

1. A HORSE CAN'T PULL WHILE KICKING

A horse can't pull while kicking,
This fact I merely mention.
And he can't kick while pulling,
Which is my chief contention.

Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life that's fitting.
Just pull an honest load and then
There'll be no time for kicking.

2. A HOUSE THAT WILL STAND

A house that will stand are you building?
Are you doing the sweet will of heaven;
To Jesus have you made surrender,
Has your life to the Saviour been given?

*Oh, what are you building today;
A house that shall never decay?
Life's moments are precious and fleeting,
Oh, what are you building today?*

A house that shall stand are you building?
Built never to crumble or fall,
Awaits the abiding rich treasure
When you answer to death's solemn call.

Earth's treasures are passing and fading,
Earth's treasures are empty and vain;
Days spent for the Lord and His kingdom
Alone will bear fruit to remain.

The Saviour in love died to save thee;
He suffered on Calvary's tree.
Obey now the still voice that whispers
Saying, "Sinner come now, follow me."

3. A HUMBLE HEART

I would not ask Thee that my days
Should flow quite smoothly on and on,
Lest I should learn to love the world
Too well ere all my time was done.

I would not ask Thee that my work
Should never bring me pain or fear,
Lest I should learn to work alone
And never wish Thy presence near.

I would not ask Thee that my friends
Should always kind and constant be,
Lest I should learn to lay my faith
In them alone, and not in Thee.

But I would ask a humble heart,
A changeless will to work and wake,
A firm faith in Thy providence,
The rest 'tis Thine to give or take.

4. A WOUNDED BROTHER

When a wounded, weary brother,
Who is fainting in the Way,
Needs the comfort of a Father,
Teach us how to pray
To the Father of all comfort
Who in love has dealt with sin,
In a way the lowest sinner
Still can come and enter in.

When the pieces broken, scattered,
Lying still in disarray,
Seem as though they can't be mended,
Teach us how to pray
To the great Creator-Father
Who has used in His own Way
Many, many broken pieces;
May He use them still today.

When the great Accuser--Satan
Seems to have it all his way,
And has tipped his darts with poison,
Teach us how to pray
To the One whose words can silence
Every echo of dismay,
And can bring in place of sorrow
Thanks to Him for His great Way.

When the final day has ended,
And we see as plain as day,
We will know the greatest struggles
Taught us how to pray;
And the brightest, glistening jewels
Were not always seen that way,
But the grace of God had triumphed
Over little bits of clay.

author→ E. Pearson

5. ALONE

It was alone the Saviour prayed,
In dark Gethsemane.
Alone He drained the bitter cup
And suffered there for me.

*Alone, alone, He bore it all alone.
He gave Himself to save His own.
He suffered, bled, and died, alone, alone.*

It was alone the Saviour stood
In Pilate's judgment hall,
Alone the crown of thorns He wore
Forsaken thus by all.

Alone upon the cross He hung
That others He might save.
Forsaken thus by God and man
Alone, His life He gave.

Can you reject such matchless love?
Can you His claim disown?
Come, give your all in gratitude
Nor leave Him thus alone.

6. ALONE THE SAVIOR WENT TO PRAY

Alone the Savior went to pray
Far in the desert wild,
The powers of evil in array,
Assailed the Meek and Mild,
But angels came to help and cheer,
In wilderness so drear.

*Alone the Savior went to pray,
Out on the mountain side,
In sweet communion night and day,
Oft times He would abide,
Apart, alone, none to intrude,
He prayed in solitude.*

Alone the Savior went to pray,
Great blood drops stained the ground;
The dreadful cross before Him lay,
And darkened all around;
“Dear Father, not my will but Thine”
Amazing love divine.

Help me in true humility,
To find the secret place;
My weakness and infirmity,
Bid me to seek Thy face,
In quietness my God to know,
As strength He doth bestow.

7. AMERICA

God moved on the face of the waters
And rolled back the waves of the sea,
And lifted the bed of the Ocean
And fashioned the land of the free.
He spread out her endless prairies,
And chiseled her mountains of stone
And sketched on a skyline of promise
That America only has known.

America is not her bold mountains
Nor flower-studded prairies that roll,
But rather her noblest ideals,
The visions that quicken the soul.
She's rather the soul of all nations,
The blood of the fittest and best
Co-mingled and cradled together
And rocked in the arms of the West.

Her law came from Bonnie old England,
A system no art could replace,
A gift from a long line of jurists,
The ablest minds of the race.
Old Ireland sent us the Irish,
Sincere and nimble of wit,
To temper the heart of our army
And fill them with courage and grit.

The Scots brought their cool calculation,
With humor, delightfully droll,
The German his deep understanding
Of life and of things of the soul.
Bohemia sent us the vision
Of Freedom her strong arm has wrought,
And Lafayette brought us the sword
Of France with the freedom of thought.

We sing the bright songs of the Tiber
And every American soul
Is stirred to its depth by the music
Of Syrian, Russian, and Pole.
The Dane and Swede brought the poise
Unmoved by a gain or a loss,
While Heaven itself sent us Jesus,
Who died for the world on the cross.

God moved on the face of the waters
And wrought the land that is ours.
He moved on the souls of the nations
And brought us their talents and powers.
God, help us to build from these talents
A temple supreme in His west,
Where justice and peace may abide,
A nation by God truly blest.

author → James Jardine

8. AT EVENTIDE

I want to be ready when shadows fall,
And I come to the end of the road,
To answer my father's tender call,
And to lay down life's weary load.
I want to rejoice in the Saviour's love,
When the hour of death draws near.
I am building today my home above,
Through the work of my hands down here.

I want to be busy with things worthwhile,
In a word or a thought or a deed,
To bring to some weary face a smile,
Regardless of race or of creed.
I want to see deep in the souls of men,
The image and likeness of God,
To lift some life by my word or pen,
To the path that the Saviour trod.

I want to be ready to live my creed,
That my life may become each day,
A cup of strength to some soul in need,
And a light on a lonely way.
I shall not fear as I travel along,
Though a cross may wait at the end.
I shall lift up my heart and voice in a song,
For I journey with Christ, my Friend.

9. BE STRONG

Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; to do good be swift.
Be Strong! Say not the days are evil; who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce, Oh Shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name.
Be strong! It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes. faint not – fight on!
Tomorrow comes the song.

10. BELFAST to BARBADOS aboard ship, London, Dec 24, 1946.

Adieu! Adieu! My native land
I give thee now an outstretched hand,
And though I did thy shores despise,
It is only now I realize
My love for thee.

My home and friends, they grew more dear
As the parting hour drew near;
The need is great and I must go
To distant lands the seed to sow
For Jesus' sake.

Voices call me now to enter,
Lands of choice I would not venture;
I do not fear what these may hold,
This unscribed book I now behold,
If God is near.

The shore line's gone, our ship is free,
The dimming lights, the growing sea,
The waves surge past with snow-white foam
To separate me from my home,
And shut the door.

My life to me is more real now,
All sponsored by a simple vow;
A silent thought, a promise made
And God returned for what I said
To prove my words.

I ask Thee, Lord, as new days dawn,
With battles I have never known,
To make of me a servant true;
Something I would never do
If left alone.

author→ Willie Pollock

11. BROAD IS THE ROAD

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

Deny thyself and take thy cross,
Is thy Redeemer's great command.
Nature must here count gold as dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

The fearful soul that tries and faints,
And walks the way of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

12. CAN THE MASTER COUNT ON YOU

There's a place in the ranks to be filled today.
Who will stand with the tried and true?
'Mid the many snares and pitfalls new,
Can the Master count on you?

*Can the Master count on you?
Are you one of the tried and true?
Though others fail, will you prevail?
Can the Master count on you?*

Will you stay in the fight when the battle's on,
Though around may your comrades fall?
Can He count on you till the battle's o'er,
Till you hear the final call?

Will you be amongst those who can stand the test,
As they bear the crosses below?
For 'tis only such that the Lord can bless,
And can use His way to show.

The fight may be long and the struggle hard,
But our strength will our God renew.
To the faithful ones shall be a bright reward.
Let us evermore be true.

13. CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care,
Of public fame or private worth.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice, who never understood,
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Not rules of state but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day,
With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

14. CHART THOU THE WAY

Sweet as the song of angels,
Echoed so long ago,
Came the sweet words of Jesus,
Peace to my troubled soul.

*Chart Thou the way before me,
Dangers around me lie,
Captain of my salvation,
Be Thou forever nigh.*

Lord I would know Thy leading,
Thy wondrous plan for me;
Just where Thy work is needing,
There would Thy servant be.

Nothing of gold or silver,
Eternal comfort bring,
But through the unknown future,
To Thee alone I'll cling.

Eternal shores are nearing,
The harbor lights I see,
Yet hidden rocks I'm fearing,
O Jesus, guide Thou me!

When in the vale of sorrow,
Faintly the way I see,
Give me the faith and courage,
Never to question Thee.

15. STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Cheering rays of pure light
Through the darkness of night
Brought a message of hope to my soul
Bright and glistening afar
Shone a heaven-sent star
Star of Bethlehem, Star of Bethlehem Divine.

*Star of Bethlehem Divine
O'er my pathway did shine
And unerringly showed me the way,
And a gladsome new song
Fills my heart all day long
I have found Him, I have found Him my King.*

All my treasure most dear
Unto Him I revere
As an offering I humble resign
And I praise His blest name
O'er my pathway there came
Star of Bethlehem, Star of Bethlehem Divine.

Weary soul lost in sin
Far from Jesus the King
Lone and helplessly seeking the way
Far above din and throng
Gleams a light clear and strong
Star of Bethlehem, Star of Bethlehem Divine.

Follow heaven's sent light
It will guide thee aright
And thy footsteps unerringly bring
Unto Him who was born
Suffering pain, death, and scorn
To redeem thee, to redeem thee from sin.

16. DEATH IS KEEPING STEP WITH YOU

Though you journey in life's morning,
And cloudless prospects view,
Let me whisper words of warning,
Death is keeping step with you.

*Down in the graveyard,
Some sad lonely day,
Death as victor there must leave you,
Sleeping in the cold, cold clay.*

Though you labour in life's noontide,
O'er trouble holding sway,
And your life is full of sunshine,
Death escorts you every day.

Though you settle in life's evening,
In stately castles fair,
Won't you listen to my warning,
Death will overtake you there.

Come to Jesus while He's calling,
And learn His will to do,
Then when shades of night are falling,
Death will have no fear for you.

tune→ Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

17. DISAPPOINTMENT

Disappointment – His appointment,
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing
Though it may come in disguise,
For the end from the beginning,
Open to His wisdom lies.

18. DO RIGHT

Do right though pain and anguish be thy lot,
The heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot.
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count the gain,
The pleasure soon departs, but sin remains.

19. ETERNITY IS NEAR

I see the days glide down the west,
The seasons come and go;
The dear ones laid away to rest,
Beneath the winter's snow;
I hear while standing by their bed,
So lonely cold and drear,
Soon you'll be numbered with the dead.
Eternity is near.

I leave this sad and lonely place
But leave it not alone;
For when I see the sorrowed face,
I hear the voice again,
Re-echo from beneath the sod,
Why waste your moments here?
Prepare, prepare, to meet thy God;
Eternity is near.

I see the fairest flowers fade,
The rosy cheek grow pale;
The awful wreck disease has made,
The strongest mortals fail.
This also speaks to me of death,
In language strong and clear;
Thy life is going with each breath,
Eternity is near.

20. ETERNITY, ETERNITY

Our life is ever on the wing,
How swift the months and years go by,
And as we look 'tis but a dream,
So swiftly do the moments fly.
Our passing souls no power can stay,
Time on its tide bears us away,
To that great deep and shoreless sea,
Unending, Vast, Eternity.

*Eternity, eternity,
Where will you spend eternity?
'Tis Heaven or Hell for you or me;
Now make your choice; which shall it be?*

Our blinded foolish hearts are wrong,
When captured by the world's vain show;
The tinsel glare, the dazzling gild,
Lure but to death and endless woe.
Our little day will soon be o'er,
Our chances gone for evermore;
'Twill be too late your sin to see,
When you wake in Eternity.

tune→ Genevieve

21. ETERNITY'S NIGHT

Oh sinner remember tho' fair be life's day,
There's only one step to the tomb;
Thy life like a vapour will soon pass away,
Then cometh Eternity's gloom.

*To be lost in the night, in Eternity's night,
To sink in despair and in woe,
But such is thy doom if thou turn from the light,
God's mercy refusing to know.*

On the edge of perdition now blindly you tread,
Its fires how fearful they gleam;
Oh soon you will be with the numberless dead,
Where deeds can never redeem.

Oh Eternity's darkness now falls on the shore,
The twilight begins to appear;
Soon there will be mercy, sweet mercy no more,
But darkness and death draweth near

The Saviour is pleading; there's mercy today;
'Tis Jesus invites you to come;
Oh flee to His bosom and walk in His way;
'Twill lead to the Heavenly home.

To be saved from the night, from Eternity's night,
And to walk 'mid the splendours above,
To dwell in His grace and abide in His light,
Enjoying His mercy and love.

22. EXPERIENCE

I have failed in a hundred missions,
But I still have a heart to try.
I hate to give up and surrender,
And miss the great prize by and by.

In many a trying hour, I have hoped,
Yea, laboured and kicked,
But never has old Satan had power
To convince me that I was licked.

I have trusted and been mistaken,
My friendship has been betrayed;
I have struggled alone, forsaken,
By those who have had my aid.

I have listened to those who flattered;
Their motives I understood;
But my faith in God's way is unshattered;
I believe in my Father for good.

Tho' the uphill fights may be many,
And the valley seem dreary and long,
Yet I know God's grace is sufficient,
And His power will help me along.

So heart filled with heaven's courage,
And a spirit with wholesome fear,
I'll press onward and forward with Jesus,
And hope for a fruitful New Year.

author→ Sandy Dougal

23. FATHERS AND MOTHERS

Now before the judgment, Mother,
There is much that you can do,
For your children lost and straying,
As you journey this life through.
Are you not now thinking, mother,
How so much depends on you;
If you're willing and obedient,
Teach to them what they must do.

