

Our Record

FOUNDED BY THE LATE DONALD ROSS

Office of Publication: 5760 Lawton Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

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7615 Dexter Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Detroit, Mich.

Vol. XLIV

MARCH, 1931

No. 3

Memorial Number



Thos. D. M. Muir

Evangelist

Pastor

Teacher

Born, - - February 25, 1855

Converted to God, July 23, 1874

Died, - - - February 7, 1931



Remember them which had the rule over you, who spake unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. (Heb. 13.7)

Words of Appreciation

Many telegrams and letters, all of them breathing love and sympathy, have been received by our sister, Mrs. Muir. From these and from other communications that have come to hand, we have made excerpts, necessarily few and brief, and reproduce them here, considering that such should be recorded, as they fitly represent the sentiments of all who knew our beloved brother Muir, and that they will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those who read them. (It will be physically impossible for our dear sister, Mrs. Muir, to acknowledge by personal letter the many messages of sympathy. Friends will kindly understand that it is only on account of her health and grief-stricken condition that such an omission on her part is an imperative necessity.)

WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, Mechanicsburg, Pa., Evangelist.

Brother Lamb and I first met our esteemed brother, Mr. Muir, at the Hamilton Conference in 1890. Being entire strangers we felt lonely, but our brother Muir took us in hand and kindly offered to make all arrangements for us. He gave us a word of commendation for brother Jerry Smith at South Middletown, to whose home we went. There from brother Smith we learned much of the early experiences of these dear brethren, which proved a real blessing to us from that day till now. After the work had been begun in Virginia our brother Muir came all the way from Detroit to help in our little Conference. He turned aside from much larger meetings to help the feeble few and his words of grace and truth are still remembered. His presence will be greatly missed. May the desire of our hearts before God find expression in the word of Moses—Numbers 27:16, 17.

J. ALEXANDER CLARKE, African Missionary.

I shall always count it one of the blessings of my life that I knew our beloved brother, and had the privilege of being associated with him in the Lord's work. His long life of magnificent service, so loyally and lovingly performed, was not only blessed to hundreds, but will remain a great inspiration for us younger men to follow in his footsteps.

JOHN T. DICKSON, Barrington, R. I., Evangelist.

The poor world has lost a true evangelist, who for long years by tongue and pen sought to bring the glorious gospel message to poor sinners, and many have been saved through his ministry. The Church of God has lost a pillar, and God's people generally will feel this loss. Personally I feel it very keenly. Just twenty-one years ago I first heard dear Mr. Muir minister the Word of God, and since then I have held him in highest esteem and have been helped again and again by his ministry.

WM. FERGUSON, Detroit, Evangelist.

We have all suffered a great loss in the home-call of dear Mr. Muir. His words of encouragement all seem so real, now that he is gone. May his example cause each of us to live closer to our blessed Lord.

LEWIS C. GARNHAM, Straffordville, Ont.

I am writing on behalf of the assembly at Straffordville to express sympathy and Christian love. Again and again those words uttered by brother McClure at the funeral come to our minds: "He was like a great mountain whose magnitude can only be realized in distance"; in other words as time passes we all shall realize how great he was, and how much we have lost.

W. H. HUNTER, Fair Haven, Mass., Evangelist.

Forty-one years ago I first met our beloved brother and the esteem begotten in my heart then has grown stronger and stronger through the years.

MRS. WM. MATTHEWS, Cambridge, Mass.

As I look over the past I can recall only love and kindness that came to us through dear Mr. Muir, and very especially do I appreciate his taking that long trip east when my precious husband went to be with the Lord, and the kind words he spoke in parting.

W. J. MCCLURE, Evangelist and Teacher. (Letter to Dr. Cameron.)

I will comply with your request for a few lines as to the home-call of our beloved brother Muir. But as I do so I feel as I did at the funeral, how hard it is to express one's feelings. We read that "devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him." I presume they felt that it was easier to make a lamentation at that time, than an oration.

