



THE POWER  
OF PRAYER,  
AND OTHER POEMS.



By WILLIAM LINDSAY, Prestwick.




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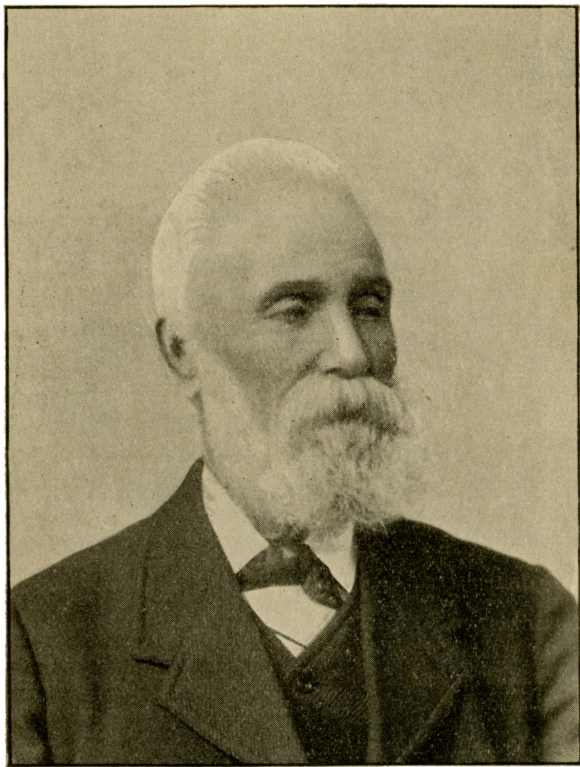
## NOTE.

I HAVE great pleasure in expressing my hearty wishes for a large circulation of these Poems by my old friend, Mr WILLIAM LINDSAY, Prestwick. I had the privilege of going over them all in manuscript, and I feel certain they must prove a means of refreshing to many. His former venture, "The Storm in the Vineyard," had a wide circulation, being in great demand for Children's Meetings especially. I shall rejoice if the present collection has as cordial a reception.

I may mention that one of the Poems, "The Conversion of the Philippian Jailor," is published in leaflet form, for broadcast distribution, at 1/- per 100, 4/6 per 500, or 8/- per 1000, all post free..

W. SHAW.

MAYBOLE, *January, 1907.*



# THE POWER OF PRAYER.

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HARK, the saints of God are praying,  
Pleading for refreshing showers,  
And the voice of faith is saying,  
God will water His own flowers.

In the Word we have the promise  
And the precept fitly joined :  
Knock, and lo ! it shall be opened,      Matt. vii. 7.  
Every seeking soul shall find.      Matt. vii. 7.

'Tis the voice of God from heaven,  
Penn'd by holy men of old :  
Ask of Him, it shall be given,  
In the Scriptures we are told.      Matt. vii. 7.

If from some kind earthly father  
His own son shall ask for bread,  
Do you think that he would rather      Matt. vii. 7.  
Give his child a stone instead ?

Courage take in interceding,  
Pleading in the midnight hours ;  
God well knows His flowers are needing  
Sunshine and refreshing showers.

## PART II.

Gideon prayed in days of old,  
And spread his fleece, as we are told,  
And said, " Let dew from heaven be found      Jud. vi. 37.  
Upon this fleece, none on the ground."

He prayed again, "Let dew be found,  
Not on the fleece, but on the ground ;"  
The Lord did hear and answer prayer,  
On whom he cast his every care.

When Moses prayed a way was made  
For Israel's sons in days of old, Ex. xiv. 13-21.  
Right through the deep, God's host did sweep ;  
The sea went back, as we are told.

Elisha prayed, the child was raised—  
Brought back once more from death's domain ;  
Elisha's God the mother praised 2 Kings iv. 33.  
When she received her son again.

We also know how Jephthah prayed,  
And of the solemn vow he made ;  
Although his God his faith did try, Judges xi. 30.  
This man of valour would not lie.

