

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 Savior'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 Savior, 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 Sister Claudette Kelly

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
While God is marching on.