*Oh, if you would teach the children,
Need of living right and true,
Then they might submit to Jesus
And be numbered with the few.*

Now before the judgment, Father,
As you think upon the past,
And you see the final ending,
Of unfaithful ones at last.
Will you not be willing, father,
For whatever it may cost,
Gladly give your life and talents
In this world to help the lost.

Now before the judgment, Mother,
Bravely meet each trial and test.
Do not shun the way of suffering,
For God's way is always best.
Oh remember, fathers, mothers,
There are children watching you,
So if you will follow Jesus,
They might choose to follow, too.

tune→ Just before the battle

24. FELLOWSHIP

Thank Thee, Lord, For those who seek to help me in my way,
Who speak my name when e'er they go to pray,
Who have for me a love that's pure and true,
Who seek to show me what is right to do.

For those who seek my daily load to share,
Who have for me a true and tender care.
Whose hearts are glad when my own joy is deep,
Whose tears have flowed when I had cause to weep.

For those who sit with me at Jesus' feet,
With whom my fellowship is pure and sweet.
Who seek to share my hopes and joys and fears,
Who spur me on to face the coming years.

For those who in the secret place alone,
Surrender all each day before Thy throne.
Striving to lift the standard up on high,
Knowing the corn of wheat must fall and die.

For all the love that has its source in Thee,
For ties more strong than human ties could be.
For every heart in harmony with Thine,
And that can beat in sympathy with mine.

Let me be true, my Saviour, unto Thee,
And unto those who mean so much to me.
Cleansed by Thy blood, united by Thy Grace,
Grant us, one day, to see Thee face to face.

author→ Ken Paginton

25. FELLOWSHIP MEETING

'Tis Sunday and early morning,
'Tis the day the saints will meet,
To worship the living Saviour,
And humbly sit at His feet.
To give of the bread He hath given,
To strengthen each other's hands,
To tell of the joys and sorrows,
As they walk in the way God planned.

In a cot in the lonely valley,
In a home on the hillside fair,
On the vast wide plains they'll gather,
In a home that's a place of prayer.
In His name they'll be also meeting,
In a home where the city's din,
Can't exclude the love of Jesus,
While His children wait on Him.

May the Lord in their midst be honored,
As thus they meet today,
And each heart be soft and humble,
As they speak and sing and pray.
May nothing be seen of envy,
Nothing of self or sin,
Nothing to cloud the vision,
That each may have of Him.

In ancient times we read of,
We're told how God's children met,
That Satan was also present,
And it's true that he does so yet.
He came there then to hinder,
He came there to accuse,
To tempt the soul of the righteous
His privilege to misuse.

He hasn't changed his purpose,
Nor he hasn't changed his plan,
And while all today are meeting,
He'll usurp all the power he can.
May no place to him be given,
But each heart moved as by love,
Give place to the God of Heaven,
Give place to the spirit of love.

They'll remember Christ's broken body,
In partaking of the bread,
And also the cup will tell them,
Of His blood that once was shed.
May none drink to their condemnation,
Or play an unworthy part,
May desire to give as the Saviour,
Be deepened in every heart.

There are some who fain would be meeting,
Where His people meet today,
But like myself thru distance,
Are miles and miles away.
Some on a bed of sickness,
Some on a cot of pain,
Some who can't be present,

For a cause that is just and plain.

May the Lord in His tender mercy,
Give unto such today,
The portion of bread that's needed,
As they read, and think, and pray.
And even not found in person,
In the place where others meet,
May they be there in spirit,
And together sit at His feet.

If perchance there are others,
Who thru carelessness are found,
Far away from the place of meeting,
Perhaps on forbidden ground.
May God to their hearts in mercy,
In a voice that is plain and clear,
Make known to them their danger,
Create in their hearts true fear.

And now having read what I've written,
And what I've just now said by pen,
I find in my heart an echo,
To a true and glad Amen.
A response to a voice that is saying,
Thank God for His boundless love,
Thank Him for His humble pathway,
That leads to a home above.

author→ J. Jackson

26. FROM DEATH TO LIFE

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years,
It reaches its blooming time.
And then, a wondrous bud at its crown,
Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
They spread their beauty and radiance far,
Adorning the tropical bowers.
But the flower to the plant is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming it dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots,
In the place where it falls on the ground,
And as fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around.
By dying, it liveth a thousand fold,
In the young that springs from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
That Arab's Cimel El Bahr?
That dwells in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are.
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and thrills for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food.
In famine it feeds them what love can devise,
With blood from its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits on the brake.
For it saves its song 'till the end of life,
And then in the soft, still even,
Midst golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven.
All the blessed notes fall from the skies.
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

Have you heard the tale, shall I tell you one?
A greater and better than all.
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthem above
For earth, in its wailing and woes?
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes.
O Prince of the Nobles, O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard the tale, the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life now in untold souls,
Lives on in the world, anew.
His seed prevails and is filling the earth,

As the stars fill the skies above,
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the fear, the peace for the pain.
Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others, do give up your all.
Our Saviour has told you the seed that would grow,
In the earth's dark bosom must fall.
It must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear.
The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain!
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain!

author→ Henry Harbaugh

27. GLIDING DOWN THE STREAM OF TIME

Gliding down the stream of time,
Captured by earth's gilded shrine,
Gazing on illusive scenes,
Filled with fancied hopes and dreams.

*Gliding down the stream of time,
Void of God and life divine,
Empty vessel drifting on,
From the harbor to the storm.*

Gliding down the stream of time,
Winds do favor, weather fine,
Cloudless skies, sun shining bright,
Drifting on to darkest night.

Gliding down the stream of time,
Wide your course and straight the line,
Soon the journey will be past,
Sailing o'er forever lost.

tune→ R.S 370

28. GO FURTHUR, MY DAUGHTER

The Lord of the Harvest has spoken again,
in a voice so pure and still,
And said, "In a distant far off land,
there's a place for you to fill."

Thus a fresh response to another call,
and another step you take

As you leave your kin and country,
for the precious Gospel's sake.

'Tis a foreign land to you, dear one,
in culture, soil and sod;

An unknown tongue and race and clime,
but there's no foreign land to God.

'Tis a strange and alien shore to you, as
for others in days of yore.

But remember our Master who trod this
earth, and pioneered every shore.

'Tis a privilege that's unspeakable, 'tis a
wealth not yet revealed.

To sow the blessed word of truth, in any
realm or field.

The hope of the world has never been
the wheat in the storage bin,

But the wheat that falls in the cold dark
earth, and rises lost souls to win.

All heaven is behind you then, and the
angels know the tongue

Of every nation, land or zone,
where Redemption's song is sung.

For eternal life, for the slain Lamb,

For those who spread the truth

To the lame, the lost, the lone gray-haired,
to the flower of fairest youth.

Our prayers can go, throughout the lands,
where we may never go.

The eye of faith sees far beyond
the depths of human woe.

May the Lord of the harvest comfort you,
deal kindly and watch the fray

The Almighty grant you may find rest

At close of the Reaper's day.

Take courage then, and gratitude,
as you prayerfully, carefully sow.

The hope of the great eternal life,

Go Further, My Daughter, Go.

author→ Anna Pratt

29. GO, MY DAUGHTER, GO

“Go, My Daughter Go” as Naomi said to Ruth,
Go with a trust sublime, go in your radiant youth.
Go to the ripened fields, work with the toilers brave
To gather the golden kernels, some precious soul to save.

Go to the harvest field, to answer the call divine,
Step in among the reapers, and savour the Kingdom’s wine.
Glean when the dawn awakens, glean in the noonday glare.
Glean when the shadows lengthen, Stay fast by the maidens there.

Then go, my daughter go, in Bethlehem take root.
The soil that is watered with tears, produces the sweetest fruit.
Seek not the rest in Moab, nor in any earthly tie.
The seed that bares the golden grain, in the cold dark earth must die.

Respond to the call that rang beside the lonely sea
Of Galilee, in days of yore. He said, “Come follow me.”
Go in the prime of life, dear one, ’tis ever the highest goal.
'Tis the greatest calling of mortal man, life to a dying soul.

Cast in your lot, young maid, with a glad and a faithful band.
The sound of richest and sweetest song, echoes in every land.
The path to the truest joy and bliss, is the path where you may sow.
The hope of the great eternal life. Go, My Daughter Go.

author→ Anna Pratt

30. GOD'S INSTRUMENT

I prayed to be an instrument,
In the hands of God divine,
That He should use my life to bless,
The lives that might touch mine.

I did not know 'twould be such pain,
And sorrow and distress,
I did not know 'twould hurt to be,
An instrument to bless.

So when about me surged the strife,
I sought for some respite,
But Father dear then touched my hand
And said short is the night.

The morn will come and bring relief,
For all along your way,
Your life will bless some weary souls,
For what you've borne today.

You pled that I might use your life,
In ways that seemeth best;
I took you at your word, my child,
You leave to me the rest.

A calm, a peace has filled my soul,
A God so good, Divine,
Has heard my prayer and undertook,
To answer prayer of mine.

So tribulation, pain and woe,
While resting in His care,
Will be used as His instruments,
To answer my own prayer.

31. HE IS COMING SOON

'Twas in a humble cottage,
The sun was sinking low,
I watched beside the pillow,
Of one who soon must go,
And as the sunbeams lingered
Around her dying bed,
She turned her eyes upon me,
And this is what she said.

*He's coming soon to call me,
He's coming by and by,
But oh I am not ready,
And His coming draweth nigh,*

She told me all her story,
How in the strength of youth,
She had lived for pleasure only,
Her words were words of truth.
And now beside death's river
In doubt and fear she stood,
Too weak to trust in Jesus,
And once again she said.

I spoke to her of Jesus,
And of His power to save.
I said there still was mercy,
Altho' she neared the grave.
She did not seem to hear me,
Her thoughts were all astray,
And as I stooped to listen,
I only heard her say.

A day or two she lingered,
And then the summons came.
Her spirit fled unpardoned,
Ne'er to return again.
Oh sinner, heed the warning,
And seek the narrow way.
Eternity is nearing;
You, too, must pass away.

*He's coming soon to call you,
He's coming by and by,
Then, oh, prepare to meet Him,
For His coming draweth nigh.*

tune→ Scatter seeds of kindness

32. HE MAKETH NO MISTAKE

My Father's way may twist and turn,
My heart may throb and ache,
But in my soul, I'm glad to know
He maketh no mistake.

My cherished plans may go astray,
My hopes may fade away,
But still I'll trust my Lord to lead
For He doth know the way.

Though night be dark and it may seem
That day will never break,
I'll pin my faith, my all, in Him.
He maketh no mistake.

There's so much now I cannot see.
My eyesight's far too dim.
But come what may, I'll simply trust
And leave it all to Him.

For by and by, the mist will lift
And plain it all He'll make.
Through all the way, though dark to me,
He makes not one mistake.

33. HE TENDERLY LOOKED AT ME

When Jesus alone was standing,
By all His friends forgot,
And Peter nearby denying,
Saying, I knew Him not.
'Twas then I saw the Saviour,
Looked at Him tenderly,
And then, remembering the saying,
Went and wept bitterly.

*He tenderly looked at me;
He tenderly looked at me;
He drew me graciously to Him,
When He tenderly looked at me.*

When drifting away in darkness,
Lost in the blackest night,
Out on the sea of sorrow,
Far from the blessed light,
I heard a sweet voice calling,
Calling from sea to sea.
And then I saw the Saviour,
Tenderly looked at me.

They took my blessed Saviour,
Out to the mountain side,
And nailed Him there to the cross tree,
Jesus the Crucified.
And when I saw the Saviour,
Dying on Calvary,
He drew me graciously to Him,
By His kind look at me.

34. HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE

Blessed is the service of our Lord and King.
Precious are the jewels we may help to bring.
Down the passing ages, words of counsel ring.
He that winneth souls is wise.

*He that winneth souls is wise.
In the home beyond the skies,
There is a crown of glory, Oh the wondrous prize.
He that winneth souls is wise.*

In the quiet home life, showing love's bright ray,
More and more like Jesus, living every day,
We may guide a dear one to the heavenward way.
He that winneth souls is wise.

Out upon the highway, going forth with prayer,
For the lost and straying, seeking everywhere,
Close beside the Shepherd, we His joy may share.
He that winneth souls is wise.

Sow beside all waters, sow the gospel seed,
Here a word in season, there a loving deed,
Sinners to the Saviour, be it ours to lead.
He that winneth souls is wise.

35. HE TOOK MY PLACE

Sometimes I see through mist of bitter tears,
A distant hill on which a cross appears,
And on that cross where I myself should be,
I see the lowly man of Galilee.

*He took my place, His life He freely gave,
Oh boundless grace, my soul from sin to save.
He took my place upon the cruel tree.
He took the guilty sinner's place, and I am free.*

I cannot tell why He should love me so,
Why for my sin the garden anguish know,
Why He should wear a crown of thorns for me,
This Holy, Lowly, man of Galilee.

Oh that my life might speak His worthy praise,
And that my hands might serve Him all my days,
Until at last, through His redeeming grace,
I meet and greet the man who took my place.

36. HEAVENLY PROSPECTS

Heavenly prospects grow more bright,
As my earthly hopes decay.
More I feel my need of storing,
Treasure for that other day.
Storing, where there's no decreasing,
And no loss from waxing old,
Where the record of true motives,
Is a treasure house of gold.

Tho' I'm sometimes tired and lonely,
And my heart is sick of pain,
Yet a little time in secret,
Brings me strength renewed again.
Thus, I pass the hills and valleys,
Oft in desert walks alone.
As a stranger of all strangers,
I am seeking, seeking home.

It is not so far, far distant,
Only just beyond my sight.
I may reach it in the morning,
Or perhaps by morrow night.
Hark! I hear the faithful calling,
They can see me on the way.
How it helps me to keep steady,
And to labor one more day.

37. HIS LOVE WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

Sometimes we get discouraged
When problems come along,
But God can use these challenges
And trials to make us strong.
When burdens seem too hard to bear,
His love will see you through.
Just reach your hand up to the Lord,
He's reaching down to you.

38. HIS WAY

Perhaps you think my Father does not love me
Because He led me far away from home,
And set me midst a people whom I knew not,
Both homeless and stranger there to roam.