Elijah prayed, fire swept around, 1 Kings xviii. 37-38.  
Licked up the water from the ground ;  
Elisha to the Lord did cry,  
Who for him made the Jordan dry. 2 Kings ii. 14.

In danger's dark and fatal hour,  
When Samson prayed, God gave him power ; Jud. xvi. 28  
When Jonah prayed in days of yore,  
God sent him forth to serve once more. Jonah ii. 1.

When Samuel prayed, as Scripture shows,  
God thundered on His people's foes ; 1 Sam. vii. 9-10  
And Barak gained a victory rare,  
In answer to much fervent prayer. Judges iv. 3.

Think how the widow's cruse did fill  
The empty vessels not a few ; 2 Kings iv. 6.  
Think on that day the sun stood still,  
And Joshua's wondrous victory too. Joshua x. 13.

And Stephen prayed with dying breath  
For those who stoned him unto death ; Acts vii. 60.  
And Saul of Tarsus, who was there,  
Was saved in answer to that prayer.

See how the fathers in their day  
Received great things when they did pray ;  
And God has still great things in store,  
The more we ask, we get the more.

## PART III.

We know Abednego did say, Daniel iii. 1-30.  
With Shadrach, Meshach, in their day,  
“ The king’s command we won’t obey—  
Our worship rises higher ;  
We will not leave the good old way,  
Nor homage to an idol pay ;  
The mighty God to whom we pray  
Can save us from the fire.”

Just then the king did frown and say,  
“ Bind these three men with cords to-day,  
See if the God to whom they pray  
Can free them from those bands.”  
“ Oh king,” they answered, “ we don’t fear  
The frowning look, or threats we hear ;  
We know the God we serve is near,  
To save us from your hands.”

Then said the nobles, “ Let us see  
We carry out the king’s decree ; ”  
In hose, in hats, they bound the three,  
To meet the conflict dire.  
These men who feared Jehovah’s name  
Were cast into the fiery flame,  
While those who near the furnace came  
Were slain by that same fire.

Astonished was yon angry crowd,  
To hear the king now cry aloud :  
“ Those men wrapped in their fiery shroud,  
Are shielded from the flame ; ”  
Then he exclaimed, “ Now I do see,  
Four in the fire where we cast three,  
The fourth the Son of God must be,  
They glory in His name.”

"Come forth," he cries, "much favoured three,  
From fire your God has set you free,  
Your God my people's God shall be.

And mine for evermore ;  
Now let my nobles all proclaim  
A fast, that we may spread the fame  
Of Him who saves from flood and flame—  
We give our idol o'er."

"Take it, break it, grind it small,  
Let dust no more before dust fall,  
No longer to an idol call,  
As we have done before ;  
Dust, decked with gold and diamonds rare,  
Adorned with silk, and brodered hair,  
With long white robes, may look quite fair—  
Yet worship it no more."

"Let all my nobles learn to-day,  
Dust is but dust, clay is but clay,  
Man is but man, he fades away,  
Just like the yellow leaf ;  
As sons and daughters of the fall,  
Let creature to Creator call,  
To whom we owe our breath, our all,  
And life that is so brief."

Now spread abroad Jehovah's fame,  
Forth from the fire those heroes came,  
Without the slightest smell of flame,  
Without the cords that bound them ;  
Thus all who suffer by His will,  
Shall find His grace sufficient still  
With heavenly peace their heart to fill :  
No foe shall e'er confound them.

All such must read God's Word, and pray,  
And every idol cast away,  
Their all upon the altar lay,  
With every cord that bound them ;  
While praying for much grace to run,  
Still watching till the day is done,  
And looking for the Coming One,  
Who by His grace had found them.

## PART IV.

Elijah, strong in faith, was bold  
 To pray to God in days of old  
 For forty months and two, we're told,     1 Kings xvii. 1  
     Came no refreshing showers ;  
 This man of God did pray again,     1 Kings xviii. 42-45.  
 Forthwith the wondrous answer came,  
 As we are told, the heavens gave rain  
     And cheered the drooping flowers.

