

Songs of Long Ago

I've Been Working on de Railroad.
Oh I was bo'n in Mobile town.
I'm working on de railroad,
All day I roll de cotton down
While working on de railroad.

I've been working on de railroad
All de live long day,
I've been working on the railroad
To pass de time away.
Doan' yo' hvar de whistle blowin',
Rise up so early in de mawn,
Doan' yo' hvar de captain shoutin',
Dinah, blow yo' hawn!

I used to sing de levee song
While working on de railroad.
It made de day not half so long
While working on de railroad.

Oh how I loved da brown corn pone
While working on de railroad.
And licked de fat off dat ham bone
While working on de railroad.

When night time come I'd crawl to bed
While working on de railroad.
And some time wish dat I was dead
While working on de railroad.

Sent in by Maxson Wood, Gerome, Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

Hell-Bound Train.

A Texas cowboy lay down on a bar-room
floor,
Having drunk so much he could drink no
more;
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on a Hell-bound
train.

The engine with murderous blood was
damp
And was brilliantly lit with a brimstone
lamp.
An imp, for fuel, was shoveling bones,
While the furnace rang with a thousand
groans.

The boiler was filled with lager beer,
And the devil himself was the engineer.
The passengers were a most motley crew—
Church member, atheist, gentle and Jew.

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags,
Handsome young ladies, and withered old
hags,
Yellow and black men, red, brown and
white,
All chained together—O God, what a sight!

While the train rushed on at an awful
pace,
The sulphurous fumes scorched their hands
and face:
Wider and wider the country grew,
As faster and faster the engine flew.

Louder and louder the thunder crashed
And brighter and brighter the lightning
flashed:
Hotter and hotter the air became
Till the clothes were burnt from each
quivering frame.

And out of the distance there arose a yell,
Ha, ha, said the devil, "We're hearing
Hell!"
Then oh, how the passengers all shrieked
with pain
And begged the devil to stop the train.

But he capered about and danced for glee
And laughed and joked at their misery.
"My faithful friends, you have done the
work
And the devil never can a payday shirk.

"You've justice scorned, and corruption
sown,
And trampled the laws of nature down.
You have drunk, rioted, cheated, plun-
dered and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born
pride.

"You have paid full fare so I'll carry you
through,
For it's only right you should have your
due.

Why, the laborer always expects his hire,
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire.
"Where your flesh will waste in the flames
that roar.

And myimps torment you forever more."
Then the cowboy awoke with an ansuished
cry,
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair
standing hish.

Then he prayed as he never had prayed
till that hour,
To be saved from his sins and the demon's
power,
And his prayers and his vows were not
in vain,
For he never rode the hell-bound train.

Sent in by Dorothy Edson, Kingston,
Idaho.

Railroad Songs

Rocky Mountain Express.

I'm going back to the mountains
Through the fields of golden grain,
Where every scene that I pass
Brings me nearer at last
To the girl who'll change her name.
My dear old home, I know I'll soon be
in it
For this train is goin' a mile a minute.
Oh, what a treat!
Everybody will be there to greet
The Rocky Mountain express.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

Wabash Cannonball,
From the rocky-bound Atlantic
To the wild Pacific shore,
From the coast of Maryland
To the ice-bound Labrador,
There is a train of majestic splendor,
It's quite well known to all—
It's the modern accommodation
Called the Wabash Cannonball.
Great cities of importance
We reach upon our way,
Chicago and St. Louis,
Rock Island—so they say;
Springfield and Decatur,
Peoria—above all.
We reach them by no other
But the Wabash Cannonball.
This train runs to Quincy,
Monroe and Mexico;
She runs to Kansas City,
And she is never running slow;
She runs right into Denver,
And makes an awful squall;
When one sees the sign, says:
"Welcome, for the Wabash Cannonball."
There are other cities, pardner,
That you can easily see—
St. Paul and Minneapolis,
And the famous Albert Lea.
The lake of Minnehaha,
Where the laughing waters fall,
We reach them by no other
But the Wabash Cannonball.
We hear the merry jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she dashes through the woodland
And comes creeping on the shore.
We hear the engine's whistle
And the merry hobo's call.
As we ride the rods and brake-beams
On the Wabash Cannonball,
Now here's to long Slim Perkins,
May his name forever stand;
He'll be honored and respected
By the hoes through the land.
And when his days are over
And the curtains round him fall,
We'll ship him off to Mcifer
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Hobo Bill's Last Ride.

