

POEMS

FOR THE LOW IN SPIRIT

EDITH ANNE SUTHERLAND





POEMS
FOR THE LOW IN SPIRIT

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INTRODUCTION

A Poem

A poem is a group of three,
The meter, thought, and rhyme;
And when it has all three in depth;
Its beauty is sublime;
Each is well important,
But poems may be wrought
Without the meter or the rhyme,
But not without the thought.

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Preface

I give my love in poetry
To lovers born of God,
Who are as lowly as the dove,
Or lilies in the mud.
The simple verses written down
For humble folk to read;
But give me not a word of praise,
For I am naught indeed.

My mortal body full of sin,
This all unworthy clay,
By works can merit nothing,
And lasts for but a day.
'Tis only stricken, fallen dust,
Its habitation low;
Without the Comforter to lead,
It knows not where to go.

There's no accomplished greatness;
The man is low and vile;
Unless Jehovah there abides,
Is full of Satan's guile,
For man is fallen, cannot rise;
And cannot purify
Another of His lowly kind;
His lot is but to die.

So, light must come from God alone,
For HE ALONE is great,
Omniscient, and eternal;
In holy, high estate.
And none can merit right to claim
In this unholy dust
The vision of immortals,
Or in Himself to trust.

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L. A. NICHOLS

A PRAYER

O Thou Most High in Heaven,
Eternal, Holy King,
I beg that meekly I may soar
Upon thy muse's wing
To realms of beauty, love, and truth,
With wisdom to converse,
And then in holy purity
Express it all in verse.

Into thy depths we have not gone;
We've only seen the shore;
In thy delightful ocean
There's infinitely more;
We've only seen the seashells
We've picked up on the sand;
But near the holy sea of truth
Thy humble children stand.

And in the great eternity,
Upon its boundless calm,
We'll walk with Christ upon that sea
And breathe its holy balm;
And there into the perfect depths
Of wisdom, love, and truth
We'll look with God the Maker;
And spend eternal youth.

DEDICATION

Several years ago, O Reader, I was suddenly overwhelmed, humbled, and exalted in an inclination and desire to write verse. Very few poems had I ever written before that time; none to speak of. Along with the ability for writing came the feeling and the conviction that this new power was a gift from Heaven. As to the truth of this I cannot say definitely. I only know a power moved me that was not of myself. I know this also: My poems are imperfect, but this imperfection comes, not from the power that moves me, but from my inability to express my thoughts and feelings as they come. Further, often have I suffered in despondency, sometimes to the brink of despair, before being able to pen my thoughts and feelings. But with the return of light and power each time there has come an inexpressible sweetness I would like to pass on to you. While I am a member of the church of my choice, I did not intend that this little book should be denominational in any way. I only hope that it may express humble truth as it is in our Lord, and edify the faithful in Christ Jesus everywhere.

Affectionately,

L. A. NICHOLS

May 27, 1946

WORKS

HIS WORK IS PERFECT

Perfection *is* upon the earth;
It even dwells in men;
But only in the Spirit,
It never dwells in sin.
It comes from out the Trinity;
It comes alone from God;
It *is* in all eternity;
And in the lowly sod.

Perfection is an attribute
Of Nature's mighty King;
The ONE who makes the roses bloom,
And holy praises sing;
The ONE who reigns in righteousness
Within the hearts of men;
Who drives the adversary far,
To claim His own again.

Who brings the holy life, and light
Into the humble heart;
Who ushers in the law of love
When evil will depart.
Who finally will bring the day
When sin will be no more;
When all His own will dwell with Him
On His eternal shore.

JOY IN ONE'S CALLING

I find a joy in writing verse,
A satisfaction keen;
Perhaps a benediction,
And thereupon I lean.
A beauty and a blessing,
'Tis sweet and 'tis benign.
Encouraging and leading.
I think it is divine.

I find a glory hidden there
Not hitherto explained.
Not of myself, but higher,
For better things ordained.
And therein is my life and hope
To move at God's command.
To do His will, and walk with Him
According as He planned.

Before I find expression, though,
For feelings of the soul,
I oft encounter suffering
That I would now extol.
A sorrow, and exalted fear;
My thoughts I cannot keep.
I sometimes shout aloud in joy
In ecstasy I weep.

And in the destitution there
To others hardly known
I think the angels intervene
With something from the throne.
The feeling there is not contained
In any words of mine.
But manifest, perhaps, in truth
In something there divine.

INSPIRATION

In writing all my poetry
I go beyond myself
I go beyond my powers,
And like the little elf,
I do the things I cannot do,
The power isn't mine;
'Tis wielded by another hand;
Perhaps it is divine.

It seeks to praise the God of truth;
Exalt the God of love;
His holy love majestic;
Its righteousness to prove;
It seeks to always beautify
The mortal effort here;
To try to trust in God alone,
And beg Him to be near.

It tries to say that mortal man
Is only fallen dust;
And that the great OMNIPOTENT
Is infinitely just.
And that His holy blessings
Are in His grace alone;
That man can merit nothing
By efforts all his own.

That every good is of the Lord;
That HE is King of all;
The Master of the earth and skies;
That man CANNOT recall;
That HE is perfect in His ways;
The GIVER of the life
So beautiful, unending
That knows no sin or strife.

CONSTANCY

A man must do the best he can
In all his earthy way;
No matter what his problems;
Nor yet how dark the day;
Prosperity, adversity
Are finally the same;
When we are in the Savior,
And worshipping His name.

A man must do the best he can;
For this the Lord requires;
For God will never strengthen us
Around the sacred fires
When we but sit in idleness,
And wait for him to do
The thing that he commands to us,
For I must work; and you.

A man must do the best he can;
For this is in the law;
For God's "Thou Shalt" and "Thou
Shalt Not"
Have never had a flaw;
The struggles are to strengthen us;
Or make us realize
That we are in the Savior;
That HE ALONE is wise.

TOILING ON

Toil on, my soul, toil on, toil on,
Toil on and on and on;
The time is but a rage of tears;
But toil Thou on and on;
Thy Keeper knows thine every care;
And He will surely hear Thy prayer;
His grace is all sufficient here,
So toil Thou on and on.

Thy work, perhaps, may seem to Thee
Too little to be good;
But toil thou in thy humble realm
As though thou understood
The heights and depths of all that is,
And look to God alone;
For He thy Keeper knows thy way,
So toil thou on, and on.

NO NEED TO FEAR

With eyes to see and ears to hear
Go forth to work and not to fear.
Go forth to fight, and not to fail,
When evil forces you assail.
When all the world upon you frowns
In all the silliness of clowns,
Then let your prayer to God ascend,
And you will conquer in the end.

The voice of truth cannot be hushed
Although into the earth it's crushed.
For light can banish darkness well;
And shine into the depths of hell.
And right will triumph over wrong
While you the angels walk among;
For God is God; HE still is king,
And brings to justice everything.

GOD'S GREAT WORKS

In poetry personified
Are many beauties high;
As in majestic mountains,
The valleys and the sky.
As in the sturdy, aged oak;
The sun, the moon, the stars,
Though I don't know Arcturus
From Jupiter, or Mars.

The sea is full of loveliness,
Of harmony and song,
So blue, so deep, so full, so wide,
So active, and so strong.
And all so great and useful;
And tribute not required;
And all who see its beauties
Are verily inspired.

The humble life is poetry
With Heaven's beauties shown
Bespeaking in its loveliness
That God is on His throne;
The Master of the universe
Is reigning in the heart,
Who even now is with us,
And never will depart.

The Great, Majestic KING OF ALL
Is reigning everywhere
In every one with eyes to see
And those with ears to hear;
And who, oh, who appreciates
The omnipresence given?
To cheer and bless and strengthen us
And make us think of Heaven.

HOLY DESIRE

I wish to do the Father's will;
My Master would I please;
I do not want to dwell in sin,
Or on a bed of ease.
But think and speak in righteousness,
And walk with God alone;
For it is HE who rules the earth,
And on the highest throne.

'Tis HE who reigns in righteousness
In all the humble hearts;
And when He comes in holiness,
All evil then departs;
And when he manifests Himself,
'Tis easy to be good;
So then, without His Spirit here
Is nothing understood.
And so, upon a bended knee,
In spirit very poor,
I beg Him for His holy grace
To help me to endure;
I beg Him for a holy faith
Enduring and sublime,
That helps me truly walk with Him
Though on the sands of time.

HAPPY IN DOING

I love my poetry so well,
The subjects, thoughts, and words;
The meditations of my soul;
The action it affords;
The great emotions I must know,
The beauties that I see.
And, oh, the time that I must spend
Upon a bended knee.

The sorrows that I must endure;
The joys that oft are mine;
The ecstasies I sometimes feel,
My thoughts to so refine;
My wanderings in every way;
So much too deep for tears;
And when my soul is left alone,
I shroud myself in fears.

But let me trust in God alone
Who can my fear dispel;
Whose peace can raise to holy heights
That here no pen can tell,
To let me feel His holiness,
And radiate His light;
To know His mighty presence
Will guide my soul aright.

GOING TO CHURCH

I will show you by my presence
That His love is in my heart;
And I'm willing in His service
Now to try to do my part.
Though I'm weak and frail and erring,
Though I'm only fallen dust,
I will try to do His bidding,
I'll obey Him here; I must.

Though I cannot conquer Satan,
Though his imps surround me here,
I will try to serve my Savior;
He will cast away my fear.
He will keep me by His power;
He has saved me by His blood;
And I'll try to keep on trying
To accomplish something good.

I will try to serve and praise Him;
He in love will me caress,
For of all the great possessions
He's the greatest we possess.
All the world will come to nothing,
But the WORD forever stands;
I will study well His teachings
And obey His great commands.

SOWING AND REAPING

Oh, help us, Lord, to walk with Thee,
And try to do Thy will;
To try to conquer self, and sin,
With all our might and skill;
To lean upon Thy promises,
To always trust in Thee,
To try to work a work of praise,
And do it all for Thee.

For all Thy ways are perfect;
Thy countenance is light;
And holy is Thy being;
Eternal is Thy might;
And none can let or hinder Thee,
Or make Thy way to err;
And in Thy holy precepts
We all should be astir.

For every man will surely reap
Whatever he may sow;
Most truly if he sows to sin,
Then he will reap the woe;
Ah, when he sows to righteousness,
The Lord will always keep,
And when we sow in waywardness,
In bitterness we weep.

YOUR FOUNDATION

(An exhortation)

Let all your efforts, all your works on
fundamentals rest,
The artificial on the earth is not of
Heaven blest;
The fundamentals are of God, a safe
foundation pure,
'Tis truth, 'tis holy, 'tis a rock and always
will endure;
'Tis not a phantom, not a freak; Decep-
tion cannot stand,
Then build your house upon a rock, and
not upon the sand.

The building will be permanent; it
stands before the storm,
The winds of all adversity its glories can-
not harm;
The raging sea of hellish hate its beauties
cannot mar,
'Tis on the Rock of Ages among the
things that are;
The great foundations God hath made
containeth not a flaw,
And all successful work is done on funda-
mental law.

A REMEDY

The remedy for blues is action—
In thought, in word, in deed,
But not in any clique or faction
Of sin's seductive lead,
But action noble, true, and kind,
Where angels guide, and keep,
Where fruit you find for soul and mind,
Where ecstasies you reap.

Where beauty in your life is made,
And growth in holy grace,
That sweetness may your life pervade,
That love may keep apace;
Where God's own Holy Spirit goes
To take his perfect peace,
To free your pose from ills and woes
And let your faith increase.

THY SALVATION

Oh, the joys of thy salvation
When we in the Spirit know;
Oh, how sweet the consecration!
When we walk with HIM below;
Oh, the grandeur of His presence!
When it pleases Him to be
Manifestly around us,
There to show us we are free.

Oh, the joys of Thy salvation!
Oh, how sweet it is to know
That His holy power keeps us
While we walk the earth below;
Though in weaknesses we wander
Off in vanity and sin,
Our Savior hath redeemed us,
And will bring us back again.

HUMILITY

On earth my task is but to work;
I have no other choice,
For therein are my blessings,
And there will I rejoice;
I'll try to do the will of God;
My life is in His plan,
Although I'm but a member of
The family of man.

The Lord has given many gifts
So greater than we know
For GOD THE GREAT OMNIPO-
TENT

Can anything bestow.
Jehovah reigns in righteousness,
His wisdom is supreme;
And Jesus by Himself hath won;
His own He did redeem.

DESIRE

Oh, let me find a joy in work;
A blessedness in toil;
A satisfaction realize
That nothing can despoil;
In humble, true devotion
The best that I afford,
For 'tis the law of Heaven,
And great is the reward.

Oh, let me find a joy in work
That nothing can dispel;
For in the end is victory
When I but do it well;
And in the final end is peace,
A satisfaction earned.
A something loved in beauty
For which the soul hath yearned.

HOLY GROUND

When angels come commanding Thee,
Then what canst answer Thou?
For what is man within himself?
Or who can tell him how?
Oh, what is man himself to speak?
His frame is only clay,
And God is all omnipotent,
And HE will have His way.

Oh, what is man to answer God?
Whose words are ever true
In love and benedictions
To show us what to do,
His voice and all His great commands
In every age and clime,
Though borne by men or angels,
Have stood the test of time.

For God is perfect; God is just;
The Heavens are His Throne;
He dwells in all the earth and skies
To keep and claim His own;
Before His great perfection
Let all to stand in awe,
For man is only fallen dust,
And always full of flaw.

For man is always low and vile,
And God He must obey
Or suffer all the consequence
His debt to fully pay;
So always be in solemn prayer
To know what GOD commands;
HE promised to be with us here,
And still the promise stands.

BREVITY OF LIFE

We go the way of life but once;
So quickly all is done;
So quickly goes the morn of life,
So soon the evening sun;
So soon we pass the end of life,
So fleeting every breath,
So certain is the march of time,
So sure the hand of death.

We go the way of life but once;
Eternity so near;
How early in the spring of life
Do Heaven's lights appear;
Sometimes they come in early years
While youth is holding sway;
Perhaps 'tis earlier in life
In childhood's tender day.

And always 'tis the work of God,
And always it is sure;
Eternally the work of God
Most surely will endure;
The Light of Heaven in the soul,
Though humble as a clod,
Can never be extinguished,
For it belongs to God.

PRAYERS

A PRAYER

Oh, let me not deceive myself,
Dear Lord, but look to thee;
Oh, let me feel the holy hand
That loves and shelters me;
And let me know that holy touch,
That love that makes me free,
Oh, let me feel that Presence as
When angels come to me.

Where I can see thy holy face
With holy eyes within,
My Savior there whose holy grace
Has saved me from my sin;
And let me see in holy light
That brings to me the truth;
Oh, bring to me thy righteousness
That I be not uncouth.

And let me shed those humble tears
That gives me rest in thee,
That holy, sweet communion
With thine and also thee;
Enlarge my vision, Lord of Hosts,
That I may trust in thee,
And feel the PERFECT PRESENCE
Of HIM who died for me.

RESOLUTION AND PRAYER

I'll try to trust in Thee, O Lord,
I'll try to trust in Thee,
Although I often feel a blight,
I'll try to trust in Thee;
Sometimes I do not know the right,
And oft I cannot see the light,
I know not when to wait, or fight,
But let me trust in Thee.

Oh, let me trust in Thee, dear Lord,
How great to trust in Thee!
I know that Thou hast been this way,
And I will trust in Thee;
My debt was more than I could pay,
And Thou art still my hope and stay,
There is none else, to Thee I pray,
Oh, I will trust in Thee!

PRAYER AND MEDITATION

If 'tis Thy will, Almighty God,
For me to write of Thee,
Of truth and love, and hope and peace
That comes alone from Thee,
Then give me strength, and visions clear
In any measure Thine,
And sweetest tenderness from Thee,
And gold, the superfine.

My frame is only clay; 'tis dust;
With nothing of its own
No hope but in the grace of God
Whose will is His alone,
Whose power none can measure,
Whose beauty none can know;
The heavens and the earth are Thine
As all Thy works doth show.

A PRAYER

O LIGHT CELESTIAL, inward shine,
And drive away my gloom.
My fear expunge, my gold refine;
Annul impending doom.
Oh, give me peace; and let me work
According to Thy will;
Though danger everywhere may lurk,
Thy love, O Lord, instill.

Oh, let Thine all abounding grace,
Thy mercy great and deep,
Surround, That I may keep apace,
My soul, O Lord, to keep;
And give me strength in every way,
The measure that I need,
To walk with Thee from day to day
In every humble deed.

A CONFESSION

So often, Lord, I know not when
The tempter comes to tempt to sin;
For as he went and tempted Eve,
His lies he leads me to believe,
I cannot always know His pose,
For so deceitfully he goes;
So subtle he, his every act,
His lies we think to be a fact;
The truth of God would he distort
By making lies of every sort;
He often comes in such disguise
With words so false (but seeming wise)
That we are led in subtle charm
Into the throes of grievous harm.
In agonies too deep to tell,
Until we feel the woes of hell.

RESIGNATION

What is Thy pleasure, Lord of Hosts,
What wilt, Thou, I should do?
My life awaits Thy bidding
Until my task is through.
No other would I ever serve,
No other would I love,
No other would I bow before
My faithfulness to prove.

For all the earth is full of fault,
And all the world must weep;
The world is all unrighteousness;
No treasure here to keep.
'Tis everywhere but sin and shame;
'Tis all but ill and woe;
No power on the earth to keep;
No mercy to bestow.

But in Thy hand is everything;
The earth is Thine alone;
No power can compare to Thine;
And holy is Thy Throne.
Forever and forever
Thy Kingdom shall endure;
And all Thy love for all Thine own
Eternally is sure.

So now I fall before Thy face,
Awaiting there Thy call,
Awaiting there Thy holy will,
For Thou art all and all;
Into Thy hands I put my life;
Direct it as Thou wilt;
For in Thy holy Sacrifice
Is hidden all my guilt.

A PRAYER

We'll try to render thanks to Thee,
O Lord, Thou Lord of Grace,
If Thou wilt give to us a rain
To water every place.
Thy providential dealings, Lord,
The tokens of Thy love,
Declare that Thou art on Thy throne,
Thy righteousness to prove.