Solomon prayed, the glory came,  
 And filled the house that bore the name     1 Kings v. 11  
 Of Him whose might and wondrous fame  
     Shall onward roll for ever ;  
 The mighty God who reigns on high,  
 And hears the needy when they cry—  
 Jehovah who in days gone by  
     Rolled up the Jordan river.

## PART V.

We learn when Hezekiah read     2 Chron. xxxii.  
 Sennacherib's letter, he was led  
     To call the holy seer,  
 Who answer made, as it is said,  
 "Sennacherib's host you need not dread,  
     His threat you need not fear ;  
 This mighty host you see to-day  
     Displaying their great powers,  
 Shall be but breathless, lifeless clay,  
     Within twelve fleeting hours ;  
     To-morrow brings them sorrow,  
     Their boasting shall be o'er,  
     Their railing turned to wailing,  
     They shall blaspheme no more.

Sennacherib may defy to-day  
 The mighty God, and dare to say  
     He will not answer prayer,  
 But watch and wait, and you shall see  
 How God will set His people free,  
     They are His special care.

From all the cruel threats you hear,  
 The Lord will bring relief,  
 The rider with uplifted spear  
 Shall soon be brought to grief ;  
 The surly, and the worldly,  
 By God shall be brought down ;  
 The holy and the lowly,  
 Shall wear the victor's crown.

Now let us learn how God doth care  
 For those who wait on Him in prayer,  
 For all who seek do find ;  
 To Him your secrets all disclose,  
 And plead for all your friends and foes,  
 Then you'll have peace of mind ;  
 Ask him to help you all the days,  
 His holy will to do,  
 In all your words, in all your ways,  
 Ask Him to make you true ;  
 Ever plead for what you need,  
 And feel you have no might ;  
 Ask, believe, you shall receive  
 The grace to do the right.

## PART VI.

When Daniel prayed, the king dismayed,  
 Cried, " Daniel, are you there ?" Daniel vi. 20-22.  
 Then Daniel said, " King, do not dread,  
 My God has answered prayer."

That day Jehoshaphat did pray,  
 Jehovah said, " Why fear ?  
 I'll turn the tide of Ammon's pride, 2 Chro. xx. 3-23.  
 Of Moab, and Mount Seir."

Poor Hagar wept, God saw her tears,  
 She cast her Ishmael down,  
 An answer brief, that brought relief, Gen. xxi. 16-18.  
 Came while she looked around.

You know how Eleazar prayed,  
 And how he did excel,  
 Rebecca came, a lovely maid, Gen. xxiv. 12, 13, 15.  
 And met him at the well.

Old Jacob, like a prince prevailed  
 With God when he did pray,  
 While Esau in his purpose failed,      Gen. xxxii. 24-30.  
 His wrath was turned away.

The brethren prayed, the answer came,  
 The Holy Ghost was given,  
 And from each heart arose a flame      Acts viii. 15.  
 Of thanks and praise to Heaven.

## PART VII.

When Joshua rent his clothes and cried,  
 "Reveal to us, we pray,  
 The accursed thing, which swift did bring      Joshua vii.  
 Defeat to us this day."

The lots were cast, the man at last  
 Was taken with his store  
 Of garments fine and silver shrine,  
 And gold he did adore.

The counsel of Ahithophel,  
 Made David fear and pray,  
 But David's fears and David's tears,      2 Sam. xvii. 1-23.  
 By God were swept away.

The traitor went and hanged himself,  
 Because he was withstood  
 By faithful Hushai, who said,  
 "The counsel is not good."

King Asa prayed, when sore dismayed,  
 And said, "We rest, oh Lord,  
 Alone in Thee, oh set us free,      2 Chron. xiv. 11-12.  
 Deliver from the sword."

The Lord did hear, His foes did fear  
 And tremble in His sight ;  
 Now filled with dread, they turned and fled  
 From those who had no might.

We know when Paul and Silas prayed,  
 The prison walls did shake ;  
 The pris'ners' bands loosed without hands,  
 The earth and rocks did quake.      Acts xvi. 23-

See how God heard and answered prayer,  
Behold the grace that reigns  
In yon man's heart, and makes him care  
For those he bound with chains.

