

# The Wreckers of Homes

The Prince of the legions of darkness was sitting ensconced on his teetering throne, Awaiting an army of specialized demons whose job was the wrecking of homes.

They were due to report on the war they had waged, and soon they came cantering hither;

From the four winds they came, the demons and imps, from yon and afar and from thither.

“Report!” barked the Prince. One by one they came forward-and told of the homes they had wrecked, wantonly, shamelessly splitting them up with a pitiless, morbid effect.

“I drove the wedges,” said Jealousy slyly, a shriveled black imp with a glare,

“I invaded their thoughts with satanical skill. It’s a cinch when I break up a pair.”

:Oh, yeah!” sneered Mistrust, “I am far more effective. I sit on their shoulders and whisper.

I perch there, for instance, and say to the wife, “He’s a teller of tales, is your mister.”

Next I say he’s a liar, then say he’s unfaithful, then I say: “You just watch him a bit,”

And before very long she sees all kinds of things, And I prod her to tell him ‘I quit.’”

“Ha! You are not half as successful as I!” Infidelity said with a grin,

“You are merely a Doubt, but I am The Deed, I’ve got medals to prove that I win.”

“Ho, ho!” laughed Old Alcohol, veteran demon, “You’d seldom have won but for me!

I take special delight in breaking up homes,” he chuckled with hideous glee.

Up piped an imp, Carnal Courtship by name, “If it were not for me...” (and he cackled)

“If I had not got them all started off wrong, you big shots would feel mighty shackled.”

Boredom and Laziness, Incident Nagger and Cruelty all took their turn.

Spite made a hit, and Hatred another, with tales that would make your ears burn.

“Did you get them ALL?” roared the Prince from his throne. They were all shamefaced, and suddenly still. They shriveled in silence and trembled with terror, appearing dejected and ill.

“Report!” the Prince thundered. “What have you to say?” One quivered, “You simply don’t know

What it’s like in some homes. We are demons of darkness and simply can’t get through The Glow.”

“What glow?” screamed the Ruler. “We don’t know just what,” said the imp with a tremulous grin,

For one thing, they start off the day with a prayer – and that kind, well, it’s hard to get in.”

“Pshaw!” said the Prince. “It is true,” countered jealousy. “O you don’t know how I’ve tried.

I have pounded their ears. I have battered their brains, but I had to get out e’re I died. The moment I come to the husband or wife they call on the One – you know Who – And He comes, and I haven’t a chance in the world! In that case, Prince, just what would you do?”

“And I, sir,” said Hatred, “have neither a chance, not a ghost of a chance I say, When a fool keeps whispering to his wife, ‘I love you more every day!’”

“You can’t say that I haven’t tried,” pouted anger. “Sometimes I’ll even get in; And just when I think I am winning the battle, they jump up and call me a sin.”

“I,” said Old Laziness, lolling around, “If Hatred can’t do it, why bother! For with Love in the way, those husbands and wives do nothing but slave for each other.”

“And I,” mumbled Boredom, “I know Who’s at fault, it’s that FOE Who again is alive!

They sing about Him and they talk about Him, and I haven’t a chance to survive.” Carnal Courtship crouched low so the prince of the ranks would forget that he even was there.

He spied him in spite of it. “Carnal,” Prince roared, “Why did you not tempt every pair?”

“I tried!” quivered Carnal, “but what can you do? Some won’t even bite. Some repent,

And the Enemy comes and He chases you out; and, sir, when HE sends, you are SENT!”

“Are there many homes left where we haven’t a foothold?” the prince of the specialists queried.

“Quite a few,” sighed the imps. “They are simply impervious. They have left us all weakened and wearied. Those marriages last, O twenty-five years! It’s a cinch that they last for life.

They get harder and harder and harder to wreck – those homes where the husband and wife

Have Christ at the head, and they all pray together, are submissive and loving and true: And frankly, we’ll tell you, to break up that kind is more than we demons can do!”