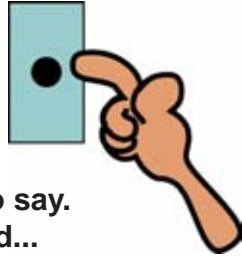


## A Visit

One day I rang a doorbell  
In a casual sort of way,  
'Twas not a formal visit  
And there wasn't much to say.  
I don't remember what I said...  
It matters not I guess...  
I found a heart in hunger,  
A soul in deep distress.  
He said I came from Heaven,  
And I often wonder why;  
He said I came to see him  
When no other help was nigh.  
It meant so little to me  
To knock at a stranger's door  
But it meant Heaven to him  
And God's peace forevermore.  
...E.J.Morgai



## Just A Few Words

Just a few words, but they brightened  
A life that was clouded with care,  
And strengthened a spirit discouraged  
And close to the verge of despair.  
And faith to go hopefully onward  
Sprang up where their tenderness fell -  
Just a few words, but how potent  
For comfort or blessing their spell!

Just a few words, but they blighted  
And blackened a name as a frost,  
And stung unto madness a spirit  
That hung on the brink of the lost;  
Hung trembling with pitiful longings  
To turn from the valley of shame -  
Just a few words, but they weighted  
The balance. And whose was the blame?

The one who had shifted the burden  
From shoulders that shrug from the load  
Spoke also the light words of scoffing  
That proved the poor halting one's goad.  
The speaker went carelessly onward,  
Nor reckoned of the deeds that were done;  
Nor thought of the lilies or thistles  
To spring from the seeds idly sown.

by Helen Watts-McVey

## The Soul Winner's Prayer

Oh, give me, Lord, Thy love for souls,  
For lost and wand'ring sheep,  
That I may see the multitudes  
And weep as Thou didst weep.  
Help me to see the tragic plight  
Of souls far off in sin:  
Help me to love, to pray, and go  
To bring the wand'ring in.  
From off the altar of Thy heart  
Take Thou some flaming coals,  
Then touch my life and give me, Lord,  
A heart that's hot for souls.  
O Fire of Love, O Flame Divine,  
Make Thy adode in me;  
Burn in my heart, burn evermore,  
Till I burn out for Thee.



-- Eugene M. Harrison

## Yet There Is Room

Ten thousand thousand souls there are  
enter'd in the door;  
These countless souls are gather'd in  
and yet there's room for more.

Room for the lame, the halt, the blind;  
Friend, there's room for thee;  
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls  
By dying on the tree.

Room for the feeble and the faint,  
The helpless and the poor,  
Who wait and hope, and watch and cry,  
at Mercy's door.

Room for the chief of sinners still,  
Though plagued with unbelief;  
That precious Christ can save thy soul,  
He saved the dying thief.

There's room for seeking, sighing souls  
Who seek their fears to quell;  
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,  
Can save a soul from Hell.