*O yes, my Father loves, I know He loves me,
He loves me with a pure and perfect love.
He only made me to become a pilgrim,
That He may lead me to His home above.*

It is no proof my Father does not love me,
Because He severed all of nations ties.
He broke the bands and gave to me my freedom,
That I may share His home beyond the skies.

It was because He loves me that He sought me,
When I was seeking peace and finding none,
And turned me to the fount of living waters,
In fellowship of His beloved Son.

We journey now, His Son and I together,
Of both the joy and sorrow we partake.
He feels the pain and gladly suffers with me,
In everything I suffer "for His sake."

Tho' enemies encamp around about me,
Or friends betray and scorners pass me by,
Tho' all the world should turn their back upon me,
He keeps me as the apple of His eye.

What tho' I taste of bitterness and sorrow,
There is no other way that I can see.
Thru' suffering He perfected my Saviour,
By it may He not also perfect me.

39. HOW GREAT THOU ART

O Lord, my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all that Thou in love hast made,
I see Thy Son, forsaking heaven's splendor,
Thy grace throughout his selfless life displayed.
Then sings my soul, O righteous God, to Thee;
How good Thou art, how good Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour Christ, to Thee:
How pure Thou art, how pure Thou art!

And when I see Thy servants and Thy people,
Who know Thy voice, whose lives are led by Thee,
Who read and pray and daily fight the battle,
To live in hope the bride of Christ to be.
Then sings my soul, O faithful God, to Thee;
How wise Thou art, how wise Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour Christ, to Thee:
How true Thou art, how true Thou art!

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.
Then sings my soul, O blessed God, to Thee;
How kind Thou art, how kind Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour Christ, to Thee:
How brave Thou art, how brave Thou art!

When Christ shall come by death or his returning
To take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow, with fervent love still burning,
And there proclaim, My God, how great Thou art!
Then sing my soul, Eternal God, to Thee;
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sing my soul, my Saviour Christ, to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

author→ Revised: E. Pearson

40. HOW VAIN ARE ALL THINGS HERE BELOW

How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair;
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

I reveled beneath the moonlight,
I slept beneath the sun,
I lived a life of going to do,
And died nothing done.

To cross that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye
Nor pale the glow of health.
The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which was pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on the forehead God hath set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.
He feels perchance that all is well
And every fear is calmed.
He lives, He dies, he wakes in hell
Not only doomed but damned.

Oh where is this mysterious bound,
By which our lives are crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?
And answer from the skies is sent,
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called "today" repent,
And harden not your heart.

41. HOW WISE ARE WE?

How wise we are when our chance is gone,
And a backward glance we cast,
We see just the thing we ought to have done,
When our chance for doing it is past.

42. I AM GROWING OLDER

I am not old, but I am growing older.
The days and nights of autumn now feel colder.
The winds that blow across the plain are stronger.
The shadows falling on my way are longer.

I turn and look and think of days gone by,
Of some whose names, for me, shall never die.
Who have gone on, yet like a flame of fire
Can warm my heart, and still my soul inspire.

Some days, some hours, some moments I relive
In gratitude for all the joy they give,
As, in my mind, I pass that way again
And know His leading has not been vain.

Sometimes, withal, a darkness seems to press
And bring an inward sigh of deep distress
For days when I had failed to count the cost,
For opportunities now gone and lost.

Some things I'd change, but I have not the key
To change the record of eternity.
I leave it all with Him who understands
And holds my fleeting breath within His hands.

The strength and joys of youth come not again;
I left them somewhere down life's wandering lane.
And greater loads that come with added years
Bring, too, their toll of care and silent tears.

The years have all so quickly passed away
The end draws nearer with each passing day,
And yet I do not grieve for what is past,
For all that is good will surely last.

The road that leads ahead -- I do not know
If it be long or short -- but I must go
To journey on with trust that's deeper still
That all is well if found within His will.

The sun, well past its zenith in the sky,
Sinks slowly to the dusk, and day shall die.
I'm glad this world doth charm my soul no more.
My faith leads onward to another shore.

author → Ken Paginton

43. I KNOW WHO HOLDS TOMORROW

I don't know about tomorrow,
I just live from day to day.
I don't borrow from its sunshine,
For its skies may turn to gray.
I don't worry o'er the future,
For I know what Jesus said,
And today I'll walk beside Him,
For He knows what is ahead.

*Many things about tomorrow
I don't seem to understand;
But I know who holds tomorrow,
And I know who holds my hand.*

Every step is getting brighter
As the golden stairs I climb;
Every burden's getting lighter,
Every cloud is silver lined.
There the sun is always shining,
There no tear will dim the eye;
At the ending of the rainbow,
Where the mountains touch the sky.

I don't know about tomorrow,
It may bring me poverty;
But the one who feeds the sparrow,
Is the one who stands by me.
And the path that be my portion,
May be through the flame or flood,
But His presence goes before me,
And I'm covered with His blood.

author→ Ira Stanphill

44. I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true for there are those who trust me.

I would be pure for there are those who care.

I would be strong for there is much to suffer.

I would be brave for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all the poor, the friendless.

I would be giving and forget the gift.

I would be humble for I know my weakness.

I would look up, and trust, and love, and lift.

45. IN HIS PRESENCE

How sweet at eventide when day is over
And we sit at Jesus' feet to learn some more,
In quiet meditation of salvation
As He opens unto us His wondrous store.

*In His presence is Salvation
When we lay our burdens down before the throne,
Hope grows brighter, Faith grows stronger,
For we know He never will forsake His own.*

God's word is sure, His promises are steadfast,
As within our hearts there is a motive pure.
It strengthens us to face the tribulations
And enables us the battle to endure.

How real to come to Him for consolation,
When by world and sin our hearts are sore oppressed.
How comforting to have Him reassure us,
In obedience to His will our souls are blessed.

The path at times may now be rough and thorny,
And difficulties oft' may press us sore,
But if by faith we follow where He leadeth,
We will have no vain regrets when life is o'er.

tune→ R.S. 809

46. IN MEMORY OF GEORGE MURRELL

His borrowed clay has now returned,
Back where it was before.
His work is done and he is gone,
To rest forevermore.

His death is only loss to us,
But richest gain for him.
And Heaven, too, is richer still.
It has another gem.

I've known him in the sinner's home.
I've known him with the saints.
I've known him with myself alone.
In all heard no complaints.

He left his home, his friends and all,
Farewell to all he said.
He had no more than Jesus had,
No place to lay his head.
He knew not where the path might lead,
Or when his strength might fail,
But trusting in the living God,
He willingly set sail.

He saw the world in all its need,
He heard the call of God,
Who sent him forth a stranger here,
Amid a howling mob.
Though tested tried on every hand,
He failed not in the test.
Behind the prison bars he found,
Himself a willing guest.

He faced the fiery darts of hell,
Perhaps in every form,
Which helped to wear his strength away,
With Christ he suffered scorn.
One precious thought to everyone,
Who feels the loss so keen,
That we can live as he did here,
And live with him again.

47. IN MEMORY OF WILLIE SNEDDEN

Willie died in Jamaica, Dec. 24, 1925

In a lonely grave, on a foreign shore,
Our brother is laid away.
A fitting end for a faithful life.
To await the dawn of day.
Oh, we little thought that on Christmas eve,
The call for him had come.
His life was short, but his work was great,
And a victor's crown he's won.
His life was like a corn of wheat
Falling into the ground.
In time it grew and flourished,
And fruit did thus abound.

How did it happen? I hear some say
That he lies in that foreign land.
Why went he there to suffer and die?
I do not understand.
Well, over twenty years ago,
When he was twenty-one,
He heard the gospel story,
Of Jesus, God's dear Son.
That simple gospel story,
That never will grow old,
Gripped his young heart and changed his life,
Brought him inside God's fold.

His heart o'erflowed with compassionate love,
For those from the fold astray.
His eyes beheld the "whitened field,"
So he hastened from home away.
Like Peter of old he could truly say,
I've forsaken all Lord for Thee,
And all I crave in this world below,
Is to labor together with Thee.
So he started the search, first near then afar,
And continued with zeal each day,
And many in different parts rejoice,
For the time he passed their way.

He denied himself that others might know,
And share in the Saviour's love.
He made himself poor, but others rich
In gifts from the home above.
Today his life still speaks to us,
With no uncertain sound.
Oh, may we too through life's short day
In righteousness abound.
There's gaps in the ranks to be filled today,
And work for all to do.
There's souls crying out, "Oh bring us your God,"
The only living and true.

May we who are left for a little while,
Be diligent, faithful, and true,
And never flinch, but continue with Him
Keep working the Harvest through.
How sweet it will be at the close of day,
When we gather no more to roam,

With the ransomed from every nation and clime,
To enjoy the rest of home.
Farewell, then brother, till we meet again.
Rest in thy borrowed grave.
The memory of thy faithful life,
Inspires us to be brave.

48. IN MEN, WHOM MEN, CONDEMN AS ILL

In men, whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still.
In men, whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot.
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

49. IN THE MORNING, ALL THE DAY

I met God in the morning
When my day was at its start,
And His presence came like sunshine,
With a glory in my heart.

All day long His presence lingered,
All day long He stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness,
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed,
But the wind that seemed to drive them
Brought to us both peace and rest.

So I think I know the secret,
Learned from many a troubled way,
You must seek Him in the morning,
If you want Him through the day.

50. IN THE UPPER GARDEN

We shall not regret we laboured,
Fervently in Jesus name,
For the interests of His kingdom,
While it brought no earthly fame.
Though we oft-times sore were tempted,
To withhold our lives instead
And to seek for earthly treasure
More than life's eternal bread.

*When life's o'er, we'll not regret it,
If we serve our Lord with zeal,
And through all our years of service,
Seek to have His smile and seal.*

We shall not regret the suffering
Which we bore for His dear name,
Or the sore misunderstandings,
Mingled with reproach and shame.
For with joy we'll reap the harvest,
At the end of toil and care,
And with those we helped to succor,
We shall heaven's glory share.

Oh how sweet the consolation,
He has taught my heart to know,
Through life's trials and temptations,
All the love He could bestow.
Would you have no vain regretting?
From its sorrows let Him save,
And in death's dark lonely hour,
Life shall triumph o'er the grave.

author→ S. B.

tune→ R.S. 866

51. INDIVIDUALLY

Friend, your soul is at stake,
And the choice that you make,
Will mean Heaven or Hell, as you know.
'Tis for you to decide,
Leave it not to the crowd,
As did Pilate in days long ago.

*For alone here you live,
And alone you shall die,
Then alone you shall stand before God.
Then alone you shall reap,
What alone you have sown,
So alone choose the path Jesus trod.*

This same Jesus today,
Wants a place in your heart,
Which alone is the hope of your soul.
Pray then yield to His choice,
Make a firm willing choice,
Yield your life unto Jesus control.

Oh remember this choice,
You must make for yourself.
Leave it not to your friends to decide,
Saying what shall I do?
Then with Jesus the Christ,
Let Him enter your heart and abide.

52. IS IT LOVE THAT CONSTRAINS ME TO SERVE HIM ?

Is it love that constrains me to serve Him,
When earth with its pleasures are gay?
Is it love that constrains me to serve Him,
Or fear of a great judgment day?

*'Tis love, oh 'tis love,
'Tis love, oh 'tis love,
That constrains me to faithfully serve Him,
And live for unseen things above.*

Is it love that constrains me to serve Him,
That I to His love may be true,
When my foes are all raging around me,
Because of the life that I choose?

Is it love that constrains me to follow,
When loved ones away from Him turn,
Just to live for the world and its pleasures,
Rejecting the life of God's Son?

Is it love, yea, 'tis love that constrains me,
And sweetness I've found in the way,
And the vows I have made to be faithful,
These keep me by night and by day.

53. IT DOESN'T PAY

It doesn't pay to worry,
Or give up in despair,
When there's so much of gladness
For you to freely share.

It doesn't pay to grumble,
If things seem to go wrong;
Better drown your disappointment
In a cheerful bust of song.

It doesn't pay to dawdle,
When there's urgent work to do;
A clear and noble purpose,
Will inspire the best in you.

It doesn't pay to sorrow,
Over chances missed and gone,
For, however black the midnight,
There will surely be the dawn.

54. JUST A MINUTE

“I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me...can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it,
Didn't choose it,
But it's up to me to use it,
I must suffer if I loose it,
Give account if I abuse it,
Just a tiny little minute...
But eternity is in it.”

55. JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today, O Lord, I plead Thy grace,
To live for Thee, Help me to seek Thy face.
Not for the years that I never see.
Help me today, live for Eternity.

*Just for today, the thought doth rest impart,
To simply trust, no fears within my heart.
Just for today, means every day to me,
Until the end, whenever that may be.*

Just for today, Lord, fill my heart with love,
As Thine was filled, fix it on things above.
From our todays, there is a woven past.
Help us today to live it as our last.

Just for today, help me confess Thee here,
That without fear I may Thy name revere.
Help me today my best, my all to give,
Willing to die that other souls may live.

Just for today, though trials Thou dost send,
I'll trust Thy love until the very end.
Help me keep true wherever I may be,
For soon today will be Eternity.

tune→ One step ahead

56. JUST SUPPOSE

If all that we say in a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night in clear black and white,
T'would prove strange reading, no doubt.

And then just suppose ere one's eyes could close,
You read the day's record through.
Then wouldn't you try in the days to come,
A great deal less talking to do.

I more than half think that many a kink,
Would be smoother in life's tangled thread,
If one half that we say in a single day,
Was left forever unsaid.

57. KEEP WATCH ON YOUR WORDS

Keep watch on your words, my brother,
For words are wonderful things.
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the glad warm sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life.
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
With bar and lock and seal,
For the wounds they make, my brother,
Are always slow to heal.
Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,
If their errand be true and kind,
If they come to support the weary,
And comfort and help the blind.

58. KINDNESS

One never knows how far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees, how far a smile of friendship flees;
Down through the years, the deed forgotten reappears.

One kindly word, the souls of many here have stirred;
Man goes his way and tells with every passing day,
Until life's end, once unto me he played the friend.

We cannot say that lips are praising us today.
We cannot tell whose prayers ask God to guard us well,
But kindness lives beyond the memory of Him who gives.

