

The coming of the Lord draweth nigh. James 5:8

When he came. . . he found nothing but leaves. Mark 11 :13

Out of this world I shall never take things of gold and silver I make.

All that I cherish and hoard away, after I leave, on this earth must stay.

Though I have toiled for a painting rare to hang on the wall, I must leave it there;

Though I call it mine, and boast its worth, I must give it up when I leave this earth.

All that I gather and all that I keep I must leave behind when I fall asleep;

And I often wonder what I shall own in that other life when I pass alone.

Shall the great Judge find when my task is through that my spirit has gathered some riches too?

Or shall at last be it mine to find that all I worked for I left behind?

*Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?*

*Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
When found at His own judgment seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves-Nothing but leaves?*

-Choice Gleanings

I sat and gazed in silence
At the azure sky overhead.
In the glory of that moment,
A simple prayer was said.
I thanked God for all the grandeur,
For His beauty everywhere,
I praised the Great Creator
As I sat in silent prayer.
I found an inspiration
And a peace within my soul,
I took the time to worship
And I felt myself made whole.

Lois Anne Williams
Photo: LochTay, Scotland



There was a young Scottish lad named Angus who decided to try life in Australia. He found an apartment in a small block and settled in. After a week or two, his mother called from Scotland to see how her son was doing in his new life. "I'm fine," Angus said, "But there are some very strange people living here in Australia. One woman cries all day long, another lies on her floor moaning, and there is a guy next door to me who bangs his head on the wall all the time." "Well, ma wee laddie," said his mother, "I suggest you don't associate with people like that." "Oh," says Angus, "I don't." No, I just stay inside ma apartment all day and night, playing ma bagpipes."

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

Psalm 8:3-4