



Today is mine
to make it what I wish—
All its sunny hours full of promise,
All its fleeting moments off'ring joy,
Time to eat and sleep, and time to play.
Today is mine!

These coins are mine
earned in honest toil.
Each one can buy me pleasure and diversion,
Provide for me the good things that life offers,
Buy happiness and comfort and contentment.
These coins are mine!

My life is mine,
a gift of love.
It offers hope of honour, glory, power, fame.
'Twill soon be o'er.
I must drink deeply while I can . . .
While life is mine.

Nay—
Today is God's —
I but a steward of its passing hours.
Its fleeting moments I must fill with necessary tasks.
These done, I would do service for the King.
Today is God's.

And coins
Life's needs will buy,
But not contentment or life's richest joys.
These come by giving,
So I give these coins
To Him.
This life of mine,
given me by God,
Shall be returned to Him
A living sacrifice—
Transformed—
Awaiting His return.

A Recipe For Friendship

A cup of wholesome humor
To make the chatting fun,
A cup of wisdom to digest
When all the talk is done;
A heaping teaspoon logic,
With a grain of spice,
A pinch of understanding
And reason to suffice;
A dash of human error,
and mixed until it's sought
That makes a worthy friendship
Substantial food for thought.

IN MEMORIAM

GIBSON—In loving memory of our dear sister, Ina E. Gibson, who passed away April 11, 1961.

Two long and lonely years have passed.
Since our great sorrow fell,
The shock that we received that evening.
Will always with us dwell.

Not a day do we forget you,
In our hearts you're always near,
And always a precious memory
Of the days when you were here.

Time goes on with many changes,
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
But your memory we will cherish
With the passing of the years.

No one knows the lonely heartaches
Only those who have lost can tell.
Of the grief that is borne in silence.
For the one we loved so well.

Swift and silent came your call,
Without good-bye you left us all.
No length of time can take away
Thoughts of you day by day.

In tears we saw you sinking
We watched you fade away.
Our hearts were almost broken,
When God called you home to stay.

Through we journey the pathway
that leads through the night,
And our feet may be weary and worn.
Every cloud will be lifted and all will be bright,
In the dawn of the golden morn.

Sadly missed and always remembered by sisters,
Florence, Jennie and Annie.

Tears In The Gloaming

Judson A. Sanders

Last night in the gloaming a little girl cried,
Her heart brimming over with pain;
Her Dad took a journey, and went far away,
And will not be coming again.

Tonight in the dusk she'll be grieving once more,
And will moisten her pillow with tears;
In her heart is a shadow, a void, and a loss,
And an ache that will last down the years.

The gold of a joy in the days that are past,
Is gone from the earth and the sky;
Up yonder each question is answered at last—
Down here we shall never know why.

Up yonder the Angels with wings snowy white,
Sing praises to God and His love;
The saints know no sorrow, no pain, and no tears,
Each one in his mansion above.

Look down from up yonder, Oh Saviour of Love—
Look down on a child in her need;
Speak peace to her heart in its sorrow and grief,
And comfort her spirit indeed.

Oh, give her contentment, and courage, and strength,
Down the years of a path still untrod;
And receive her at last when her journey is done,
Up there in the garden of God.

The King's Highway