

And yet at His coming I'm sure he would flee,
 Like THE MAN IN THE GARDEN, who ate of the tree.
 I cannot but think it is foolish of souls,
 To put all their money in "bags that have holes,"
 To find, in the day that is coming apace,
 How lightly they valued the "riches of grace."
 As fond as I am of His work in the field,
 I would let go the plough I would lay down the
 shield,

The weapons of service I would put on the shelf,
 And the sword in its scabbard, to be with Himself.
 But I'll work on with pleasure, while keeping my eyes,
 On the end of the field, where standeth the prize,
 I would work for His glory, that when we shall meet,
 I may have a large sheaf to lay down at His feet ;
 That He, too, with pleasure, His fruit may review—
 IS THE MAN IN THE GLORY a stranger to you ?
 A stranger to Jesus ? what ! do you not know
 He is washing poor sinners much whiter than snow ?
 Have you lived in the land where the Bible's unknown
 That you don't know the Man who is now on the
 throne ?

Ah, did you but know of His beauty and power,
 You would not be a stranger another half hour.
 I have known Him so long that I'm able to say,
 The very worst sinner He'll not turn away.
 The question of sin I adoringly see,
 The MAN IN THE GLORY has settled for me !
 And as to my footsteps, whatever the scene,
 The MAN IN THE GLORY is keeping me clean ;
 And therefore I'm singing, from morning to night,
 The Man in the glory is all my delight.

A
 they c
 numbe
 the mic
 I slep
 night—
 saw & v
 bed ; a
 well ho
 tried to
 eyes, an
 illusion,
 which G
 will you
 It wa
 wholly g
 health ;
 very plea
 came aga
 that for a
 ment " (E
 me with
 from God
 How s
 eternity w
 who leads