

The Judgment Seat

I stood far from the Judgment Seat,
Head bowed in bitter shame;
Within my head words echoed loud,
For I'd my self to blame.

I'd seen the King, and standing there,
Beheld His glorious face,
And just aside in joy supreme,
My friends, saints, saved by grace.

Engulfed in grief, alone, afraid,
My pleading all in vain,
The words reechoed louder now
And burned within my brain—

"Come now,"--and so I'd gone before
The One I'd longed to see;
Said angels, serving near the throne,
"The Master calleth thee."

To give account, what had I said?
"One reason," I was asked,
"Why I'd neglected things of God,
And hurrying, by them passed?"

I then recalled how oft I'd said,
"Oh dear, there is no time,
I'll do it--well, another day"--
And that had been my crime.

I answered not; dumb, full of guilt;
But Jesus knew and said,
"No time to do the things of God?
No time to bow thy head?"

"No time to kneel in daily prayer,
Or wait til Him you heard?
No time to pause and meditate
The riches of His Word?"

"No time to visit poor or sick;
No time to smile and give
The stranger in your gates a word
Of hope that he might live?"

Yet you had time for menial task,
And time to exercise
Your mental powers on common things,
Your home to supervise.

"You'd plenty time to read and talk
Of things which mattered not,
But things which mattered most to God,
You spurned--or just forgot!"

That was enough; I heard no more,
Though words continued long.
My talent lay neglected there;
To Him it did belong.

But I'd forgotten it was His
And thrust it on one side;
And now before the throne it lay,
My face then did I hide.

The saints remained there on His right,
Safe in the Saviour's cleft;
But I was thrust among the ones
Upon the Judge's left.

Those words which burned within my brain
Verdict on guilty crime:
"No place, no hope, no righteous crown:
For you I have no time."

"A dream," you say, yet, but how real,
And what relief to wake,
To find I still have unspent time
Ere Judgment morning break!

For me the Saviour, scourged and scorned,
Up Calv'ry's hill did climb,
What shall I say when He shall ask,
"How has thou spent thy time?"

Submitted by Sis. Claudette Kelly