See how yon little ship doth dip,  
See how they're tempest toss'd  
On Galilee's tempestuous sea,  
They cry, "Lord, save, we're lost." Mark vi. 37-40.

The answer came, and calmed the main,  
They hoist their sail once more,  
And swiftly sweep across the deep,  
And safely reach the shore.

When Hannah prayed, proud man did scorn,  
In Scripture we are told ;  
The answer came, Samuel was born, I Sam. i. 11.  
That mighty man of old.

We know that day the man was healed,  
Who from his birth was lame,  
The rulers said, "Let no man teach, Acts iv. 18-24.  
Or speak in Jesus' name."

The church did pray, the answer came—  
Now from each heart arose a flame,  
Kindled by power divine ;  
They boldly spake in Jesus' name,  
They sought no other sign.

## PART VIII.

The church did pray while Peter lay  
In prison for God's cause,  
An angel came, and loosed his chain,  
And set aside man's laws. Acts xii.

His keepers must have quaked with fear,  
When in that solemn hour,  
The iron gate, with all its weight,  
Opened by unseen power.

The angel leads him to the street,  
The prisoner thinks he dreams,  
Of liberty, that is more sweet  
Than diadem of Kings.

He leaves him there without a care,  
Or any prison bands,  
For God has heard and answered prayer,  
At yonder door he stands.

Then at the door, as oft before,  
He knocked, and Rhoda came ;  
Joy filled her breast, she told the rest—  
They praised Jehovah's name.

Now let us all both watch and pray  
In dark temptation's hour,  
And cast our idols all away,  
Then God will give us power,—

Power to endure like soldiers brave,  
As we go forth to fight ;  
Power to refuse, and power to choose,  
To trust and do the right.

#### PART IX.

In early days, when heaven's rays  
Shone on this path of mine,  
With soul on fire, my one desire  
Alone for things divine.

My all was on the altar laid,  
My fleece was wet with dew ;  
In midnight hours I often prayed,  
My heart was warm and true.

Filled with the love that casts out fear,  
To me great grace was given ;  
I knew, although a stranger here,  
I had a home in Heaven.

Lord, fill me with the Comforter,  
As I have been before ;  
A wanderer from early love,  
To early love restore.

Oh send the south winds back again,  
The spring-time to my soul,  
The early and the latter rain,  
Lord, take the full control.

Oh send the time of singing birds,  
The heavenly manna too ;  
More reverence for all Thy words,  
Lord, send the heavenly dew.

With living water from the rock,  
Oh satisfy Thou me,  
And give to all Thy little flock  
More love, O Christ, for Thee.



## MAKING FRIENDS OUT OF FOES.

A TIMID youth looked on the foe,  
Whose battle axe, broad sword and bow,  
And helmet in the sun did blaze,  
As spear and banner they did raise.

With chariots both great and strong,  
Horses and horsemen that did throng  
Around them with uplifted spear,  
To guard their archers who drew near.

That host of warriors so bold,  
Whose shields gleamed in the sun like gold,  
With unsheathed blades stood in array,  
Like lions gazing on their prey.

This youth did to the seer cry,  
“ Alas, my Master, we must die ;  
This host is great, and we are small,  
Before their spearmen we must fall.

With neither sword nor spear in hand,  
Before this host we cannot stand ;  
Compared with them we have no might,  
We are as nothing in their sight.”

The seer cried unto the Lord,  
Who conquers without spear or sword,  
“ Now open wide this young man’s eyes,  
And fill his soul with glad surprise,

And let him see, though in the sight,  
Of this great host we have no might ;  
Though they be great, and we are small,  
Our God is greater than them all ;

And let him see Thy chariot strong,  
Horses and horsemen that do throng  
Around this mountain in Thy name,  
Each one of them a fiery flame.

Now smite with blindness I do pray,  
This mighty host we see to-day,  
Let them be vanquished on the field,  
Subdued without broadsword or shield."

See how the seer cast his care  
On Him who hears and answers prayer,  
And how his God withdrew the light  
From those who would His people smite.