Well, it is hard to realize that forty-five years' fellowship in the things of God has come to an end down here. I met him first in 1882 at the Chicago conference in the old May and Fulton Street Hall. As I look back over those years in which I have been permitted to know him and his work, what most impresses me now is, how faithfully he stuck to old lines. No new methods for him. To the very last, he gathered and held audiences in the same way that he had done fifty years ago in the rural districts of Ontario. Others think that solos, duets and instrumental music are a necessity for gospel work, but to the end brother Muir needed not these things, which are mostly a confession that the power of former days has departed, and the lack is sought to be made up by music and other methods. But it is a vain attempt!

Another memory will not soon leave us, and that was his partnership with fellow-laborers. He shared with others whom he knew were under a strain in the work of God; he did not hoard up, as has, alas, been done by some. I feel that I should say one thing more. Brother Muir was no party man, and for this he had to suffer for years. But to him the bigotry of partisan brethren meant little. A smaller man would have been stampered into an unscriptural attitude toward other believers, but he held on his way. One wreath sent to the funeral had the words on it, "Blessed are the peacemakers." He earned that blessing. For a little while we say, "Good-bye, beloved brother, thou shalt be missed, but we'll meet again in the presence of



THOS D. W. MUIR

U. A. M. Muir

Our dearly beloved and highly esteemed brother went home to be with Christ, at noon, Saturday, February 7th, 1931, at the age of seventy-six years.

After five tedious weeks of painful illness in the hospital, his last word was that it was "good news" to him that that day he would see his Lord's face.

The assemblies in Detroit especially, but also Christians everywhere, have lost, in the death of this eminent servant of Christ, a brother beloved and a preacher and teacher unique. Only those who knew him intimately could properly appreciate his sterling qualities and his consistency as a Christian. To those who knew him as a public minister of the Gospel and minister of the Church, his voice and pen have ever commended him as one outstanding in the annals of the Kingdom.

Unto the services in Central Gospel Hall came a thousand who sought to do him honor. Messages of sympathy and condolence from the extreme limits of this country, and from other lands, were sent by those who could not possibly be present, and as the days are passing letters of appreciation accumulate: all of which exemplify that ancient truth: "Them that honor Me I will honor." Honored he was in life, honored in death, and the remembrance of him shall ever be fragrant. Three generations stand up and call him blessed. Unsaved ones reached through the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as told out by his lips and by his writings, saints edified refreshed and restored by his unfolding of the Scriptures backed up by his practical counsel and sympathy, assemblies planted and fostered by his indefatigable labors, are visible evidences to all of God's blessing upon fifty-one years of unremitting service to the best of Masters, Whose he was, Whom he served, and to Whom he ever ascribed the glory.

The last of the Old Guard is gone. We feel our poverty and our orphaned condition. We shall see his face no more; no more shall we hear his melodious voice in gospel song; no more shall we enjoy his lucid expositions of the Word, or his soul-stirring heralding of the glad tidings; no more feel the warmth of his hand-clasp. But as we part with him upon the strand we hear his benediction in the Spirit-indited farewell of another servant of Christ: "Brethren, I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace," and through the gloom we look up to his Master and ours, and thank our Heavenly Father that we can still say concerning our blessed Lord, "Thou remainest and Thy years shall not fail."

The Services

Tuesday, February 10th, 1931, at 2 p. m.

At Central Gospel Hall, Detroit

1. Hymn—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Jesus! lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll, while the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide, oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none: hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone, still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head, with the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound, make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart, now and to eternity!

2. Prayer. Mr. W. J. McCLURE.

3. Address by MR. W. J. McCLURE.

4. Hymn—"It Is Well."

When peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
"It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And has shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
If death's waters o'er me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!

5. Address by MR. C. W. ROSS.
6. "The Blessed Hope." Hymn written by MR. T. D. W. MUIR.

Oh child of God, there is for thee
 A hope, that shines amid the gloom,
 A gladsome hope, that thou shalt see
 Thy Lord, for He will surely come.
 He'll come—
 Yes, He'll come and tarry not.

When in this world His hands had made,
 No room was found for Jesus then:
 The mountain side was oft His bed,
 Now, glorified, He comes again.

Exalted now to Heaven's throne,
 The Saviour there of sinful men,
 His loving heart yearns o'er His own,
 And for them, He will come again.