59. LAMENT OF AN IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
The red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then.
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little church stands near.
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With our baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends.
But oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride,
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lips
And a kind look on your brow.
I bless you, Mary, for that same
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake.
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore.
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I am bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true.
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,

Were it fifty times as fair.
And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again,
To the place where Mary lies.
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
The springing corn and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

60. LEAD ME

Oh, Father when my troubled soul,
Is tossed on stormy seas,
When billows roar and torrents pour,
Come Lord and lead Thou me.

*Lead me when the billows roar,
Lead me when the torrents pour,
Lead me on the stormy sea,
Blessed Saviour lead Thou me.*

And when the night is dark and drear,
So that I cannot see,
No gleam of star, no moon afar,
Come Lord and lead Thou me.

When in the cheerless wilderness,
I far astray may be,
The path unknown, myself alone,
Come Lord and lead Thou me.

Oh, Father lead me all the way,
And make my footsteps free,
The way to go I never know,
Come Lord and lead Thou me.

61. LEAD ME TO CALVARY

King of my life, I crown Thee now.
Thine shall the glory be,
Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow,
Lead me to Calvary.

*Lest I forget Gethsemane,
Lest I forget Thine agony,
Lest I forget Thy love for me,
Lead me to Calvary.*

Show me the tomb where Thou hast laid,
Tenderly mourned and wept.
Angels in robes of light arrayed,
Guarded Thee while Thou slept.

Let me like Mary through the gloom,
Come with a gift to Thee.
Show to me now the empty tomb,
Lead me to Calvary.

May I be willing Lord to bear,
Daily my cross for Thee,
Even Thy cup of grief to share,
Thou hast borne all for me.

62. LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE

I have learned as the years roll onward,
Leaving the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow,
But proves that our God is kind;
That many a flower I longed for
Had hidden thorns of pain,
And many a rugged by-path,
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter,
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow,
To see the clearest light,
And often from wrong's own darkness,
Comes the very strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor,
Has dimmed from our hearts away;
And those that never knew sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace,
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.

We must live through the dreary winter,
If we would value the spring,
And the woods must be cold and silent,
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness,
Before they can bud and bloom.
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine,
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial,
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sorrow,
The sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering
And love is reward for pain,
So after earth is Heaven,
And out of our loss is the gain.

author→ G. M. Rea

63. LET ME BE A LITTLE KINDER

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder,
To the faults of those about me.
Let me praise a little more,
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better,
Those that I am striving for.

64. LIFE

Life only comes by death,
Power by renunciation,
Victory by surrender,
And gain by loss.

65. LIFT UP

Lift up your heart take courage new,
Let not these times discourage you,
Lift up your eyes unto God's hill
Jesus still reigns and ever will.

*Lift up your hands that now hang down,
Lift up your head unto a crown,
Lift up a standard never faint,
Be true as servant and as saint.*

Lift up your soul unto the Lord,
Incline your ear unto His word,
Lift up your voice, cease not to pray,
Jesus will guard you night and day.

Lift up yourself to service true,
Remember those who look on you,
Lift up the truth that all may see
Jesus the Saviour lives in you.

Lift up your heart from earthly love,
Center your hopes on things above,
Lift up Christ's name, forget your own,
Soon by His name you will be known.

66. LO! ONE BY ONE

Lo! One by one the hours are passing,
And each new day we do arise,
With all the day's page yet unwritten,
So let us walk with watchful eyes.
With eyes to watch for chances offered,
With motives pure to do His will.
The opportunities God giveth,
To watch and so His plan fulfill.

With eyes to watch the pitfalls hidden,
Lest we should err then too late see,
The Lord had saved our steps from stumbling,
Had we but sought to watchful be.
With eyes to watch to know His dealings,
To learn heart lessons He would teach.
To sow true words and deeds in season,
Do all He brings within our reach.

Though shadows oft may round us gather,
Still we can walk with watchful eyes,
Within the secret place refreshing,
When we are weary, God supplies.
A character He'll mould within us,
By all He brings across our way,
As we but seek to learn the lessons
The Lord would teach while yet we may.

In this short life, if we've been faithful,
When last upon this changeable scene,
We close our eyes there'll be no sorrow,
Of lone regrets what might have been.
So if we've sought to be e'er faithful,
If we have walked with watchful eyes,
Eternal scenes before us opening,
Of His "well done" we'll gain the prize.

67. LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE

There are always two sides; the good and the bad
The dark and the light; the sad and the glad.
But in looking back over the good and the bad
We're aware of the number of good things we've had.
And in counting our blessings, we find when we're though,
We've no reason at all to complain or be blue.
So thank God for good things He has already done,
And be grateful to Him for the battles we've won.
And know that the same God who helped us before,
Is ready and willing to help us once more.

68. LORD MAY THY LOVE

Lord, may Thy love fill all our hearts,
And draw us to Thy side,
Causing our steps to be more sure,
As we in Thee abide.
May Thy compassion move us here,
To do our best for those astray,
Teach them Thy truth, their hearts to cheer,
Help them to walk Thy way.

*Many sad hearts from God now roam,
Longing for truth and peace to know.
Kept by Thy power, moved by Thy Love,
Thy life and truth we'll show.*

Lord, may Thy love fill all our hearts,
And move us day by day,
To spend our lives in service true,
And work while yet 'tis day.
We see the harvest fields are white,
Our opportunities abound.
Lord, grant us grace to do our part,
That lost ones may be found.

Lord, may Thy love fill all our hearts,
And burn with constant flame,
That we may spread both far and near,
The glories of Thy name.
Telling to souls by sin oppressed,
Thy pardon, power and grace so free,
That souls on earth may live to dwell,
With Thee Eternally.

69. MOSES DEATH

On Moab's plains a cry arose
A great assembly wept.
For thirty days their teardrops fell,
Their heartfelt wake was kept;
Their leader, such as earth had
Never seen before his day,
Had died upon Mount Nebo,
And by God was laid away.

He was so very dear to them,
To love, to teach, to feed.
To guide them through the wilderness
By mighty word and deed;
But now within the very sight
Of that Blessed, Promised Land,
He bowed himself, gave up his life,
At God's one last command.

"Go up and die!" The Lord had said,
Not once had he rebelled.
He died, obedient to God's word,
By his own love compelled.
Into God's "everlasting arms"
He sank, and leaned his head
Upon a loving Father's breast.
All Heaven sobbed, "He's dead!"

The God of all the earth rose up,
'Twas left to men to wail,
To bear His servant in His arms
To Moab's silent vale;
There God Himself prepared a grave,
A lonely bed of clay,
Where dust returns unto its dust,
To wait for that Great Day.

"My servant Moses now is dead.
Be strong!, I look to thee!
Go, cross the Jordan's swelling tide,
As once he crossed the sea;
Lead thou my people to that land
He suffered long to gain,
For them and you.
Of enemies let never one remain."

As I was with him in the fire by night
And cloud by day,
So, Joshua, I'll be with you
To guide you all the way.
I am your father's God, and yours
I'll be unto the end.
No man may stand before you,
Neither enemy, nor friend.

The congregation's weeping ceased.
Their younger leader rose,
To lead them through the river's flood,
To conquer mighty foes;
The "God of Israel" still lived and
Reigned upon His throne.
To prove that though His servant dies,

His Church is not alone.

The "Promised Land" need not be lost,
Though leaders go to God.
His work continues when His workman
Rests beneath the sod;
The mighty "Pillars" of the past
Have left their weights behind,
On younger shoulders, younger men,
But filled with love divine.

"Dear Lord, we pray with pleading
hearts for men, great men, today,
To bear the burdens being left by
Those soon called away;
We have our Moses, we have Pauls,
There are Elijahs, too.
They mean so much to us,
But soon they must return to you."

Hear us, dear God, in this we pray,
For we would follow on
To cross our Jordans yet today,
To gain what must be won.
This generation must remain
To grip our heritage,
To fight our own fierce battles,
Our own war of conquest wage.

We cannot ask Thee not to take
The "great" who've served their day;
We would be selfish! But must not
Request that such would stay;
We would not hinder those for whom
It would be better, Lord,
That they depart to be with Christ
And gain their great reward.

But we would pray, we would not flinch,
To beg at any cost,
That Thou replace to us the guides,
Those, Lord, who shall have crossed the tide.
Give Joshuas for Moses,
Give for every Paul,
A Timothy who cares, who feeds
And freely gives his all.

For each Elijah, grant a brave
Elisha to arise,
Lord, give to these Thy Spirit that
Can make them strong and wise.
Then lead us by the hand of such
Our Promised Land to gain,
That those, whose loss we soon must mourn,
Shall not have lived in vain.

author→ Paul E. Lyon

date→ Jan. 1966

70. MOTHERS IN ISRAEL

Framed in weaker human vessels,
Prone to tears and heartfelt prayer,
God has placed among us, mothers,
Precious souls who love and care.
Giving up her time and leisure,
Stooping low to serve with love,
Bearing silent, heavy burdens,
Seeking wisdom from above.

In those early years, her children,
Claim beyond their rightful share,
Giving back so little to her,
Drawing from the well that's there.
Later on in teenhood's morass,
She will nurture choices brave,
As her fledgling adult children,
Learn to choose and live and save.

In her later years, her daughters,
Learn to mothers also be,
Guided by her wealth of wisdom,
And her loving, oft-bent knee.
Thus a woman's highest calling,
Second to a worker's life,
Is fulfilled among God's people,
Even greater than a wife.

Some have never known a husband,
Never nursed a child by birth,
But they've cared for other children
Moved to see their precious worth.
Some are widowed, some forsaken,
Walking through this life alone,
But they've wept for other's anguish,
Put their welfare o'er their own.

Aging early, careworn beauty
Forms a radiant pleasant mien,
'Neath her silver crown of glory
A beauty in her face is seen.
As these priceless gems are forming,
With an inward weal and worth,
There are fewer hallowed places,
Filled so well on this old Earth

author→ E. Pearson

71. MOTHERS OF ISRAEL

Mothers of Israel whose names are recorded,
Honored by God for their faith in His Son,
Hearts full of love where the Spirit of Jesus,
God's great salvation, was resting therein.

*Ever reminded, ever remembered,
Ever remembered for what they have done,
Lived as examples for others in Israel,
Honored by God for the deeds they have done.*

Moses, the son of a mother in Israel,
One who ignored the command of the king,
Seeing thro' her faith that his life could be useful,
Made him an ark and then placed him therein.

When in the river of Egypt's cold water,
God thro' her faith was preparing a way.
He overruled in the daughter of Pharaoh,
Moses was drawn and returned to her care.

Hannah went up as a mother in Israel,
After the Lord had remembered her vow.
Samuel was offered and God, He was honored,
She did the part that a mother should do.

Yearly did Hannah go up unto Shiloh,
Meeting with God in the Spirit of Prayer,
Praying for Samuel that he might be faithful,
Kept from the sins of the priests who were there.

Samuel was dressed in an ephod of linen,
Bearing the marks that his mother put there.
God saw her faithful while Samuel was growing,
Called him to serve as a priest through her prayer.

author→ R. Cunningham

72. MR. MEANT TO

Mr. Meant To has a comrade,
And his name is Didn't Do,
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?
These two fellows live together,
In a house of Never Win,
And I'm told that it is haunted,
By the ghosts of Might Have Been.

73. MY SHEPHERD IS TENDER AND KIND

My shepherd is tender and kind,
For He knoweth all I am needing,
And His loving voice makes my heart rejoice,
I follow where He is leading.

*For He calls me forth to the secret place,
Far away from noise and all strife,
And in quiet there as I wait in prayer,
He deepens my inward life.*

My soul now will never know want,
As I follow Him up the mountain,
Or in heat of day as I rest and pray,
And drink of life's clear fountain.

In seasons when I am distressed,
When the nights dark shadows are falling,
He restores my soul by His kind control,
I hear His voice still calling.

His mercy and goodness is great,
Like a constant full flowing river,
I shall always share in His love and care,
And dwell with Him forever.

74. NOT OF THE WORLD

Not of this world or cumbered with its care,
As strangers only traveling here and there,
Seeking not ours but His and His alone,
His blood bought ones are we; we're not our own.

Not of this world my treasure can not be,
I've found my hope in Him who died for me.
A greater wealth, a living Christ within,
Who comforts, helps and keeps me free from sin.

Why should I care to see this world of shame,
Its pleasures, wealth, committed to the flame,
Or death call me to leave it all behind;
'Twould be no loss to me, it is not mine.

'Twas never planned of Him to leave me here,
But for a while His great name to revere.
He's coming back to call me to His side,
If to the end I in His Truth abide.

Launching forth to fields far distant,
Going where the Lord will send,
Sweet the promise to the faithful,
Lo, I'm with you to the end.

Tho' the path where He may lead me,
Tends to regions far beyond,
Launching forth to prove Him fully,
Strengthen every God-ward bond.

Tho' He leads us where we would not,
Still we know His way is best,
Confident that He will lead us,
In the highway of the blest.

Tho' oft-times the day will darken,
And the world be hard and cold,
Tears may fall, but sweet the comfort,
From the Shepherd of our soul.

Oh to think of many sighing,
Who to us are yet unknown,
And to know that as we labour,
God will claim them as His own.

May we labour more abundant,
Looking forward for the day,
When we get the crown of glory,
That will never fade away.

75. O SAVIOUR CHRIST

O Saviour, Christ, Thou friend of every nation,
Whose loving arms encircle all the race,
Look on us here, though lowly be our station,
And seal our hearts with Thy redeeming grace.

*This day, O Lord, be near to bless and cheer us,
Our hearts attune with music from above,
That we may rise to nobler heights of manhood,
And give Thee lives which ever pulse with truth and love.*

O Saviour, Christ, Thou pattern of the ages,
Our youthful hearts would build their hopes on Thee.
The noblest lives which shine on history's pages,
Are those which loved Thee well and fearlessly.

O Saviour, Christ, Thou joy of all who know Thee,
Our waiting hearts would feel Thy quickening power.
A greater love and reverence may we show Thee,
A truer friendship from this very hour.

