



The Teacher and His Register

*"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament;
and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."
Daniel 12:3*

SEATED tonight by the warm fireside,
With my "Register" on my knee,
I scan the names of the little bank
That my Lord has given to me,
To point the way to the blood-stained cross,
And to guide by a tender hand,
In the way that leads to the golden gate
And the joys of the heavenly land.

It seems but a very humble trust
And a work of low degree,
But it may be all that the Lord sees fit
To commit or entrust to me;
He must know that my strength is very small
And appoint the burden so,
He may see that my pride of heart is so great
That I need to be kept "low".

And yet, what a joy it would be to see
The names I have here tonight,
In the "Book of Life" all shining fair,
In letters of heavenly light;
And to hear them answer, "Present" all
When the "Register's" called above;
None "Absent" there, in that circle fair
In the Father's Home of love.

O Master, before Thy throne I kneel,
And I do most humbly pray,
As I spread these names before Thy face
That, in Thine own time and way,
Thou wilt cause Thy Gospel's quickening power
To reach their every heart;
That, saved and sealed, they may live with Thee
For ever where Thou art.