The rain has come, and, gracious, Lord,
We beg for grace from Thee,
That we, in spirit and in truth,
May render thanks to Thee.
Oh, help us always worship Thee,
And look to Thee as KING;
For Thou art Master everywhere,
And perfect blessings bring.

EVEN ON THE EARTH

O FATHER, draw me close to Thee,
TO THEE, for Thou art GREAT,
For Thou art holy, infinite,
And on Thee would I wait,
In all Thy providences trust,
Thy mercies all implore,
For Thou art KING OF ALL THE
EARTH,
And none can Thee ignore.

And give me visions, Lord, of Thee
That I may know Thy ways,
That I may love, and honor Thee,
And always utter praise,
That I may always worship Thee
And look to Thee as King;
Oh, help me walk Thy holy ways;
Thy NAME, oh, let me sing.

A PRAYER

I need Thee so, Almighty God,
Myself, I cannot reach Thee.
O give me of Thy Spirit
To lead me, I beseech Thee;
That I may know in holy truth
That Thou art leading me;
That holy inspirations
Can come from only Thee.

Thy grace attending always,
Thy providences true,
So great in every time of need,
Can show me what to do,
For Thou art always on Thy throne;
And perfect are thy ways;
Thy love an everlasting love
For every soul that prays.

O manifest Thyself, dear Lord,
For Thou art everywhere;
And thou canst speak to us, dear Lord,
And give us ears to hear;
O Father, do with us Thy will;
In beauty lift us high
In realms of glory, and of truth,
And love that cannot die.

A PRAYER

O Father, let me praise Thy name
Although I dwell in shame.
Oh, let me, though I'm full of sin,
To call upon Thy name;
Although my works are only vile,
Although my station low;
I want to worship only Thee,
I want Thy love to know.

And when temptation all surrounds
And drags my body down;
When I am full of miseries,
And only feel Thy frown;
Although I feel Thy cold rebuke,
Mine overwhelming woe,
I want Thy holy presence, Lord,
I want Thy love to know.

Thy peace, O Lord, is sweeter far
Than all the sweetest pay
That all the sinful flesh can give
Or offer any day.
Thy love so grand and glorious,
Thy presence is so sweet;
I long, O Lord, to bow before
And worship at Thy feet.

I want Thy holy presence, Lord,
O let me see thy face.
Thy countenance forgiving.
My sins to all erase.
O give me strength, Almighty God,
To walk with Thee in peace;
Oh, draw me close to Thee in truth;
And let my faith increase.

PRAAYER

We would not cease, Almighty God,
To come to Thee to pray.
But, recognizing all our lack,
We'd beg of Thee alway;
And meditating on Thy name,
And studying Thy word,
We'd come into Thy presence oft,
And call upon our Lord.

We'd enter, Lord, into Thy courts,
Thy sanctuary here,
The place of worship only Thine,
A refuge very dear;
And there, O Lord, we'd learn of Thee
Of shepherds called of Thee,
Expounding in Thy work of truth,
And taught, O Lord, of Thee.

And oft into a secret place,
Where none but Thou canst hear,
And there we'd beg Thee: do Thy will
With us from year to year;
And though we suffer in Thy name,
The Savior suffered more.
Our hope is: there to live with him
On Heaven's holy shore.

I WOULD BE THINE

O Father, let me not rebel;
A soldier let me be,
A faithful soldier bold and strong
Who tries to walk with Thee;
A valiant soldier always there
With courage, fortitude;
Who loves the Master, even God
In faith not understood.

But fighting not a fellow man
In jealousy or hate;
But in the realm of truth and right,
In holy, high estate
But weild my powers in Thy name,
And labor not in vain;
For in thy work is nothing lost,
But everything to gain.

To fight my weaknesses; gather strength
In all that's good and true;
To cultivate within my life,
With little void ado,
A holy aim in righteousness
With God my only guide;
And trusting that His holy grace
May in my life abide.

A PRAYER

Put gladness in my heart, O Lord,
And let my soul rejoice;
Oh, let me long for only Thee;
Thy presence be my choice;
The world and all is nothing
When to Thy peace compared;
Oh, Manifest Thyself to me,
ALMIGHTY HOLY LORD.

O speak to me, Almighty God,
In tenderness today
That fear and all despondency
Be driven far away.
That holy love and light and truth
May come into my soul,
That I may speak aloud Thy praise
Thy greatness to extol.

Oh let me love Thy holy name;
And worship only Thee;
And magnify within my heart
The ONE who made me free;
Oh, lead me now to rest in Thee
Thy goodness to confess;
Oh, put Thine arms around me, Lord,
To own me and to bless.

For Thou art all my soul's desire;
My only perfect friend;
In all my trials small or great
Thy testimony send;
That I may see beyond my tears
To mansions in the skies
Where death and evils cannot come
And glory never dies.

A PRAYER

Wouldst thou, O Lord, in truth confirm
The shadows I have seen—
The shining lights of beauty
That come to me so clean—
The bursting forth, the blooming
Of treasures in my soul,
As truth and love that comes from Thee
That I might well extol.

Wouldst thou, O Lord, in love reveal
Thy presence in my heart,
Let vain imaginations
In all my life depart;
But be Thou always reigning there
Thy grace, Thy love to show;
Thy beauties there adorning
My efforts here below.

I would not wander, Lord, away,
I'd love to walk with Thee;
Like Enoch in the days of old,
I'd love to walk with Thee;
And make me willing, Mighty God,
To suffer in Thy name;
And nothing care in any sense
For dying earthly fame.

Submitting, Lord, in tenderness,
And all humility
To all thy dealings great or small,
Yet trying constantly;
For thou art King of all the earth;
Canst curse; or bless and keep;
And nowhere can we hide from Thee
In wilderness or deep.

And let me utter humble praise
To Thee from day to day;
And keep Thou, Lord, my erring feet,
And help me love Thy way;
And show me, Lord, from time to time,
In all that pleaseth Thee,
The great triumphant glory
Of HIM who died for me.

A PRAYER

O Lord of Heaven and of earth,
Thy name would we adore;
Thy praises would we render now,
And draw upon Thy store.
We'd magnify Thy holy name;
Thy presence would we seek;
Although our frames are only dust,
And altogether weak.

Thy Spirit, Lord, is wonderful
That gave us holy birth,
That leads us onward day by day
Upon the sinful earth;
And leads us here to utter praise
To Thee, Eternal King;
That teaches us to look to Thee,
And adoration sing.

PRAYER; MEDITATION

I would not trust myself, Dear Lord;
I'd always look to thee;
My life is nothing; all is vile;
Till death it thus shall be;
My mortal body as it is
To Heaven cannot rise,
But Thou wilt raise it from the earth,
And take it to the skies.

For after death, the sleep of death,
The flesh will live anew,
When it from weakness and sin
Forever bids adieu,
To be an heir, joint heir with Christ,
To glory out beyond,
Where comes no sin, or woe, or death,
Where souls will not despond.

And all is beauty, love, and praise,
Eternal glory there;
For all the riches of the earth
With Heaven can't compare;
The worthiness of Jesus Christ,
His holiness and love,
His perfect peace up there awaits
In Paradise above.

PRAYER

Reveal thyself, Almighty God,
In dealings sweet and tender,
That I may know thy presence,
And make complete surrender;
That I may feel thy mercies more;
To others may confess
Thy providences all in truth,
And loving tenderness.

That I thy holy peace may know,
Thy dealings understand,
That I thy holiness may see,
And do thy pure command;
In great humility may love
To walk thy holy way;
And always may be willing
My vows to thee to pay.

ONLY THEE

To whom can we go, Almighty God?
To none, to none but Thee;
Depraved, enslaved we're all undone
With nowhere else to flee;
But with thy great, sufficient love,
Thy providential care;
Thine omnipresent watchfulness,
There's naught for us to fear.

Thy grace is all sufficient, Lord,
To guide us, and to keep;
And only when we disobey,
In sorrow must we weep;
But in Thy great unchanging love
There's safety, all in Thee;
To whom can we go, Almighty God?
To none, to none but Thee.

MEDITATION AND PRAYER

Although my flesh may drag me down
In shame into the dust,
My faith is in my risen Lord,
Myself I do not trust;
Although my soul so much desponds
Because I live in shame,
My Lord commands me: every day
To call upon his name.

Although my life is full of sin,—
In weakness here I dwell,
My Savior bought me with a love
That mortals cannot tell;
My prayer is for his presence sweet
To fill me with his fire;
Eternal love and holiness
In him is my desire.

My victory is all in Him,
And nothing can I claim;
I want his guidance always;
To serve him is my aim;
And when the devil tempts me sore,
And I begin to yield,
O come, dear Lord, to rescue me,
And drive him far afield.

For thou art all my soul's desire;
My love is all in thee,
Thou Rose of Sharon, Prince of Peace,
Who gave thy life for me;
O help me, Lord, to walk with thee,
Thy love, thy joys to know,
O take me now into thine arms,
Thy peace, O Lord, bestow.

PRAYER

Oh, for thy love, Almighty God,
Thy presence manifest;
How sweet to sit within thy courts
Partaking of thy rest!
Oh, for thy holy sweetness,
A foretaste of thy peace,
A foretaste of thy glory
That cannot fade, or cease.

In ecstasy oh lift me high
Into the realms of light
That I may utter holy praise
In humble, pure delight;
Unhidden here before my face,
O Father, let me see
Some beauty I shall see beyond
In all eternity.

Oh, lead me not, Almighty God,
To ever ask amiss;
But, Lord, O Lord, I humbly beg
A foretaste of thy bliss
Transfigured here before my face
Some object of thy love
Transformed in glory on the earth
As it shall be above.

PRAYER AND ADORATION

I beg thee, Lord, that thou wilt speak
Unto my soul, for I am weak;
I'm only dust; so much I fear;
Almost I doubt that thou art near;
But everything that's good and pure
Has come from thee, and will endure;
The works of man are low and vile,
There's naught in them that's worth the
while.

The way is dark; we dwell in night;
We beg thy love to send us light;
We've felt thy love in days gone by,
And even now we want thee nigh;
Undone and lost thy peace without,
We beg thee come remove the doubt
We beg thy presence manifest
That we may work, and do our best.

We beg thy peace that we may rest,
That we may know that we are blest;
We beg thy grace to lift us high
In holy truth; thou canst not lie;
May angels true from Heaven's gate
Come lead us in the pathway straight;
We know, O Lord, thy strength we need;
Without thy love, sow evil seed.

But when this fleeting life is o'er,
On earth to walk in sin no more,
With sorrows all forever past,
The devils all to hell are cast,
We'll spend ten million years with thee,
Ten million more with all the free,
With all thy host, the TRINITY,
Thy saints shall spend ETERNITY.

So don't tell me that God is not,
Or that his own he has forgot,
Or that his peace he doesn't send;
He loves his own; he is their friend;
He watches them, prepares their path;
He everywhere all power hath;
All hell his power can't annul;
He is complete; and never dull.

His strength is mine; I dwell in him;
And when my faith is weak or dim,
That is because in fallen clay
I dwell on earth, can't get away;
I want his peace; in him to hide;
To always in his love abide;
I know in him I'll be complete,
So I must worship at His feet.

SUBMISSION

Have Thy way, Almighty Father,
In Thine own consummate skill,
As Thou hast in all the ages
Even now Thy word fulfill,
Even always Thou art perfect,
Thou art holy; all is Thine;
Let Thy people now and always
In Thy righteousness recline.

Help us seek to walk in wisdom,
Wisdom that is Thine alone,
In Thy holy truth enshrouded,
Coming even from Thy throne.
Looking always, Holy Father,
Unto Thee for love and light,
Trusting even now and always
In Thy holy, hidden might.

PRAYER

O Lord, we'd always pray to Thee,
Adore Thy Holy Name,
Discuss with loved ones day by day
Thy great undying fame.
And in our little earthly realm
We'd seek Thy holy face,
Do every day a noble work,
And fill a goodly place.

We'd always do Thy Holy Will
So perfect never erring,
We'd walk in truth, in Thee, in Thee,
Thy wisdom all preferring.
We would not trust our powers void,
We know they're only vile,
We'd look to Thee, then try to do
Just something worth the while.
We, though we do the best we can,
Are full of mean ambitions;
We worship money, power vile,
Or baser, wrong positions.
For often we are very full
Of sinful earthly hope,
So much we walk in Satan's lead,
In darkness then we grope.

And so we beg Thee see our tears,
Give wisdom from Thy Throne
To guide us on our earthly roads;
Oh, guard Thy saints thine own;
Protect us, O Thou Mighty God
From wrong and evil passions,
Fill us with love and give us peace,
Correct the wrong impressions.

Help us adore Thy name so sweet,
To understand Thy dealing;
Oh, give us knowledge of Thy love
Through medium of feeling.
We'd know Thy presence every day,
We'd feel thine angels near,
We'd magnify Thy name on earth,
And never know a fear.

MY HEART PANTETH FOR THEE

I long for Thee, Almighty God,
To know Thy perfect love;
I long to feel Thy presence
Thy faithfulness to prove;
To know Thee in Thy mercy,
Thy great unerring hand;
I long to see the glory
That shall forever stand.

For holy, sweet communion,
A unity with Thee,
Rejoicing, still rejoicing
To be as one with Thee;
And walking in Thy precepts,
Abiding in Thy peace,
I long, O Lord, to walk with Thee
Before my own decease.

To always try to do my best
To have the Spirit reign;
To make my erring body
From evil all abstain;
To try to cultivate the faith
That comes alone from thee;
To daily bear the holy cross
That Jesus bore for me.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

Lift me, Lord, oh, lift me higher
In the realms of truth and light;
Keep us in the path of duty,
Ever on the side of right.
Keep us ever plodding onward
Toward the goal so pure and high,
Looking forward to the glory
And the love that cannot die.

Guide us; keep us by Thy Spirit
From the dangers all around;
May we often by Thy presence
Stand upon a Holy Ground.
May we, like the prophet Moses,
Follow Thee the best we can;
Help us well control the fleshly,
And obey the inner man.

By the presence of the angels
May we always think of Thee;
May we well obey the precepts
Of the ONE who made us free.
May the angels stand around us
Near enough we feel their touch,
For their sweet and holy presence
Makes us want to praise Thee much.

When the sin and sorrow earthly,
All the woe is left behind;
When we're risen with the Savior;
When we have a holy mind;
Then in peace and truth we'll praise
Thee
On the bright Eternal Shore,
In the love of our Redeemer
(Oh, how sweet) forevermore.

A PRAYER

Oh, put away my doubts, dear Lord,
And help me trust in Thee;
Help Thou, O Lord, mine unbelief,
Oh, come and strengthen me;
My frame is now afflicted,
My soul is burdened so,
My way is long and weary,
I wander to and fro.

I dwell in gloom and darkness,
And cannot find my way;
And evil ever present;
So little can I pray;
Art Thou away forever?
Oh, come and love me still,
But let me suffer on and on
If 'tis the Master's will.

My Father is the potter;
And I am but the clay;
Oh, make me always willing
For Thee to have Thy way;
And help me, Lord, oh, help me
To feel that I am Thine,
And give me of Thy Spirit
That I may not repine.

My way is never wearisome
When Thou art manifest;
Oh, Thou art fully able
To always stand the test;
Thy power conquers Satan,
Oh, Thou canst make him flee;
If 'tis thy will, oh, quickly come
To love and comfort me.

PRAYER FOR THE BEREAVED

Reveal Thy love, O Lord, we beg
In measure only Thine
To everyone who sorrows,
And all who may repine,
The poor, the brokenhearted
Whose way is through the night,
Who sorrow in a tragic loss
That banishes the light.

Reveal Thyself in beauty there,
And let Thy light to shine,
And though the sorrow lingers,
The mystery refine;
Let not the faith to falter,
But be it magnified,
And may we look unto the cross,
And Him who for us died.

Oh, hear us though the soul must mourn,
And help us understand,
For Thou in holy wisdom
Wilt do as Thou hast planned;
Though none can know Thy holy ways,
Thy wisdom is supreme,
It goes beyond the highest hope
Or yet a fonder dream.

We beg Thee, O Almighty God,
To draw us close to Thee,
And let us know the Spirit
That speaks to us of Thee;
Infold us in Thy loving arms;
Thy mercy let us know;
Oh, be Thou very near to us
Thy blessings to bestow.

A PRAYER

I would not cast Thy love away
That richly Thou bestowed,
That love that nailed Thee to the cross
To pay the debt we owed;
That put aside the glory there
With God upon His Throne
And went into Thy suffering
To cleanse and save Thine own.

I would not cast Thy love away
And crucify again
My Savior who has died for me
To save me from my sin;
Who intercedes for me today,
Who sees my every tear,
Who knows my every weakness and
Alleviates my fear.

I would not cast Thy love away,
But, O THOU, purify
Myself of all infirmities
Thy love to justify;
And let me know, O Lord of Hosts,
That Thou art still my guide,
For I would know Thy presence,
And in Thy faith abide.

A PRAYER

O THOU HOLY GREAT I AM,
JEHOVAH, EVERYWHERE,
Into thy hands I put my soul,
With every weight of care;
Thy grace is all-sufficient, Lord,
And perfect are thy ways;
Thy name, in Heaven and in earth,
Demands a holy praise.

O give me strength, Almighty God,
And holy light in thee,
Enough that I may do thy will,
And walk with only thee,
Enough that I may praise thy name,
O GREAT ETERNAL KING;
Exalted, Thou, within my heart,
Thy NAME oh let me sing.

WE NEED IT; WE HAVE IT
WHAT IS IT? GOD'S GRACE

MOST HOLY KING in all the earth,
We need Thy grace so much;
We need Thy presence always;
We need Thy holy touch;
We need Thine everlasting love
In penitence to claim;
We need to look alone to Thee
To call upon Thy name.

So often we are down so low
We do not look to Thee;
So often we but walk in sin
In walking not with Thee;
But Thou wilt bless our efforts,
And help us cry to Thee,
For Thou art perfect, Thou alone
Canst come and comfort me.

IT ALL BELONGS TO THEE

O Father, help me trust in Thee,
And look toward Thy throne;
For we are only finite,
And cannot stand alone;
For we are only fallen dust,
My ways are all impure;
My efforts often futile,
My way is never sure.

In self is nothing to desire;
O Lord, abide in me,
And take me home to Heaven,
To there abide in Thee
Where I can render perfect praise,
Can worship at Thy throne;
And help me know that on the earth
My life is not my own.

