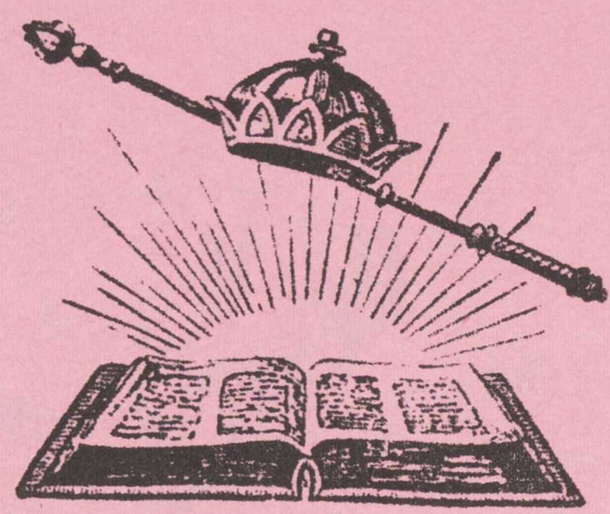

KINGDOM TREASURE

From The Study of...PASTOR GEORGE SOUTHWICK
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Treasure Number #118

Christ the Restorer

I look o'er the earth with her burden of sin,
And I see raging tempests without and within;
I see waves of sorrow, and anguish and death---
A charnel house, breathing its pestilent breath.
I see her great battle-fields heaped with the slain,
And I hear the low wails and the moanings of pain;
The poor, toiling millions are crying with grief,
And the sin-stricken earth can afford no relief.
The brier and thistle spring up from the sod,
For the children of men are at war with their God
I know 'tis the marks of the curse that I see,
But--I have heard there is coming a glad jubilee;
And I know the black-trail where the serpent has crept,
Where the minions of darkness have slumbered and slept.
Where the blood of earth's martyrs has crimsoned the sod,
Shall bloom like the rose in the garden of God.
For Christ, the Restorer, is coming again,
Oh, shout the glad news to the children of men!
The armies of Heaven shall fight with His foes,
And the desert shall blossom and bud like the rose.
Then say to the fearful of heart; "Be ye strong;"
Now shout the glad strain of the Jubilee song;
Soon the dead shall awake, and the lame, like the hart,
Shall leap and rejoice, and glad waters shall start
In the desert wastes, and the tongue of the dumb
Shall shout "HALLELUJAH!" When Shiloh shall come.---

A sceptic age is never a great or golden age; an infidel people can never be a noble or creative people. For deed, for achievement in politics or letters, for the highest creations in art, in poetry or sculpture, in architecture or painting, religion is a necessity.

A.M. FAIRBAIRN