The Golden Rule

Children, whatever you say in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like God to hear.
Whatever you read though the page may allure,
Read NOTHING of which you are not quite sure.

Consternation at once would be seen in your look,
If God should say solemnly, "Show me that book:"
Whatever you write with haste or with heed,
Write nothing that you would not like God to read.

Wherever you go, NEVER GO where you fear
God's question being asked you, "What doest thou here?"
Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
For the cheering of youth or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing
If God should look down and say-"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

God says in the Bible:

"Abstain from ALL appearance of evil;" I Thessalonians 5:22
"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy;" Exodus 20:8
"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing
     unto the Lord;" Colossians 3:20
"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days be long upon the
     land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" Exodus 20:12
"Them that honour Me, I will honour." I Samuel 2:30

-From the Friendly Companion

A Thought on the Seashore

In every object here I see
Something, Oh Lord, that leads to Thee.
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,

Whatever negligence may
creep into your studies, or into
your pursuits of pleasure or of

Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee.
  Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
  Unfruitful as the barren sand,
  Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
  And, like the tides, in constant motion.

-John Newton
1725-1807

business, let there be one point, at least, on which you are always watchful, always alive: I mean, in the performance of your religious duties. Let nothing induce you, even for a day, to neglect the perusal of Scripture. You know the value of prayer; it is precious beyond all price. Never, never neglect it.

Buxton to his Son