My body and my spirit both,
They both belong to Thee,
And so I have no right to err,
My life belongs to Thee;
So help me, though I'm weakly,
To render praise to Thee,
For all my efforts, everything,
It all belongs to Thee.

PRAYER

O Thou Almighty Lord of Hosts,
I beg thy presence sweet
To shield me from the unseen foe
That I so often meet,
For he is all deception,
And all his work is void,
But when Thy power drives him off,
Then I am overjoyed.

INTO THINE ARMS

Into Thine arms, Almighty God,
Into Thine arms tonight,
That I may know Thy beauty, Lord,
My only pure delight.
That I may taste Thy holiness,
And feel Thy sovereign will,
That I may view Thy loveliness,
And even there be still.

That I may look into Thy face,
Thy countenance of love
So sweet, and so forgiving,
Thy righteousness to prove.
That I in peace may nestle there
From ALL my trials free,
That I may rest with Thee, O Lord,
That I may rest with Thee.

That I may praise Thy holy name
In spirit and in truth,
And feeling every promise there
Of sweet immortal youth.
That I may worship only there
Thy Being, only Thee,
And know that Thine, beyond these
tears,
Shall rest with Thine and Thee.

A PRAYER

ALWAYS, O Lord, abide with me
To keep my erring feet;
To keep me in humility
Around the mercy seat;
To keep my erring, wayward mind;
My soul from dire despair;
I beg Thee now, O Lord of Hosts,
In mercy hear my prayer.

And help me now to walk with Thee;
To know Thy Spirit's urge;
To know Thy Spirit's unction
When throes around me surge;
For always I am prone to err,
To follow Satan's lead;
Oh, give Thy Spirit's guidance
In every thought and deed.
Oh, help me in my weaknesses
To know Thy guiding hand;
To know Thy grace is with me
In heeding Thy command;
And when the tempter speaks to me,
Oh, help me recognize
His ways, and His deceptions;
And in Thy love arise.

MORE LIKE THEE

More like Thee, Almighty Savior,
In my body more like Thee;
In my life and my behavior
Make me more and more like Thee:
In humility, and wisdom,
Far away from wanton pride,
Far from low untruth and evil,
Let me in the faith abide.

More like Thee, Almighty Savior,
I am so unholy still;
I am weak and all unworthy;
Let Thy light my soul to fill;
Help me love Thy holy teachings;
Help me sacrifice for thee;
Though in suffering, and sorrow,
Make me more in love like Thee.

CLOSE TO THEE

CLOSE TO THEE, ALMIGHTY GOD,

Oh, draw me close to Thee;
And though I walk in slush and mud,
Oh, bring me close to Thee;
There's nothing in my hand to bring;
Then to my Savior let me cling;
And even now His praises sing;
Oh, draw me close to Thee.

Oh, let me in Thy love abide
In walking close to Thee;
And when the many storms betide,
Then bring me close to Thee;
Oh, cast away my fears and doubt,
And let me ring thy praises out;
And many loud hosannas shout,
And all for Thee, for Thee.

PRAYER

O give me faith, Almighty God
In burdens and in grief;
A faith that will not let me down,
That brings a great relief;
A faith that will not let me go,
But helps me in my cares;
A faith that brings me close to Thee
Away from Satan's snares.

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When evil Satan's own
So tries to pull my soul away
From near Thy Holy Throne.
A faith that I may lean upon
When all the world is wrong;
That puts within my weary soul
A wondrous, holy song.

A faith that sweetens every task;
That leans upon Thy love;
That clears away the clouds and gloom
Thy faithfulness to prove.
A faith that looks alone to Thee,
Myself to never trust;
A faith without the which, I know,
I'm only fallen dust.

ALL FULLNESS

Oh, let me see Thy wisdom, Lord,
And let me stand in awe
Before Thy wondrous work sublime
Containing not a flaw;
Oh, let me view Thy majesty,
And understanding more,
Oh, let me come into Thy courts,
And all Thy ways adore.

Oh, let me come before Thy throne,
Submitting humbly, well
To everything in every way
And praises humbly tell;
For in Thy way perfection is,
And all Thy way is truth;
Though every man is full of fault,
And all His way uncouth.

Though every man is wandering
In error and in sin;
Or into low rebellion
Where all the woes begin,
THE LORD is still the Holy King
IN HOLINESS SUBLIME;
In every way His righteousness
Will stand the test of time.

INJUSTICES WILL BE DEFEATED

O open up my blinded eyes,
Dear Father, let me see;
O let me know that Thou art King
In all eternity.
That though the wanton hand of sin
At wretchedness can laugh,
Thy holy justice separates
The worthy from the chaff.

Thy love is infinitely pure;
Thy dealings all are just;
Thy providence is tender to
The humble, fallen dust.
Thy holy wisdom knoweth all;
Omnipotent Thy hand,
For even devils must obey
Thine every high demand.

I know Thy way will triumph;
Thy work will be complete;
And every evil everywhere
Will suffer its defeat.
And all injustices of men
Will find a place in hell;
And all who love will know a love
That mortals cannot tell.

PRAYER

'Tis not for power that I ask,
Nor yet ambition's will,
But I would ask humility
My heart, O Lord, to fill,
Thy presence and its wisdom,
Thy grace and strength to keep,
Thy loveliness to worship here,
Thy peace that I may weep.

Thy love, O Lord, to fill my soul,
A faith that looks to Thee,
Thy truth in simple fullness,
Thy gospel to the free,
Thy providences all to guide,
And ears to hear Thy voice,
Thy love to be my treasure,
And THEE to be my choice.

PRAYER

Not blessings that I ask, O Lord,
But blessings that I need;
Not ways of mine own choosing,
But guidance Thine I plead.
Not worship of the doings
Of mine unholy hands;
But faith in Thine own power,
And Thine own holy plans.

No incense must I burn to Baal
Or offering to make,
Lest I should feel Thy holy wrath
Or vengeance Thine partake;
But let me worship only Thee;
And let me render praise
For all Thy wondrous holiness,
And all Thy perfect ways.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

O Father, let me pass away;
Now let me fade in death.
Oh, let me go into my grave
Beyond my fleeting breath.
Where disappointments cannot be;
And sorrows are no more;
To sleep the calm and perfect sleep;
With those who were before.

To walk no more the sands of time
In sorrow in the years;
And heeding not the passing days;
And dwelling not in fears.
But living in Eternity
In everlasting peace;
Where sin cannot beset us;
Or living beauty cease.

To there adore Thee perfectly,
Where death can never be;
Where we shall worship always
The Lamb of God and Thee;
In ecstasy forever.
Beyond the weight of time;
In righteousness and holiness,
And beauty all sublime.

And in the New Jerusalem
Thy glories to behold;
Where nothing can molest us;
Upon the streets of gold.
To love in all Eternity;
And praises there to sing
Unto the One Redeemer
The Risen Lord The King.

PRAYER

O, let me write in beauty, Lord,
The humble words of praise,
The thoughts concerning wisdom,
And of Thy wondrous ways.
In splendor like the morning star,
In glory like the dawn,
In loveliness I cannot know
Till God shall claim is own.

With vision quite beyond my ken,
That here no mortal knows,
In light alone from Heaven
That God alone bestows;
In faith where, understanding not,
I work in Thee alone,
Within that love and holiness
Proceeding from Thy throne.

And in a true devotion
Beyond my sinful realm;
That all my brethren may know
That Thou art at the helm.
That Thou dost yet proclaim Thy ways
Though none may understand;
For Thou in Thy perfection
Wilt do as Thou hast planned.

And let me not exalt myself,
For I am but a worm;
Yes, I am but a sinner
Abiding in the storm.
Upheld by Thee; and Thee alone;
(If only I am thine,
And if a place in Heaven
Will finally be mine) .

A portion of the Spirit, Lord,
I always need of Thee
A small and humble foretaste
Abounding in but Thee;
Exalting in humility
My Savior and my KING,
For 'tis the soul of my desire
His praises here to sing.

PRAYER

ALMIGHTY GOD, in love and fear—
And sometimes too in deep despair,
Thy holy presence would we seek,
For we are altogether weak;
Thy name is great; but we are dust;
So let us not ourselves to trust,
But let us always look to Thee;
And trust in Thee; yes, only Thee.

For Thou art altogether wise,
THE RULER of the earth and skies;
And Thou art lovely, holy, just;
None other should the people trust.
And thine the kingdom; all is Thine;
Let not my love for Thee repine;
But let me always look to Thee;
And trust in Thee; Yes, only Thee.

THE TRUE PEACE

Oh, for that peace, Almighty God,
That passeth understanding,
That holy, great, eternal peace,
The Spirit there commanding;
That great submission to His will,
That leaves it all to HIM;
Where is no fear in trouble,
Where light is never dim.

Where we can know His presence;
Can have no doubt nor fear;
Can trust implicitly; and know
That HE is always near;
Can feel that always we shall be
Within those blessed arms;
Where Satan never can again
Engulf in great alarms.

Where we can know that after while
The Light will come to stay,
That Christ the Lord will come again
Who put our guilt away;
Where we will sing with angels true
The Song of Victory;
And live in His perfection there,
In all eternity.

PRAYER

We beg for strength, O Lord of Hosts,
To walk alone with Thee,
For holy grace to shield us
From all that hinders me;
For strength to do Thy holy will
In all Thy voice hath said
Though many things may urge to do
So many things instead.

I'd rather have Thy presence
Than all the earthly gold,
For in Thy Holy Spirit
Is wealth and strength untold;
Thy love is everlasting;
Eternal is Thy peace;
Though many thorns beset me,
Oh, let my faith increase.

Oh, speak, dear Lord, in triumph,
And let my soul to hear;
Exalt us in humility
To drive away my fear;
Oh, draw me close to Thee, dear God,
And let Thy light to shine,
That we may praise Thy holy name,
And never more repine.

PRAYER

My life, O Lord, is nothing;
My flesh is all depraved;
My ways are only sinful;
Almost am I enslaved.
But Thou, O Lord, canst strengthen me,
And make me unafraid;
Thy sacrifice was made for me,
My debt is fully paid.

Wilt Thou, O Lord, but give me faith
To trust, yes, trust in Thee,
In Thee the One who ever loves,
And always shelters me;
The One who satisfies my soul,
And brings me from despair,
Who drives the adversary far,
And puts me trusting there?

But give me faith, Almighty God,
To trust in Thee alone,
For Thou art perfect, infinite;
Thy life is in Thine own;
And Thou art their security,
Their hope and only stay,
Who succors them in sorrow,
And hears them when they pray.

Who knows our all infirmities,
That we are only dust,
Who knows how weakly is my frame,
But makes my soul to trust;
Who keeps me when my efforts fail
In everything below,
When only misery is mine,
When I but dwell in woe.

PRAYER

Oh, help me, Lord, to walk above
The low, the weak, the vile;
To be an Israelite indeed
In whom there is no guile;
To rise above hypocrisy;
Within the toil of love;
To trust in great simplicity
In Him who reigns above.

To put aside the evil thoughts
That lead to evil deeds;
And by the grace of Christ the King
To know when Satan leads,
Discerning his intentions there
To lead my life astray;
But in the unction of the Lord
To walk the perfect way.

In not a show of empty words,
But inwardly and real,
And living outwardly in truth
The holy things we feel;
In beauty that we cannot know
In fullness on the earth;
That beauty that awaits beyond
For those of holy birth.

OUT OF MYSELF

For Thy mercy, Holy Father,
For Thy mercy let me plead;
For Thy holy, loving favor
All unmerited indeed;
I am weak and all unworthy,
Nothing in my hand to bring;
I am guilty, undeserving,
To my works I cannot cling.

I am nothing in my body,
I but breathe a failing breath;
In my life I merit nothing;
In my flesh I'm only death;
In myself I'm all diseases,
And myself I cannot cure;
Nothing in this erring body
Of itself can long endure.

Only in the THRONE of mercy
Is there hope that we shall live;
In that grace in Him abounding,
Grace that he alone can give;
For Thy peace, Almighty Father,
For Thy peace, oh, let me pray,
And for help, Almighty Father,
Courage for the weary way.

Oh, for light, the light celestial,
Though it be a single beam;
Just a holy light from Heaven
As to Jacob in his dream;
Light to shine upon my pathway,
Just a taste of what will be
In the glory of the Savior
In the great eternity.

NO HOPE BUT THEE

No hope but Thee, Almighty God,
I have no hope but Thee;
My waywardness deserves the rod,
But let me hope in Thee;
Thou suffered everything for me,
The crown of thorns, and Calvary;
And all my blessings come from Thee,
From THEE; and only THEE.

There's nothing in my flesh but sin;
There is no hope but Thee;
In waywardness my woes begin,
No hope, no hope but Thee;
The flesh is only fallen dust;
And, too, it suffers; die it must;
But in Thy mercy let me trust;
The all in all is Thee.

In love, O Lord, remember me,
Though nothing can I claim,
There is, O Lord, no hope but Thee,
My great Redeemer's name;
There is no hope but God alone,
Who reigns himself upon HIS
 THRONE
And in that mercy all His own,
No hope, no hope but Thee.

COME, LORD JESUS

O Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And purge the earth of sin;
O come to bring Thy righteousness;
Thine earthly reign begin;
To bring Thy holiness, and peace;
Thy great eternal love;
And cause Thine own to see Thy face,
Thy glory as above.

That all thine own may cease to mourn
Because of crime and war,
And things so all unholy
The holy saints abhor;
To bring that great and holy day
When death will cease to reign,
To bring an end of everything
So always low and vain.

To bring the consummation;
To do Thy holy will
In power, in Thy perfect way
Thy holy word fulfill.
When all Thy great perfection
Will never cease to be,
When saints and angels praise Thee
In all eternity.

IS IT SATAN?

Is it Satan, Holy Father,
Satan in a low disguise,
Satan evil always tempting,
In the worldly wisdom wise,
Is it Satan so misleading
Seeking now to pull me down,
Seeking to allure me always,
Satan in his low renown?

Is it Satan, Holy Father,
So deceitful every way
That would lead me into error,
Into evil every day?
Oh, I beg Thee, Holy Father,
Let me not to follow him,
Give me always, Holy Father,
Give me light that will not dim.

Give me strength to do Thy bidding,
Strength and comfort all from Thee,
Give to me Thy Holy Spirit
Now to help me walk with thee;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
All sufficient is Thy grace,
All sufficient is the Master
Now to help me run my race.

Let me trust in all HIS powers;
He is King forevermore
Interceding for His children
Even now on Heaven's shore;
Let me trust in HIM my Savior;
He will keep me to the end,
He is KING in earth and Heaven,
He is able to defend.

SUPPLICATION

I go to Thee, Almighty God,
I cry to Thee in prayer,
Imploring all Thy kindnesses,
And begging Thee to hear;
And begging for thy mercy,
No righteousness to plead;
I need the love of HIM who is
My righteousness indeed.

For I, O Lord, am nothing;
And Satan is so strong;
My flesh is heir to many ills;
I suffer deep and long;
I fly to Thee, O Lord of Hosts;
There's nowhere else to go;
I want to feel Thy presence;
Thy love I long to know.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER?

Oh, what wouldst Thou, Almighty God,
That I shouldst do for Thee,
Thou holy King of Righteousness,
Whose love has rescued me;
Whose peace abounds in all the earth,
Whose ways not understood,
Whose mercy to the sons of men,
Must prove that Thou art good.

Oh, what wouldst Thou that I shouldst
do

To give my love to Thee,
A humble praise to render here
To Thee, and only Thee.
Exalting here Thy beauties well,
Thy glories to proclaim,
To spread abroad in all the earth
Thy mighty, matchless name.

MY INSUFFICIENCY

O Lord, my God, Almighty God,
Jehovah, on the Throne,
My strength is insufficient all;
I cannot go alone;
My life is vanity and sin;
I wander all my days;
I walk in folly and in shame;
Thy name I do not praise.

My doubts and fears annul my aims,
I do not walk with Thee;
I walk in evil, oh, the shame!
And how it troubles me;
I cannot walk with Thee alone
When Satan tempts me sore,
So help me, Lord, to walk with Thee
And love Thee more and more.

So come, dear Lord, when evils come,
To guide me and to keep,
When winds are strong, and waves are
 high
In all the howling deep,
For Thou art able always, Lord,
To calm the raging sea;
Oh, I am naught! But Thou art all!
So, come, and rescue me.

THERE'S NONE BUT THEE

There's none to go to, Lord, but Thee,
No other hand is sure;
No other one is perfect;
No other will endure.
No other one is infinite,
And only Thou art just;
So in Thy holy goodness
Forever let me trust.

There's none but Thee, Almighty God,
The only safe retreat;
For Thou in Heaven and in earth
Can never know defeat.
Thy sovereign will and holiness
Eternally endures;
Thy Sacrifice on Calvary
Thy people all secures.

There's none but Thee, Almighty God,
The glory all is Thine;
And all that go into Thy courts
Will never there repine.
But praising there eternally
In Heaven's holy way—
In love's own sweet infinitude
That cannot pass away.

Thine own shall safely dwell with Thee
In endless bliss and peace
Where all the glory of the Lord
Can never fade or cease—
In beauty there that only God
Bestows upon His own—
The holy saints and angels
Around the Holy Throne.

LONGING

HOLY LONGING

I sometimes long for perfect rest;
My labors all to cease;
To dwell within the holy realm;
And from my woes release;
To dwell in holiness entire;
In peace surpassing all;
With Christ, the Lord, my Master
Where nothing can enthrall.

With all the holy angels;
In love forevermore;
In holy joy eternal;
On Heaven's perfect shore.
In holiness unending;
A perfect praise to sing
Unto the holy Trinity,
And worship there my KING.

LOOKING FORWARD

Oh, let me examine my title to peace
By patiently suffering now;
Whenever the Savior my load shall
increase,

Oh, lead me to pay every vow;
For He is my refuge, and let me rejoice
In Him as my Savior and King;
I know in my bosom that he is my choice;
I'm happy his praises to sing.

I'm longing to enter the realms of delight
Just over the shadowy tide,
Where cometh no trouble, or sorrow, or
night,

But angels to stand at my side;
Forever no regions of woe, or despair;
But righteousness, holiness, joy;
Enduring perfection forever to share,
No evil to tempt or annoy.