O child of God, thy lot may be,
 Oft mixed with trial, grief and pain,
 Look up! He'll surely come for thee,
 He says, "I quickly come again."

Then joy unmingled will be thine,
 Earth's tears and trials all forgot,
 So cheer thy heart, no more repine,
 His Word is sure, He'll tarry not.

At the grave, Grand Lawn Cemetery, Redford

7. Scripture. 1 Cor. 15, 41-58. Read by Mr. C. W. ROSS.
8. Hymn: The Christian's "Good Night."

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
 Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast:
 We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best—
 Good-night!

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
 Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
 Good-night!

Only "good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
 A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
 In hallowed union, indivisible—
 Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own
 Until we know even as we are known—
 Good-night!

9. Prayer. Mr. C. W. ROSS.

Address by Mr. W. J. McClure

There is a little word in the first book of Samuel (1 Sam. 20-18) that has been appealing to me in connection with this service: "Then Jonathan said to David, Tomorrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Some of us, if it pleased the Lord to take us away, would not leave much of a gap: we would not be missed very badly. We cannot say that of this dear man that has been taken from us. We are not here to eulogize him: he himself would be the last one that would want that, but we could truthfully take the words of David which he spake concerning Abner and applying them to our dear Brother Muir, we could say, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

When we think of our dear brother, of his past life since 1874, of his continuous work for the Lord Jesus Christ, I say when we think of him either as an evangelist, or as a pastor, or as a teacher, we have only to open our eyes and look around, and see here before us the memorial, the monument of his life's work. We might well say, I repeat, that "a prince and a great man is fallen this day."

In the verse that I have read, Jonathan tells David "Thou shalt be missed," and I trust that by the grace of God whatever we may say and whatever other results follow this service today, all will tend to reach our hearts and stir us up, so that if the Lord does not come and we are taken, it may be true of each of us, "Thou shalt be missed."

What about the Lord's people: will they miss you? Some years ago I received a communication from a dear brother on the Pacific Coast, telling me of some trouble, and asking for help, but it was help that I could not give and I never answered his communication, although he was one that I greatly respected and he was deeply worthy of it. Months afterwards I happened to be in his city, and I thought "I will go and see the dear brother." I called at the place where he was employed and on inquiring for him I was told, "He is dead." I was thunderstruck. "When did he die?" "Oh, a few days ago." "Where is his family?" They gave me the address. On going to the home I found that they had written to me to come to the funeral. Of course, traveling as I was, I never got the letter, but they thought that I had come in response to that invitation. The funeral had been delayed because some of the sons lived at quite a distance: thus I was able after all to attend the services. And at the grave I saw something that touched my heart deeply. There were a number of big men standing by that grave and the tears were

coursing down their cheeks. I said to myself, "That is the tribute I would like. Keep your brass and marble, and give me this in their place." That dear man was misunderstood by his brethren while he was alive, but now that he was gone this was their tribute to him: there they stood weeping and unashamed. That dear brother was missed.

What about the unconverted: will they miss you? Some years ago an old lady in this city made it a daily custom to scatter crumbs of bread for the birds. Day after day in the morning her little feathered friends sat upon the fence waiting, and when the door was opened they were all in a flutter. But a day came when that door was not opened: she was gone; and no one else was found to care for them in that humane work. She was missed. I wonder if the dear unconverted ones will miss you? What about the kindly interest in their souls? What about the effort to bring the Gospel to them, either by the printed page or by the voice? Will it be that they will say, "No man cared for my soul"? Or when you are gone, will they say "You will be missed"? Nothing could be more humiliating to a believer than to drop out of an assembly or a community and not be missed. If you will make it your business to please God in this respect it will no doubt come back to you and to the advantage of God's people. Of course we cannot make that our motive, still is it not something that will reward and make up for any little effort?

