

THE DAWN OF TOMORROW

SIMON PETER

I tried to save Him—there was time to flee—
Had I not said, "Lord, I will die for Thee?"
The Garden could have hidden Him from sight,
The olive trees were close, and dark the night;
My sword had struck—it might have put to rout
The band of men and turned the traitor out!
For they were stunned, their lanterns moving slow,
I could have saved Him then, if He . . . but no . . .
He only stood and turned to me instead:
"Put up your sword into the sheath," He said . . .

Oh, why would He not take that moment's breath
To flee like any man from such a death?
Or why not strike them down! He had the power . . .
He moved like one toward an appointed hour
As though He waited for their threatening hand
To seize and bind Him—Cowards! Judas' band!

The palace yard was cold: I stood without,
So numb with fear and captive to my doubt;
Like gluttons clustered, ready for the feast
They held Him there, to mock before the priest,
I know not how I entered through the gate
And found the blazing fire and sat to wait
Among the servants huddling there, whose sport
Made echoes in the hallway of the court,
I know not how I came, I only knew
I could not save Him then, the Just, the True . . .

And suddenly: the finger of the maid
"I tell you I know not the Man," I said . . .

Three times I spoke—I, Peter (called the "Rock"),
And like a prophet's voice the crowing cock
Was shrill within my ears, I turned to see,
And it was then the Master looked on me . . .

I never shall forget the look He gave
I see it now before me, fastened grave
Upon my face: o condemnation there
But pity only, rising in a prayer . . .
A moment's look of deathless grace and love—
My Master whom I was not worthy of—

To walk with Him, to stand and dare to die,
It was not meant for such a one as I
Poor fumbling coward, wretched fugitive
With cursing tongue! Oh, God in heaven, forgive . . .

If I might but be washed by Him again,
These lying lips, this heart with blackened stain;
If I might but be cleansed, be purged complete
As when He humbly bent to wash my feet . . .

"My hands, my head!" I cried, and Lord, You knew
How feeble was my boasted love for You.

I have outridden many a furious gale
On Galilee, and watched the shredded sail
Go down before the wind, but always still

I found some thread of hope to spur my will;
Now, on this night—the darkest night of all—

There is no hope—no light—a brazen wall
Stands up between my soul and heaven's throne!

Our Lord is dead . . . and we are left alone
Like running sheep that scatter to the prey . . .

Our Shepherd hung upon a cross today.

Oh, that I might have hung with Him and died

Like yonder thief who turned in faith and cried,

"Remember me!" Oh, that I might have heard

The answer and the echo of each word:

"Father, forgive; they know not what they do . . ."

Lord, count me one within that circle, too . . .

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry, two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. Yesterday has passed forever beyond our control.

All the money in the world cannot bring back yesterday. We cannot undo a single act we performed; we cannot erase a single word we said. Yesterday is gone.

The other day we should not worry about is tomorrow with its possible adversaries, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance. Tomorrow is also beyond our immediate control.

Tomorrow's sun will rise, either in splendour or behind a mask of clouds—but it will rise. Until it does we have no stake in tomorrow, for it is yet unborn.

THE WEAVER

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me;
I may not choose the colors,
He knows what they should be;
For He can view the pattern
Upon the upper side,
While I can see it only
On this, the under side.

Sometimes He weaveth sorrow,
Which seemeth strange to me;
But I will trust His judgment,
And work on faithfully;
Tis He who fills the shuttle,
He knows just what is best,
So I shall weave in earnest
And leave with Him the rest.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why—
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.

—Unknown

This leaves only one day—today.
Any man can fight the battles of just one day. It is only when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow, that we break down.

It is not the experience of today that drives men mad—it is remorse or bitterness for something which happened yesterday and the dread of what tomorrow may bring.

HOW HE CAME

He did not go to the temple throng,
A risen, victorious King,
He did not seek those who sought His death,
His judgment on them to bring.

He came to those who had loved their Lord,
He came in a kindly way,
And a woman who wept for a master slain,
Beheld Him, at dawn of day!

He came to disciples filled with fear,
And showed them His hands and side,
He walked with two on a country road,
In the quiet of eventide.

A Guest He was in a humble home,
Where the housewife the meal had spread,
They knew their Lord by His wounded hands,
When He graciously broke the bread.

He waited, not in a kingly guise
On the shore of the Syrian sea,
To disciples wearied with fruitless toil,
A Helper again was He!

We know that He is the Lord of all,
His kingdom will have no end,
And we know He still is our comrade, too,
Our loving, our faithful Friend!

—Elsie Duncan Yale

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May the joys and happiness of the Easter Season be with you as you join men the world over in solemn worship of the glorious resurrection of our Lord, Jesus Christ. May His blessing and guidance be bestowed upon you.

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