lord ;
 That Moses is a fiction,
 And Prophets never spake ;
 And e'en the blessed Gospels
 As myths I should forsake.

There was a time I listened
 To these old serpent's lies,—
 My foolish heart sore tempted
 The Bible to despise :
 Its holiness rebuked me,
 Its precepts crossed my will ;
 I wished to silence conscience,
 And thus my lusts fulfil.

I cared not for the Saviour,
 This present world I loved ;
 Its lusts, and wealth, and glory,
 Alone my passions moved.
 I cared not for a heaven,
 I hoped there were no hell ;
 I wished for no hereafter,
 I loved my sins too well.

Alas ! in mad rebellion,
 I hoped there were no God :
 I cared not for His favour,
 Though trembling at His rod ;
 I wished His word a fable
 That warned of wrath to come ;
 "No God," my heart would mutter,
 "No future weal, or doom !"

And yet my mother taught me,
 In tones so sweet and mild,