O Saviour, Christ, whose love forsakes us never,
We would be worthy as Thy saints of old.
Give us a faith like theirs unflinching ever,
To face the sternest tasks as warriors bold.

tune→ The Londonderry Air

76. OF NEVER GROWING OLD

Recited from memory by George Walker at 100

They call it going down the hill
When we are growing old,
They speak in mournful accents when
Our tale is nearly told.
They sigh when speaking of the past,
Of days that used to be,
As if the future were not bright
With immortality.

But 'tis not going down the hill,
But climbing up much higher,
Until we almost see the heights
To which our souls aspire,
For if these natural eyes grow dim,
'Tis but to dim the earth,
While the eyes of faith grow keener
To see the Savior's worth.

Who would exchange for shooting blade
The waving golden grain?
Or when the corn is fully ripe
Would wish it green again?
And who would wish the hoary head
Found in the way of Truth
To be again encircled with
The sunny locks of youth?

For though in truth the outward man
May perish and decay,
The inward man can be renewed
By grace from day to day.
Those who are planted in the Lord,
Unshaken in the root,
Shall flourish in their older years
And bring forth choicest fruit.

It is not years that make men old,
The spirit can be young,
Though fully threescore years and ten
The wheels of life have run.
God has himself assured us in
His Blessed Word of Truth
That they who wait upon the Lord,
Shall thus renew their youth.

So when the eyes now dim with tears
Shall then behold the King,
And the ears now dull of hearing
Shall hear all heaven sing,
And on the head now hoary shall
Be placed the crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy
Of never growing old.

77. OFT TIMES I'M MADE TO WONDER WHY

Oft times I'm made to wonder why
God's plan for me holds pain,
And leads across my natures' will
To bring Eternal gain.

Oft times I'm made to wonder why
God's plan for me brings scorn,
From those I love who once loved me,
Which Christ Himself has borne.

Oft times I'm made to wonder why
God's plan for me leads where
I would not choose, yet feel Him nigh,
Each joy and pain to share.

Oft times I'm made to wonder why
My heartaches and my grief,
Yet knowing such means proving, too,
His loving arms beneath.

Some day, no longer wondering why,
I'll see God's plan was best,
Guidest through pain and scorns and grief,
To His Eternal rest.

78. OH FOR ONE

Oh, for one whose heart desires to do the right,
To walk in paths of truth, he seeks a guiding light,
Than ten who have to be convinced that they are wrong,
Then have to drag them in the right way all along.

79. ON THAT GREAT DAY OF DAYS

Are you thinking today of the time when they say,
That all nations shall stand before God,
'Twill be sad for you then, if your life when with men,
Did not show them the path Jesus trod.

*On that great day of days,
At the parting of ways,
Will you find a home waiting you there?
If His way you will choose,
And for Him your life lose,
Then for you on that day He will care.*

Are you living, my friend, with a thought of the end,
With eternity's values in view?
If with sin you will part and give Jesus your heart,
There'll be treasure in Heaven for you.

Are you drifting today from the Saviour away,
He is calling you now to His side;
'Tis a wise choice to make when the bindings you break,
And let Jesus come in to abide.

80. ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time, with its failures and fears,
With its hurts and mistakes, with its weakness and tears,
With its portion of pain and its burden of care,
One day at a time, we must meet and must bear.

One day at a time to be patient and strong,
To be calm under trial and sweet under wrong;
Then its toiling shall pass and its sorrow shall cease,
It shall darken and die, and the night shall bring peace.

One day at a time – but the day is so long,
And the heart is not brave and the soul is not strong,
O Thou pitiful Christ, be Thou near all the way;
Give courage and patience and strength for the day.

Swift cometh His answer, so clear and so sweet;
“Yea, I will be with thee, thy troubles to meet;
I will not forget thee, nor fail thee, nor grieve;
I will not forsake thee; I never will leave.”

Not yesterday’s load we are called on to bear,
Nor tomorrow’s undertaking and shadowy care;
Why should we look forward or back with dismay?
Our needs, as our mercies, are but for the day.

One day at a time, and the day is His day;
He hath numbered its hours, though they haste or delay.
His grace is sufficient; we walk not alone;
As the day, so the strength, that He giveth His own.

author → Annie Johnson Flint

81. ONE THING, O LORD

One thing, O Lord, so needful is for me,
Oh, do not take from me that better part,
To hear Thy voice and ever heedful be,
And from Thy counsel nevermore depart.

*One thing, O Lord, of Thee have I desired,
Oh hear my cry and do not let me fall,
Deny me not that which I have required,
One thing, dear Lord, one thing and that is all.*

I seek not place, no honour nor vain show,
The lines to me in pleasant places fall;
Thy mercy, Lord, and favour would I know,
That on Thy name forever I might call.

This one thing, Lord, my soul would truly choose,
Within Thy courts a constant dweller be,
Thy Holy Spirit may I never lose,
Thy beauty, Lord, Oh may I ever see.

Just let me daily in Thy harvest field,
Beside the reapers 'til the day is done,
Help gather in the fruit, the precious yield,
And finish in the race I have begun.

If through the vale of weeping Thou shouldst bring,
Thy servant hope or hard things make him see,
Let these be turned to living "water springs,"
With every place where I shall pass with Thee.

82. PATIENTLY WAIT

Wait on the Lord with patience,
Wait on His promise so true;
You'll reap your heart's expectation,
He will your strength renew.
Never grow weary of waiting,
He neither slumbers nor sleeps;
They who abide in His shadows,
He honours, blesses, and keeps.

*Patiently wait till your Master returns,
Cherish the love in your heart that burns.*

If He should come in the morning,
When hope fills your path with light,
If He should come in the evening,
As fast falls the shades of night,
If He should come at midnight,
When deep darkness shrouds your way,
Patiently wait till the dawning,
Watch, labour, fervently pray.

Wait for the Lord, He's returning;
This hope our hearts doth inspire.
Through our days and years of labour,
It quickens every desire
To be true to Him that promised,
To never forsake nor fail,
And before His throne present us,
Without a tear or a wail.

tune→ Whispering Hope

83. PEACE

There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled.
A peace that looketh, not upon tomorrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace that lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure,
But in unerring strength the heart possesses,
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

There is a peace, in sacrifice secluded,
A life subdued from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace that over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

84. PRAYER

Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.

85. PRESS ON TO THE END

It is not enough to begin in the race,
The Heavenly prize to obtain;
The brow that the glorious crown shall adorn,
Right on to the end must remain.

*Press on to the end of the race you've begun,
A crown to receive when the journey is done.
Though others should faint or fall out by the way,
Go onward, go onward, till close of the day.*

Continue in faith when the dangers appear,
In darkness continue to pray,
The hardness endure till the journey is o'er,
Enduring the cross day by day.

Then what of the hurts we receive by the way,
If Jesus shall answer, "Well done."
Come now to your rest; enter in with the blest;
Receive ye the prize you have won.

86. PUT THY SWORD

Put thy sword back into its scabbard;
I'll do God's will.
Drink the cup which my Father giveth;
His plan fulfill.

*Cup of Salvation,
Thus will I gladly take,
Far more pain in the cup my Saviour
Drained for my sake.*

See Him there in the garden praying,
"Thy will be done."

Was there ever a braver struggle?
Such vict'ry won?

Tho' dark clouds hang across Life's pathway,
My vision dim.
My mind's stayed on the Man of Sorrows;
I'll trust in Him.

Struggling on toward the goal before me,
Where I shall rest.
Seeking strength from the mighty conquer'r,
I'll face each test.

tune→ Footsteps of Jesus

87. SEARCH ME, OH LORD

Help me, Oh Lord, to know my place,
As on with Thee I go,
That humble, I might seek Thy face,
Thy will for me to know.

Help me, Oh Lord, to take my place,
In meekness and with fear,
That here my life might show Thy praise,
A Light from Thee above.

Help me, Oh Lord, to keep my place,
A soldier true to Thee,
That in Thy Heavenly homeward race,
Christ can be seen in me.

Help me, Oh Lord, to fill my place,
My one desire I pray,
That when I see Thee face to face,
“Well done” I’ll hear Thee say.

88. SEEK TO SAVE THE SITUATION

Seek to save the situation,
Brothers, sisters, when we part,
May the truths we have been hearing,
Be impressed on every heart.
Seek to live as in God's presence,
Keep His standard floating high,
For His truth and testimony,
Be prepared to dare and die.

Seek to save the situation,
Brothers, sisters, watch and pray,
That the Lord may keep His people,
In the straight and narrow way.
Free from all the form and fashion
Which we see on every hand,
May he give us grace and wisdom,
For His truth to boldly stand.

Seek to save the situation,
Die to all would take you down,
Overcome world, flesh, and devil,
Seek to gain the conqueror's crown.
Seek to live to be a blessing,
To the church where you belong,
Trusting in the Lord forever,
To overcome all that is wrong.

89. SERVICE

I was longing to serve my Master,
And lo, I was laid aside,
From the busy field of workers,
Who toiled in the field so wide.
They were few, yes, few in number,
And I could not understand,
Why I should be kept inactive,
'Twas so different from what I had planned.

I was longing to serve my Master,
I knew that the need was great,
To me it was easy to labor,
But Oh!— it was hard to wait.
To stay and keep still and silent,
While the song was borne to my ear,
Of the reapers with whom I had labored,
In the work of my heart so dear.

I was longing to serve my Master,
Oh, this was one fond thought,
For this I was ever pleading,
When His footstool in prayer I sought.
And the seasons of sweet communion,
Were few and far apart,
Not for Him so much as His service,
Were the thoughts that filled my heart.

I was longing to serve my Master,
He led to a desert place,
And there as we stopped and rested,
His eyes looked down in my face,
So full of tender reproaching,
They filled me with sad surprise,
Did He think I had grudged my service,
And counted it sacrifice.

Oh Master, I long to serve Thee,
The time is short at best,
Let me back to the fields, I pleaded,
I care not to stay and rest.
I knelt at His feet imploring,
I gazed at His face above,
“My child” He said gently, “Your service
Is nothing without your love”

I was longing to serve my Master,
I thought that His greatest care,
Was to keep all His workers busy,
In reaping His sheaves so fair.
But there in the lonely desert,
Afar from the busy scene,
It dawned on me slowly and sadly,
Where the awful mistake had been.

My mind was so full of service,
I had drifted from Him apart,
And He longed for the old confiding,
The union of heart to heart,
I sought and received forgiveness,
While my eyes with tears were dim,
And now though the work still is precious

The first place is kept for Him.

author→ G. Smith

90. SEVEN VALLEYS

In a "Valley so lifeless" God found us;
No hope in our hearts; all seemed vain.
God's servants came with the message;
We heard it, and soon life began. Ezek. 37:1

*Oh, Saviour, we plead for Thy mercy,
And grace to be true every day.
Lord, be near as we pass through each valley,
'Till we get to the end of the way.
(Repeat the last two lines)*

'Twas while in the "Vale of decision,"
We pondered and thought on our ways;
And chose, by the help of the Saviour
To serve Him the rest of our days. Joel 3:14.

We were brought to the "Valley of hope" then,
No more without Jesus to roam;
We were promised the care of a Father;
Yea, brothers and sisters and home. Hos. 2:15

The "Valley of giants" awaits us,
And obstacles hard may assail;
We have learned that our Heavenly Father,
Is a Friend that never will fail. Josh. 15:8.

We may pass through the "Valley of weeping",
Face battles severe in our day;
God's child will emerge from the valley,
And all tears will be wiped away. Ps 84:6

We're glad for this "Valley of vision,"
Our eyes are anointed to see;
'Tis well worth our while to serve Jesus;
'Twill pay now and Eternally. Isaiah 22:1

The "Valley of death" all encounter;
Some day life's journey will cease.
God's own will go on to perfection;
Shall delight in abundance of peace. Ps. 23:4.

tune→ R.S. 614: I was once far away from the Saviour

91. SHALL THERE BE FAITH ON EARTH

Shall there be faith on earth when the Saviour returns?
What joy it will bring to His heart,
If he finds precious souls with true faith in His name,
Each one faithfully doing his part.

*Shall there be faith on earth when he comes?
We'll not faint but instead always pray,
And do all that we can while we may,
So there'll be faith on earth in that day.*

Shall there be faith on earth when the Saviour returns?
The one who will then be the same;
O, how sad it would be if our Lord could not see,
Faith on earth when He comes back to reign.

Shall there be faith on earth? 'twas the Saviour Himself
Spoke these words as on this earth he trod,
And with this tho't in mind, He for us intercedes,
As he sits at the right hand of God.

Shall there be faith on earth where so much sin abounds,
And many whose love waxeth cold;
Only those who endure to the end shall be saved,
Who have faith and abide in the fold.

Shall there be faith on earth? 'tis our heart's great desire,
That faith in our God shall abound,
So that when Jesus comes, He with gladness can say,
Precious faith on the earth I have found.

tune→ The Old Rugged Cross

92. SHALL WE HEAR THE WORDS OF THE MASTER

Great is the Author of our faith so precious;
Let us hold it fast no matter where or when;
Daniel was faithful and became a ruler,
Not within a sheepfold, but a lion's den.

*Shall we hear the words of the Master?
Words that won't be broken,
Certain to be spoken;
In a few things I have found thee faithful;
I will make thee ruler over many things.*

Known are a few things in which some were faithful,
And the great reward and record heaven gave;
Jesus was faithful and was made a ruler,
Not o'er nations only, but death and the grave.

Faith may not be clothed in soft or purple raiment,
Or within the gates of comforts make a store,
But it will pilot o'er the Gulf in season,
That may not be crossed when seasons are no more.

Our faith is precious and in tribulation,
Let it prove a shield and victors we shall sing,
With the refiner and the purifier,
Grave, where is the victory? Death, where is thy sting?

93. SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

While the conflict was keen in the life of God's Son,
And His moments on earth closing fast,
Mid the encircling gloom, joy was brought to His heart,
By the worship of one unsurpassed.

*She hath done what she could,
Precious words Jesus spoke,
To this faithful handmaid of His day;
As her love we admire, let us truly aspire,
To be faithful like Mary alway.*

She withheld not her best from her Heavenly King,
While the world breathed its cruelest discord,
With a glad willing heart, she the treasure box broke,
And the ointment on Jesus outpoured.