But it was also said, "Thy seat will be empty." There are some things in Christian experience that we cannot but be struck with, and one of these things that I have thought of lately is that God does not duplicate His servants. We are no doubt all well aware of some of the great God-given men, such as George Muller, John Nelson Darby, Henry Groves, and Henry Dyer. It was my privilege to meet some of these men, but they are gone now, and no one has been raised up to take their place. There are no more Darby's, or, to come within our own history, we have no Donald Ross's among us; we have no James Campbells, no John Smiths, no Donald Munroes. These men were wonderfully gifted in their line, but they are gone, and God says, "No, I will not duplicate them." This is very solemn. Some might think they are gifted to occupy that seat and fill it, but it is not so. The only thing that we can think of in the case of our dear brother is that, like these others I have mentioned, he has been a most remarkable man, and that now he has gone we shall miss him. It is like living in the proximity of a great mountain. While you are near it, you cannot observe it. It takes distance to get the proper perspective. What we say about our dear brother is not said for his glory but for the glory of Him who raised him up,

but we can unhesitatingly say concerning him, "Thou shalt be missed for thy seat will be empty."

If any thing is to come out of this sad experience for the glory of God it will be because the Lord having removed His servant we realize that that is all the greater reason why we should desire to do more in using the little talent that we have gotten for His glory. Blessed be God He will continue His work, for, "The Lord buries His workmen, but He carries on His work." And while we may say next Lord's Day and the subsequent Lord's Days more than ever, that he is missed, yet thank God his example is with us, and God says, "Remember them that had the rule over you (evidently they had gone to be with Christ) which spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith: Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever." (Heb. 13-7 R. V.)

If I had the ability, and if I had the eloquence that was given to the apostle Paul I would use it to stir you up to live for God. Everything else outside of that will go into small bulk at the end of our days.

Only one life, 'twill soon be past:
Only what's done for Christ will last.

May the Lord grant that when the time comes that you shall be taken it will be true of each of you that "Thou shalt be missed." The Lord grant that the home call of our beloved brother will give us increased desire to follow up the work that he has done.

In a company like this there are surely some that are unsaved. I would like to ask **you** a question: **Suppose it were your body that lay in this casket where would your soul be?** Over yonder in the city of Dublin there was once a quiet room in which lay the body of an officer of the British Army. He had been a Christian but now he is gone. Into that room came a young man, a promising barrister of a prominent family: his father was president of King's College. Now, while that young man gazed upon the face of his friend this question came forcibly to him: "Shuldhham Henry, if that were your body, where would your soul be?" He made no profession of faith in Christ: he knew that he was not a Christian; and so the answer to his question came back to him, "In hell!" He left that death chamber and he returned into the whirl of society to enjoy himself just as he did before. He played in the card room, attended dances, and frequented the theatres, but ever and anon would come into his memory that pale face and again the question would confront him. "Shuldhham Henry, if that were you, where would your soul be?" and the answer that came at first came back and back again, until

as a burdened sinner he came to Christ. And then his great abilities were given to the preaching of Christ and the building up of His people. He might have been on the wool-sack occupying the seat of Lord High Chancellor, but he got a better position.

It may be that you are unsaved. If you were taken this afternoon, where would your soul be? You ask, "What shall we do?" Is it not nice to see in the very passage that conveys comfort to the Lord's people in regard to death there is the answer to your question? "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that **Jesus died and rose again**, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." (1 Thess 4:13). There, in the midst of these words of comfort, is the solution of the problem. Yes, there is the foundation upon which, in 1874, our dear brother Muir rested his soul for eternity. And that is the foundation upon which I found rest for, in the very same year, I came to Christ, as guilty, lost and helpless. Yes, here is the answer to it all: "Jesus died," and, thank God, "Jesus rose again." If He had not arisen, we would have been a very unhappy company this afternoon, most miserable, of all men to be pitied. But, thank God, He arose, and at God's right hand I see my clear discharge. "Jesus died." The debt has been paid: God has been satisfied. God attests His good pleasure in the atoning death of His Son by raising Him from the dead and seating Him at His own right hand. And Christ's resurrection is the pledge and pattern of ours. You ask "How do you know that the dead will arise?" "Jesus died": that settles the question of my debt. "He arose": that settles the question of my resurrection.

Our dear brother Muir will rise again at the resurrection of the just. Once more I say, may the Lord grant that, when the time comes that you shall be taken, it will be truthfully said of each of you, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

"I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise
To love and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
'Tween me and resurrection
But paradise doth stand;
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land."