His loveliness perfect the prophets have
spoken,

His power forever supreme;
Sufficient his action on Calvary taken
Forever his own to redeem;
All glory eternal to Jesus the Lord
Who daily in love intercedes;
How holy his promises, perfect his work,
And beautiful all of his deeds.

How *perfectly* beautiful all of his grace,
How glorious all of his love;
I long for his Spirit to keep me apace,
And visions of Heaven above;
I'm longing to enter the Haven of rest,
And sing with the angels in peace,
With Jesus the Savior, and all of the
blest,
Where loveliness never can cease.

LEAD ME ON

Let me follow in the unctions
Of the Spirit as I go;
Let me not do the biddings
Of the one who works for woe;
Of the one who is deception,
Is the father of the lie;
When we follow Satan's leadings,
All our faith will surely die.

Let me follow in the teachings
Of the mighty, risen Lord
Who is author of the blessings
Of the holy, written Word.
He was sacrificed on Calvary
For the sins of all His own;
Now His majesty in Heaven
Rules upon the Highest Throne.

What a wondrous, holy Savior;
Now exalted let Him be,
For He ruleth all the Heavens
Now and in eternity.
Every power that is earthly
Will obey His great commands;
He fulfilled the every order
That the righteous law demands.

Oh, the beauty of my Savior!
Half of it is not expressed;
We shall all behold its fullness
In the Land of Holy Rest.
Oh, the praise that all is due Him,
HIM the Highest King of Kings,
Every fibre of my being
Even now His praises sings.

WISHING

I want to do Jehovah's will,
The work that pleases Him,
Within the truth of Heaven,
Though oft my light is dim.
I'd love to walk the lowly path
That Enoch humbly trod;
In love, and great devotion
I want to walk with God.

To do the will of Him who loves
And always shelter me;
The will of Him who suffered woe,
And let His own go free.
Who even died that we might live
With Him in joy and peace;
Yes, be with Him eternally
Where glory will not cease.

LONGING

Oh, let me pass, and enter in
The Place beyond where is no sin,
Where woe is not, but all is peace,
Where love and glory cannot cease,
Where all is holy, perfect—pure
And righteousness will all endure,
Where more than all my hope is real,
And where HIS PRESENCE I shall feel.

For on the earth is sin and shame,
And mortals trample on His name,
Where walk we not with HIM alone
Forget that HE is on the Throne;
Oh, let me enter into rest
Where angels and immortals blest
Shall walk in light forevermore
Upon that sweet Celestial Shore.

A SWEETNESS IN LIFE

I love for the years to come and go,
For each one brings me nearer
To the end of my journey on earth
 below,
And Heaven is always dearer;
For the passing years each brings a rift
And light to my sorrowing heart,
And comfort to the soul on the sea adrift
Where the storms and the calms are a
 part.

I love for the years to come and go,
For the passing of each is sweet,
For the birth of the new is a hope to
 know
As duties anew we greet;
Where the commonest things no longer
 are old,
Where the newness of each is a gift,
Where the hope in the heart is a nugget
 of gold
As onward and onward we drift.

LONGING SOUL

I long for Thee, Almighty God,
The sunshine of Thy love,
Thy beauteous beatitudes,
Thy mercies all to prove;
Thy wondrous providences here
In which Thou faileth not,
Thy holy benedictions;
Although the devils plot.

For we are needy; we are weak;
And undeserving sure;
And we are always full of sin;
So wantonly impure;
So low, and so unworthy,
So empty and so vain,
In everything unmindful;
So vile and full of pain.

Thy love is always wonderful,
Too beautiful to know,
Too great to ever be expressed
By mortals all so low;
So come into my heart contrite
Thy presence to proclaim,
That I may know Thy Spirit
And worship Thy dear name.

LONGING SOUL

I wish my Lord would take me home;
To Him I long to go;
I wish to be away from sin,
From error, and from woe;
I long to be delivered now
From waywardness and shame,
To know His fullness evermore,
To dwell within the same.

I long to see the heavenly;
The wonders of His love,
The beauties of His holiness,
The majesties above.
The depths of holy truth entire
Unknown to men below;
The ways of perfect righteousness
That holy angels know.

I long to go to be with God
Within the land of peace,
To dwell in light forever there
My sorrows all to cease;
To praise the KING triumphant
And worship at His throne,
For HE is my salvation,
Eternally my own.

ANXIOUS LONGING

I long to lay my body down;
On earth to be no more;
My spirit longs to be with God
In life forevermore,
With all it means in holiness,
In righteousness and peace,
Where sin cannot beset us,
Where glory cannot cease.

I long to leave the world of sin;
To cease to be a clod;
To see the great perfection
Eternally of God;
To move into the realm of peace,
The realm of perfect love
To be with my Redeemer
Who lives and reigns above.

MY SPIRIT LONGS

My spirit longs to be with God;
I'm tired of all the earth,
I'm tired of all my waywardness,
The emptiness and mirth;
So tired of all the sin and shame,
Unrighteousness and wrong;
I long to be in heaven
And hear the angel song.

I long to put aside the weight
Of every mortal ill,
And go into the happy state,
And fully know His will;
To go into the realms of peace,
And holiness and love,
Where perfect praise can never cease
In blessedness above.

LONGING TO GO

I long for THEE, ALMIGHTY GOD,
I long to go to Thee;
To leave this all uncertainty;
To dwell with Thine and Thee;
To be where evils cannot come,
And sin no more is known,
In Thee to know Thy fullness
Before Thy Holy Throne.

To view Thy wondrous majesty;
Perfection that is thine;
To see the light of Heaven there
That evermore will shine;
To see Thy wondrous loveliness;
Thy holiness to know;
The righteousness of all thine own;
Oh, let me now to go.

LONGING

I often wish to leave the earth,
The land of sin, and empty mirth,
And enter then the land above,
The land of peace and perfect love,
The land of light, and holy truth,
The land of sweet immortal youth,
The land of glory yet unknown,
And see my Lord upon His throne.

To be with Saints and Angels there,
The presence of my Lord to share,
The land of perfect, holy day,
And through eternity to stay,
To know the Lord in all His ways,
And render there a perfect praise,
The loveliness of Christ behold,
For on the earth 'tis still untold.

ASSURANCE

My soul desireth righteousness;
The body would but sin;
Because the soul is born of God;
The body is of men;
The Lord is infinite in good;
The soul would look to Him;
But, oh, the flesh is wayward,
And light becometh dim.

The soul is beautiful, of God;
It has no sin or shame,
But often sorrows with the flesh,
The weakly earthly frame,
Its temporary dwelling place
Before it goes to God,
The flesh returning to the earth
To sleep beneath the sod.

And in the resurrection
The body bids adieu
To all its imperfections,
For God will make it new;
And they will dwell together
With God in holy peace
Where loveliness and holiness
Can never fade or cease.

ANTICIPATION

So much I long to go away,
To be where sin is not;
To go to HIM the one I love
In whom there is no blot;
For it is HE who keeps my soul,
Who is my hope and stay,
And Who is my perfection
To be with Him always.

So much I long to go away,
I'm tired of all my sin;
I want to cease unrighteousness,
Perfection to begin;
For all my ways are weaknesses,
My life is but a crime;
I long to be in Heaven
Where all is all sublime.

I long to lay my body down
So full of fault and sin;
Beholding there the presence
Of Him I feel within;
To shout aloud a holy praise
Unto the King of Kings
My life and my salvation
Whose Spirit in me sings.

PRAISE

A SOVEREIGN

JEHOVAH IS A SOVEREIGN,
Wherever one may look
'Tis written much more legibly
Than in a printed book;
The stars in all the vaulted sky,
The planets and the sun,
The moon in all its beauty
Their perfect courses run.

Precision in the motions all
Of earth, the moon, the sun
So plainly teaches everywhere
That His commands are done;
All nature in perfection
In every wide domain
Wherever one may cast His eye,
Bespeaks Jehovah's reign.

No man can help or hinder Him;
His any secret scan;
In all the earth, and Heavens high
He carries out His plan;
Oh, listen to His perfect voice
Within the raging storm,
"My power cannot be restrained;
A man is but a worm."

PRAYER

O take me Lord, into thine arms,
And hold me gently there,
Away from each besetting sin,
And all besieging care,
And let me sweetly rest with thee
In perfect, holy peace,
And feel the air of Paradise
Where glory cannot cease;

Into the bosom of thy love,
And let me there behold
Thy face in perfect glory,
Thy beauty there untold,
That I may utter humble praise
And worship only thee;
*That I may render holy praise
And worship only thee.*

ONLY ONE IS GREAT

No man should be exalted,
For only ONE is great;
And He alone is infinite
In holy, high estate.
And only ONE is good and true,
And always is He just;
And He is MASTER everywhere,
But man is only dust.

No man should be exalted,
For only ONE is wise;
And He is KING in Heaven
Where glory never dies.
He rules within the hearts of men,
And in the little clod;
Jehovah is the King of ALL,
And He is our God.

PRAISE

The Lord is wonderful indeed.
His ways we cannot know.
His providences on the earth
So many things bestow.
The Lord is wonderful indeed,
His beauty is supreme;
And he, when sin is finished,
Our bodies will redeem.

The Lord is perfect everywhere;
His laws are not annulled.
His word is always holy truth;
His prophecies, fulfilled;
He knows the way of every man;
He leads us where He will;
And He can in the hearts of men
His holy truth instill.

His home is in the earth and skies;
His loved ones all He keeps.
He watches every wayward soul;
And knows it when he weeps;
He punishes for every sin
With many kinds of woe;
He knoweth all the hearts of men
Upon the earth below.

His throne is up in Paradise;
His glory is not seen
In all its fullness on the earth
By mortals so unclean.
But in the consummation sure
When Christ shall claim his own,
In glory we shall see Him there
Upon the HOLY THRONE.

ADORATION

The Lord is King of all the earth;
His laws are perfect ever.
His ways are holy everywhere,
And are defeated never.
His providences all surround
His loved ones day by day.
He knows their every little need,
And hears them when they pray.

He understands their sorrows all;
He knows they're only dust;
He keeps their ever erring feet,
And puts in them no trust.
He knows they're fallen; knows their sin;
He knows their every woe;
But he commands the universe,
And all things can bestow.

And he is infinite in good,
And infinitely just;
And always worthy of our love
And every perfect trust.
He overcomes the wicked all;
The good are all secure;
His perfect love in Paradise
Forever will endure.

ATONEMENT

A holy justice infinite
Is meted out to men,
And there is no respect in God
For all who walk in sin;
We reap the penalties he made;
And none can stay His hand;
We suffer when we violate;
Or with the wrong to stand.

But also there is mercy
That none can do without,
For all have sinned; we dwell in sin,
And often live in doubt;
We follow after Satan;
There's none that doeth good;
And sometimes in our nothingness
We shed our brother's blood.

But in the death of Jesus Christ
A holy justice came;
He paid the debt His people owed
Who worship in His name;
He died to let His people live,
Arose to justify;
That all the true believers
Forever should not die.

But will be resurrected
From out the lowly grave;
Forever reunited to
The life the Father gave;
In all perfection then to dwell
In peace forevermore
With all the saints and angels there
On Heaven's perfect shore.

ADORATION; TRUTH

How beautiful thy worship, Lord,
How glorious thy shrine;
How sweetly dost thou show thy face;
When thou dost own me thine;
O Father, let me praise thy name
In great humility;
Although my frame is only dust,
I want to worship thee.

For thou art Heaven's holy King;
And all the earth is thine;
Thy love pervades the hearts of men;
Thy work is superfine;
Thy truth endures eternally;
Thy power stands for aye;
Thy love an everlasting love;
And holy is thy way.

Thy glory, Lord, can never dim;
Perfection is in thee;
And thou didst make the sacrifice
Thy chosen ones to free;
And all the saints are heirs of God;
With Christ are heirs of love,
Eternal blissful holiness
In Paradise above.

ETERNAL LIFE

Unspeakable the gift of God,
Eternal life in love,
A perfect life in holiness
In Paradise above,
In perfect light and wisdom,
And perfect, holy joy,
(It passeth understanding)
Where nothing can annoy.

There with thy Holy Spirit
That gave us holy birth,
That leads us onward day by day
Upon the sinful earth;
In ecstasy eternal,
In perfect, holy day
We'll dwell with thee forever
In thine own perfect way.

With angels and the holy saints
Where nothing groweth old;
With Jesus Christ; THE FATHER
In beauty there untold;
In holy, matchless glory,
In perfect, holy peace
We'll dwell with thee forever
Where praises never cease.

HE KNOWS

He knows our problems and our cares,
He knows our struggles through the
 years,
Our pains, our woes, the weary days,
How tired we get of Satan's ways.
How tired of sin and mean temptation,
How much we'd like a habitation
Not steeped in error, envy, strife;
How much we long for perfect life,
 He knows; He knows.

He knows our secrets, and our hopes,
How oft success from us elopes;
How vain ambition in our minds
Takes us to ruin; There it finds
We've wasted all our precious years
On useless things, and hence our fears;
He always knows why we have failed,
Just why our lives are all derailed;
 He knows; He knows.

He knows our weakness, how we grope
In darkness, there with little hope;
He knows the hope within us dead,
That he provides our daily bread.
He often gives us heavy loads,
And makes us tread the hardest roads,
For punishment is often best;
Before we're tired, we can not rest.
 He knows; He knows.

He knows it all; he answers prayer;
His angels holy, always near,
Will keep us when we know it not,
When in temptation we've forgot;
He keeps us when we do not know.
His presence guards us where we go;

We're safe in Him; His love can't cease,
We'll live in great Eternal peace.
He knows; He knows.

We'll praise the great and HOLY
THREE,
Poor sinners vile like you and me,
But we'll be changed, or raised from
sleep,
For God his saints will always keep.
Our tears will all be wiped away,
We'll praise Him in eternal day;
So let us suffer; don't complain,
And evil all we should disdain.
He knows; He knows.

JEHOVAH

The great I AM is on His throne;
Omnipotent he reigns;
Omniscient; Omnipresent;
Eternity explains;
No counsel does he ask of men;
His wisdom is complete;
The purposes decreed in Him
No power can defeat.

His works are perfect, holy, just;
And infinite his peace;
His love an everlasting love;
His glory cannot cease;
And in the grace of Jesus Christ
His own are all secure;
Whose beauty up in Paradise
Forever will endure.

A SOVEREIGN

My Father is a sovereign,
THE KING of all the earth,
The HOLY King of righteousness,
And glorious in worth;
His will is holy always;
And perfect are His ways;
And all the earth, and Heavens are
Resounding in His praise.

His being is eternal;
His beauty is supreme;
His glory the PERFECTION of
The CHRIST who did redeem.
His love is ever lasting;
And holy is the peace
That passeth understanding
In Him that cannot cease.

HE RULES in every humble heart;
JEHOVAH IS THE LORD:
He keepeth by His spirit,
'Tis written in His word;
The holy ministrations
Of grace forever His;
THE PROOF that He is MASTER OF
THE WORLD and all that is.

HE WORKETH ALL THINGS

The Lord can make it come out right
No matter what the trend;
Whatever the condition,
The Lord can fix the end;
For all things work together
For them that love the Lord
For good in every age and clime;
'Tis written in the word.

For Christ the Lord is master of
The world and all that is;
The destiny of mortals
In beauty who are His;
For HE is King of righteousness
In all entirety;
Whatever is to us is best
In all eternity.

Then Hallowed be thy name, O Lord,
Thy Kingdom come to earth;
Thy will be done in everything
In those of holy birth;
And give us now our daily bread,
Our trespasses forgive
As we forgive our fellow man,
That we may eat, and live;
Into temptation lead us not,
From evil save, and keep,
For everything is thine in truth,
And so in joy we weep.

ALL SUFFICIENT GRACE

Thy grace alone, O Lord, can save;
Thy word alone can stand;
No man in all the mortal earth
Can meet the law's demand;
For every man is weak indeed,
And every one will err,
For we are all conceived in sin;
And sin we all prefer.

The flesh at best is all corrupt;
Itself it cannot save;
It fails like Simon Peter
To walk upon the wave;
But lo! the Lord who rescued him
When faith from him was gone
The Mighty Prince of Life and Peace
Can save, but He alone.

And when the tempter leads us off
And causes us to sin,
The love of God is all that comes
To brings us back again.
For HE is rich in mercy;
And infinite in love,
And all His own will rest in HIM
Eternally above.

SUBLIME PERFECTION

I'm so glad the Lord in Heaven,
Omnipresent in His might,
Blesses every mercy given,
And administers aright;
That the blessed Lord of Glory
Leaves no work of His undone;
God the Father, Son, and Spirit
Every victory hath won.

Not a work of HIS is empty;
Full of meaning; truth, and love,
And it points to His perfection
In the Paradise above;
And perfection in His dealings
Everywhere to all His own
All bespeaking in His beauty
Of His power in the throne.

Oh, the providential graces
In the every act of His
All proclaiming all so richly
HIM the Lord of all that is;
In His glory all eternal
Out beyond the sunset glow
We shall know Him in perfection
Dressed in garments white as snow.

Then as holy as the angels,
In His glory all sublime,
Not compared to earthly treasures
Here upon the sands of time;
Yet unseen by mortal vision;
We shall see Him as He is;
In the glory of His kingdom;
And the beauties that are His.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY

God reigns unseen upon the earth;
So many times unknown;
The King of Kings in every land;
And always on the throne;
His ways are all mysterious,
Above the mortal ken;
As high as Holy Heaven
Above the ways of men.

No man His glories here may know;
Or any secret His;
Although His beauties everywhere
Alone declare He is;
His holy voice is sometimes heard
By inward hearing ears;
And sometimes comes to drive away
The morbid doubts and fears.

And none monopolizes him,
Or to His counsels go,
For HE ALONE is sovereign;
Alone can he bestow
Whatever gift that pleases Him
To poor benighted man;
All things to man impossible
Alone Himself He can.

For mortal man is nothing;
He breathes a failing breath;
He knows no highness on the earth;
His end is even death;
And so let mortals everywhere
Before HIM prostrate be,
For HE ALONE is sovereign
In all eternity.