As she thought of the depth of His infinite love,
How He poured out His life for her soul,
She esteemed it a privilege of highest degree,
To devote all to Jesus' control.

With a purpose sincere, Jesus name to extol,
And a fragrance around us impart,
Let us spend and be spent like the woman of old,
With a true broken God-yielded heart.

tune→ R.S. 405

94. SINNER WON'T YOU STOP AND LISTEN

Sinner won't you stop and listen,
As you travel down life's way,
To the pleading voice of Jesus,
As you hear Him speak today.
Life at best is but a vapour,
Spent alone for self and sin;
Friend, Oh stop and reconsider,
Ere you turn away from Him.

*God seeks for thee oh wanderer;
Shall He seek for thee in vain?
Lovingly He calls, oh heed Him,
You may never hear again.*

Through the world you go on drifting,
Lured by Satan at His will,
Seeking gold and fame and pleasure,
But thine heart is hungering still.
Oh how often God has sought you;
Won't you now His call obey?
Turn from sin and follow Jesus,
Make your choice this very day.

Straight the gate, the way is narrow,
Jesus said "few walk therein,"
But it leads to life eternal,
Daily fellowship with Him.
Let us then be wise and watchful,
Shun the wrong and chose the right,
Thus to share the Father's blessing,
And escape from sin's dark night.

95. SOLEMN THOUGHTS

Some very solemn thoughts,
Come knocking o'er and o'er,
Each day we're nearer to the throne
Than e'er we've been before.
Nearer to where we'll stand,
Our records kept we'll see,
To face them at the Great White Throne
That has a crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls this mortal down,
Nearer to where we'll face the One,
Whom God has given the crown.
To sorrow here with Him,
In standing for the right,
True joy awaits the meeting time,
The morning after night.

E'en now perchance our feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
And we today are nearer there,
Much nearer than we think.
Strengthen our spirit's faith,
While we have lasting breath.
Lord help us stand, to stand alone,
Thy witnesses till death.

A few short years at most,
The strongest only stay.
I'll live this fleeting span of life
A helper in God's way,
To choose the better part,
Of service true to Thee.
Though old and gray,
We'll watch and pray,
And death will glory be.

96. SORROW

Sorrow always follows closely,
In the pathway of defeat,
And regret will overtake you,
Though you beat a quick retreat.

Disappointment meets the sluggard,
Failure waits to greet the slow,
While remorse is for the fearful,
Filling up the cup of woe.

97. SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain.
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one.
Grieve not the careworn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard.
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity will tell.

98. TAKE THOU MY HAND

Take Thou my hand dear Saviour,
I need Thy help and power.
Only with Thee I conquer,
In life's tempting hour.

*Take Thou my hand dear Saviour,
My will to Thine I bend.
Safely in Thee confiding,
Unchanging faithful friend.*

Take Thou my hand dear Saviour,
Dark though the way may be.
Patiently I will follow,
All Thou hast planned for me.

Take Thou my hand dear Saviour,
Till I reach that fair land.
Join in sweet songs of rapture,
With that great blood-bought band.

99. STAR OF THE EAST

Star of the east, Oh Bethlehem star,
Guiding us on to Heaven afar.
Sorrow and grief are lulled by thy Light;
Thou hope of each mortal
In deaths lonely night.
Cheerful and tranquil, we look up to Thee,
Knowing Thou beamest through eternity.
Help us to follow
Where thou still doth guide,
Pilgrims of earth so wide.

*Star of the east, thou hope of the soul,
While round us here the dark billows roll.
Lead us from sin to glory afar,
Thou star of the east, thou Bethlehem star.
Oh star that leads to God above,
Where all is peace and joy and love;
Watch o'er us still till life hath ceased
Beam on bright star, sweet Bethlehem Star.*

Star of the east, undimmed by each cloud,
What though life's storms, our fond hopes may shroud.
Faithful and pure, thy rays beam to save,
Still bright o'er the cradle and bright o'er the grave.
Smiles of a Saviour are mirrored in thee;
Glimpses of Heaven in thy light we see;
Guide us still onward to that blessed shore,
After earth's toil is o'er.

100. THE FLOWERS

God might have made the earth bring forth,
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough,
For every want of ours,
For health, for luxury and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.
Our outward life requires them not,
So wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth,
To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For He who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him.

101. THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE BRANCHES

'Twas pruning time in the vineyard,
And the master looked with care,
At the vine He loved so dearly,
And its branches green and fair.
Some were trailing loosely,
And taking their own way;
As He saw them bruised and broken,
His heart was sore that day.

“What can I do to help them,
The precious fruit to bear?
To cut them down and prune them,
Means special, tender care.”
His heart was full of pity,
As the knife He held up high,
“There’s no one else can do it”
He thus said with a sigh.

One branch, He saw, was withered,
Its leaves all drooping low;
From the true Vine it was severed
The sap had ceased to flow.
Apart from the Vine it was useless,
And the Master, sad at heart,
Laid the branch outside the vineyard,
From the others far apart.

Back to the vineyard again He came,
And near the vine stood by,
A branch He saw with His eye so keen,
Was climbing very high.
He took it gently in His hands,
And soon He brought it low,
And with His knife He cut it down,
That it might fruitful grow.

He trained it back against the wall,
The branches so cut and bare,
And in His love He lingered still,
And pruned it here and there.
It little knew how much it cost
The Master true that day,
To cut it down and bring it low,
And train it His own way.

So, here and there, He pruned each branch,
And trained them back with care;
A longing true was in His heart,
That some day fruit they’d bear.
Nature had sunk in the stillness of rest,
Ere the Master went His way;
Although He was tired and weary,
He was glad of His work that day.

Night had come in the vineyard,
Silence long had reigned,
When, through the solemn stillness,
Came a little cry of pain.
“Oh! Why did the Master prune me,
And train me back to this wall?
If only I could hang loosely,

And not be trained at all.”

’Twas so easy to be rebellious,
When it was feeling so cut and raw,
But away through the lonely darkness,
The face of the Master it saw.
His eyes were just filled with pity,
While His words, so touched with pain;
“If you only could see the future,
And this suffering is not in vain.”

And a longing to be submissive,
Came over the branch that night;
No matter how much it felt things,
It would yield with all its might.
The weeks and months sped swiftly
And the Master came again,
And looked at the branch He once had pruned;
His labor had not been in vain.

For, lo! On the branches once so bare,
When His heart was so full of pain,
Were clusters of fruit so rich and rare,
It just had been loss to be gain!
The branch which once was rebellious,
Was filled with joy that day,
As the Master took a bunch of fruit,
Ere He went His homeward way.

So let us seek to remember,
When life seems so full of tests,
’Tis only through being submissive
That we prove God’s way is best.
For He is a loving husbandman;
He’ll not cause us needless pain,
For all through the pruning and training,
We must suffer that we might reign.

Right through the endless ages,
God’s plan is still the same,
That we might become the branches,
The true Vine from heaven came.
He knew what it meant to suffer,
As He left His home above,
So when He sees us suffering,
His heart is filled with love.

So let us be willing to suffer,
The things which seem hard to bear,
Knowing that all through the suffering,
Jesus, our Master, doth care.

From John 15: 1-5

author→ Glen Smith

102. THE LORD'S APPOINTED WAY

Oh how much defeat and sorrow,
We may suffer day by day,
If we do not fight the battle,
In the Lord's appointed way.
Though we run 'twill profit nothing,
If our feet have missed the way;
All in vain will be our labour,
If we fail to watch and pray.

*Seek His face then every day,
'Tis the Lord's appointed way,
To deliver us from every subtle snare.
In God's presence we can see,
That 'tis precious His to be;
Day or night from evil we are safe
When in His care.*

When temptations strong assail us,
And we're brought into the fray,
Oh how oft' we fail to meet them,
In the Lord's appointed way.
Then we fall before the tempter,
Fainting in an evil day,
Found alone without God's armour,
Having failed to watch and pray.

Oft' we bring our cares to others,
Upon them our burdens lay,
And neglect to fight the battle,
In the Lord's appointed way.
But if we would be a blessing,
Overcomers we must be;
Follow daily in the footsteps,
Of the man of Galilee.

Oh how sweet to know His presence,
And His guidance thru each day,
When we truly wait upon Him,
Hear His voice and then obey.
For His grace is all sufficient,
We need never faint nor stray,
Strength is perfected in weakness,
'Tis the Lord's appointed way.

103. THE LOVE OF GOD

The love of God now fills my soul;
His love shall have supreme control.
He will complete His work begun,
Transform and make me like His Son.

*This is my prayer continually,
Lord may Thy kingdom come in me.
Let all Thy Holy will be done,
Transform and make me like Thy Son.*

I have a living Christ within,
Who gives me victory over sin,
As I obey His loving voice,
And in His holiness rejoice.

I would not grieve this dearest friend;
I'll follow Him unto the end
Of life's short day, for this I know,
A crown of life He will bestow.

He has prepared for me a place,
And I shall see my Saviour's face,
Serve Him with Joy Eternally,
The lamb of God who died for me.

tune→ 168

104. THE OX

I've heard of the ox of old time,
And read of him often, too.
I've heard how this patient toiler,
Will shirk no work to do.
I've heard of the many virtues,
Embraced in his humble name,
And it's now my lot to see him toil,
But not for praise or fame.

I see him yoked with his brother,
At the front of a heavy load;
I watch as they pull together,
O'er miles of rugged road.
O'er the places where horses falter,
And e'en the motors fail,
While he with his steady brother,
Takes the load o'er hill and dale.

He never is heard to murmur,
When urged by the pointed goad,
O'er the places rough and rugged,
Not worthy the name of a road.
But he tugs at the heavy burden,
Too great for his strength or fame,
And there with his faithful brother,
Proves true to his humble name.

Again in the field I see him,
As together they pull and plow,
Where the hill is steep and stumpy
Rough and hard its brow.
But on through it all he ploddeh,
'Labours the ground to till,
And nowhere seems to falter,
In fulfilling his master's will.

I see him loosed from his burden,
See him go to his master's stall,
Or turn to the field of pasture,
To graze when the shadows fall.
In the field there are also others,
But his workmate and he are found,
Side by side on the weary journey,
Side by side in the pasture ground.

At times he's an ill-fed creature,
And treated not the best,
Often asked to work and toil,
When he fain would stay and rest.
But he's always there and ready,
Not known to complain,
Proving again the virtues,
Embraced in his humble name.

I think of him young and tender,
Ask how he's broken in,
I'm told he is yoked to his brother,
Side by side he is put with him.
That it's there he learns to labour,
There he learns to plow,
There where the hill is steep and rough,

He learns to till its brow.

Many indeed are the virtues,
Much that one could pen,
Of this faithful humble toiler,
That works for the sons of men.
But my mind it now is turning,
To words that another spoke,
When He told of a lighter burden,
Spoke of an easier yoke.

Such were the words of Jesus,
When in tenderness He said,
“Come unto me ye weary,”
Be blessed, be healed and fed.
My yoke it is ever easy,
My burden is always light,
And learning to bear it with me,
You’ll have rest through the darkest night.

The virtues seen in the oxen,
Multiplied by a hundred more,
Were always seen in Jesus,
As He walked on Galilee’s shore.
The Ox from his elder brother,
Learns what he should be,
Let us from the humble Saviour,
From the Man of Galilee.

author→ Jack Jackson

105. THE PASSING YEARS

Another year has come and gone,
Those days are passed forever,
And could we wish them back again,
We would, but we can never.

But as we think upon the past,
The days when God has led,
Our hearts are filled with courage true,
For all that lies ahead.

A New Year now before us lies,
The future unfortold;
There may be days with brightest skies,
And others dark and cold.

The past into eternity has gone,
The future we cannot claim;
The present time alone is ours,
To honor God's Great Name.

So help us Lord to faithful be,
As forth again we go,
The lost sheep of Thy fold to seek
And Thy guiding hand to know.

author→ Maude Clites

date→ Sept. 1927

106. THE SET OF THE SAIL

One ship sails east and one sails west,
By the selfsame wind that blows,
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale,
That determines the way it goes.
Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate,
As we journey on thro life,
'Tis the set of the sail that determines the goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

107. THE SHEPHERD

Oh, tender Shepherd, climbing rugged mountains,
And crossing waters deep,
How long wouldst Thou be willing to go homeless,
To find a straying sheep?

I count not time, the Shepherd gently answered,
As thou doest count and bind,
The weeks in months, the months in years,
My time is just until I find.

108. THE SUNSET OF LIFE

The sunset of life is approaching,
God's harvest has come into view,
As yesterday seemeth the sunrise,
So quickly life's journey is through.

*The sunset of life has a beauty
That none but His people have known,
So great is the work of salvation
That Christ in the gospel has shown.*

As sunset gives way to the sunrise,
And harvest gives way to the seed,
God willeth to each generation
A purpose, a place and a need.

God's family on earth is so precious,
Though scattered by land and by sea;
The ties that are human will sever,
But ever with Christ will they be.

As flowers are plucked from the garden,
God's hand reaches down from above,
To gather His own precious children,
Forever to rest in his love.

author→ Kenneth Dissmore

109. THE TEACHING OF THE VALLEY

Psalm 84 and John 13:7 (7 Valleys)

I have been through the valley of weeping,
The valley of sorrow and pain.
But the God of all comfort was with me,
At hand to uphold and sustain.

As the earth needs the clouds and sunshine,
So our soul needs both sorrow and joy,
So He places us oft in the furnace,
The dross from the gold to destroy.

When He leads through some valley of trouble,
His omnipotent hand we trace,
And the trials and sorrows He sends us,
Are part of His lessons in grace.

Oft we shrink from the purging and pruning,
Forgetting the husbandman knows,
That the deeper the cutting and paring,
The richer the cluster that grows.

Well He knows that affliction is needed,
He has a wise purpose in view,
And in the dark valley He whispers,
“Hereafter thou’lt know what to do.”

So we’ll follow wherever He leadeth,
Let the path be dreary or bright,
For we’ve proved that our God can give comfort,
Our God can give songs in the night.

As we travel through life’s shadowed valley,
Fresh springs of His love ever rise,
And we learn that our sorrows and losses,
Are blessings just sent in disguise.