Address by Mr. C. M. Ross

Turn with me, please, to the book of Acts (Chapter 8:2): "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him. As for Saul, he made havoc of the church entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison. Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word."

When I realized that I would have the melancholy privilege of speaking at these services, I began to ponder upon the question as to what scripture would be a suitable one to read on this occasion. My links with this dear brother were very intimate and extend over many years, and I felt it would be difficult for me to speak at such a time because of feelings that would be aroused. When I parted from him in Kansas City sixty days ago I thought then of no such thing as death and I still find it difficult to realize the fact, even although I spent three days with him in the hospital and saw him slipping. But when I observed the tears of the dear people of God as they would hear the reports from the hospital, a good report one day and the next a discouraging one, this Scripture came to my mind, "Devout men made great lamentation over him."

There are some people who are so "spiritual" that they think it is unbecoming for saints of God to show emotion in bereavement. They consider themselves so heavenly-minded that it is not right for them to feel, or give expression to feeling. But such a thing is not justifiable. Here was a time when the Spirit of God was moving in the Church in a manner such as was never known before nor since, and when this great man, Stephen, was taken from their midst they made great lamentation over him. I would say to you brethren and sisters, "Weep! It becomes you." I would fain say to the world (though I know I would not be heard), "You weep also. One that sought your best welfare has been taken from you." He will be missed even by the world, although they might not think so, for one intercessor less they have.

Now as I thought of Stephen and compared him with our brother Muir I observed in the two men points of similarity. You remember that Stephen was an outstanding witness for our blessed Lord. He was full of faith and courage, boldly standing at the forefront of the battle, and, although the whole power of the enemy seemed to be directed against him, yet that did not daunt him, for he went on and on till they brought him before the Sanhedrin and accused him of things that he was not guilty of. Still he did not quail before their frowning faces, but boldly stood and bore testimony before the

Council for our blessed Lord. And when I think of our brother Muir I remember him as a man who has stood at the front of the battle. I recall the first time I saw him fifty-two years ago. I had left Scotland as a lad and I was homesick. I had heard of this man and of his aggressive warfare, and when he came to the house and greeted me so kindly that it touched my heart, I said, "There is a friendly man anyway." He was one of five men who at that time were engaged in the work of the Lord: Donald Munro, John Smith, James Campbell, Thomas Muir, and my dear father: just these five who were at that time bearing testimony. Our brother was then a young man, only twenty-four years of age, and he had just come from the field where he was preaching. I esteemed it a great privilege the other day to sit by his bedside. He could not speak much, but he would stretch out his hand and say, "My dear boy," for our friendship could be classed that way.

All of you have known, and most of you have heard, his fearless testimony, for over a long period of years these lips have spoken from this platform. I would like to tell you something of the last time I heard him minister in Kansas City, when he spoke at our conference at Christmas. His theme was "The knowledge of God," and in his address he told a story that made a deep impression on all of us. It was concerning a man who had sent his son to college. One day, after the boy had been in college for about two years, the daughter of the old man went into the room and found him weeping, with his head buried in his hands. "Father, what is the matter?" she cried. "Oh, nothing," he answered, trying to dismiss the thing from her mind. "Something is wrong," she said, "is there any bad word from John?" But he answered again, "It is nothing important." "I know it is something serious," she insisted, and at last he said to her, "Mary, look at these letters, 'Dear father, send me fifty dollars for this,' 'Dear father, I need seventy-five dollars for something else,'" and that was the gist of a whole sheaf of begging letters that he held in his hand: letters forever asking his father to do something for him, and he said to her, "Mary, there is not one word of appreciation of all my love for him, and it hurts me, Mary." And our dear brother wept on the platform: he wept as he said, "I have been preaching for many years, and how little I know about God. I pray to Him for this and that, but how little and how seldom have I gone into His presence and said, 'Father, I thank Thee for what Thou art and for what Thou has been to me and for what Thou has done for me.'" I was ashamed of myself: we were all ashamed. We felt the meaning of it when we saw a man who had lived for God so long speak of his lack of knowledge of God and speaking of it with tears.