RICHES OF GOD

Behold how good and great is God!
Who guides and keeps His own;
Before their birth their lives to Him
Are definitely known;
For even then He knows the way
Their feet shall humbly tread;
And he will keep their lowly dust;
And raise it from the dead.

JEHOVAH is omnipotent;
No mortal hinders him;
For none can stay His mighty hand;
Or make His light be dim;
The cattle of a thousand hills
Belong to Him alone;
The beasts of all the earth are Thine,
O Father, on Thy Throne.

And Thou art beautiful we know;
THY BEAUTY IS SUPREME;
Thy way is perfect always
In HIM who did redeem;
Thy Spirit always holy
Acquaints us with Thy love;
And leads us always on to HIM
Who lives and reigns above.

And Thou wilt keep us to the end;
We have no need to fear;
Our prayers although not made of words
Thy love will always hear;
Thy glory none can utter;
Or picture here with words;
Thy peace is all unspeakable;
The sweetest earth affords.

RECONCILIATION

How great is God no mortal knows;
No human comprehends;
No earthly dust however great
Himself to God commends;
The two are separate, distinct;
And one is only dust;
The other holiness and love
That holy angels trust.

But there's a link connecting,
The sacrifice of love,
The crucifixion of the King
Who lives and reigns above;
And when the consummation is,
The restitution done,
The earthly will be heavenly,
The twain will be as one.

THE KING

The only great authority,
The only that is true,
The power that is final,
And watching over you,
The only that is infinite,
Abiding in the sod,
And over all the universe,
Oh, only that is God.

Authority is everywhere
And power superfine
Is power that is in your life;
That power is divine;
That Power that supports and keeps,
Who knoweth all His own,
Who ruleth in the realm of love
Is KING on Heaven's throne.

HIS KNOWLEDGE AND POWER

There is a God of Heaven,
The INFINITELY JUST
Who rights all wrongs forever
In all the humble dust.
Who sees all evil, every good;
Who knows the way of all;
Who is himself perfection
Where evil would enthrall.

Who knows all suffering and care;
The future and the past;
Who knows the grave of every one;
And every shadow cast.
Who knows the heart of every man;
And keeps the records true;
HE is the king of all the earth;
The God that Enoch knew.

The God that nourished Moses
And kept him as a child;
That brought them out of Egypt;
And on the nation smiled.
Who gave the voice to Miriam;
With words of holy praise,
The song of holy triumph
Bespeaking perfect ways.

The God that kept Elijah;
That guided David's sling;
That makes the destinies of men,
The peasant and the king;
So far above mortality
That none can know His ways;
Who lives in all eternity;
That holy angels praise.

TREASURES ABOVE

The world to me contains no charm;
No treasures do I see;
No riches on the earth exist
That lure or beckon me.
No honor from the hands of men
Could make me to rejoice;
My soul is looking to the end,
The future is my choice.

Beyond my toil and weariness,
My sorrows and my years,
My weakness and vicissitudes,
My many doubts and fears.
Beyond the shadows, in the realm
Of endless light and peace,
My sorrows shall be turned to joys,
The joys that never cease.

A glory there exceeding far
The wealth or fame of men,
A loveliness eternal
Beyond the mortal ken
Are now become my only hope,
Oh praises let me sing!!
Unto the Christ, MY RISEN LORD,
MY SAVIOR AND MY KING.

HEAVENLY KNOWLEDGE

I've known the holy presence of
My Lord the King of Kings
Of Christ the Son of righteousness
With healing in His wings.
The Comforter who came to me
When I was in despair,
That spake those sweet, assuring words
That drove away my fear.

That reassures from time to time,
That keeps me to the end
When Jesus in His glory comes
And angels shall descend;
That lives and loves forever
In every holy realm,
The Alpha and Omega,
The RULER at the helm.

The ONE who rules in perfect love,
The ONE who is supreme,
The ONE who in His holy flesh
His people did redeem.
The ONE who intercedes for me
My guiltiness assuages,
Who even overrules my life
When Satan's power rages.

Will resurrect my body, pure,
Will raise it from the dust,
Will take it to the holy realm
To dwell with all the just,
In all the light and loveliness
Of that eternal shore
Where God alone is now the King
To reign forevermore.

THE ONLY IDEAL

An ideal is but mental,
Existing not in fact,
Excepting one in Christ the Lord
Whose love is all intact;
And He is God; no other
Can reach His perfect heights;
Behold Him, and adore Him;
And spread abroad His lights.

And He is always on the earth
In Spirit and in truth;
And all who love and follow Him
Will never be uncouth;
And He the only great Ideal
Has taught us what to do;
So study well His precepts,
And to His word be true.

As high as Heaven is above
The low abode of men
So higher are His perfect ways
And all His holy plan;
No mortal man can be ideal,
So look to God alone
To always do the best you can,
And worship at His throne.

MY TRIUMPH

My Savior is my triumph,
The law is all fulfilled;
Within my heart is written,
Into my heart instilled
The things that God intended,
The things that I should know;
The Lord is my redeemer
Who came to earth below.

(The angel said to Mary,
To Mary in the night
That she should bear God's only son
Whose love shall bring the light,
Whose love shall bring the holy life
To us forevermore,
And take His own to Heaven,
The great celestial shore.)

O Savior, help me worship Thee,
Adore thy holy name;
Oh, help me to declare thy love,
And spread Thy wondrous fame;
O Savior, help me follow Thee
In all that Thou hast taught,
For great is Thy salvation,
The wonders Thou hast wrought.

OUR SAVIOR

All words are insufficient
The beauties to express,
And loveliness of Christ the Lord
In holy blessedness.
The fallen mind cannot contain
The grandeur of His worth;
'Tis seen in only Heaven then
And not upon the earth.

The Alpha and Omega,
The First, the Last, the All,
The Ending, the Beginning,
Who saved us from the fall.
Who offered on Golgotha's Hill
The Sacrifice complete
The Lamb of God, of Holiness
Who never knows defeat.

The Son of God, and Adam,
Of Heaven, and of earth,
But holy in his fullness;
That gave us holy birth;
He walked the earth among His own;
He wept in sorrow sore;
He lived His love completely
Whom angels all adore.

By merit and by birthright
The King of all the earth;
Incarnate yet immaculate
By humble, wondrous birth;
He came from Heaven to the earth
To do the Father's will,
To sacrifice HIMSELF for sin;
The word to all fulfill.

He rescued all His own from death;
A perfect love bestowed;
He satisfied the holy law,
He paid the debt we owed;
A reconciliation made
Upon the cruel cross,
And in the resurrection
To cleanse away the dross.

His life was holy on the earth;
His body had no sin;
To no temptation did He yield
To walk as sinful men;
Without a spot or blemish
HIMSELF He sacrificed;
He was HIMSELF the Offering;
It verily sufficed.

He glorified the Father's love;
He paid the debt for sin;
He bore our every sorrow,
Rejected though of men;
The world could see no comeliness,
No beauty there desired;
Forsaken by His loved ones;
In desolation cared;

Endured the condemnations all;
He suffered all the scorn,
To see the adversary
Of all His power shorn;
In all His innocence was much
In love; He gladly died;
The holy, blessed Savior,
The Savior crucified.

THE CONSUMMATION

No man can write its fullness of
Its glory is not seen
By mortals on the shores of time
Where Death can wreak his spleen.
No vista to the holy realms
Beyond this vale of tears.
Will here reveal what souls may feel
And banish all our fears.

The work of God is hidden deep
So often everywhere.
But ah! His power infinite
That even devils fear
Abides within the depths of Hell
And on the holy throne.
The holy work of Heaven
Is moving ever on.

And in the consummation
The INFINITE will reign.
All holiness, perfection,
No sin, no death, no pain,
Eternal glory, righteousness
Will be in Christ the King;
And always there in perfect truth
His praises shall we sing.

The consummation will be just;
And perfect love will be
In every saint and angel there
For all eternity.
The holy light of God will shine
In endless, perfect day.
We'll dwell in beauty with our God
In His own perfect way.

A SCENE IN GALILEE

Behold a scene in Galilee
So wonderful to see,
A scene excelling beauty
Too wonderful for me,
A great assembly marching,
They go toward a grave
To put a form into the earth
A boy a mother gave.

And he a mother's only son;
The mother followed there;
And no one knew her sorrow,
And none had heard her prayer;
She knew of none to help her,
Her future only black;
She knew that none in all the earth
Could bring her darling back.

In her was not a ray of hope,
Her husband too was gone,
The world to her was very dark
And she must dwell alone,
Her loneliness and sorrow
Was more than she could bear,
But look, a man approaches,
A man is coming there.

A man whose love is infinite
In all the Father chose,
Who loves His own forever,
And none of them will lose;
Whose power is eternal,
He came and touched the bier,
He came and touched the coffin
And saw the boy in there.

He spake unto the mother,
O woman, do not weep
For he possessed the power
To raise him from his sleep;
He said unto the darling boy,
Arise, young man, arise,
For Jesus had the power,
To take him to the skies.

The boy arose in gladness,
And with his mother went,
Rejoicing in the Savior,
The Son the Father sent;
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
Ye every one who weeps,
The Savior's love is perfect,
And all His people keeps.

Rejoice ye in His power,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
Beyond this scene in Paradise
Again we'll hear His voice;
We'll praise Him there forever,
THE HOLY KING OF KINGS,
OH PRAISE HIM, praise Him even
now,
For He a blessing brings.

PRAISE

Much greater Thou than all the earth,
O Father in the Skies;
For infinite Thou art in good;
Thy glory never dies.
Thy loveliness eternal,
Thy holy, perfect way
No mortal eye can comprehend,
Or view, in any way.

The beauty of Thy holy work
No mortal can behold;
And all Thy wondrous providence
To man is still untold.
Eternally abiding
Thy wisdom is supreme.
A view of Thy perfection
No mortal eye can claim.

And sovereign is Thy holy will
In all that pleaseth Thee;
Sufficient is Thy holy grace
For all who look to Thee;
And out beyond this vale of tears,
When all our toils are o'er,
Thine own shall safely dwell with Thee
On Heaven's perfect shore.

And there we'll praise Thy holy name
(Too wonderful to speak)
Thy holy, perfect presence there
We will not need to seek,
For there in all eternity
Thine own shall dwell with Thee;
For there in all ETERNITY
Thine own shall dwell with THEE.

TWO WORLDS CONSIDERED

The world is but contemptible
To Heavenly compared,
To Heaven's ways and loveliness
By holy angels shared;
To numberless and holy joys
Beyond the earthly sphere,
Where everything is perfect,
And none will ever fear.

In everything is righteousness;
Where beauties never wane;
Where life is all immortal,
And never suffers pain;
Where God is ever visible
The EVERLASTING KING
THE KING OF ALL THE UNI-
VERSE,
Including everything.

In garments there immaculate
A perfect praise to sing;
Eternally to worship there
The great ETERNAL KING:
The saints of God and angels
Forevermore will dwell
In love and peace and glory
That mortals cannot tell.

JESUS

I have a Friend whom I can trust,
Who knows my life with no disgust,
Who knows my weaknesses and grief,
Who is my love and my relief,
Who sympathizes when I mourn,
Oh, may His life my life adorn;
For in His sacrifice I win,
For he annuled my guilt of sin.

He gives me peace; and intercedes
When in my life are evil deeds;
He banishes the devil's power;
His grace he gives me every hour;
His fullness has my soul received,
MY LORD in whom I have believed;
Forever shall I dwell with him
Where love and glory cannot dim.

GOD'S GREATNESS

Mysterious and wonderful
Are all Jehovah's ways,
An invitation to us all
To always render praise;
An invitation to His own
Before His throne to wait,
And every effort in each life
To Him to consecrate.

And He is always justified
Whatever His commands,
Although His holy purposes
No human understands;
His truth and perfect wisdom
No man can comprehend,
But on His grace and mercy
Each loved one may depend.

PRAISE

Thy name, O Lord, Almighty God,
Thy name Oh, let me sing;
Thou holy King of Righteousness,
Thy praises let me bring;
Thou holy King of grace and truth,
Thou holy King of peace;
Perfection Thine is everywhere;
Thy glory cannot cease.

And Thou art reigning always, Lord;
The universe obeys Thee;
“The Heavens are Thy handiwork”
Oh, help Thine own to praise Thee;
Thy beauty is beyond our ken;
Thy face we cannot see;
The glories of the earth and Heaven
Are all, are all of Thee.

LAWS OF GOD

THE LAWS AND WAYS OF GOD

The laws of God are perfect,
And none can them evade,
Annul, or even disobey,
For penalties were made;
And violators suffer them,
For fully do they work,
So keep away from Satan's sway
Where only dangers lurk.

The ways of God are holy,
And none can criticize,
Or even ask "What doest Thou?"
For He alone is wise;
And who would even dare oppose,
All Heaven to defy?
O foolish man who thinks he can!
To do so is to die.

THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT

Go, pity him who doesn't know
Of fundamental law,
The laws perhaps unwritten
In which is not a flaw.
The laws in fundamental truth
Enforced in every age,
Evaded not by mortal man
No matter what his rage.

The laws divine entirely,
And so are not annulled;
Whose knife is perfect, sure, and sharp
And never can be dulled.
Their ways are permanent in all;
Are perfect everywhere.
Whose ends are not improved by man
Though exercising care.

Oh, stand in awe of Him who made
The fundamental law.
Whose way is ever perfect,
And cannot know a flaw;
Whose power, written everywhere,
That rides upon the storm,
Bespokes His love to humble men;
Though man is but a worm.

So, let us fear and worship HIM
In age as well as youth,
The MAKER of the perfect laws,
The FINISHER of truth.
For HE controls the ages,
ETERNITY He rules;
And those who say that HE is not
The BIBLE says are fools.

OBEY

The Lord is king; obey his laws;
In him are neither ills nor flaws;
His work is perfect, holy, just,
And worthy of your deepest trust;
In him your labor should abound,
For in the Lord is comfort found;
In only him perfection is;
The power and the glory, his.

And, also, he is everywhere;
To only him should be your prayer,
For he alone can guide your feet;
His grace, the only safe retreat;
Through all the earth his power goes,
And he can stay the hand of foes;
Eternity belongs to him;
His righteousness will never dim.

THE LAW AND LOVE OF HEAVEN

The law of Heaven punishes,
Or makes a sure reward;
'Tis verified in every life,
And all the sacred word
And every evil consequence,
Or woe of sinful men
Is but a holy penalty
Or aftermath of sin.

There is a compensation
For every worthy deed;
No matter where enacted
A blessing will precede;
For God is truly everywhere,
And perfect are His ways,
And when we walk in truth and right,
He blesses all our days.

And in the omnipresence
Of God Eternal, sure
The holy work of Heaven
Forever will endure;
And in the consummation
That now we cannot know
The perfect love of Heaven
The Savior will bestow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

THE CONSECRATED LIFE

“A consecrated Christian life,”
A *term* itself complete;
But seldom lived by any man
The evils to defeat;
The life within the narrow path
Of righteousness and truth;
But where, oh, where is any man?
With naught in him uncouth.

A perfect and upright man
So seldom here is found
Like Job who lived so long ago
That no one knows his mound;
Or like the sainted Enoch
Who for three hundred years
Walked with the Lord and knew Him,
And knew no ugly fears.

The consecrated Christian life
That cannot be defeated;
So great a blossom sweet and true
That might be here repeated;
A challenge to the world of men
To walk with God on earth;
Obeying every great command
To show a perfect worth.

A CONTRAST

The fame and riches of the earth
But mist and vapors are;
They are but phantoms indistinct
Like shadows seen afar;
They're only apparitions void,
So soon they pass away;
They fall before the scythe of time;
They last for just a day.

But somewhere, somewhere, somewhere
A permanence abides—
A life beyond the earthly life,
The rise and fall of tides;
'Tis where the righteousness of God
Eternal as the truth
Shall clothe us in the beauty there
Of sweet immortal youth.

A comfort *now* for those who toil,
The sorrowing for sin,
For those who love in purity
To know that angels ken
Shall be their own beyond these tears,
Ah, such a holy thought!
'Tis sweeter than the sweetest sweet
That man has ever wrought.

Beloved of God, in every clime,
Be comforted today,
The great I AM is on His throne,
And He will have His way;
The earthly treasures everywhere
Oblivion shall know;
But we shall be in Paradise
Where joys immortal flow.

EXPERIENCE

There's always care and sorrow
In every Christian's path,
For often must he share the woes
Another person hath.
He sympathizes with the poor
In all their toils and cares,
And for the saints of all the earth
He offers fervent prayers.

So many times a load of love
Is on His willing shoulders;
The fire of God within him is
Though oft it only smoulders;
He tries to have a noble deed
For every setting sun.
Most often in the solemn end
He's glad the race he run.

So limited his humble sphere,
Though great may be the view,
He can't accomplish all he would
But still he tries anew.
He can't discern hypocrisy
In every case he tries,
For that's reserved for mighty God
Whose Throne is in the skies.

Man cannot see the inner man,
He sees the outer part;
Jehovah see-eth everything,
He knoweth every heart;
His ways are so much higher
Than ways of mortals low,
But we will understand it more
When we to Heaven go.

O Christian, be contented
To work within your realm;
Eternal things belong to God;
He *stayeth* at the helm;
His grace will truly hold us,
His love eternal too;
Christ *died* for all His people,
The Christian should be true.

LOVE

THE LOVE OF GOD

The love of God is wonderful,
So manifest in grace;
And shows to sinners all undone
Such mercy in its place;
Administers in perfect ways—
In ways to men unknown—
That emanates from Heaven—
From God upon His throne.

'Tis beautiful in every way
To sinners bending low,
To sinners all unworthy
To Paradise to go;
And shows to them the worthiness
Of Christ the King of all
To claim them in redemption,
Redemption from the fall.

To claim them each who for them died;
Such worthiness to prove;
Who for them all was crucified,
Such wondrous perfect love;
OH HOLY WONDROUS, PERFECT
LOVE:
EXALTED let Him be
In every humble sinner's heart,
And praised eternally.

THE LOVE OF GOD

More pure than honeysuckle blooms
Or roses in the spring,
Or orange blossoms on the trees
That such a fragrance bring;
More pure than faultless falling snow
Its beauty never marred,
Unlike the law, accusing law,
Condemning, and so hard.

