

A SONG OF ENTREATY.

Given by the Spirit through Elder Joseph Luff, at the prayer meeting in the Stone Church, Independence, Mo., Sunday afternoon, April 1st, 1917, sung to the tune, "I will sing of my Redeemer."

O, my people! O, my people!
Is to you my counsel vain?
Why call me your God and Father
While unhonored I remain?
Are my utterances but language
To be mingled in your song?
Do the lips that call me Master
Unto aliens belong?

Think ye I have joy or honor
In the sounds that laud my name,
Where my voice is held to silence
And my ordinance to shame?
What to me your loud hosannas?
What your gifts or zeal's pretense?
Righteousness hath voice in service—
Music in obedience.

Ye have said "God is sufficient—
He alone our strength shall be;
His the glory of achievement—
His the sword of victory:"
What, then, means this quest of armor?
What this lust for equipage?
That your energies consume and
Cumber in the war you wage?

Who is wise shall learn my secret;
Whoso trusts shall understand:
Wisdom with obedience walketh—
Faith with victory—hand in hand.
Ishmael shall not Isaac fetter,
Nor my temple David build;
Uzzah's hand, my ark approaching,
Will be with disaster filled.

My ways are not yours, but, know ye,
I am God, nor speak in vain:
Be not slow my call to answer—
Few the moments that remain.
Not by skill or wisdom human—
Not by wealth of carnal lore;
But with panoply from heaven
Seek ye conquest evermore.

See ye not the clouds portentous?
Note ye not the world's alarm—
Nations to their ruin hast'ning—
Self their interest—flesh their arm?
Is this desolation voiceless?
Speaks this carnage not to you?
Echoing my ancient warning—
Witnessing my word is true?

Would you teach my fingers cunning?
Doth my thought no shrewdness know?
Who hath at my bidding ventured
And been smitten by my foe?
Ages offer you the story—
Centuries my record bear—
Tribute to my prudence paying
In full measure everywhere.

By my skill worlds have their being;
Would you teach my soul to plan?
Years eternal greet my vision:
Think ye yours outstretch the span?
Scent ye dangers I discern not?
Catch ye sounds that 'scape my ear?
Needs the sword my hand hath sharpened
To be whetted by your fear?

Heaven lingers for your answer—
Angels wait your faith's appeal:
Zion's course must clearer impress
Of my Spirit hence reveal.
If by these be pledged your triumph
Favor waits you from on high;
Whoso finds not here contentment
Soon must cease to occupy.