You have known here in Detroit how our brother was a man of sympathy and I want to tell you something in that respect. One time when I was in trouble that man came to my home, and he just sat with me and he wept with me. There was nothing that he could say, and there was nothing that he could do, and he was so embarrassed by his inability to help me, that when he went out of the door he slipped a fifty-dollar bill into my pocket. I did not need it, and he knew that I did not need it, but he wanted to show at least his sympathy with me, and I know he has done it many a time in your case as he did in mine.

A brother told me that upon one of these wreaths here was a Scripture, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and in this connection I wish to tell you another experience. There was a difficulty once came up between another brother and myself. It was not a serious difficulty, but I shall never forget how he came to me at the end of a meeting and said, "I want to talk to you about this trouble. You know that it should not exist," and he just beautifully and kindly smoothed out the difficulty like a mother removing the cause of pain in the case of her child. And when I saw that wreath with its motto I just said to myself, "Yes, you have been at it a long time."

I desire to tell you another thing. One of the brethren asked me what I thought should be put upon a wreath from the assembly, and I told him the only thing I could think of was "A faithful minister of Christ" and when I thought of it there came to my memory an experience which our brother had in his early days in Detroit. His wife was just getting well from a prolonged sickness and she needed something to tempt her to eat: she had a craving for just a little piece of chicken. He did not have the money to buy such food and you can imagine his feelings when he knew her desire and his inability to gratify it. But that very day a man who professed to be a Christian, called upon him. Our brother had learned that this man held a serious unscriptural doctrine that precluded him from having any fellowship with him. At the end of their conversation, just as he was leaving, this man took out a roll of bills and said, "I want you to take this." He told me, "Brother Ross, I felt as if Satan was standing there and saying, 'Trust me: take it from me. God has failed you,'" but he answered that man. "No, I cannot take that money." The man answered "The money is all right." "Yes," said our brother Muir, "the money is all right, but the source of it is wrong." And he told me that after the man went out he sat down and wept like a child and then poured out his heart before God. I would like to finish that story. That very night a Christian came to the same door bearing a basket containing bread and vegetables and

a chicken, as a gift for the Lord's sake. There was everthing that could be desired by his sick wife, and again he kneeled down to thank God who had come in so graciously at the time of his misery. By these things men live and characters are formed, and thus you can understand a little of the reason for the boldness and faithfulness of this man in standing for God and God's ways.

One thing more. I read to you what followed the death of Stephen. Saul was moved with hatred and made havoc of the Church. It seemed as if Satan said, "I have removed the champion, and now I will get at the people of God." Oh, my friends, I have no doubt that something like this is in the mind of the adversary at such a time. As Satan stirred up enemies then, such a thing is possible now. May the grace of God preserve us in these days, and let us remember that if God has removed one who has been in the forefront of the battle, we can still look up and say concerning our blessed Lord, "Thou art the same."

But note another thing that followed the persecution, "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." When the people of God saw this man Stephen so bold, they went forth in like manner bearing witness for Christ. Let the example of our brother arouse us also. When we recall what he has done let it stimulate us to herald the Gospel as he did.

In closing I am going to read to you a poem written by our brother Muir, the theme of which is intimately connected with what we have been reading in the Acts.

"Awake! Thou That Sleepest"

Saints of God, redeemed and precious,

Children of a heavenly birth;

Why do we like veriest worldlings

Grovel low upon the earth?

What though we gain earthly treasures,

Though possessed of wealth untold;

What will all the struggle profit,

If we lose our crown for—gold?

Child of God, His grace has saved you;

Saved to serve a Master true,

For He has in His vast vineyard

Some appointed spot for you.

Has he not redeemed and saved you

That your tongue His praise might swell,

That you might, in working with Him,

Save poor souls from death and hell?

Dare you trifle; while around you
 Thousands perish day by day?
 Perish in their sins, not knowing
 Christ, the true and living way.
 What though all the world despise you,
 Christ was hated long ago,
 You have heard His voice command you,
 "Preach the Gospel," therefore go!

Not perchance to distance places
 Will He first direct your way—
 Home and friends and old companions
 Need the warning Word today.
 Go to them, proclaim the message.
 Warn—entreat to flee from hell,
 "Preach the Word," be not discouraged,
 God will fight the battle well.

