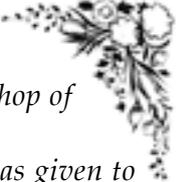




The Man in the Glory



(This poem, very slightly modified, was sent by Bill Bishop of Christchurch NZ. He writes,

"I have sent this poem which I have framed in my shed. It was given to me by an aged brother years ago and I've never seen it elsewhere.")

I wake in the morning with thoughts of His love,
Who is living for me in the glory above,
Every minute expecting He'll call me away,
And that keeps me bright all the rest of the day!
But moments speed forward, and on comes the noon,
Yet still I am singing, "He'll come very soon".
And thus I am watching from morning till night,
And pluming my wings to be ready for flight!

This man in the glory I know very well,
I have known Him for years and His goodness can tell:
One day in His mercy He knocked at my door,
And, seeking admission, knocked many times o'er
But when I went to Him and stood face to face,
And listened awhile to His story of grace,
How He suffered for sinners and put away sin,
I heartily thanked Him and welcomed Him in.

We have lived on together a number of years,
And that's why I neither have doubtings or fears,
For my sins are all hid in the depths of the sea,
They were carried down there by the man on the tree.
Now I'm often surprised why my lip should be curled,
When I speak of my Lord to the man of the world;
And notice with sorrow his look of disdain
When I tell him that Jesus is coming again.



They're despising the ark, like the people of old,
They're mocking the message and will not be told
And yet at His coming I'm sure they 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 which have holes,
Just 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'll leave go the plough, and lay down the shield:
The weapons of service I'll put on the shelf
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'll work for His glory, that when we shall meet,
There'll be a large sheaf to lay at His feet:

Is the Man in the glory a stranger to you?
Don't you hear His sweet call, Oh what will you do?
A stranger to Jesus! What, do you not know
He is washing poor sinners much whiter than snow?
Have you lived in a land where the Bible's unknown,
That you don't know the Man who is now on the throne?
If only you knew half His beauty and power
You'd not be a stranger another half hour,

The Man in the glory I'm able to say,
The very worst sinner will not turn away.
For the question of sin I adoringly see
This Man in the glory has settled for me,
And as to my footsteps whatever the scene,
This Man in the glory is keeping me clean;
And therefore I'm singing from morning till night,
The Man in the glory is all my delight!

G.C.