Riding an east-bound freight train,
Speeding east through the night
Hobo Bill, a railroad bum
Was fighting for his life.

The sadness of him even exercised
The torture of his soul.
He raised a weak and weary hand
To drive away the cold.
Hobo Bill.

Then he heard a whistle blowing
In a dreamy sort of way,
The hobo seemed contented
For he smiled there where he lay
Hobo Bill.

It was early in the morning
When they raised the hobo's head,
The smile still lingered on his face,
But Hobo Bill was dead.

There was no mother's longing
To soothe his weary soul
For he was just a railroad bum
Who died out in the cold.

Songs of Long Ago

Altoona Freight Wreck.

She just left the point of Ketanning,
The freight No. 1262,
And on down the mountain she traveled
And brave were the men in her crew.

The engineer pulled at the whistle
For the brakes wouldn't work when
applied,
And the brakeman climbed out on the
car top
For he knew what that whistle had cried.

With all the strength that God gave him
He tightened his brakes with a prayer,
But the train kept right on down the
mountain
And her whistle was piercing the air.

She traveled at sixty an hour,
Gaining speed every foot of the way,
And then with a crash it was over,
And there on the track the freight lay.

It's not the amount of the damage
Or the value of what it all cost,
But it is the sad tale that came from the
cabin
Where the lives of two brave men were
lost.

They were found at their posts in the
wreckage,
They died when the engine fell;
The engineer still held to the whistle
And the fireman still clung to the bell.

This story is told of a freight train
And should be a warning to all,
You must be prepared every moment
For you can not tell when he'll call.

Sent in by Daisy France, Clarkston,
Wash.

Songs of Other Days

Only a Tramp.

I am a broken-down man, without money
or credit.
My clothes are all tattered and torn;
Not a friend have I got in this cold,
dreary world.
I wish I had never been born.
In vain do I seek for employment,
Sleeping out on the ground, cold and
damp;
I am stared in the face by starvation,
Oh, pity the fate of a tramp.

CHORUS.

They tell me to work for my living,
And not through the country to scamp;
And yet, when I ask for employment,
They tell me I am only a tramp.

The rich man at home, by his bright,
cheery fireside,
With plenty so tempting restored,
Would oftimes refuse me, and sneer with
contempt
When I asked for the crumbs from the
board.

And yet, with the craving with hunger,
With a loaf I have dared to decamp,
They would have once set their dogs loose
upon me,
Because I am only a tramp.

But the day yet will come when the rich
man and I
Will be laid beneath each other's earth.
His joys and my sorrows will then be for-
got,
Then I hope better day we'll agree;
But, my friend, I must have you remember
That every poor man's not a scamp.
For there is many a true heart still beat-
ing
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.

Songs of Long Ago

The Engineer's Child.

A little child on a sick bed lay
And death was very near.
The parents' pride and only child
Of a railroad engineer.
His duty called him from those he loved
And the home whose light was dimmed.
As the tears he shed to his wife he said,
"I will leave two lanterns trimmed.

CHORUS.

"Just leave a light in the window tonight
And turn it high so it can be seen.
If our baby's dead, then show the red.
If she's better, show the green."

In a little house by a railroad side
A mother with watchful eye
Saw a gleam of hope and a feeble smile
As the train went rushing by.
Just one short look was his only chance
To see the light gleam.
In the midnight air there rose a prayer,
"Thank God," the light was green.

Songs of Long Ago

"I'm Going to Ride to Heaven on a Streamline Train."

Well, everything's a-changin'
As the days go rolling by.
I believe I'm getting old.
I believe I'm soon to die.
Always ridin' box cars,
Forever on the roam.
Wherever I hang my hat
To me is home, sweet home.

CHORUS:

Oh, I'm goin' to ride to heaven
On a streamline train.
Oh, I'm goin' to crawl aboard her
Whether sunshine or rain.
Four and three are seven,
Six and five are eleven.
I'm going to ride to heaven
On a streamline train.

Now I'm kinda watchin'
All the new designs,
Trains that look like bullets
Sure do suit me fine.
I'm goin' to crawl aboard her
When she heads out for home.
I'm goin' to ride to heaven
On a streamline train.

I met a man named Jolson
Who's goin' to ride a mule,
And all the folks who know him,
He's a regular singin' fool.
Well, I ain't takin' chances,
I've everything to gain.
I'm goin' to ride to heaven
On a streamline train.

