

The Days Are Evil

By THOMAS A. DAVIS

The days are evil! Bent the world
With deadly fears and care;
Men look ahead, but only see
Their own dark shadows there.

The stars have faded one by one,
And heavier grows earth's load;
The smoking tapers of men's minds
Ill light the unknown road.

The careful strategy that meets
The crisis of today
Precipitates tomorrow's pain,
And more obscures the way.

All through the whirling universe
Is heard a cry of woe,
Yet with a fearful apathy
Men hear the death bell's toll.

Lord, make us, for Thy sake and ours,
And for their sakes who cry,
Know now the agony of earth,
And save the souls who die.

O, stir us in this awful hour!
Unclose our eyes that we
May see beyond the things that are
To things that are to be.

R.H. July 26 '51

Homes for the Pilgrims

By THOMAS A. DAVIS

There are homes for the pilgrims of earth,
There are robes for the righteous to wear,

There are crowns of bright glory above,
And palms of glad victory there.

All that puzzle us here, and perplex,
All the heartache, the sorrow, the pain,
Which God in His wisdom permits,
Will in His new world be made plain.

There the mysteries of grace will unfold,
And where now our poor minds only see
Confusion and pledges unkept,
We shall find beautiful harmony.

We shall then see that God's boundless love
Ordered those things which now try us
sore;

That He guided them all for our good,
And His name we'll exalt evermore.

R.H. July 14 '55

The Calvary Way

By THOMAS A. DAVIS

The head that wears no thorns shall wear
no crown.

For hands that lift no cross, no scepter's
found.

Only the one who, with the Saviour here,
Sighs for the sinner, shall His kingdom share.

The voice that cries no agony of woe,
No note will add to heaven's oratorio.

Only the man who, fastened to his tree,
Dies daily here, shall live eternally.

Rest waits for everyone who day by day
Toils with his Saviour up the Calvary way.

R.H. Sept. 8 '55