

**LIFE AND TRUTH; ALSO
A SCRIPTURE CHART,
LIFE OR DEATH**

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Life and truth; also a Scripture chart, Life or death by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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LIFE AND TRUTH;

ALSO

A Scripture Chart,

LIFE OR DEATH.



"CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE."

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, BUT THE GIFT OF
GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE."



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1881.

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INSTRUCTIONS.



A SINGLE glance will shew to every man
His true position in the sight of God.
A good or bad tree yields the special fruit,
By which 'tis known ; search then your character.
Are you unsaved ? with evil tendencies,
Condemned of conscience, and a guilty heart ?
Consider, God is greater, and knows all ;
And will by no means clear the guilty ones.
For them remains a fearful day of wrath,
Of horror, darkness, and the second death.
But some rejoice : have passed from death to life,
Have washed their robes in blood, and made them wh
To them remains no condemnation : they
Abound in every Christ-like work of grace,
Shall hear with rapture their Redeemer's voice,—
“Come hither, blessed of my Father, come !
Inherit heavenly joys prepared for you.”
Remember though, vice draws down souls to death—
Away from God ; that virtues cannot win
Eternal bliss ; for see, the diagram
Shews many beauteous characters unsaved ;
And God Himself has fixed these boundaries.
“By deeds of law shall none be justified ;”

INSTRUCTIONS.

"He that hath Christ," He saith, "alone hath life;"
"The wicked shall be cast down into hell,
With all the nations that forget their God."
Yet God delights not in a sinner's death,
The Gospel trumpet still proclaims, "There's room!"
As long as life's frail, flickering flame shall burn,
The vilest wretch who breathes may still return.
Let him but cast himself as one undone,
In faith, before the cross, and Heaven is won.
The promise runs—to "Whosoever will
But stoop and drink, shall flow the sacred rill."
And further, Jesus, to quell ev'ry doubt,
Cries, "No one coming shall be e'er cast out!"



LIFE AND TRUTH.

— 101 —

THE object of this little work is to attract forcibly the attention of the young to the importance of religion through the uncertainty of life.

To explain some of the difficulties in doctrine.

To answer objections and doubts.

To confirm the Christian in his most holy faith.

A peculiar style has been selected, in order to create interest, and ensure serious reflections.



LIFE AND TRUTH.



“In the midst of life, we are in death.”

YES, I was spared, when in that awful night
So many souls were called to meet their doom,
Some well prepared, filled with a holy faith,
Trusting and resting, in the precious blood
Of Him, who died to rescue them from hell :
Whilst others, careless, in a moment passed
Into the presence of their angry Judge.
To all came suddenly the fearful cry,
“Come forth, ye mortals, and approach your God.”
The day was bright, was beautiful, and calm ;
All hearts were happy, and the fresh'ning breeze
Seemed to impart new life to every face.
The mother, with her smiling babe in arms,
And older children clust'ring at her side,
Watched with delight the busy scenes of life—
The varied labours by the river's side.
A day like *this*, a day of rest, and joy,
Was bliss to think upon, for weeks before :

And now, the little prattling ones, o'erpowered
With so much novelty, and so much life,
Dance in an ecstasy of full delight.
Yonder, another group of tender girls—
Teacher and pupils of a Sunday School—
Rejoice in this, their summer holiday.
On other side, enveloped in her wraps,
(Although the day is genial and warm,)
Reclines the pale young invalid ; the wife
Of yonder clergyman, whose anxious face
Tells of the sorrow which afflicts his heart :
The loving partner of his fondest hopes
Is with'ring, like a rosebud, in his grasp.
He knows that Heaven has claimed *her* for its own,
Yet dreams not of the pure ecstatic joy
Which waits him—that without a parting here
He, with the priceless treasure of his heart,
Shall glide into the haven of the bless'd.
See, with what tender care he watches o'er
Her ev'ry look, drinks in each whispered word !
The boat is full to-day, the glorious morn
Of radiant sunshine, after days of storm,
Has tempted many to old Father Thames,
And makes the excursion one of hearty joy.
The day has passed without a single shower :
And now, returning as the night draws on,
The harp and fiddle strike a lively tune ;
Whilst some light-hearted ones, so full of mirth,
Burst forth in snatches of delighted song,
As others trip it lightly o'er the deck,

Without a thought of danger, or of grief.
But, hark ! those sounds are not the words of peace ;
A sudden discord strikes upon the ear :
A group of workmen, late from yonder stage,
Are quarelling, and even come to blows ;
(Too evidently all have deeply drank,)
And now, with horrid and blaspheming oaths,
In high-pitched tones, they mar the gen'ral peace.
Cigar in hand, I sat above the wheel,
Watching the various groups, now thickly set ;—
The children weary, snuggling, half asleep ;—
The youths and maidens lost in sweet converse,
The fair young invalid has gone below,
Her loving partner fears the evening air
May prove too chill for his poor drooping flower.
The night grows darker : and the lights on shore,
Now grouped in clusters, now with space between,
Seemed but to cast our path in deeper shade ;
Whilst all around was silent, save the splash
Our vessel made in driving through the wave.

THE SHOCK.

A sudden cry ! and turning round, I saw
As if a mountain, lofty, vast, and dark,
Was falling on us with volcanic force.
No time for thought ; with one tremendous crash
Our boat was shivered ; into atoms dashed,
As the black monster madly strode across
The very centre of our fated ship
Dealing destruction, stamping all to death.