

THE VISITOR.

Answer bright soul has come to live with us  
Arriving in an age when men are money mad.  
It brings nothing to this world but love,  
Yet as it grows into the stature of a man,  
What will it gaze upon ?  
A world of flowers, of beauty and of peace,  
Where men strive mightily to help God in His plan ?  
Or a world of hate and war disease and death  
Where man eyes man with tense and mean distrust:  
Or a world where man calls man his brother,  
Where white hands clasped in black  
Are found together lifting up the load  
From off the shoulders of those far flung tribes  
Along the Ganges, Yang Tze and the Nile.  
Oh soul so new and small, we leave you much to do  
We have been <sup>saint</sup> weak, not daring to be men,  
Cringing behind cement and steel,  
Our faith so weak it puts its trust  
In shard of iron or the dust of fierce atomic blast.  
Merciful God ! We have much to answer for  
When at Thy throne on Judgement Day,  
Our naked souls we come to lay .

Nov. 3th, 1960.

Norman Turnbull.

Written on the birth of

Kenneth Gordon Leslie Turnbull

By his Grandfather.

*check for  
repetition.*

Kenneth Gordon Leslie Turnbull  
Born Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> 1960

A new bright soul has come to live but us  
Arriving in an age when men are more mad  
It brings nothing to this world but love  
Yet as it grows into the stature of a man  
What will it gaze upon

A world of flowers of beauty and of peace  
Where men strive mightily to help God in his plan  
Or a world of hate and war disease and death  
Where men eyes man with terror and mean distrust  
Or a world where man calls man his brother  
Where white hands clasped in black  
Are found together lifting up the load  
From off the shoulders of those far flung tribes  
Along the Ganges, Yangtze and the Nile  
Oh soul so new and small  
We leave you much to do

We have been weak not daring to be men  
Cowering behind cement and steel

Our faith so weak it puts its trust  
In shard of iron or the clut  
of fierce atomic blast

Merciful God we have so much to answer for  
When at thy Judgement Throne on judgement Day  
Our wicked souls we come to lay.

K. L. Turnbull. Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> 1960