110. THE TOWN OF DON'T YOU WORRY

There's a town called Don't You Worry,
On the banks of River Smile,
Where the Cheer up and be Happy,
Blossoms sweetly all the while.
Where the Never Grumble flower
Blooms beside the Fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er Give Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.
In the valley of Contentment,
In the Province of I Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No Fret Hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful,
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees,
Named the very Seldom Frown.

111. THE UNSEEN BATTLEGROUND

The greatest battleground I find
Is not where soldiers bleed and die;
It is within the heart and mind
Unseen to every mortal eye.

There right and wrong meet face to face,
To measure swords as mighty kings.
The hand of time cannot erase
The many scars this conflict brings.

Decisive battles there are fought,
Whose import how tremendous great!
Truth and honour sold for nought,
To be mourned, alas, too late.

Upon this battleground unseen
No trace is looming up in sight;
What we are and what we've been,
Is up to God who'll judge aright.

author→ Alexandra Scott

date→ 1952

112. THE USE OF A VESSEL

The Master stood in the garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.
He looked at the snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That the flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

“My lilies need to be watered,”
The Heavenly Master said;
“Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?”
Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the master saw and raised it,
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
“This shall do my work today.”
It was but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small but it is empty,
That is all it needs to be.

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was that earthen vessel,
To be of some use to Him.
He poured forth the living water,
Over the lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies,
Until they revived again,
And the Master saw with pleasure,
That His labour had not been in vain.
His own hand had drawn the water,
That refreshed the drooping flowers,
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
“Still will I lay on His pathway,
Just as I did before.
Close will I keep to the Master,
Empty will I remain,
And perhaps one day He will use me,
To water His flowers again.”

113. THE WEAVER

Behind my life the weaver stands
And works His wondrous will.
I leave it in His all-wise hands
And trust His perfect skill.
Should mystery enshroud His plan
And my short sight be dim,
I will not try the whole to scan
But leave each thread to Him.

Not till the looms are silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unfold the pattern,
And explain the reason why.
The dark threads were as needful,
In the weaver's skillful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver,
In the pattern which He planned.

114. THE WHISTLING OF A HYMN

Have you ever heard a “something”,
That brightened up your day,
That made the little hard things
Just thaw and melt away?
There is a little “something”
That strengthens me within.
It’s the simple little tonic
Of the whistling of a hymn.

A mother worried for her child
Who was away at school.
She prayed he would not let the world,
And all it offered, rule.
She wondered if the truth he knew,
Would keep him safe within.
She’d tears of joy when home he came,
Just whistling a hymn.
Two brothers working side by side,
The world their spirits measuring,
Could scarcely realize the worth,
Of what they both were treasuring.
But trials came, as oft they do,
And when they would begin,
Would be cut short and turned to joy,
By the whistling of a hymn.

So don’t discount the “little things”,
That come in unknown ways.
It could be that the “little things”
Would brighten someone’s day.
When nothing else has reached my heart,
All failed my joy to win,
It’s been the simple tonic of
The whistling of a hymn!

author→ Henry Eicher

115. THE WORD

Oh a word is a gem or a stone or a song,
Or a flame or a two-edged sword,
Or a rose in bloom, or a sweet perfume,
Or a drop of gall, is a word.

You may choose your word, like a connoisseur,
And polish it up with art,
But the word that sways and stirs and stays
Is the word that comes from the heart.

You may work on your word, for many days,
But it will not glow like one,
That all unsought, leaps forth white hot,
When the fountains of feeling run.

You may hammer away, on the anvil of tho't,
And fashion your word with care,
But unless you are stirred, to the depths that word,
Shall die on the empty air.

For the word that comes, from the brain alone,
Alone the word will speed,
But the word that sways, and stirs and stays,
Oh, that, is the word men heed.

116. THERE IS A TIME WE KNOW NOT WHEN

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man,
To glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between,
God's patience and His wrath.

117. THERE IS LIFE

Jesus left all the glory of heaven and came down
That his life as a ransom might be;
There is none has more right to own all in return
O, none is so worthy as He.

*Toil, toil, filled with toil
Oh, his life it was spent not in pleasing himself
But was poured out for you and for me.*

He chose not a place as Lord among men
But the servant of all he became,
And he taught His disciples if they would be great,
They must humble themselves just the same.

No evil did he, but the men of the world
Condemned him to die on the tree
Like a lamb meekly led to the cross He went forth,
Oh, no purer a life could there be.

All his life had been spent, but with him was there found,
No gold, or no silver in store,
The soldiers divided the spoil of the prey,
They parted the garments he wore.

118. THERE IS SOME PLACE FOR YOU TO FILL

There is some place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do,
That no one can or ever will,
Do quite as well as you.
It may be close along your way,
Some little homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.
Or it may be the daily tasks,
Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater work that asks,
For you and you alone.
Be brave whatever it may be,
The little or the great,
To meet and do it perfectly,
And you have conquered fate.

119. THERE'S A LIFE THAT BRINGS JOY

God has made great provision to save you
From a vain empty life lived in sin.
He will give you the power to keep faithful,
By the Christ Spirit dwelling within.
You may choose for yourself so be careful,
Wisely choose what you let in your heart.
Why not now choose the Christ and be prayerful?
He is longing that you make the start.

There's a life that brings joy; will you choose it?

Other choices will all end in vain.

Save your life for yourself and you'll lose it.

Live it right and a hundredfold gain.

There is pleasure in sin for a season.
Satan bids for your service each day.
Stop and think, poor lost soul, use your reason;
If you die unprepared will it pay?
Oh the best the world gives soon is ended;
Time brings changes and leaves the heart sore;
Then the things which in youth seemed so splendid,
Leave wrecked lives on eternity's shore.

There are dangers ahead, so take warning,
While in health and in prime all seems well,
Some may talk about death even scorning;
'Gainst advice of the wise they rebel.
Danger signals ignored lead to trouble;
Friend, why not start for Heaven today?
Like a fire which consumes the dry stubble,
Death will take you from this world away.

120. THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET

There's time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
Is the song of youth today,
For I want my life which is scarce begun,
To be glad and free and gay.
Let me taste a while of the joys of earth,
Of its pleasures first partake.
When I'm older grown I will seek the Lord,
And the path of sin forsake.

*Then turn to the Lord while 'tis called today,
Lest this be thy vain regret,
That my soul is lost and my life is wrecked,
On the rock of "Time enough yet."*

There's time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
And the cares of life press hard.
While the brow is furrowed with anxious lines,
And the hands with toil are scarred,
I must fill a place in this busy world,
I must meet life's stern demands.
When my work is done, I will then find time,
To obey my Lord's command.

There's time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
And the years glide swiftly by,
While the sun sinks low in the crimson west,
And the night is drawing nigh.
I am weary now and must rest awhile,
There'll be time enough to pray;
But the rest they take is the sleep of death,
And the soul is lost for aye.

There's time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
'Tis the rock on which many are wrecked,
Going down to dark despair.
There's time for pleasure and time for work,
And for wealth to seek and hoard,
But alas, alas, for the deathless soul,
With no time to seek the Lord.

121. THINGS THAT COUNT

There are things that count in our living,
Not the things that we sell or buy,
Not found in the veins of treasure,
Nor hidden afar in the sky;
Like pearls that we put to the testing,
Like diamonds that hold in the fire,
There are things that live through a blighting blast,
Faith, hope, and a true desire.

'Tis not in the wake of pleasure,
Nor high on the heights of fame,
That the lasting things are brought to us,
And we find our eternal name.
More oft through the shades of sorrow,
When anguish has claimed us her own,
We learn to cling with a trembling hope,
To God who can help alone.

More strong are the ties of trueness,
When forged in the fire of pain,
And the dying life, like the falling seed,
Shall perish to live again.
We bury our heads in weakness,
With the strength of our life near fled,
But the God of hope shall revive again,
And life shall spring from the dead.

Men rise on the tides of talent,
And wealth can procure a praise,
But seas fall back and the pride of earth,
Shall sink at the close of days.
There are things that count in our dying,
That endure and defy the grave,
And the highest good is a life of love,
Poured out a sad world to save.

author→ J. Jardine

122. THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

Thirty pieces of silver,
For the Lord of life they gave;
Thirty pieces of silver,
Only the price of a slave.
That was the priestly value,
Of the Holy Son of God,
As weighed out in the temple,
The price of the Saviour's blood.

Thirty pieces of silver,
Laid in Iscariot's hand;
Thirty pieces of silver,
And aid of an armed band.
Now as a lamb to slaughter,
Humbly went the Son of God,
At midnight from the Garden,
Where His sweat had been as blood.

Thirty pieces of silver,
Burns then in the traitor's brain;
Thirty pieces of silver,
Oh, now it's my hellish gain.
I've sinned, betray'd the guiltless,
He cried with a fevered breath;
Threw them down in the temple,
And rushed to a madman's death.

It may not be for silver,
May not even be for gold,
But still by tens of thousands
The Prince of true life is sold.
Sold for a Godless friendship,
Or sold for a selfish sin,
Sold for a fleeting trifle,
Or sold for an empty name.

Sold in the name of science,
Or sold in the seat of power,
Sold at the shrine of fortune,
Or sold in the pleasure's bower.
Sold in an awful bargain,
Where no one but God can see.

123. THIS IS THE DAY THOU'ST MADE

When facing foes and sorely compassed 'round,
When tried by fire and faithful I'd be found.
Help me to trust Thee and not be afraid,
Help me to say, "This is the day Thou'st made."

*This is the day Thou'st made when all is dark,
I see Thee still in mercy o'er the ark.
This is the day Thou'st made when light doth shine,
For dark and light, O Lord, alike are thine.*

When in distress upon life's troubled sea,
When waves mount high and in the depths I be,
With hope nigh gone, my plight before Thee laid,
Help me to know, this is the day Thou'st made.

When joy is mine and saving Grace my lot,
Which Thy right hand, O Lord, so valiant bro't,
I'll live for Thee, declare Thy works, Thine aid,
And always say, "This is the day Thou'st made."

When chastened sore to death Thou wilt me bring,
I see this as Thy gate and I would sing,
Praise unto Thee, praise unto Thee be paid.
This is the gate, this is the day Thou'st made.

author→ R.H.R.

124. THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME

I've left the way of death and sin,
The road that many travel in,
And if you ask the reason why,
I seek a glorious home on high.

*This world, this world is not my home,
This world, this world is not my home,
This world is not my resting place,
This world, this world is not my home.*

Oh many would my progress stay,
And beg me not to watch and pray.
I dare not listen to their cry;
I seek a glorious home on high.

Oh would you come and go with me,
And seek this land of liberty?
For why will you the Lord deny,
And fail to seek this home on high?

125. THOSE WHO'VE LEFT US

When these aged men and women
Who have crossed life's final shore,
Leave behind a worn out body
They depart with so much more.
There's a crown of life awaiting
All the victors of this life,
There's a rest from toil and labor
And a ceasing from all strife.

When the last and final struggle
Takes their spirit far away,
Borne by precious angels caring
To the Father's dawning day;
There's a Paradise awaiting
With a fellowship so sweet,
There's a comfort gladly given
For the bruised heart and feet.

When these friends are taken from us,
No one else their place can fill,
Yet there's comfort just in knowing
All is done within His will.
Someday they'll return to claim us
In the presence of the Son,
Then the Bridegroom and His chosen
Will at last become as one.

When the best and final chapter
Of this Earth is put in play,
Then that grand millennial labor
Fills their reigning, reaping day;
And Earth's fullest evening blessing
Will be poured with lavish hand,
In a peaceful loving setting
Over each and every land.

author→ E. Pearson

126. TIME IS

Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love, Time is Not.

127. TO MY MOTHER

A hasty farewell word I spoke,
And quickly turned to go,
So little spoken yet so glad,
A mother's love to know.

So oft I said farewell before,
And oft again I came,
To find that never changing heart,
And hear her speak my name.

O little did I contemplate,
That soon that cord would break,
Else I'd have lingered longer there
And less my heart would break.

I've tasted deep of friendship true
Whose hearts have grown to one,
But where such tender deeds as those
That mother's hands have done.

The songs and sounds of many lands,
Have stirred me to rejoice,
But never language pleased my ear,
Like my own mother's voice.

'Twas sweet at times from loving lips
To simply hear my name,
But what a joy when after years,
From mother's lips it came.

In lonely hours on memory wings,
I'm home to distant scenes,
And tender through the troubled years
Her kindly presence gleams.

I thank the faithful heart that went
With me through weal and woe,
And now I'd give a world of wealth
That this she could but know.

Her tears were tears of tender care,
That I might never stray,
And fain would she have taught me more,
Had she but known the way.

My mother taught me to be true,
Unsullied always kind,
And while I live her tender words,
Shall live within my mind.

Ten thousand struggling words as these
Can ne'er suffice to tell,
What mind or tongue can never frame these,
But heart can feel so well.

Could son or daughter bring to thee,
A gift to thy long rest,
Then be assured, Eternal love,
We shower upon thy breast.

author → J. McLean

128. TOO LATE!

The words of a professional singer
(Jean Harlow) at her death!

I stand on the shore of an unknown land,
On the brink of Eternity.
At last, at last, I can understand
The worth of reality.

Earth promised me much, but my end is this,
I die unheeded, unknown.
I drank with the many the cup of bliss,
But the dregs I drink alone.

*Too late, too late, no strong loving hand,
Can I see outstretched for me.
Alone on an unknown shore I stand,
On the brink of Eternity.*

The love that many professed for me,
Is gone when I need it the most.
The joys of earth that were lavished free,
Full many a tear have cost.

And now as I touch Eternity's brow,
Life reads with a meaning new.
The real separates from the unreal now,
And the false joys from the true.

author → Jean Harlow

129. TREASURES

My slumber's past, my tho'ts on waking,
To find the day is now spent far,
Are of the gifts that I am taking,
To greet my king; I see His star.

*Sweet words of God, oh sink down deeper,
Till I have treasure hid within;
Oh might of God, be Thou its keeper,
Till I present it to my King.*

May virtue add to faith its beauty
And patience grace my humble store;
Until He's come, be this my duty,
To add unto my treasure more.

