

Jude

Jude, a bondservant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James,
To those who are called, sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus
Christ: Mercy, peace, and love be multiplied to you.

**Beloved, while I was very diligent to write to you concerning our common
salvation, I found it necessary to write to you exhorting you to contend
earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints.**

For certain men have crept in unnoticed, who long ago were marked out for this
condemnation, ungodly men, who turn the grace of our God into lewdness and
deny the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ.

**But I want to remind you, though you once knew this, that the Lord, having
saved the people out of the land of Egypt, afterward destroyed those who did
not believe. And the angels who did not keep their proper domain, but left
their own abode, He has reserved in everlasting chains under darkness for the
judgment of the great day;**

as Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities around them in a similar manner to these,
having given themselves over to sexual immorality and gone after strange flesh,
are set forth as an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. Likewise also
these dreamers defile the flesh, reject authority, and speak evil of dignitaries.

**Yet Michael the archangel, in contending with the devil, when he disputed
about the body of Moses, dared not bring against him a reviling accusation,
but said, "The Lord rebuke you!"**

But these speak evil of whatever they do not know; and whatever they know
naturally, like brute beasts, in these things they corrupt themselves.

**Woe to them! For they have gone in the way of Cain, have run greedily in the
error of Balaam for profit, and perished in the rebellion of Korah.**

These are spots in your love feasts, while they feast with you without fear, serving only themselves. They are clouds without water, carried about by the winds; late autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, pulled up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming up their own shame; wandering stars for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

Now Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied about these men also, saying, “Behold, the Lord comes with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment on all, to convict all who are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have committed in an ungodly way, and of all the harsh things which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him.”

These are grumblers, complainers, walking according to their own lusts; and they mouth great swelling words, flattering people to gain advantage. But you, beloved, remember the words which were spoken before by the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ:

how they told you that there would be mockers in the last time who would walk according to their own ungodly lusts. These are sensual persons, who cause divisions, not having the Spirit.

But you, beloved, building yourselves up on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

And on some have compassion, making a distinction; but others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garment defiled by the flesh.

Now to Him who is able to keep you from stumbling,
And to present you faultless
Before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,

**To God our Savior,
Who alone is wise,
Be glory and majesty,
Dominion and power,
Both now and forever.
Amen.**

The Tale of Custard the Dragon

Ogden Nash

Belinda lived in a little white house,
With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,
And the little gray mouse, she called her Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him
Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio, daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him
Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
And Blink said Week!, which is giggling for a
mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,
And Mustard growled, and they all looked
around.
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was a pirate, climbing in the wind.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried, Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the
household,
And little mouse Blink was strategically
mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an engine,
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,
He fired two bullets but they didn't hit,
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
No one mourned for his pirate victim
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
Around the dragon that ate the pyrate.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
With her little black kitten and her little gray
mouse,
And her little yellow dog and her little red
wagon,
And her realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

The Embarrassing Episode of Little Miss Muffet

Guy Wetmore Carryle

Little Miss Muffet discovered a tuffet,
 (Which never occurred to the rest of us)
And, as 'twas a June day, and just about noonday,
 She wanted to eat -- like the best of us:
Her diet was whey, and I hasten to say
 It is wholesome and people grow fat on it.
The spot being lonely, the lady not only
 Discovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

A rivulet gabbled beside her and babbled,
 As rivulets always are thought to do,
And dragon flies sported around and cavorted,
 As poets say dragon flies ought to do;
When, glancing aside for a moment, she spied
 A horrible sight that brought fear to her,
A hideous spider was sitting beside her,
 And most unavoidably near to her!

Albeit unsightly, this creature politely
 Said, "Madam, I earnestly vow to you,
I'm penitent that I did not bring my hat. I
 Should otherwise certainly bow to you."
Though anxious to please, he was so ill at ease
 That he lost all sense of propriety,
And grew so inept that he clumsily stepped
 In her plate -- which is barred in Society.

This curious error completed her terror;
 She shuddered, and growing much paler, not
Only left tuffet, but dealt him a buffet
 Which doubled him up in a sailor knot.
It should be explained that at this he was pained;
 He cried, "I have vexed you, no doubt of it!
Your fist's like a truncheon." "You're still in my luncheon,"
 Was all that she answered. "Get out of it!"

And **THE MORAL** is this: Be it madam or miss
 To whom you have something to say,
You are only absurd when you get in the curd
 But you're rude when you get in the whey!