There'll be no caps to bother,
There'll be no fires to stoke.
If you don't like my shootin'
You don't have to smell my smoke.
'Cause I'm sittin' pretty, boys,
I'm on my trail to fame.
I'm goin' to ride to heaven
On a streamline train.

I'll bet when old St. Peter
Gazes up on the trail
He'll pull his long white whiskers
And start a-growin' pale.
He'll brush the cobwebs from his eyes
And wonder if he's sane
When he sees me a-comin'
On a streamline train.

I'll grant me fair admittance
I'll take his shaky hand.
He'll say, "I think you'll like it, boy,
The weather here is grand."
I'll ask him, "How's the bummin'?"
Says he, "You can't complain."
I'm glad I rode to heaven
On a streamline train.

We started on through heaven,
Oh, what a gorgeous place,
And not a soul a-workin',
No need to wash my face.
'Twas then I spied the devil
A-standin' by the gate
A-waitin' for some victim
Who would surely meet his fate.

He kinda looked me over,
A scowl came over his face,
"By cracky, I've no room
For sinners in my place."
It will make me lose my business,
They'll bind me up in chains,
When people ride to heaven
On streamline trains."

I hears a feller a-yodelin'
Way down there below,
Says he, "That's where the crooners
And yodelers go."
I said I felt contented
And didn't care for same,
Altho I rode to heaven
On a streamline train.

Sent in by Jean Johnson, Troy, Idaho;
Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah, Idaho.

In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town.

I'm up in the world, but I'd give the world
To be where I used to be.
A heavenly nest where I rest the best
Means more than the world to me.

CHORUS.

It's only a shanty in old shanty town.
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground.
But my tumbled-down shack
By an old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion is calling
Me back.

I'd give up a palace if I were a king;
It's more than a palace, it's my every-
thing.

There's a queen waiting there with a sil-
very crown,
In a shanty in old shanty town.

Songs of Long Ago

The Yodeling Hobo.

Tramping down the highway,
Traveling day and night,
I don't know where I'm going
But I'll get there all right.
I have no one to care for me,
I have no place to go.
Everybody knows I'm just a Yodeling Hobo.

CHORUS.

I-lee-a-lady, he he!
I-lee-a-lady, he he!
De-yo-del-lady
He-de-yo-del-lady,
He-de-yo-lady-he.

I've been all 'round the country,
Been 'round most everywhere.
I love the dear old sunny south,
I love the Texas air
Away out where the men are men
Down in old El Paso.
That is where they call me a Yodeling
Hobo.

All my life I've traveled,
I'm Alabama bound,
And I'm always happy
In a city or one-horse town.
I started out roaming,
I had no place to go.
Now I have turned out to be a Yodeling
Hobo.

Now you've heard my story,
So I'll be on my way,
I hear a Frisco freight train
And it's calling me.
And when the sun sinks in the west
In that dark blue sky,
Just say that I'm a hobo
And will be till I die.
Sent in by Howard Prouty, Metaline
Falls, Wash.; Hazel Groom, Spokane.

Songs of Long Ago

The New River Train.

I am leaving on that New River train.
I am leaving on that New River train.
The same old train that brought me here
Is soon going to carry me away.

Darling, you can't love but one.
My darling, you can't love but one.
You can't love but one, and have any fun.
My darling, you can't love but one.

My darling, you can't love two.
My darling, you can't love two.
You can't love two, and your little heart
be true.

My darling you can't love two.

My darling, you can't love three.
My darling, you can't love three.
You can't love three and then love me.
My darling, you can't love three.

My darling, you can't love four.
My darling, you can't love four.
You can't love four and love me any more.
My darling, you can't love four.

My darling, you can't love five.
My darling, you can't love five.
You can't love five and get honey from
my beehive.

My darling, you can't love five.
My darling, you can't love five.
You can't love five and get honey from
my beehive.

My darling, you can't love six.
My darling, you can't love six.
You can't love six, that kind of love won't
mix.

My darling, you can't love six.
My darling, remember what you said.
My darling, remember what you said.
Remember that you said you'd rather be
dead.

Than to see me on that New River train.
Sent in by Mrs. W. E. Singer, R. F. D.
3, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

The East-Bound Train.

The east-bound train was crowded
One cold December day.
The conductor shouted, "Tickets!"
In his old-fashioned way.

A little girl sat in sadness,
Her hair was bright as gold.
She said, "I have no ticket."
And then her story told.

"My father is in prison.
He's lost his sight, they say.
I'm going for his pardon
This cold December day.