The seer led that host away  
Into Samaria's midst that day,  
That they might know Elisha's Lord  
Could conquer without spear or sword.

Now when the King of Israel saw  
That from this host God did withdraw  
The blessing of the light of day,  
Unto the seer he did say :

" Shall I unsheath my sword and smite  
This host who came with me to fight ?  
Since God has put them in my power,  
Shall I avenge myself this hour ? "

" Not so," Elisha firmly said,  
" But you must set before them bread ;  
To smite these captives with the sword  
Would be displeasing to the Lord.

When you are wronged, return the right  
This is God's way to win the fight,  
So for their evil you'll repay  
Great kindness to this host to-day."

The King replied, "Your counsel's good,"  
Before these captives he set food ;  
For evil He did good repay,  
In peace he sent that host away.

And as they went they spread the fame  
Of those who fear'd Jehovah's name ;  
That fighting host, in days of yore,  
To Israel's land returned no more.

Let those who love and know the name  
Of Him who was, and is the same,  
Prove day by day that they can show  
Such kindness to their greatest foe.

If you show kindness to your foes,  
When they give you hard words and blows,  
You'll break their bones, and make them feel  
Soft words cut deeper than their steel.

Now, if your foes should turn aside,  
Give place to wrath, self-will, and pride,  
And dare to blame you for it all,  
Don't take advantage of their fall.

Is your foe sick and like to die ?  
Then do not pass his dwelling by,  
And say you cannot see your way  
To call upon that man to day ;

For in you he is sure to find  
A friend, when he has changed his mind,  
And one who will not fail to show  
Much kindness to a dying foe.

But if this change should not take place,  
And you should fail to act in grace,  
This man who's sick may pass away  
Before you call some other day.

Then they may say, when he is dead,  
That you once on a time were led  
To call and see a dying foe,  
But you had no such love to show.

You may reply, " He grieved me sore,  
And almost turned me to the door ;  
Exposed my faults and made them more,  
Yea, multiplied them by the score.

Turned church and nation upside down  
That he might rob me of my crown ;  
He made my friends my greatest foes,  
And wronged me more than you suppose."

Then, granting that all this is true,  
Have you no better work to do  
Than copy him in word and deed,  
And make his crooked ways your creed ;

Ransacking country and town,  
And turning churches upside down  
In search of witnesses to show,  
This man delights to be your foe ?

Now, count the cost before you fight,  
Make sure you are not wrong but right ;  
For you will find your foes are strong,  
When like them you are also wrong.

If grace be scant, use common-sense,  
Think of the trouble and expense,  
The broken hearts and mental pain  
Caused by the fight, though you do gain.

Think how the enemy will say,  
" This man would rather fight than pray "—  
To live to fight you only show  
You are no better than your foe.

When thirsty foes for water cry,  
Don't say your well is nearly dry,  
And you must keep a fair supply  
For friends, but foes you must deny.

Invite your foes unto your well,  
And serve them though you want yourself ;  
This is the way, the " Old Book " shows,  
To make good friends out of great foes.

When hungry foes cry out for bread,  
Don't hum and haw, and shake your head :  
Don't grin and smile, and say you're led  
To give your foe a stone instead.

But look for grace with foes to share  
The food you eat, the clothes you wear :  
This is the way, the " Old Book " says,  
To make friends out of enemies.

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## CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

DO not dread the dark to-morrow,  
Rise above each cloud of sorrow,  
From the future never borrow,  
And all shall be well.

Brood not o'er the wasted past,  
Every care on Jesus cast ;  
Use each moment as the last,  
If thou would'st excel.

In that Loving One abiding,  
In His faithfulness confiding,  
Looking, waiting for His guiding,  
And all shall be well.

Hearts with living ardour burning,  
While the wheels of time are turning,  
Cease from withering, wasting, mourning,  
For all—all is well.

Hearts with living ardour glowing,  
Lips with praises overflowing,  
Ever knowing, ever showing,  
That all—all is well.

Hearts with living ardour swelling,  
Lips His praise so sweetly telling,  
Those who in His love are dwelling,  
Show that all is well.

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