If love I sow, tho hatred reaping,
And mercy to unthankful show,
An offering pure to Heaven's reaching,
As light that shined on sin, I know.

In weakness I will keep on sowing
My life, that I may reap in strength;
Dew from above will keep it growing,
'Till ripe and gathered home at length.

Author: John Martin

130. TRUE DIAMONDS

Scattered far o'er Earth's vast regions,
Hidden 'mongst the sons of men,
Lie uncut, eternal jewels,
Which will, when finished, glisten then.
Grounded deep in men's traditions,
Covered o'er with sins dark dross,
There's no pow'r on Earth can free them,
Save the Gospel and the Cross.

Some are crying out for mercy,
Seeking peace at any cost.
Others lie in sleep unwakened,
Unaware that they are lost.
Not the same as those around them,
Crushed beneath life's load of care,
They're being slowly separated,
From the things that bind them there

Long before the Gospel's coming,
God prepares their hearts within.
He has seen their honest motives,
More than any form of sin.
He will send His servants to them,
To present His rightful claim.
For the price of true submission,
They'll receive His Holy name.

In His gentle hands, by power,
An awesome work is then begun,
As He one by one transforms them,
To the image of His Son.
Nothing here on Earth can measure,
What eternal ages know,
All the true and priceless value,
Of one honest soul below.

Author: E. Pearson

131. TRUTH

Truth is the gem for which we seek.
O tell us, where shall it be found?
For this we search and pray and weep,
That truth may in our hearts abound.

132. TRUTH WITHIN

Truth within, like the wheat in the chaff, will unfold
Its reward in full measure some day,
Since God's gift is the bird, not the shell, we behold
Christ within, we should serve and obey.

As the flowers of the field, human glories must go;
Like their winter, our death waits to slay;
But our sun, dimming theirs, will arise, and we know
Life eternal shall spring from our clay.

author→ John Martin

133. UPHILL

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you waiting at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you can find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

134. VOICES

Voices said "Stay!",
But a voice said "Come!"
So I'm off and away to my transient home.
Be it mountains green or Alaskan snows,
Or under the tropical skies, "Who knows"?
Who cares? If only it be a place,
Untouched as yet by the Master's grace,
Untaught as yet of that life, that gift,
That spoke God's power to redeem and lift.
Voices said, "Stay!"
But the Voice said "Go!"
Could I hoard the wonderful truths I know?
Oh heart, be strong! Oh feet, be swift!

135. WE NEEDS MUST ALL DIE

Oh, we needs must all die, and as water once spilled,
On the ground cannot be gathered more;
And in everyone's life is this scripture fulfilled
As no flesh can inherit that shore.

*As in Adam all mankind must die,
In Christ Jesus are all made alive.
He's the means in God's mercy whereby
Banished souls, dead in sin, may revive.*

Yes, we must needs all die, even sad it may seem,
As the grain dies ere it quickened be;
So in men that must die, is the figure foreseen
Of the One that lives eternally.

tune→ The Old Rugged Cross

136. WHAT HINDERS MOST

It's not the trees that block the way,
It's not the oak nor pine,
But if we fall and if we fail,
It was some pesky vine,
That tripped you up,
That threw you down,
That caught you unawares.
The big things you can walk around,
But watch the way for snares.

137. WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Waiting on God like an anxious flock;
Reading His Word, thereby taking stock;
Hearing His voice and obeying Him;
Letting His light expose all within;
Oh, what shall the warning be? (Repeat)

*Read of the foolish and read of the wise;
Read of the losses and read of the prize
Waiting for all in Eternity;
What, oh what shall our portion be?*

Virgins their Lord did await with light;
Entered with Him from the clouds of night;
Others were careless and missed the mark;
Midnight has come and 'tis awful dark,
And dark for Eternity. (Repeat)

Gladly the tares would exchange that day;
Judgment is set and afraid are they;
Harvest has come and they plainly see
Sowers who sow will the reapers be,
And that for Eternity. (Repeat)

Value the types on record and take
Knowledge of them who for Jesus sake,
Sowing their lives in this world as seed,
Reaping the same in the next, we read,
And that for Eternity. (Repeat)

tune→ R.S. 147

138. WHAT SHALL THE VERDICT BE

There hastens a day, not far away,
When God thy judge shall be;
A sentence most true will He give to you,
Oh, what shall the verdict be?

*Oh what shall the verdict be?
Oh what shall the verdict be?
Will it be depart into regions so dark,
Or will it be Welcome Home?*

The books shall be there and clear declare,
The deeds which we have done;
All will be made known before the throne;
Oh, what shall the verdict be?

The judge on the throne unto His own,
Shall say "Ye blessed come;"
Enjoy peace and rest; you did your best;
I give unto you a home.

His anger shall burn as He doth turn
To those at His left hand;
"Depart Thee away," unto these I say;
Your life has been all in vain.

Oh sinner beware and now prepare,
To stand before the throne;
Repent of thy sin and now begin,
To live unto God alone.

139. WHAT WILL YOUR HARVEST BE?

Now is the autumn coming;
Now is the winter near;
What have you gained for harvest
Out of the waning year?
Where are your sheaves, my brother?
What will the Master see?
When He shall come to view the reaping,
What will your harvest be?

What will your harvest be?
What will your harvest be?
Into life's furrow, seeds are falling.
What will your harvest be?

Swiftly your day is going;
Think ere the shadows creep;
What have you long been sowing
That you must also reap?
Did you sow seeds of kindness,
Seeds that from sin were free?
When you at last your crop must gather,
What will your harvest be?

Soon will the awful trumpet
Ring through the starry dome.
Soon will the angel reaping
Gather the harvest home.
Then will they glean for Jesus
Sheaves for Eternity.
Will they be sheaves of good or evil?
What will the harvest be?

140. WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT JESUS

Oh what would I do without Jesus?
I have wondered again and again,
For I know that a life lived without Him,
Is a life full of sorrow and pain.

*Oh, what would I do without Jesus
When the days and their shadows grow dim?
When the doubt billows roll sweeping over my soul,
Then what would I do without Him?*

Oh what would I do without Jesus
When the dearest of friends pass away,
And my soul gropes around in the darkness,
And it's long ere the light of the day?

Oh, what would I do without Jesus
On the day when the trumpets have blown,
If I've never obeyed His commandments,
Or the joy of His service have known?

141. WHAT YOU ARE IN SECRET

It is what you are in secret
As You live before the Lord,
'Tis the spirit of your heart and mind
That writes your true record.

For You know that God is writing down
His record of all men,
Using Faithfulness and Honesty
And Truth to "nib" His pen.

So, is your heart not sobered
When You stop awhile to think
That it's what You are in secret
He is using for the ink?!!

author→ Norman Frost

142. WHEN JESUS COMES BACK

When Jesus comes back to Sion again,
With Him in His glory shall be.
The Church on earth triumphant will reign;
This Jesus in Sion they'll see.

*Oh this will be glory to know,
When I look on His face whom I love,
And to drink of the streams that o'erflow,
In that beautiful city of God.*

We weep when we think of the city so grand,
Which earth had our eyes blind to see.
When its height and its breath are so equal to God,
No more perfect way could there be.

Oh beautiful Sion, that city so grand,
No need of the sunlight, we're told.
Our God is the glory; our light is the lamb;
Its foundations are sapphires and gold.

Oh beautiful Sion, that city so fair,
Day and night Thy gates open stand.
Nothing vile or unclean shall e'er enter there,
But those redeemed by the lamb.

143. WHEN THE BOOKS ARE OPENED

When the books are opened up yonder,
And life's clear record we hear,
How much we will wish we had lived
So different this short life down here.
But alas! It is gone forever,
Its opportunities past,
And the item lived or spoken,
Shall be read from the record at last.

144. WHEN TOMORROW IS TODAY

Have you ever made a promise?
Have you ever vowed a vow?
That tomorrow you'd do better,
But you couldn't do it now.
And when morning dawned upon you,
And you felt the same old way,
Did a voice within you whisper
Your tomorrow is today?

You would write the promised letter,
You would pay the debt you owe,
You'd perform a thousand duties,
You should have done so long ago.
But procrastination holds you,
Steals your precious time away,
And you're just as undecided
When tomorrow is today.

Waiting, hoping on the morrow,
Some good fortune may be yours,
You're neglecting present chances,
In the service that endures.
If you keep on blowing bubbles
That will burst and fade away,
You will still be discontented,
When tomorrow is today.

Maybe months or years have vanished,
Since your first resolve was made;
On the altar of tomorrow,
All your talents have been laid.
Cease your promises so fickle,
For it's ten to one, I say,
You will be and do no better,
When tomorrow is today.

145. WHEN WE COME TO DEATH'S DARK RIVER

Many have a hope of Heaven,
But forget its joys are given,
Only to the ones who truly worship God,
Yield their all into His service,
With a true and steady purpose,
Walk the humble lowly path that Jesus trod.

*When we come to death's dark river,
And the world has passed forever
And we enter on that long eternity,
Shall our hearts be filled with gladness,
Or with bitter shame and sadness
Will the Lord say "Come" or "Go, depart from me?"*

As you hear the Saviour's pleadings,
Won't you trust His tender leadings,
From the idols in your life will you now part?
Turn away from earth's vain treasures,
He will give you worthwhile pleasures,
Let the patient thorn-crowned One into your heart.

Oh, what bliss to reach the portal,
Of the soul's bright home immortal,
When we bid farewell to earth, its scorn and frown.
We will value every trial,
Every patient self-denial,
As we lay aside the cross to wear the crown.

tune→ When they ring the golden bells

146. WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A WASTED LIFE

When you come to the end of a wasted life,
And you sit alone with your thought,
As you trace each weary misspent day,
And regret what your life has brought,
Do you think what the end of a wasted life,
Can mean to an aching heart,
With no hope beyond earth's little while,
And from God to hear depart?

God's door of mercy open stands,
For all who will enter in.
At the portals see the Shepherd stand;
He will cleanse you from all your sin;
He longs to pardon and set you free,
And to make you a blessing, too.
Eternal life is yours to choose;
Then His saving power you'll know.

Then you'll come to the end of a useful life,
To the end of the journey, too,
With no regret but a gladsome song,
At what Jesus has done for you.
As the pearly gates swing open wide,
And an entrance glad and free,
Is granted to the victor throng,
Thy Lord will have need of Thee.

147. WISHES OF HIGH AND LOW

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dress'd wife by his side,
In satin and laces she look'd like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they pass'd,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he work'd with a saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remark'd to his wife
"One thing I would give if I could.....
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man that saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She look'd on the carriage--the lady she saw,
Array'd in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady look'd out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

148. YES, JESUS IS THE WAY

When I was going on in blindness
Feeling I was right,
Because of men who told me I was
Walking in the light,
I thought upon the many ways the
Multitudes are led,
And wondered which the Master
True would tread.

*Yes, Jesus is the way, the life
The truth today,
The pattern so that we need
Never stray,
The world put Him away; they do
The same today,
But few would heed what He
Would to them say.*

While I was thus absorbed in
Thought and in perplexity,
Two strangers came across my path
Poor homeless men were they.
As I saw what it meant for them
When they in Him believed,
I saw that I had only been deceived.

I listened to their message, it
Was Jesus is the way,
The life, the truth, the pattern,
He is just the same today.
Since then I found that as I
Choose to yield Him up my all,
The scales have fallen from my
Eyes like Paul.

And now instead of seeking to
Climb up in the eyes of men,
I long to live for Him who sent
Those homeless strangers then,
To show me what it meant to be
A child of God down here.
Midst world and flesh and Devil
He is near.

149. YOU ARE LOST UPON THE MOUNTAINS

You are lost upon the mountains;
You are wandering far from God;
Like a sheep without a Shepherd, bleating, lame.
Now the voice of Jesus calls you,
He is calling low and clear.
Stop and listen, He is calling you by name.

*Will you come? Will you come?
The loving voice of Jesus bids you come.
You know you should sometime.
You say you will sometime.
Why not rise just now and start tonight for home?*

You know you need a Saviour,
And you need a helping hand.
You have tried in vain to steer your bark alone.
Let the one who rules the waters,
And controls the raging deep,
Be the pilot of your life and bring you home.

When at last your journey's over,
And you know that death is near,
And you have to cross the valley all alone,
You will wish you had responded,
To that call that came in life,
And you had a friend to claim you for His own.

After death will come the judgment,
And upon the great white throne,
Will be seated, Him, whose voice you hear tonight.
As you stand in fear and trembling,
You will be without excuse,
And you'll perish if His pleading calls you slight.

150. YOU ASK WHY I LOVE AND ADORE JESUS

You ask why I love and adore Jesus;
Perhaps you have never been told,
Of the thorn path He trod all alone for me,
To carry me back to the fold.
When lost in the world and by sin riven,
Hope and my courage all gone,
I heard a sweet voice, it was Christ calling,
“Poor wanderer come back to your home.”

*And all through the night
With the storm raging,
He called and He searched after me.
And that's why I love and adore Jesus
And Jesus has proved He loves me.
He sees all my care, all my heart's sorrow;
He knows every way that I take,
The pitfalls that lie in my path tomorrow,
And promises ne'er to forsake.
He'll guide me through life
And in death's gloaming,
He'll walk thru' the valley with me.
And when I awake on that glad morning,
The King in His beauty I'll see.*

O soul are you here
With your heart broken,
Wandering in sin and alone?
Come, come to the fold,
There's a door open,
In Christ you will find rest and home.
He'll cancel your debt,
All your sins pardon;
He'll walk with you life's rugged road;
He'll smooth out your path,
Share your heart's burden;
In darkness He'll bear all your load.

151. YOUTHFUL YEARS

Youthful years are spent in pleasure
By the multitude that roams,
With no thought of better treasure,
Nor an everlasting home.

*Youthful years, how good to see them,
Spent in service true to God,
Happy in Salvation's freedom,
Guided by His staff and rod.*

Youthful years that God remembers,
'Ere the evil day arrives,
When there is no longer pleasure
In these earthly human lives.

Youthful years that bear the burden,
Of the easy yoke of Christ,
Learning of His truth and wisdom,
Gladly paying every price.

Youthful years that reap God's harvest
Leaving memories behind,
That will cheer life's closing moments,
Bringing joy to heart and mind.

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