"My mother's daily sewing
To try to earn our bread
And my poor old blind father
Is in prison almost dead."
"My brother and my sister
Would both be very glad
If I could only bring back
My poor old blind dad."

The conductor could not answer,
He could not make reply.
His shaking rough hand wiping
The teardrops from his eye.

He said, "God bless you, little one,
Just stay right where you are.
You'll never need a ticket
While I am on this car."

The Runaway Train.

'Twas in the year of eighty-nine
On that old Chicago line
When the winter wind was blowin' shrill.
The rails were froze, the wheels were cold
Then the air brakes wouldn't hold
And number nine came roarin' down the
hill, oh!

CHORUS.

The runaway train came down the track.
And she blew, she blew;
The runaway train came down the track.
And she blew, she blew.
The runaway train came down the track,
Her whistle wide and her throttle back,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

Extra choruses.

The engineer said the train must halt.
And she blew, she blew;
The engineer said the train must halt.
And she blew, she blew;
The engineer said the train must halt.
He said it was all the fireman's fault,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

The fireman said he rang the bell,
And she blew, she blew;
The fireman said he rang the bell,
And she blew, she blew;
The fireman said he rang the bell,
The engineer said, "you did, like fun,"
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

The porter got an awful fright,
And she blew, she blew;
The porter got an awful fright,
And she blew, she blew;
The porter got an awful fright,
He got so scared that he turned white,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

A mule was standing in the way,
And she blew, she blew;
A mule was standing in the way,
And she blew, she blew;
A mule was standing in the way,
And all they found was just his bray,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

A drummer sat in the parlor car,
And she blew, she blew;
A drummer sat in the parlor car,
And she blew, she blew;
A drummer sat in the parlor car,
And he nearly swallowed a fat cigar,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

The conductor said there'd be a wreck,
And she blew, she blew;
The conductor said there'd be a wreck,
And she blew, she blew;
The conductor said there'd be a wreck,
And he felt the chills run up his neck,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

The runaway train went over the hill.
And she blew, she blew;
The runaway train went over the hill.
And she blew, she blew;
The runaway train went over the hill,
And the last we heard she was going still,
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, blew.

Songs of Long Ago

The Old Churchyard.

Oh, come, come with me to the old churchyard,
I well know the path to the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard;
We'll trace out their names in the old churchyard.
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Weep not for them for they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old churchyard.

We know it seems hard when our friends depart,
To breathe the kind words to the broken heart;
We know that the joys of life seem marred
When we follow our friends to the old churchyard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends for me,
I'm wayworn and sad, oh, why retard
The rest that I seek in the old churchyard.

Our friends linger there in sweetest repose
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes;
And who would not rest with the friends they regard
In quietude sweet in the old churchyard;
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from that prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice and the trump of the Lord
Shall awaken the dead in the old churchyard.

Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go
To that haven of rest, where the tears never flow,
I fear not to enter the dark lonely ward,
For soon I shall rise from the old churchyard.
Yes, soon I shall join that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;
Forever to dwell in the mansions prepared
For the saints who shall rise from the old churchyard.
Sent in by Jennie S. Crowder, Spokane.

O Sing to Me of Heaven.

O sing to me of heav'n,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs, sing songs,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high,
To waft my soul on high,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth, burst forth,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heav'n begin below,
Let heav'n begin below,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heav'n begin below.

When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face
And catch, and catch,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays
Which o'er each feature plays,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ears
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music, let music,
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heav'n,
And greet me first in heav'n,
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heav'n.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

Blessed Assurance.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine,
Heir to salvation, purchased of God,
Born of his spirit, washed in his blood.

CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song;
Praising my savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
In my savior, am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Songs of Long Ago

"Dwelling in Beulah Land."

Far away the noise of strife upon by ear
Is falling,
Then I know the sins of earth beset on
Every hand;
Doubt and fear and things of earth in
Vain to me are calling,
None of these shall move me from Beulah land.

CHORUS.

I'm Hving on the mountain underneath a
cloudless sky,
I'm drinking at the fountain that never
shall run dry;
Oh, yes! I'm feasting on the manna from
a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling in Beulah land.

Far below the storm of doubt upon the
world is beating,
Sons of men in battle long the enemy

Tell Me, My Saviour.

(Tune of How Can I Leave Thee?)

Tell me, my saviour,
How can I grow like thee;
Teach me thy child to be,
Taught from above,
Help me thy smile to win,
Keep me safe folded in,
Lest I to roving sin
Far from thy love.