So perfect and so lovely
Administered to those
In all the world especially
To them the Father chose,
And by the holy angels,
And all who love His name,
And taught in all the Holy Book
Declaring wondrous fame.

Personified in Christ the Lord,
Too wondrous to be told,
Unspoken in its fullness
But partly to the fold,
But we will know it after while
When Christ the King returns,
When all the evils everywhere
And degradation burns.

And on the great celestial shore,
Eternally to be,
Those holy loved ones those redeemed
Will praise the TRINITY;
And there in endless joy and peace,
Perfection evermore
The loveliness of Paradise
Forever to adore.

CHRISTMAS POEM, 1935

Oh, let me weep with these who mourn,
With Christ the all sublime,
And vigils keep with these forlorn
Until the end of time.
And may I hear the angels' song
To all the poor and meek
Whene'er they walk the earth among
The needy and the weak.

Oh, let me pray that God may touch
And make me love His own
As in a way becometh such
As look toward His throne.
The all who see the Master's hand
Administer in love
To all the free in every land
His righteousness to prove.

And may I love the Prince of Peace
With all my duty done,
And beg that He my faith increase
In him the Holy Son.
And further beg that he attune
My heart to humble praise
To God Almighty, God Triune
And all His wondrous ways.

LOVE FOR THE HUMBLE POOR

I love the poor of all the earth
That have a sense of thrift,
With Singular economy
Who do not float or drift,
But have a purpose all alert
And try to do their best,
Who do their work and worship,
And then enjoy their rest.

I love the poor immensely,
The friendship of my kind;
I have for them a fellowship,
A comradeship I find,
A nearness to the humble soul
That has a sense of right,
A fondness and devotion to
The Lord of love and light.

LOVE

The happiness of love is action;
Its test is what it does;
'Tis not expressed in only words;
It serves where'er it goes;
The opposition it endures,
Accomplishes its task;
But ah! in sunshine and in peace
So seldom does it bask.

The perfect love that comes from God
To body, soul, and mind,
So deep that no one knows its truth,
That cannot be defined
Endures for all eternity
In every realm of Heaven,
The only holy, perfect love,
The sweetest ever given.

FAITH

MY PATHWAY

I cannot choose my pathway;
Nor can I go alone;
But I will look unto my Lord;
Who rules upon His throne;
His Spirit dwelleth everywhere;
And He will be my guide;
Will always be my keeper;
And with me will abide.

I cannot choose my pathway;
But God who knoweth all
In all my deep distresses
Will hear my every call;
I know His love is always mine,
(So manifest in grace)
And in my pain and sorrows hard
Will soften every place.

I cannot choose my pathway;
My Savior is my King;
He knoweth best in every case;
His praises will I sing;
I want to love him more and more;
And Him to always trust—
MY LORD IN WHOM I HAVE BE-
LIEVED,
Though I am only dust.

FAITH

Oh, what is faith, beloved of God,
What meaning doth it carry?
What is there in it that supports
The loving saints that tarry?
Who walk the earth in love and fear,
That always bow to HIM
That sometimes lifts us up to heights
But oft becometh dim.

That puts us sometimes in His steps,
In sorrow or in pain,
Or in the heights of ecstasy
Without an earthly gain.
That leads us on in righteousness
Allaying doubts and fears
Akin so much to holiness,
That brings a joy in tears.

That makes us know of God and truth,
Of peace and perfect light;
That leads us to the mountain tops
So far from all the night.
That lets us know that God is King
In sunshine and the storm;
That HE is all omnipotent;
And man is but a worm.

That gives to us the Spirit
To shout aloud His praise;
That gives to us to see him,
And know in part His ways.
That gives to us to love him
Though chastened by His rod;
To see his omnipresence
And know that HE is GOD.

Oh, what is faith, beloved,
The kind that Moses knew?
That gave him strength enduring;
That will not bid adieu
To any man that walks with God
In sorrow and in pain,
That would not stoop to lower things
For any earthly gain.

That faith so mighty in its way
That cannot be subdued,
That even succored Rahab
Whose life before was lewd;
That lets us know that God will raise
Our bodies from the Sod
To live with him forever;
It is the GIFT OF GOD.

A foretaste of the perfect peace
That will be ours then;
Beyond the toil and weariness,
Beyond the rule of sin.
Beyond the resurrection
Where none can make afraid,
In Christ the risen Savior,
The ransom fully paid.

And in the consummation sweet,
When Jesus claims His own,
The holy saints will worship Him
Before the holy throne;
With holy angels render then
Eternal, perfect praise,
And in a holy fullness
Will understand His ways.

To be the heirs with Christ the Lord
Of Heaven's holy shore;
To know the HOLY TRINITY
Forever, evermore;
Mine eyes shall then behold Him
Who suffered in the flesh
To give His life and holiness
To this unworthy trash.

But in the fullness of His love
Like HIM his own shall be;
And we shall see Him as He is
In immortality.
We do not know the glories here
That ours then shall be
For we no longer will be slaves,
But there forever free.

The foretaste is the substance
Of things we have not seen,
Of perfect things beyond the grave,
So great and high and clean.
The loveliness and holiness
Beyond that cannot fade,
The gift of love and Heaven,
The Heaven God has made.

SUBMISSION

To live in humble poverty
With all attending ills
Is better in the grace of God
With what His word fulfills
Than all the riches of the earth
In all the wide domains,
For He is king in everything,
And HE forever reigns.

To live in humble poverty
With all attending ills,
With all its inconveniences
With what His love instills
Is better than the titles here
To any kingly crown,
For all the earthly powers
Will some day tumble down.

For God is ruler always;
No mortal stays His hand;
No power sways His judgment;
And evil cannot stand;
No princely dignity in man
Can claim a right to rule;
Unless his dignities are learned
In Great Jehovah's school.

The school in which poor Jonah learned;
And Joshua was taught;
Where Moses learned his lessons
That God the Father wrought;
Elijah and Elisha there
In wisdom all divine
Were moved as God directed
In power superfine.

For none can know Jehovah's ways;
Or measure what He does;
His power formed the infinite
And reaches where it goes.
Without consulting any man
Jehovah does His will
And man must be subservient
God's word to all fulfill.

CONFIDENT; IN FAITH

My Lord is with me always;
His love is always mine;
I know His holy countenance
Will ever on me shine;
I know His work is always true;
His dealings all are just,
That He is in my being
Although my frame is dust.

I know His ways are perfect;
And none can stay His hand;
His glory is eternal;
His truth will ever stand;
His perfect presence keeps His own,
Whatever be their way;
And He alone my sovereign is
Whatever men may say.

HOPE

CONFESSION

Oh, where is hope, Almighty God?
My heart is vacant, void;
My soul is full of heaviness;
In sorrow I'm annoyed;
My faith is empty, full of lack;
I need thy Spirit so;
Oh, come to me in tenderness
Thy mercy to bestow.

I'm all undone; I wait in vain;
My efforts all are weak;
I cannot feel thy righteousness;
My thoughts too low to speak;
O Lord, without thy guiding hand,
Without thy holy grace,
Without thy love to lift me up
I cannot keep apace.

Without thy peace, Almighty God,
My misery is sore;
O Lord, I know I'm nothing,
But help me love thee more;
Oh, let me go into thy courts,
Into thy presence sweet
To take my life, my hope, my all
And place it at thy feet.

IN HOPE

I cannot make my body pure,
Nor yet my way serene;
In joy I cannot long endure,
For I am all unclean.
My way is filthy; and is low;
My flesh is all defiled;
And holiness I cannot know,
For Satan hath beguiled.

My road is full of troubles mean;
My works but make it so;
No beauty in my life is seen,
No righteousness I know;
I cannot force myself to cease
Unrighteousness and sin;
And evils in my life increase,
I walk the ways of men.

But Christ the Lord is over all;
He reigns within my soul;
He rules in those who hear His call,
And Heaven is their goal;
His way is sure and perfect here;
And he will guide and keep;
His name we all must love and fear
Although in pain we weep.

Though we in sin and sorrow roam,
Our weaknesses he knows;
Although the dust is now my home,
The Christ His love bestows
And after while when all is done,
When weeping all is o'er,
We'll dwell with Christ the Holy Son
In love forevermore.

HOPE IN WEAKNESS

My weakness overwhelms me,
My tendency to sin,
The trend of inclinations
That I am always in;
And in myself no remedy,
My lot is but to mourn;
I find myself but folly here;
My way is all forlorn.

My way is only waywardness;
My body is but sin;
It has no claim to righteousness;
No triumph can begin;
It cannot find security;
My end is but to die;
Within myself I cannot hope
For peace with God on high.

Redemption is my only hope,
Salvation by the Lord;
In grace, in His amazing grace
That His alone afford;
Unworthy to be loved of Him,
Unfit with Him to dwell;
Within myself I ought to be
Consigned to endless Hell.

I have no hope but Jesus,
The Pure, the undefiled,
My body is corruption,
By Satan is beguiled;
There is no hope but Jesus
Whose countenance is LIGHT;
I beg Him to return to me
That I may walk aright.

WAITING ON GOD

I cannot win my fight alone,
Nor can I cancel sin;
I cannot move the heart of stone,
Or holiness begin;
I cannot bring myself to God,
Nor yet the Lord command,
I'm but as filthy as a clod,
Acquitted cannot stand.

I cannot claim exemptions
From all the guilt of man,
Or make my own redemptions
With any mortal plan;
'Tis hard to mend my sinful ways
However much I try;
Impossible to render praise
Without the Lord; I die.

My hope is in but grace alone
Accomplished by the Son,
In Jesus Christ who loved His own
And all the victory won;
My strength is nothing at its best;
My way alone is void;
My body cannot stand the test
Where evil is enjoyed.

His word and ways are all complete;
His power cannot fail;
My Savior cannot know defeat
Though devils all assail;
The Alpha and Omega great
Alive forevermore;
His people can but work and wait,
And all His work adore.

ABIDING HOPE

A changing world of sorrow,
A surging world of woe;
In all the throes of crime and sin
That none of us foreknow;
A world that knows no bliss or peace
Except the changing kinds;
The world is full of changes;
The world, it never minds.

For better, or sometimes for worse,
But never comes a day
But that we welcome changes,
And "welcome" them away;
But, one thing never changes,
The nature of the man,
We see Him full of strife and sin,
Whoever we may scan.

No mortal being gets so high
To be above temptation;
But many often get so low
They dwell in degradation;
And only HIM the Prince of Peace
Should be a man's ideal,
For it is HE who strengthens us
Who laid the nation's keel.

So look to Him and do your best,
With courage in your heart,
For He has always helped His own,
And HE will not depart;
And always try to pray to Him,
The great and truest Friend,
And don't be disappointed,
For He can fix the end.

MY RISEN LORD

My hope is in the Risen Lord;
My faith is in His name;
His peace is all my soul's desire;
To serve Him is my aim.
His grace, sufficient for my lack,
My every need supplies;
His providences on the earth
All evil here defies.

No devil can His love annul;
No power can destroy;
No secret can evade His mind
Or evil force employ.
His word is true; His will is done;
He cannot know defeat;
His love is everlasting;
His sacrifice complete.

His holy presence, everywhere;
No act escapes His eye;
And none evades His penalties;
His law can none defy.
And all His ways are always just;
The earth and Heaven His;
He dwells in all the universe;
He's LORD of ALL THAT IS.

NOT NOW

We cannot view the Paradise
Beyond this vale of tears
Until we're through with sin and vice
And sorrow and of fears;
The perfect beauty out beyond,
The glory we shall see
Is not for time where souls despond,
But for eternity.

But in the consummation then
Around the holy throne
Will be no sorrow, woe, or sin;
The Christ will claim his own;
And we shall dwell on Heaven's shore
In everlasting peace,
Where sin and sorrow come no more,
And glories never cease.

I MUST NOT HAVE MY WAY

I must not have my way at all,
For always I am vain;
My knowledge all is limited;
Can little wisdom gain;
My faith is often very low;
I have the wrong desire;
I always need HIS guiding hand,
That perfect, holy Fire.

But, oh, HE seems so far away;
I cannot feel His touch;
He leaves me in the darkness;
No light I need so much;
But HE is perfect; HE is truth,
And HE will have His way,
For HE is God; and HE alone
Can bring the holy day.

So, let me be submissive then;
(His dealings all are just)
And beg Him for his Spirit
To give me holy trust;
That I may look to Him, and wait,
For He is always sure;
And He alone can give me light
That always will endure.

BLESSED HOPE

I sometimes long to pass away;
I often wish to go;
I long to be delivered from
The tiring toil and woe;
To enter into holiness,
The imperfections leave,
To go to my Redeemer,
My Lord that I believe.

To leave my body which is sin
To cease my erring ways;
And hampered not by weaknesses
That haunt me all my days;
To go into the realm beyond
Where evils cannot go,
To go to my Redeemer,
My Lord I long to know.

To go into His presence;
And there to realize
The joys of my salvation
At home beyond the skies;
To have my body there restored;
Perfection there to see;
To dwell in perfect holiness
In all eternity.

THE FLESH: THE HOPE

I know my flesh is full of sin;
That I am only vile.
That in my body dwells no good,
But in its stead is guile;
Contaminated in deceit;
It breathes an ebbing breath;
It lives in nothingness and shame;
Its end is even death.

'Tis only dust, and fallen;
Corrupt in Adam's woe;
'Tis only weak, and so depraved;
But sorrow does it know.
'Tis always full of heaviness;
And never walks aright;
It works in only vanities;
To err is its delight.

But surely: There's a remedy;
'Tis in the RISEN LORD;
Beyond the grave His own shall live;
('Tis written in His word)
Beyond the grave is perfect peace;
With Him shall we abide.
There's life, and holiness in CHRIST
For all for whom He died.

MY HELPLESSNESS; MY HOPE

My helplessness is pitiful;
No wonder Jesus wept.
No wonder that he intercedes;
That he my soul has kept.
He knows my flesh is only dust,
My body cannot stand;
He knows my life is nothing here,
But else the Father planned.

He sent the SON into the world
To be propitiation;
And he of all our many sins
Made perfect expiation;
As all the race in Adam die
Are many made to live
By Christ who brings His own to Him
Eternal life to give.

In mercy he can understand
Our weaknesses and sin;
In pity look upon us here
When woes for us begin.
And out beyond this vale of tears
Perfection shall we see,
And live in perfect holiness
For all eternity.

A COMFORT

I once was full of earthly hope,
Already on the wane;
I once was full of energy,
But now I'm on a cane.
I once was full of courage,
But now I'm not so bold;
Ah, I am never young again,
Already, I am old.

I did expect a lot in life,
And I'm not disappointed;
I've had my share in everything,
In all, that God appointed.
I've trusted in my gracious Lord,
And He has well provided;
His wondrous love and providence
Have never yet subsided.

I love to think of God, my own,
Who loves and cares for me;
I love to think of His own Son,
Who died to make me free.
To think of Him who ruleth all,
Much stronger than the devil;
The God who watcheth all my steps
And helps me here to travel.

He guides me in my daily toil,
And gives me needed strength;
He gives me here much work to do,
And bids me go my length.
I trust in him; He cares for me,
He helps me take my load;
He guides me here in all my ways;
He keeps me in the road.

MY FAITH AND MY HOPE

My faith, O Lord, is all in Thee;
Myself I cannot trust;
My flesh is all so full of sin;
My frame is only dust.
My weakness is my chief array;
My ways are ever low;
And by myself I'm nothingness,
To heights I cannot go.

My every charm is but a sham;
I have no worth at all;
I cannot rise to power,
For I was in the fall;
I cannot rise to ways sublime;
Myself I cannot cure;
My life is only woe and shame;
I cannot long endure.

But let me view the other side;
I have a perfect hope,
Eternally to dwell with God
Beyond the sunset slope.
Beyond the disappointments,
The weaknesses and tears,
Beyond the great vicissitudes,
The wanderings and fears.

Beyond the sting of fleshly death
My hope is all in God;
My sinless form incarnate
Will come from out the sod,
In holiness and beauty,
To live in endless day,
For Christ my Risen Savior
Has put my guilt away.

HOPE

Thy love, O Lord, canst give me peace;
Canst save me from despair;
Canst give my soul a sweet release
From all my toil and care;
For THOU ARE PERFECT; Thou
alone
Canst keep my erring feet;
O Lord, the powers of Thy throne
Canst make my pathway sweet.

Canst drive away the clouds and gloom,
And make Thy light appear;
Canst make Thy providences bloom,
And evils disappear;
Thy love canst make Thy blessings mine;
Canst make me render praise;
Canst make Thy light to inward shine
In righteousness that stays.

Canst lift my spirit from the slough,
And make me look to Thee;
Canst lead me on, and on, and through,
Oh, Thou canst strengthen me;
Canst take me up unto the heights
Of Pisgah's lofty view,
And show me Heaven's pure delights
So sweet, and ever new.

Canst raise me from the low desires
To inspiration's hill;
Canst warm me by the holy fires
Thy love to all fulfill;
Canst loose my spirit from the clay
And take me home to Thee
Into the light of Heaven's day
To dwell, O Lord, with Thee.

PERMANENT

Where God has given life divine
His perfect, holy light will shine;
Beneath that ebbing, fleeting breath
There is a soul that knows no death;
That heart with love forever beats
While God in there His grace repeats
That soul obeys the law within;
The inner life is free from sin.

Its greatest hope is out beyond
Where souls immortal ne'er despond;
Although the body often errs,
God's holiness the soul prefers;
In Jesus Christ is all its trust
Until the flesh returns to dust ;
The spirit then returns to God;
The body sleeps beneath the sod.

And on the resurrection morn
The flesh and soul will each adorn
The other in a holy peace
Where love and glory cannot cease;
Perfection will be everywhere,
God's holiness his own will share;
Forevermore in holy light
We'll worship Him in pure delight.

ASSURANCES

ADOPTED

There's little on the earth but sin
And its attending woe;
The pain and nothingness of men
That everyone will know;
The sorrows and the mortal ills
In all the morbid earth,
As man his wantonness fulfills
In emptiness and mirth.

No man may know a higher place
Than that the Lord appoints;
No man is king except in grace,
The one the Lord anoints;
The mortal man is always weak;
No power can be his
But in the Savior who is meek,
But Lord of all that is.

And in the wonders of His love,
The majesty divine,
He reigns in Paradise above
Forever there to shine;
And in the great assembly there,
In holiness and peace
His own His blessedness shall share
That cannot fade nor cease.

