



"ALL ARE YOURS, AND YE
ARE CHRIST'S."

*I brought my hard cold heart of stone
And laid it on His shrine.
Now all I have is His alone.
And all that's His is mine.*

*The glory of His character,
The Beauty of His grace,
His loving, winsome gentleness,
The sunshine of His face.*

*Oh, blessed, glorious heritage,
To us poor mortals given.
This transformation, so divine,
That makes us meet for Heaven.*

*When we look back a million years,
To this poor earthly life,
We'll read the mystery of our tears
The victories won thro' strife.*

*The reason why our feet have trod
Gethsemaue's dark shade
Why we were crucified with Him,
And in the garden laid.*

*And not for all the stars that shine
In yonder heavenly blue,
Would we that better part resign,
Which now makes all things new.*

*And when thro' many millions more,
We find new heavens begun,
We shall be little children still,
And He our rising sun.*