Seek me, my saviour,
For I have lost my way,
I will thy voice obey,
Speak to me here,
Help me to find the safe,
Where all thy chosen wait,
Ere it shall be too late,
Oh, call me near.

Show me, my saviour,
Where thou dost feed thy flock,
Safely beside the rock,
Cool in the shade,
Let me not be as one
Roving aside, alone,
Left when thy feet have gone,
Where I have strayed.

Sent in by Ed Sickels, Spokane.

Songs of Other Days

Pictures From Life's Other Side.

In this world's mighty galleries of pictures
Hang the scenes that are painted from
Life.
The pictures of love and of passion,
The pictures of peace and of strife,
The pictures of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young bride,
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of
all
Are the pictures from life's other side.

CHORUS.

'Tis a picture of life's other side,
Of some one who fell by the way,
A life has gone out with the tide
That may have been happy some day,
Some poor old mother at home,
Waiting and watching alone,
Longing to hear from the loved ones who
roam,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The first is the scene of a rambler
Who has lost all his money at play,
Draws his dead mother's ring from his
finger.

She wore it on her wedding day,
His last earthly treasure, he stakes it,
Bows his head that his shame he might
hide,
When they lifted his head, they found he
was dead,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The next is the scene of two brothers,
Whose paths in life's different ways
lead.

The one was in luxury living,
The other begged for his bread,
One dark night they meet on the high-
way.

"Your money or life," the thief cried,
And took with his knife, his own brother's
life,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The last is a scene by a river
Of a heart-broken mother and babe,
On the cold river bank stands and shivers
An outcast whom no one can save,
She may have been once a true woman
Who was somebody's darling and pride,
God help her, she leaps. There is no one
who weeps,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

Beyond.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the be-
yond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown
to be
The home of those of whom I am so
fond.
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant coun-
tries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I almost think I see the gleaming strand,
I know I feel those who have gone from
here
Come near enough to sometimes touch
my hand,
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right round about
us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
When, from this dear earth, I shall
journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed
about.

I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I
know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well loved
face,
But that I think, one more to welcome me
When I have crossed the intervening
space
Between this world and that one over
there,
One more to make the strange beyond
seem fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath
And white set face, a little strip of sea
To find our loved ones waiting on the
shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

The Little Old Church in the Valley.

My memory has painted a picture for me
In colors of silver and blue,
And framed in the gold of dear "used-to-
be."
I see the old church that I knew.

CHORUS.

In the little old church in the valley,
Where I first learned of sorrow and joy;
I can see mother there,
With her head bowed in prayer,
As she prays for her wandering boy,
It was there that I first met my Sally,
Like an angel on earth, so it seems,
When she sang sweet and low,
In the long, long ago,
In the little old church of my dreams.

The old friendly faces are near to me now,
The same old sweet songs greet my ears,
The parson is praying, the heads gently
bow,
And slowly my eyes fill with tears.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Ka-
sato, Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

(Paul and Florence.)
What are the wild waves saying, sister,
The whole day long,
That ever amid our playing
I hear but their low lone song.
Not by the seaside only
There it sounds wild and free,
But at night when it's dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me.

Brother, I hear no singing,
'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave.
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
Or the wind from some distant quarter
Mingling with its roar.
No, no, no, it is something greater
That speaks to the heart alone,
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone.

Yes, but the waves seem ever
Singing the same sad theme
And vain is my weak endeavor
To guess what their surses mean.
What is that voice repeating
Ever by night or day,
Is it a friendly greeting
Or a warning that calls away?

Brother, the inland mountain
Has it not sight nor sound,
Speaks not the dripping fountain
As it bedews the ground?
Even by the household ingle,
Curtained and closed and warm,
Do not our voices mingle
With those of the distant storm?

Yes, yes, yes, There is something greater
That speaks to the heart alone,
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone.

Sent in by June B. Miller, Hope, Idaho.

THE LAYMAN

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Leave it to the ministers, and soon the church will die,
Leave it to the women-folk—the young will pass it by.
For the church is all that lifts us from the coarse and selfish mob,
And the church that is to prosper needs the layman on the job.

Now a layman has his business, and a layman has his joys,
But he also has the training of his little girls and boys;
And I wonder how he'd like it if there were no churches here,
And he had to raise his children in a Godless atmosphere?

It's the church's special function to uphold the finer things,
To teach that way of living from which all that's noble springs;
But the minister can't do it, single-handed and alone,
For the laymen of the country are the church's cornerstone.

