

SWEETER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY
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When we pass the annual mile stone
We should'nt dote on growing old,
We should'nt mind the passing years
Nor silver threads among the gold.
We should,nt worry, fret, nor fear,-
With our faith and hopes real high;
Just grow stronger, greater, sweeter,-
Sweeter as the years roll by.

*

Always cast a little sunbeam,-
Acting cheery all the while,
For it helps the other fellow
When we greet him with a smile.
Keep our hearts o'er flown with lovelight;
Never grumble, never sigh.
Keep a growing greater, sweeter,
Sweeter as the years roll by.

*

If we live on stronger, greater,-
We should love with all our might!-
Learn to keep that "New Commandment",
It will keep us to the right.
Have that love for one another
Like the One Who's always nigh,-
We'll grow stronger, greater, sweeter,-
Sweeter as the years roll by.

*

If we love as did that Master,
We'll grow younger more and more,
We'll have life that is abundant,
That great life God has in store
For the learn'ed ones so noble
Who will never!- never die;
Who are growing greater, sweeter,
Sweeter as the years roll by.

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(By William Charles Williams)
(In Nature's Book of Life)

Dedicated to Dr. Frank B. Robinson-
for his bright sunbeam, and
' and smilin' through at me".

W.C.W.

X - POET'S SOLILOQUY

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We are here because we are here,
And we often wonder why?
As we gaze upon the beauties
Of a blue and star-lit sky.
Yes;- we ponder, and we wonder
At this grand old Universe
While we're bearing all our troubles,-
Then we say:- it might be worse.

*

If we stop,- and look, and listen,
And we try to think aright
We will see why tricks and trials
Are just haunting day and night.
When we know from whence man cometh,
And just what his status be,-
We will know that naught but goodness
Has been made for you and me.

*

We think the devil has power,-
And we still have faith in God;
We have fear, and superstition,
And our prayers a mere fraud.
We 've hopes of going to Heaven
When we leave this "world of pain",
Still fearing possibilities
Of that other place to gain.

*

Let us stop,- and think, and reason
That if God is All in All,-
All Law,- All Good and Infinite,
Always hears His children call!
Why not forsake this "phantom power"
Which seems to torment us well,-
Keep trusting God,- and serving man,
And let Satan go to hell.

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By William Charles Williams)
(In Nature's Book of Life)
(February 1930)

THE POWER OF GOD
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The Power of God brings deliverance
To captives of sickness and sin;
The Power of God brings deliverance,-
And cleanses without and within.
The poor and needy He visits,
The lonely:- He gives them more life;
The Power of God is Almighty,
Destroying all discord and strife.

*

The Power of God rules the ocean,
The earth, and all that's there on,
The stars, and the sun, and all planets,
It's the Power that man leans upon
When trusting the Law of his Maker
And serving his brother so true,
Man leaves all his trials and battles
For the Power of God to subdue.

*

Man casts his old forms to oblivion
In changing his thinking and ways,
He walks with his Lord in the garden
And is monarch of all he surveys.
The Power of God is harmonious,
The Love that inspires each day,
The Light that illumines our pathway
Selecting, and leading the way.

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(By William Charles Williams,
August 17- 1930-
(In Nature's Book of Life)

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THE BEAUTY OF AUTUMN

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As I gaze on the far horizon,
The infinite blue of the sky,
The haze in the evening reminds me
Of the grandeur of God that is nigh.
I whispered a song in the twilight
While listening to the rustling leaves,
The tan, and the red and the yellow
Which adorned my favorite trees.

*

The harvest is o'er,- it is Autumn;
The cornfield is ripe with rich hue,
The crickets are silent:- oh bless them,
Their song in my memory rings true.
The Autumn now smiles in its splendor,
There's harmony mixed with its gloom,
We've joy,- though we miss the sweet flowers
That are frosted and gone to their doom.

*

I cherish the thoughts of the Autumn,
Its grandeur,- its jolly and mirth;
The colorful month of October,-
Sweet memories:- the month of my birth.
I'll cherish grand Autumn forever,
I shall love each day of the fall
For it followed a beautiful summer
That's painted on memory's wall.

*

Oh Autumn indeed makes me ripen
With thoughts of the beauty I see,
The seasons proclaim One Great Spirit,
And the Love of "The Powers that be".
Oh hail to the Maker of beauty
That fashioned:- created man's soul,
Oh God let me ripen in learning,
For I know Thou art Lord of the whole.

*

Creator of seasons and beauty,
Creator of planet and star,
Of love and of life everlasting
That drew me to Thee from afar;
Permit me:- see more of Thy Splendor,
Permit me to tarry the while
And christen myself with Thy Wisdom,
And bathe in the Light of Thy smile.

*

Permit me to render a service,
That will cheer and gladden a heart,
Permit me to tell of Thy Power
That fear and doubt cannot thwart.
Oh permit my Autumn of beauty
To glisten with pearls of Thy truth,
And bless all the searchers of Wisdom
With Thy free everlasting youth.

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*Appended
in May*