

Unknown

Mrs. A. Poortenga

Reading an article in the *Beacon Lights* a few weeks back
I discovered everything in it, but one thing it lacked:
I could feel pride, hatred, yes, even rejoicing.
Sorrow, to be sure, they were not voicing.

'Tis love they lack for their brethren in the Lord.
Thou shalt not hate, neither seek vengeance saith the Word of God;
They boldly say and write, time and again,
That we were the ones that went out from them.

Forgetting that some they put out, to others left no choice,
And then they get together, and talk and rejoice;
They profess to be people of God: I sure pray they are,
But then to say boldly, we are not one of them, is going a bit too far.

Of course when they meet you and say how do you do,
You'd surely think they meant it all to be true:
But I say if they loved us as the Lord wants them to,
They couldn't talk and write as they always do.

They say they were blessed by a minister, who lies we say,
So if that's the case no wonder they are this way:
Now that he is gone you would think they'd know better,
Than to still believe him if not by word then by letter.

Now we ask of the Lord to guide us each day,
That for these brethren we always may pray:
Not speaking or boasting of ourselves or each other,
But thru our Lord Jesus Christ may love one another.
And hoping and praying though they have us wronged,
They may meet us in heaven among'st the great throng.

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