THE GREATEST GIFT

For us who breathe the ebbing breath
The Savior conquered even death;
Who had no room in earthly inns,
But saved his people from their sins;
Who stilled the waves of Galilee,
And suffered all for even me;
Who intercedes for us today
That all our guilt be put away;
He's Lord of Lords; and King of Kings,
And every perfect blessing brings;
The greatest gift that God has given,
Who rescued us, and gave us Heaven.

WE'LL UNDERSTAND

We'll understand HIS greatness then
When we are through with woe and sin;
When we have entered into light
With God and all his angels bright;
Elect of God in every age
Forever free from Satan's rage;
Forever safe on Heaven's shore
Where death and terrors are no more.

We'll understand the mysteries
That on the earth are only His;
We'll understand the perfect love—
Just why He left His home above,
Just why He left that holy throne
To come to earth to save His own;
Just why He DIED to give them right
To live with Him in endless light.

A CONSOLATION

We see so much that's low and mean,
So much that's all untrue;
So much of little consequence,
But very void ado;
So many things important
With little being done;
Where people should be serious
There's only mirth and fun.

We see so much at variance
With fundamental truth;
So many low influences
Misleading many youth;
So many woes and sorrows
Resulting from our sin;
So much we do not understand,
So limited our ken.

So many men in later life
Just walking into snares
So deftly set by Satan—
And all so unawares;
But One we know is stronger;
And able every day
To keep our souls from evil
And guide us in His way.

IN CHRIST

In Christ the Lord my Master
There's faith, and joy, and peace;
A perfect life forevermore
Where glory cannot cease;
A perfect land of loveliness;
A mansion in the skies;
With holy saints and angels
In love that never dies.

Before the Holy Throne of God
Where never comes a fear;
And joy will be eternal
Permitting not a tear;
Where Christ the Lord will be the King
And none will Him oppose;
But beauty there and sweetness
More perfect than the rose.

In majesty and grandeur
Sublime in every way,
Beyond the ken of mortal man,
In light of perfect day;
In all the majesty of God,
In holiness complete
We'll be with Christ the Risen Lord
Who never knows defeat.

Forevermore to worship there
The great eternal King;
And Heaven's perfect anthems raise
Eternally to sing;
No more to fear the sting of death,
Triumphant all in truth,
And with the holy Trinity
We'll spend immortal youth.

VAIN WORLD

The world is mostly toil and sin,
And sorrow, woe and shame;
So little joy or pleasure;
No lasting mirth or fame;
No earthly dust is permanent,
But passing with the day;
'Tis like the blossom of the grass,
So soon it must decay.

But in the permanence of God
There is a life divine;
Of joy and holiness in Him,
Whose love will not repine,
A glory in its grandeur
Supreme in every way,
That we shall share eternally
In Heaven's holy day.

WITHOUT A MURMURING

Oh, let me suffer! Let me trust
In all my Father's will;
I'm just a worm! Only dust!
Except the Lord fulfill
A purpose only His in me
To make me one His own
To dwell with angels and the free
Around the Holy Throne.

Oh, let me suffer! He alone
Is infinite in good!
His purposes are all His own,
By men not understood!
And though I suffer! All is well!
The Savior for me died!
His love hath rescued me from hell!
And GOD is satisfied.

GLORY BEYOND

We have to have our sorrow;
We all must have our woe;
For all of us are only dust,
And cannot fully know
The weight of sin upon us
In all the earth below.

For mankind all are fallen;
And virtues are but few;
So many of the earthly things
Are only void ado;
But after while the passing things
Will all be made anew.

For God in wondrous wisdom
Has fashioned everything;
And we will worship perfectly
The great and holy King;
And we will find a perfect peace
And holy praises sing.

Beyond the earthly shadows,
Beyond the vale of tears,
Beyond the mortal weaknesses,
The sin, and all the fears
We'll fully know the holy light
That even here endears.

We'll go into a blessedness,
The endless day of rest,
The endless day of glory
Beyond the east and west
Where we will know the Savior's peace
And be forever blest.

THE HAND OF HEAVEN

I've seen the hand of Heaven;
I know it shelters me;
That always it has been my guide,
And always it will be;
Its providences overrule,
Directing me aright
To walk the paths of rectitude
Where few would dare affright.

I've seen the hand of Heaven
Wherever I have been
Correcting many errors
In ignorance begun.
Without it everyone is lost
In insufficient ways;
The hand of God is everywhere
Whose name we all should praise.

THE WORD OF TRUTH

'Tis not a myth! The Word is true!
The Savior is supreme!
In Him is all the power to
Eternally redeem.
He was before the earth was made;
He is forevermore;
He rules in both the earth and on
The great Eternal Shore.

The Savior is the Central Thought,
The Great Colossal Form
Of Dignity and Holiness
Who rides upon the storm,
The great immortal Gift of Love,
The mighty Prince of Peace
Whose power in the universe
Can neither fail nor cease.

SECURITY IN HIM

My soul is safe in Jesus,
Although the law condemns,
For I am in His sacrifice
And none His power stems;
For He is God's Executor
In all the Father willed;
And all the law of Moses
His sacrifice fulfilled.

His life condemns my every sin,
For all His life was pure;
And all He spake was holy truth
Forever to endure;
His body never knew a sin;
Was superfine indeed;
He knew my low condition;
How very great my need.

Although my life is full of sin,
My Savior intercedes;
He knows the mortal weaknesses
And all the evil deeds;
He knows the sorrows and the woes;
And all the deep regrets,
The deep remorse when I am down;
How oft my mind forgets.

But, O MY MASTER, love me still
And help me look to Thee;
Oh, help me when my way is low
To rise and look to Thee;
For Thou art all my hope and stay;
Oh, help me trust in Thee;
Oh, help me always trust in Thee;
In Thee, in Thee, in Thee!

ASSURANCE

In Christ alone is victory;
A man himself is weak
And weaker in temptations;
And Satan is a sneak;
In only Christ is victory,
The truth I must repeat;
The Lord alone is Master;
He never knows defeat.

Believers, often unawares,
The adversary leads
To evil thoughts and notions
And on to evil deeds;
Continuing, he goes astray
Till on the husk he feeds;
At last he comes unto himself;
And Jesus intercedes.

And then he realizes well
That God alone is great;
Who dwelleth in Perfection;
In holy, high estate;
That none can stay or hinder him;
In righteousness He reigns;
And, though our sins are scarlet,
He cleanses all the stains.

And then he knows the Father's love,
The Savior's loving care;
That God is fully able
To answer every prayer;
That HE is always light and love
Although He chastens well,
And that He saves His own from death
In never ending Hell.

WITNESSES

We're not without a witness;
The Lord is everywhere,
And He is infinite in good,
Revealing He is here;
We're not without a witness;
The Lord appears to men
In spirit and in power
Reviving us again.

We're not without a witness;
He touches us in love,
Protects and keeps us every day
His faithfulness to prove;
And though we wander far away,
He always brings us back,
For in His every promise
The Lord is never slack.

We're not without a witness;
The Lord appears to men,
And sometimes with a cold rebuke
To punish us for sin;
He has His way in all He does;
In all He changes not;
Yes, has His way in all He does;
In all He changes not.

A WITNESS

Oh, Where is Christ my Master?
Oh, tell me where He dwells;
You say He dwells in Heaven?
The gospel plainly tells?
But tell me where His Spirit is,
The Comforter He sent,
The Holy Ghost that came to earth,
Oh, tell we where He went.

But this to ask is foolishness;
The Comforter is here;
He came to give eternal life,
And make His own to fear;
And make His own the witnesses
Of what the Lord has done,
That perfect, great redemption
In Christ the Holy SON.

He lives in every humble heart;
He dwells in all His own;
He is the Ruler of the earth,
THAT SPIRIT OF THE SON,
THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHER,
THE KING WHO NEVER DIES:
And in His holy being
All evil He defies.

He is the LORD, the MASTER of
The world and all that is;
He claims His own eternally;
Those loving ones are His;
And HE with CHRIST is all my hope;
From Him I will not part;
I am the witness of His love;
HE dwells within my heart.

APPOINTED TO TRIBULATION

We have to have privations
To make us understand;
There cometh tribulations
As GOD THE FATHER planned;
In all the great perplexities
That human kind must know
The Lord can send His blessings,
His beauties can bestow.

For GOD THE GREAT OMNIPO-
TENT

Is living everywhere,
And He in loving kindness
Will all our pleadings hear,
And HE will not forget us,
But keep us to the end,
For He is our Master,
And He is our Friend.

EXALTED NOT

Exalted not I cannot rise
(I live as but a man).
To realms above the vaulted skies,
Or all His beauties scan.
But I must be content to wait,
Though trials may be sore,
Upon the Lord, my high estate,
Whose fullness is my store.
Upon the Lord who is my own
Whose beauties all are mine
Who reigns forever in His throne
His glories there to shine.
Who is the Holy King of Kings
Eternally to be,
To whom the soul forever clings,
Who succors even me.

Who is my righteousness alone;
So glorious is He;
Who watches when my faith is gone,
And always rescues me.
Who is my hope, my only stay,
My comforter and guide;
The same who put my guilt away
Whose presence will abide.
The same who rescued me from death;
My sins Himself He bore;
Although I breathe a failing breath,
And dwell in sorrow sore.
And when to Him my soul must cry,
So helpless and forlorn,
He lifts me up; I do not die,
And then I cease to mourn.

And though my soul sometimes
desponds,
My all to sorrow turns.

My life to succor then responds
Because my Lord returns.
For always He to me is near;
The Master never fails;
He knows it every time I fear
When Satan so assails.
He knows my weakness and my way,
My sufferings, and more,
My sorrows and my debts to pay,
My tribulations sore;
He knows my inclinations all,
And my afflictions deep,
That Satan would my life enthrall
Into my work to creep.

And all along He gives me peace
So perfect, grand, and sweet;
He makes my bounty to increase;
The Comforter I meet.
He makes my spirit to rejoice;
I feel His presence there;
'Tis then I hear that silent Voice,
And worship HIM in prayer.
'Tis then I love His holy ways,
His goodness all supreme,
I shout aloud His humble praise
To HIM who did redeem.
'Tis then I feel His fullness high;
His wonders I proclaim,
So glorious that cannot die
In my REDEEMER'S name.

THE BIBLE

The HOLY BOOK is different
From others anywhere;
The Bible is the Book of books
With holy pictures there.
Its pages all are full of Truth
In figure or in type,
Or shadows of the things to come
When time becometh ripe.

No man the holy pages
May fully understand,
For none may comprehend the things
That God the Father planned,
But by the Holy Spirit
In part is understood
As God reveals it to His own,
So perfect, pure, and good.

The words of truth were all inspired
To holy men of old
Who moved as God directed,
And wrote as they were told.
Who waited for the Spirit
To lift them to the heights
That only God could lift them to
To give them holy lights.

Its loveliness is only seen
By those who know its worth;
It never stoops to idioms
Or goes the way of mirth.
Its truth is all in holiness;
The righteousness expressed
Is all of GOD THE INFINITE
And always stands the test.

The Father's holy will is shown
In part as touching man,
And furthered by the Spirit
According to His plan.
The perfect law was given
To Israel for good
That pointed to the Lamb of God,
The shedding of His blood.

The statutes and the judgments
To Moses in the law
Were given there at Sinai
Containing not a flaw.
The Ten Commandments written there
Is good for every one,
And he who keeps them in his life
Will find his duty done.

The covenant of latter days
Is written in the old
In many truths and shadows there
In many visions told;
It testifies to those who love
That God is always King,
To them the love, the truth, the peace
Whose praises we should sing.

Within the latter testament,
Within the holy Son
Incarnate yet immaculate
The Father's will is done.
And in the consummation
That some day we shall see
His own will truly dwell with him
For all eternity.

NATURE

THE WILD DOGWOOD

'Tis nature's unattended best
It beautifies alone;
It gives to spring a blessedness,
 an ardent zest,
As yet it "speaks" of God
 upon his throne.
It glorifies the woods alive
With bluebirds and the thrush,
Where mockingbirds and whippoorwills
Awake the midnight hush;
Adorning in its majesty
The graveyard as a shrine;
It makes the valleys beautiful
And God's own beauty mine.
It humbles and beatifies
'The noble hearts that see
The hand of God so perfect there
In every dogwood tree.
'Tis blooming in the ages
While God to us reveals
His beauty and His righteousness
And naught from us conceals.
We see the Lord in nature there
Akin to what shall be
Just out beyond in Paradise
In His eternity.

NATURE AND GOD

There's no perfection anywhere
But in the work of God;
Perfection there is everywhere,
'Tis written in the clod.
The mountains, and the sea, the sky,
Declare His majesty;
And none His power can defy
In all eternity.

All nature is an open book,
'Tis Wonder's gallery,
And works for God where'er you look
But not for salary;
The lowly beetles as they hum
Are doing holy work,
For God has bidden them to come,
And never do they shirk.

How beautiful are all His ways
For those who love and toil,
For Him who to the Father prays
And knows that none can foil
His sovereignty in all things,
In near or distant lands,
And humble praises to Him sings
Obeying His commands.

So glorious and wonderful
Is every work of His;
He rules in all the universe—
The KING of all that is.
The wisdom in His holy will
In mortals here below
Is shown by all His works fulfill
In beauty none can know.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE

Get close to nature, close to God;
The great Creator's hand;
Behold the handiwork of God
Abroad in all the land.
In every drop of water,
In every grain of sand,
For everything in Nature
Obeys the Lord's command.

The every bird that builds a nest,
And careth for her young;
She guards them, and she feeds them
The boughs and leaves among.
She watches out for enemies
Repelling if she can.
And all according to the way
Of God's own holy plan.

Behold the clouds in power
Unmeasured by a man.
A million tons of water plus
To carry out His plan.
To water every thirsty hill,
To make the rivers full.
'Tis God who does it in His way
Whose powers never dull.

Behold a mighty river
With all its rushing sweep,
The perfect hand of Nature
Replenishing the deep.
The home of many fishes,
A part of Nature's best.
And God is dwelling everywhere
From east unto the west.

THE MOCKINGBIRD

The Queen of Song in birdland,
Whose voice is nature's pride
That does the perfect bidding
Of HIM who for us died;
She singeth often in the night
When almost all is still;
She singeth in perfection;
She does the Master's will.

She sings a praise in nature
Bespeaking perfect ways;
An ardent stream of gladness!
In all her joyful lays;
She mimics every perfect song,
The Queen of all the birds;
She sings of God, and beauty
Too wonderful for words.

OMNIPRESENCE

All nature does the will of God
It is the Master's hand;
It moves along in every realm
Exactly as He planned;
And nature is so wonderful!
Its doings all invite
Your wisdom in its study
To help you see aright.

But nature has its secrets
That never are explained,
Those deeper, finer, hidden things
That were of God ordained;
So always love, and study well
In nature's open book
To learn its secrets when you can;
It all invites a look.

It all invites a study,
And truly if you scan
The small or mighty wonders
In all the perfect plan,
'Twill make your being stand in awe;
The AUTHOR you will see
Expressed in beauty everywhere
Before eternity.

SOME QUESTIONS

Is Nature always beautiful?
Is everything divine?
Is every work the work of God
Contrary or benign?
Is every way His way alone
In everything we see?
Is he the King of all the earth
For all eternity?

Is He the Master over all
In every age and clime?
And does He keep us always,
And lead to heights sublime?
Are all His promises in force?
Is true His every word?
Is every man a failure,
And all His works absurd?

A man may ask the questions,
But who can answer give?
And who can break the bread of life?
And who can eat and live?
For who can know the ways of God
When He the sea commands?
And who can see His kingdom?
What mortal understands?

Who edifies the holy Church?
Who makes the Spirit come?
For yet without the Spirit
A man is only dumb;
'Tis HE who lives in mortals
To immortality;
For HE commands the Spirit
To come and with us be.

THE SUN

A great eternal motion is
The power of the sun;
A mystery that Heaven holds,
Unfinished yet, but done.
Much water from the earth and sea
Is lifted to the skies;
And in the mighty, mighty sun
The perfect power lies.

Conditions then by Heaven made
That cause the clouds to form,
And bring the rain in gentleness,
Or in the raging storm.
That makes the rivers all to flow
And every little brook—
SUCH THINGS are vested not in man,
Or written in a book.

The river turns the miller's mill
And grinds the corn to meal;
The power of the sun, you see,
Is turning every wheel.
The power of the mighty sun
Makes every seed to sprout;
And all the little rose buds
To turn their faces out.

The energy of everything;
That succors you and me;
The gentle breeze, the mighty winds,
The waves upon the sea,
The mighty wheels of industry,
And everything begun,
The mighty tides that ebb and flow,
Is coming from the sun.

BUT LISTEN, FRIEND, there's some-
thing more;
A question would you ask?
WHO MADE THE MIGHTY,
MIGHTY SUN?
And set it to a task?
To make it shine upon the earth
To warm the humble sod;
THE SAME WHO MADEST EVERY-
THING,
THE MASTER, OUR GOD.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD and scan the vaulted sky;
'Twas made by HIM who will not die;
'Twas made by him who never errs;
Whose way the angels each prefers;
Whose ways are all beyond the ken
Of any mortal man or men;
In every star perfection is;
And all the wonders there are His.

The vaulted blue o'er all the earth—
A picture of HIS perfect worth
Is infinite in beauty there—
BEHOLD IT; and forget your care;
Behold the wonders in the clouds
When darkness all the earth enshrouds
To bring the rain, a blessing sweet
When earth and Heaven seem to meet.

Behold the wonders everywhere
In GOD exalting us in fear;
That makes us know that HE is KING;
And helps us now His praise to sing;
Behold the blessings in His ways
That all our hearts and soul amaze,
O FATHER, help us all to find
That Thou art always good and kind.

SPRING

When the daisies are a-blooming,
And the tulips start to peep.
When the mocking bird awakes us
After we have gone to sleep.
When the apple tree is budding,
And the bluebird makes his nest,
And the thrush he stays so busy
That he hardly stops to rest.
When the crow he goes a-cawing
And the ploughman's saying haw,
And you don't see in the weather
E'en the leastest little flaw.
When the south wind's blowing softly,
And it turns so nice and warm.
And the beetle goes a-humming
Doing not the least of harm.
When the farmer gets up early,
And his wife, too, stays up late.
And the girls set out the flowers,
Forgetting all old winter's hate.
When all nature is in beauty,
And the birds begin to sing,
Everything then gets so lovely,
We get happy—'Cause it's spring.

