

Inspirational Christian Poems

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Poems compiled from
The Life of Jesus Christ for the Young
by the Rev. Richard Newton

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Leave it All with Jesus

*I leave it all with Jesus,
Then wherefore should I fear?
I leave it all with Jesus,
And he is ever near.
"I leave it all with Jesus,
Trust him for what must be;
I leave it all with Jesus,
Who ever thinks of me.
"I bring it all to Jesus,
In calm, believing prayer;
I bring it all to Jesus,
And I love to LEAVE it there!
"Each tear, each sigh, each trouble,
Each disappointment,—all
I love to GIVE to Jesus,
Who loves to TAKE them all.*

The Good Shepherd

*There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains, wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.
"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: 'One of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'
"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the shepherd could bring him back.
'Lord, why are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
They are pierced, to-night, by many a thorn.
"But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.*

The Mite Song

*Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell,
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.
"Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.
"A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys—they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
And that made me happy, too.
"Only some out-grown garments;
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.
"A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.
"God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what must he think of his children
Who never give at all?*

The Cross

*Blest they who seek, While in their youth,
With spirit meek, The way of truth.
To them the sacred scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in Heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of the Saviour's grace.
For them He bore his Father's frown;
For them He wore the thorny Crown;
Nailed to the Cross, Endured its pain,
That his life's loss, Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose that better part,
Nor dare refuse the Lord thy heart,
Lest he declare,— 'I know you not,'
And deep despair, Should be your lot.
Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
And trust on him who there was crucified.*

There is that Scattereth and yet Increaseth

*Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise, and share it with another;
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
God himself will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.
"For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,—
God will bear both it and thee.
"Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can this ceaseless longing still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.*

A Talent for Each

*God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
"Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
"Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
"God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?*

Wisdom of Christ the Great Teacher

*From everything our Saviour saw,
Lessons of wisdom he could draw;
The clouds, the colors in the sky;
The gentle breeze that whispers by;
The fields all white with waving corn;
The lilies that the vale adorn;
The reed that trembles in the wind;
The tree, where none its fruit could find;
The sliding sand, the flinty rock,
That bears unmoved the tempest's shock;
The thorns that on the earth abound;
The tender grass that clothes the ground;
The little birds that fly in air;
The sheep that need the shepherd's care;
The pearls that deep in ocean lie;
The gold that charms the miser's eye;
The fruitful and the thorny ground;
The piece of silver lost and found;
The reaper, with his sheaves returning;
The gathered tares prepared for burning;
The wandering sheep brought back with joy;
The father's welcome for his boy;
The wedding-feast, prepared in state;
The foolish virgins' cry, 'too late!'—
All from his lips some truth proclaim,
Or learn to tell their Maker's name.*

The Best That I Can

*'I cannot do much,' said a little star,
'To make the dark world bright;
My silvery beams can not struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can.'*

*"A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out, all day,
Through the happy golden head.
Mother said,—'Darling, do all you can;
For you are a part of God's great plan.'*

*"So he helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sung from her heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, 'I, too, will do the best I can.'*

Every Talent Useful

*Though little I bring,
Said the tiny spring,
As it burst from the mighty hill,
'Tis pleasant to know,
Wherever I flow,
The pastures are greener still.
"And the drops of rain
As they fall on the plain,
When parched by the summer heat,
Refresh the sweet flowers
Which droop in the bowers,
And hang down their heads at our feet.
"May we strive to fulfill
All His righteous will,
Who formed the whole earth by His word!
Creator Divine!
We would ever be Thine,
And serve Thee—our God, and our Lord!*

The Reward of Heaven

*Light after darkness, gain after loss,
Strength after weariness, crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, song after sigh,
Home after wandering, praise after cry;
Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Light after mystery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last;
Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb.
After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Christ is the pathway leading to this!*

The Lesson of Kindness

*Think kindly of the erring!
Thou knowest not the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour;
Thou knowest not how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly then they fell.
"Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead him back
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track:
Forget not **thou** hast often sinned
And sinful yet must be:—
Deal kindly with the erring one
As God hath dealt with thee!*

The Power of the Cross

*Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat,
To this dear cross I flee;
And in its shelter take my seat;
No **shade** like this to me!
"Beneath this cross clear waters burst;
A fountain sparkling free;
And here I quench my desert thirst,
No **spring** like this to me.
"A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,
No **home** like this to me!
"For burdened ones a resting place
Beside this cross I see;
Here, I cast off my weariness;
No **rest** like this for me!*

