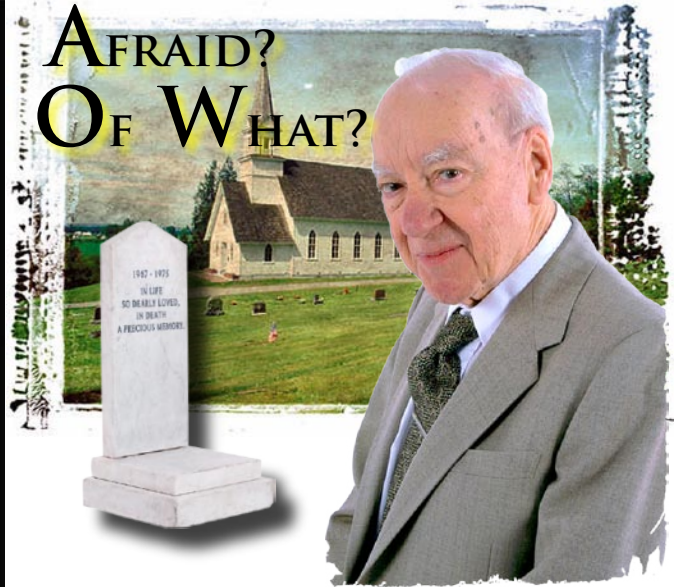


The world is very evil  
 The times are waxing late  
 Be sober and keep vigil  
 The judge is at the gate.



## AFRAID? OF WHAT?



To feel the spirit's glad release?  
 To pass from pain to perfect peace,  
 The strife and strain of life to cease?  
 Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of What?  
 Afraid to see the Savior's face  
 To hear his welcome, and to trace  
 The glory gleam from wounds of grace?  
 Afraid—of that?

Morgan, R. J. 2000. Nelson's complete book of stories, illustrations, and quote

## I AM DEBTOR

When this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When we stand with Christ in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call  
 On the rocks and hills to fall,  
 When I see them start and shrink  
 On the fiery deluge brink,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not til then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne  
 Dressed in beauty not my own"  
 When I see Thee as Thou art"  
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear  
 Loud as thunders to the ear,  
 Loud as many waters' noise,  
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass  
 Darkly, let thy glory pass,  
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,  
 Even on earth, Lord make me know  
 Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
 Hidden in the Saviour's side  
 By the Spirit sanctified,  
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
 By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;  
 But, when fear is at the height,  
 Jesus comes, and all is light:  
 Blessed Jesus! bid me show  
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,  
 Oft by sin I'm captive led;  
 Oft I fall, but still arise  
 The Spirit comes—the tempter flies:  
 Blessed Spirit! bid me show  
 Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—  
 Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain,  
 But a night thine anger burns—  
 Morning comes, and joy returns:  
 God of comforts! bid me show  
 To Thy poor, how much I owe.

May 1837. - McCheyne, R