THE HUMAN BODY

WHY? AND THE ANSWER

Oh, why am I so full of sin?
Why do I wander so?
Why do I err in all I do?
And why my station low?
And why are all my efforts weak?
Why limited my sphere?
And why my vision dull and short?
And why so full of fear?

The answer is: I'm just a man;
I'm but a fallen foe;
An enemy of love and truth,
My path is full of woe.
In everything I'm guilty
And never am I clean;
And always seeking as I am
To manifest my spleen.

But in my soul I wander not;
My inner self is clean,
For there I love, and honor truth;
No guiltiness is seen.
For there the Spirit planted life,
And light, and peace, and love,
And I shall spend eternity
In Paradise above.

NOT ALWAYS THUS

Not always thus; not changes few,
But changes many us are due;
'Tis one day this; and then forgotten;
And evil oft have we begotten;
The world so swiftly passes on,
'Tis one day here, the next one gone;
'Tis one day peace; the next day war;
Oh, what was man created for?

'Tis one day sin; the next day woe;
And disappointment here below;
'Tis one day joy; then for a week
A place of rest we only seek,
'Tis misery, or something worse;
For good we seldom reimburse;
'Tis agony; or something low;
And oft our steps are weak and slow.

In God we seldom fully trust,
For we are only fallen dust;
And oft are we beset in shame,
Because we trusted not His name;
'Tis treachery, and evil here;
And often lade with doubt and fear,
We cannot to the best attain,
But poor, and needy we remain.

And oft our neighbors we revile,
When in ourselves is only guile;
And though we try we cannot reach
To do the good we try to teach;
It then becomes poor fallen man
To always do the best he can,
And though with Adam in the fall,
To look to CHRIST who conquered
ALL.

OUT OF MY LITTLENESSE
INTO HIM

My life is mostly misery;
I find but little joy,
I find myself so full of sin;
And many things annoy.
Myself I find so wandering,
So prone to evil ways
That in it all I wonder;
But still the evil stays.

And though I try to climb to heights
Of purity or fame;
And though I always do my best,
I find myself the same.
I find that I am only dust
I cannot work a plan,
That makes me higher than myself
For I am but a man.

But inwardly a feeling
So pure and superfine,
That is not dust, but is a life,
A life that is divine.
It is my soul that is of God
So born of Him in truth
That it will live eternally
In sweet and perfect youth.

And it will praise forever there,
Beyond the sunset hue.
When to my all infirmities
My life will bid adieu.
My soul and body both will live
United evermore,
In glory and perfection on
The sweet celestial shore.

For Christ my body hath redeemed
Upon Golgotha's Hill.
He did it all because of love,
And 'twas the Father's will.
Adopted into Heaven,
Adoring there the King,
My body then will be like His,
And all His glories sing.

RESIGNATION IN WEAKNESS

There comes a time to mortal man
When he must realize;
That he is passing to the end,
The human being dies;
He goes the way of all the earth,
Is gathered to the dust
To sleep the final sleep of death,
Not if he will but must.

But let us not in moods of fear
To grumble or repine,
But in a sweet submission
To enter the decline;
Eternity belongs to God,
Let mortals say no more,
But look unto His majesty
And always HIM adore.

NO NEED TO DESPOND

Within the lower days of life
When nothing is serene,
When everything is gone awry,
And nothing seemeth clean,
When everything, it seems, is false,
And you are in despair,
The storms of life are in your soul,
And you are deep in fear.

'Tis special then to trust in God
Who doeth all things well,
For he can turn the things of life,
And make your efforts tell;
He knows the way that we must go,
He knows the every turn;
He always knows the things you love
And what we ought to spurn.

'Tis always time to do your best,
Though often must we wait;
So often it is early when
To us it seemeth late;
Though time is never plentiful,
Let not your thoughts be marred,
A task is often easy when
To us it seemeth hard.

So always try to do your best
Unlimited in trust;
The Lord in Heaven knows your way,
And that your frame is dust;
And He will guide your every step
And make the sun to shine,
For all the earth belongs to him;
No need that we repine.

PROVIDENCES IN AFFLICTIONS

Though the earth is not perfection,
Though there is a curse divine,
There's a greater benediction
Than the gold of any mine;
In the realms of light and gladness
There are many holy joys,
But we see so much of sadness,
And the tempter so annoys.

In the sorrow of afflictions
That we cannot understand
Cometh many benedictions
As the Holy Master planned;
Sweeter than the sweetest pleasures
That the world can ever know
Are the perfect, holy treasures
Disappointments often show.

Providences all from Heaven,
At the present all obscure,
Are the sweetest ever given,
And the ones that will endure;
Many things that disappoint us
Ere we come to understand
Are the things that often point us
To the blissful, holy land.

For the Wisdom that is guiding,
Keeping us, and leading on
Is the Mind of God abiding,
For the Lord is on the Throne;
So in every bitter sorrow
Wait for God to show his face,
We shall see it on the morrow
Up in Heaven, *Holy Place!*

PROVIDENCES IN AFFLICTIONS

Providences in afflictions
Cometh often hidden deep;
Oh, the secret benedictions
Of the Father who doth keep;
All the bitter disappointing
Ripens further into love
In the work of God anointing
Us to be with Him above.

Grace of God with us abiding
In our lives with naught amiss
From our sight is often hiding
Though it ends in perfect bliss;
God is God; and reigns supremely
In eternity and time;
At the present, though, unseemly,
But the END is all sublime.

Look for Him in every trouble;
Try His holy face to see;
Though adversity is double
What you think it ought to be;
For the work of God is hidden
From the world in every case;
And He sometimes comes unbidden
Showing us a holy place.

TO MY BODY

O erring body, what art thou,
But fallen, sinful dust?
Unbridled, thou art low and mean,
And thee I cannot trust;
Thy works result in woe and shame;
Thou chooseth nothing good;
When not controlled by higher things,
Wilt shed thy brother's blood.

Thou lovest ways of evil
And hast no fear of God;
Thou nothing hast of which to boast,
For soon thou wilt be sod,
Wilt be a "brother to the rock"
And to the "sluggish clod"
Ah! thou art only mortal!
Except thou live in God.

But in my body is a soul,
And born of God in truth;
And, though my spirit doth not sin,
My body is uncouth;
But flesh will be immortal
When God hath made it new,
When it is risen from the earth,
To sin has bid adieu.

And out beyond in Paradise
They both will reunite;
The body and the spirit
Will live in endless light;
United and immortal,
Will live in Holy Peace
With God in love forever
Where glories never cease.

OUR WEAKNESS

Appalling is our weakness
When we are left alone;
And, though we see with fleshly eyes,
Our vision all is gone;
The sin within our bodies low
Will lead us but to death;
And by myself I'm nothing here,
And breathe a fading breath.

My strength entire is but a myth;
My life is never good;
'Tis often false in all I do
With little understood;
Without the Lord I'm only trash,
I'm only fallen dust;
But with the Lord abiding there
His mercies do I trust.

And with His presence ruling there,
His Spirit, and His grace,
His holy truth and dignity,
With HIM I run my race;
And in that love that makes me His,
So perfect and so pure,
I'll dwell with Him forevermore
Where beauty will endure.

THE BODY; THE SPIRIT

'Tis all corruption, all is death,
No soundness can be seen;
'Tis all but folly, waywardness,
And always so unclean;
'Tis always sin, and nothingness;
And putrefying sores;
Unborn for any good at all;
And never good implores.

'Tis all but emptiness entire,
Without a single good;
And void of wisdom; always low;
And often sheddeth blood;
'Tis fit for nothing but to die:
It knows no lofty way;
The grave will be its final place;
The debt 'twill surely pay.

But out beyond the filthy grave
'Twill risen be in truth;
Without a sin, without a woe:
No longer then uncouth.
In every sense perfected
In immortality,
To live in Christ in holiness
In all eternity.

And dwelling in the sinful clay
There is a soul divine:
At death it goes to be with God
To never there repine;
The body resurrected
With it will reunite
And both shall dwell together
In holy realms of light.

O LORD

Thou knoweth all my weaknesses,
My wanderings, and sin;
Thou knoweth all my trespasses
Where all my woes begin;
Thou knowest all my wanton ways,
My every low desire;
Thou knowest that in all my life
There's nothing to admire.

Thou knoweth my unworthy frame,
The ills that there abide,
The every sorrow I must know,
That nowhere can I hide
But in Thy HOLY SACRIFICE—
Thy love on Calvary—
The grace my SAVIOR purchased there
That bids me look to Thee;

That merits life eternal—
That makes me safe in Him—
That brings to me perfection,
And LIGHT that cannot dim;
And though I walk in folly,
And sorrow on the earth,
Beyond these tears I'll be with Thee
And know Thy perfect worth.

MY BODY; UNLESS

My life is but a failure;
My body is a clod
As void as any bit of clay
Beneath the lowly sod;
And all must be forgotten
Whenever I am gone;
My bones will lie amid the rocks
As senseless as a stone.

But God is infinitely good;
And who would HIM accuse?
And only fools would Him defy
The devils to amuse.
And who would dare His will oppose?
Omnipotent is He;
And dwells in all the earth and sky,
And in the stormy sea.

And if the Lord remembers me—
To raise my body up,
'Twill be because my Savior dear
Drank every bitter cup.
My body merits nothing;
No worthiness is mine—
Unless there dwells within my soul
THE RIGHTEOUSNESS DIVINE.

EVIL IS PRESENT WITH ME

I'm only weak and sinful,
No good can come from me
For still I dwell in sinful flesh,
And I am not yet free;
I often do as flesh would do,
And not as I myself
Would like to do in this old world,
I'm only rotten pelf;
I often long to do good deeds,
In fact, I often try,
I try to be a great good man,
To every passerby,
I often wish that I might have
A smile for everyone
But yet instead I often frown
At some poor mother's son.

I know that I have fellowship,
For all the poor of earth
I feel I love all humble souls,
Appreciate their worth;
I'd love to help just everyone
To lead a better life
I'd gladly teach poor sinful man
Just how avoid the strife;
But I am weak and sinful too,
And I just don't know how,
When I begin with my advice,
I get into a row;
So I must ever keep my place,
And do the best I can
To fill my place in this great world,
And be a friend to man.

Oh, I'd be glad to do great things—
If it were in my power,
Oh, I would do a noble deed,

For every passing hour;
But though I try to lift up some,
Of earth's own humble poor
I find that I have made mistakes
When my own barque I moor;
Oh, I can't guide my own old boat
It just won't go aright,
And when I row another's boat,
My weakness is a fright;
O God, just show us what to do
With this old sinful flesh
Oh, that we'd row our own old boats,
And conquer this old trash.

I'd like to live a better life
In this old world so great
I'd gladly do great things each day
In this old sinful state;
But oh, I shudder as I see this
Poor and weak old man,
For very little have I done—
Though I've done the best I can;
Oh, pity him who somehow thinks
That his own works are better
It's maybe not in spirit too,
But only in the letter;
Lord, pity him who thinks he's great,
And all the rest are little,
Just take your knife and get a stick;
Go some place and whittle.

And though I do the best I can
Just every livelong day,
But though I give a smile or cheer
To all who come my way
And though I love my fellow man,
And be a friend to him
Oh, I must do my duty there
And use quite all my vim;

But though I do just all I can
In all my fleeting hours
And though I spend no time at all
In pretty shades and bowers
But though we give our lives to Him
Who died to make us free
We'll never love Him near as much
As He loved you and me.

ONLY FALLEN DUST

If 'tis Thy will for me to suffer,
Holy Father, let it be,
Oh, let me bow in great submission
Now to all Thou sendest me;
Thou art infinitely holy,
Infinitely great and wise,
Ruling both the earth, and Heavens
Where Thy glory never dies.

If 'tis Thy will for me to suffer,
Holy Father, let it be,
Thou art infinite in justice
Now and in eternity;
All Thy majesty is wondrous,
Though thou slay me yet I trust,
THOU ART KING, O KING
ETERNAL,
I AM only fallen dust.

HUMILITY

I'm but a man of humble birth
No merit can I claim;
No regal honors in my line;
No kindred having fame;
No princely dignities are mine;
I'm but a lowly man;
But day by day along my way
I do the best I can.

I often live in sorrow here,
And every day I toil;
My living comes from mother earth,
The ever humble soil;
I try to trust in only God
Whose power to the end
Will show to earth His perfect worth
As Savior, and as friend.

And sometimes I've a witness here,
A light within my soul
That, though I live in heaviness,
Is Paradise my goal,
That in the love of Christ my Lord
Who for His own has died
My life shall be in Heaven free
While God is satisfied.

MY BODY AND MY SOUL

Myself am only low and vile;
My body all is sin;
My body all is fallen;
Myself I cannot win;
I'm only weak, and so depraved;
I'm insufficient all,
For I was lost in Adam,
Was ruined in the fall.

My mortal body always errs;
It walks in woe and shame;
It walks in folly, vanity,
And plays a losing game.
Aspires to nothing noble, true;
It has an evil way;
It cannot conquer; and at last
It falls into decay.

But in my body dwells a soul,
Immortal, pure, divine,
A brother to the risen Lord
Whose love and grace are mine.
'Tis heir with Him to Paradise,
The Paradise of Light,
The glorious, the beautiful,
Where comes no death or night.

And when my flesh is risen,
Immortal, holy, free,
And reunited with the soul
For all eternity,
They both will praise the TRIUNE
GOD
In holy, endless day,
In love with my Redeemer
Who washed my sins away.

THE SOUL TO THE BODY OF SIN

I long to be delivered from
My inclination; more
The actual advance of sin
For which we suffer sore;
The consequences of it all,
The future that it makes,
The great remorse that follows
Of which the soul partakes.

The sorrows that result from sin,
The misery we know,
The bitterness reproaching
Though we are high or low;
The absence of the beautiful
That many so desire;
The absence of the Spirit,
The holy, sacred fire.

O morbid sin, so follyful,
So shameless and so low,
No blessings can you minister,
No good can you bestow;
Your ways are dark and evil,
Your dealings all are void,
Your present all is serious,
Your future not enjoyed.

O Sin, within my body,
The flesh alone is thine,
And that but temporary,
In Heaven it is mine;
In Paradise eternally
The flesh belongs to God,
Though temporarily it sleeps
Beneath the humble sod.

For Christ the body hath redeemed;
He bought it with His blood;
He bought it with His body
Unblemished, pure, and good;
He entered into death for us,
The penalty for crime
And by it he hath purchased life
Eternally sublime.

By merit king of all the earth,
By birthright even more,
The King of all the universe
Whom angels all adore;
The holy King of Righteousness
In everything supreme,
The HOLY KING ETERNAL
Who all His own will claim.

IN MY SOUL

I feel a holy ecstasy
Recurring in my soul;
Prayer is in my being;
Heaven is my goal.
A sweet illumination
Is urging, leading on;
I know by Heaven's Spirit
My Lord is on the Throne.

I have a joy unspeakable,
The light of Heaven shines;
My soul is pressing onward;
No longer it repines;
I know my Holy Savior;
And by HIM I am blest;
And out beyond in Paradise
I'll find a perfect rest.

POOR MORTALITY

The mortal weaknesses increase
As men are bowed with age;
And so until we find release
From all the evil rage;
We wander off, and on and on
Until we heed the thought
That often comes from Heaven's throne
Of wonders God hath wrought.

The mortal weaknesses increase,
But God the Father keeps;
Who gives to us the holy peace,
And then the mortal weeps;
Rejoicing in the promise then
That dwells within the heart;
Believing he is free from sin,
Is willing to depart.

He contemplates with humble joy;
His strength is in the Lord;
And though the evils may annoy,
He hopes in all the word;
He leaves the earth without a fear,
His body to the sod;
His spirit reads His title clear,
And goes to be with God.

THE HUMAN FRAME

The human frame is only dust;
To heights it cannot rise;
'Tis always low, and walks in sin,
And finally it dies;
It sometimes sinks into despair;
It has no constant aim;
'Tis full of degradation,
And dwells in woe and shame.

Unholy it is full of lack;
Aspires to nothing great;
It follows low illusions;
And not the High Estate;
It often follows low desires;
Its purposes are void;
And sometimes lower appetites
Are wantonly enjoyed.

And, too, it walks in nothingness,
And fosters only shame;
So often loves deception;
And seeks a dying fame;
It cannot justly mercy claim,
'Tis only fallen dust;
And though at last it ends in death,
The ruling all is just.

The mind and will are often false;
The reason is depraved;
It goes into delusions,
And there becomes enslaved.
But in the resurrection
The perfect peace begins,
For Christ the HOLY SAVIOR
REMOVETH ALL OUR SINS.

IN DARKNESS

'Tis pandemonium I feel;
'Tis darkness in my soul;
My efforts all are fruitless
To make the burden roll;
My misery is heavy now;
My lamentation void;
No righteousness in me is found;
My peace is all destroyed.

My sins all over me are hung;
My hope is nearly gone;
My weakness kills my whole desire;
My sorrows are my own;
No human hand can reach my case,
But Heaven has the cure;
Restore my soul, Almighty God,
To faith that will endure.

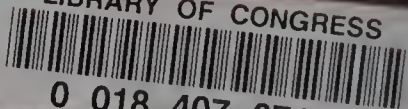
GOD'S OMNISCIENCE

God knows the suffering, the woe,
The sorrows on the earth we know,
Our weaknesses and heavy grief,
Our lack and all our unbelief,
The cloudy days, the storms that come,
The heartaches that so oft benumb,
The overwhelming weight of sin
So common in the life of men.

He knows the curses; knows the crime,
The rabble, the attending slime,
The rottenness of all our works,
And just why mankind always shirks;
He knows the underlying cause,
Just why man breaks the holy laws;
That he is fallen; all depraved;
His mind and flesh are all enslaved.

He knows the remedy; the cure,
The work of God will all endure,
That he depends not man upon;
But on the CHRIST the HOLY SON
Who did His work on Calvary's tree—
HE suffered death for you and me—
His work is finished; HIS are his;
And we are heirs of all that is.

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