When you see a church that's empty, though its doors are opened wide,
It is not the church that's dying. It's the laymen who have died;
For it's not by song or sermon that the church's work is done,
It's the laymen of the country who for God must carry on.

—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Songs of Long Ago

The Skeptic's Daughter.

On the banks of Rosedale's water,
Where the blooming flowers smiled,
Lived a pure and lovely daughter,
A rich skeptic's only child,
Crowned with knowledge, health and
beauty.
Learned in all her classic lore,
And for virtue, love and duty,
She was queen of Rosedale's shore.

Famed for genius, sense and wisdom.
She became her parents' pride;
When she gained the skeptic's system,
She was almost defied.
Far and wide they saw her power
Over all disputants rise;
And her genius seemed to tower,
Like a goddess in their eyes.

A large meeting was progressing
Near her father's flowery grove,
Where poor sinners were professing
All the bliss of Christian love.
"Father, let me show the Bible
To this poor illiterate clan;
That it's nothing but a libel
On the character of man."

"Go, my daughter, you are able
To destroy their Sabbath theme;
Go and prove their book a fable,
And their doctrine all a dream."
Dressed in all her pride and glory,
She went forth to join the throng
Where she heard the gospel story
Both in sermon and in song.

Soon a thrill of deep conviction
Seized upon her slumbering soul,
Filled her heart with an affliction
That her mind could not control.
Calmly rose she without falter,
All her follies bade farewell,
And came in before the altar,
Where in humble prayer she fell.

Casting all her care on Heaven,
Every prayer went to the throne,
Till her sins were all forgiven,
And the Savior was her own.
Then she hastened to her father
To inform him of God's love,
And to tell her aged mother,
There's a better world above.

"Well, my daughter, it's reported
You have joined that ignorant horde
To their doctrine been converted,
All against your father's word."
"O, dear father, show me favor,
I've not joined that ignorant horde,
But I've found the blessed Savior,
Who is Christ, the righteous Lord.

"Well, my daughter, your behavior
Seals your doom without delay;
You must either leave your Savior
Or your father's house today."
"O, dear father, I will love you,
Though you drive me from your door;
None on earth I'll place before you,
But I love my Savior more."

"Then be gone from me forever;
I will see your face no more;
All your kindred ties you sever,
When you leave your father's door."
"Only let me have your favor,
And I'll be your willing slave;
But I can not yield my Savior
No, I'd rather choose the grave."

"There's your likeness, clothes and purses,
Take them, and at once depart,
For your prayers seem more like curses,
On my wounded, broken heart."
"Goodby, father, will you greet me
Where the happy millions dwell?
Here is my hand; oh, will you meet me
Where we'll no more say farewell?"

"My dear mother, I have often
Thought of riches, pride and wealth,
But I'm now an outcast orphan
With no home or friends on earth.
Though my father and my mother
Drive me homeless from their door,
I've a friend more dear than brother,
Who will keep me evermore."

Leaving mansion, field and fountains
From the scene she turned away,
Up the wild and rocky mountains,
Where her path in twilight lay,
To the bright and distant sago
Slowly journeyed she along;
While her voice in lonely echo
Filled the valley with her song.

Roseate evening, mild and gentle,
In sweet zephyrs fanned the moor;
And the night had spread her mantle,
As the skeptic left his door.
"O, dear Mary, come and listen
To the lovely sound I hear,
Oh, come quickly; how my system
Feels a weight I can not bear!"

The wife came on the veranda,
Where she heard the notes abroad,
"O, my husband, it's Amanda,
In sweet converse with her God,
Hear it, through the starry region,
How its heavenly anthems rise!
O, dear husband, her religion
Is the doctrine of the skies."

But these words were scarcely spoken,
Ere she sank in anguish wild;
And the father's heart was broken,
As he fled toward his child.
Up the mountain, dark and lonesome,
Guided by her lovely song,
Clasped his daughter to his bosom,
"O, my child, forgive this wrong."

"Oh, come home and save your father,
'Tis your prayers that let him live;
Come, my child, embrace your mother,
And our wretched hearts forgive."
"Yes, my parents, I'll go to you,
And we'll join the heavenly theme,
Singing glory hallelulah,
To our Savior's glorious name!"

Shouting glory to her Savior,
She returned in heavenly love;
Where her parents soon found favor
In the joys of heaven above.
They, with all their sins forgiven,
Went rejoicing on their way
To their home high up in heaven
In the realm of endless day.

Sent in by Hazel Redmond, Spokane.