Stay not there, tell other sinners—
 Tell the freeman or the slave.
 God will prove to all who trust Him,
 That He's mighty still to save,
 Mighty, for the wondrous power
 Wrought in Christ, brought from the dead
 Quickens still, and saves from judgment,
 All the flock for which He bled.

Hasten, then; for Christ is coming—
 Coming soon, His own to claim;
 And each soul won for the glory
 Swells the honor of that Name!
 Hasten, ere the shadows lengthen,
 Love's demands no longer shirk—
 Time is flying—men are dying—
 Night draws near, when none can work.

It is our brother's last message from this platform. May God carry it to the hearts of all for His Name and glory's sake. Amen.

"Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
 The hedge of thorns was sharp;
 Now, these lie all behind me—
 Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
 Oh, to join Hallelujah
 With yon triumphant band,
 Who sing where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land!"

The Story of Mr. Muir's Conversion

AS NARRATED BY HIMSELF

I was born in the little village of Ormstown, in the province of Quebec, on the morning of February 25, 1855. According to the usage of the Presbyterian kirk to which my father and mother belonged, I was "christened" when two weeks old and named after my two grandfathers and an uncle, Thomas Donald William Muir. My father's name was James Proudfoot Muir, and my mother's maiden name Agnes McKinnon. My father was born in Culter, Lanarkshire, Scotland. My mother's people had emigrated from the Isle of Skye and settled near St. Remi, Que., where my mother was born. At the time of my birth my father was in business at Ormstown, but shortly after he sold out the business and moved to Montreal, entering the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway.

We were Presbyterians and faithfully attended the services of the church and loyally stood for the teachings of the denomination as far as we knew them. There was one arrangement which we had as a family, to the effect that if for some good reason we could not go to "our own church," which was at some distance from our home, we might go to a little Baptist mission which was near by. Here, the old gentleman who ordinarily conducted the service, was more successful in putting his congregation to sleep than in awakening them to any concern about their souls. This can be best understood when we say he **read** his sermons, and paper is poor material to carry fire upon.

My first thoughts of eternity.—In the year 1869 the old man took a trip home to England, and while he was gone the pulpit of the little mission was supplied from various sources. A young man from Toronto named Richmond was one of these. He had just been married, and on his "honeymoon" took a trip to Montreal to visit some relatives, who happened to be active in the mission. As he had been a worker in the Y. M. C. A. at home he was asked to speak on Sunday in the little chapel. That Sunday I happened for some reason to go to the "mission" instead of the "church," and I shall ever thank God for it. I cannot recall the text or much that was said, but I know I neither fell asleep during the sermon, nor did I get rid of the impressions made on my mind. Ill-defined these impressions were, but I was aroused from my ease, and for the first time in my life I thought of Eternity! He preached again at night, and announced meetings nightly through the coming week. A small turnout brought forth a suggestion from the young preacher that we should go to the street and "sing up a crowd." It was a new thing and it succeeded

in filling the chapel, and nightly he preached the gospel. Though I did not then get saved, yet have I since met those who were saved at that time. It was a fine way, surely, to spend a honeymoon, and one might expect the blessings of God on such a marriage.

In the summer of 1870, my father having disposed of his business affairs in Montreal, went west to Hamilton, Ontario, where, in November of that year, the family followed him, and thereafter that city became our family home. On our arrival in Hamilton, however, we found that there was a change in father. He had through attending some meetings in a hall become more intensely interested in his Bible, and less interested in his "church." This we did not approve of, and mother and I had many talks about it and did all we could to win him back. I became acquainted with the pastor of a church I had been attending, and tried to induce him to come and talk to father, but while he promised to come, he never did so.

In the year 1874 a man and his wife whose home was near the heart of the business part of Hamilton, were constrained by the love of Christ and souls to go to a little park near by and sing and preach the gospel. The wife had a clear and strong voice, and as in those days there were neither street cars nor automobiles, and for that matter little of any kind of traffic on the streets, she was able to reach the ears of many with her song, thus attracting them over to hear her husband preach the gospel. After their meeting they would invite any who cared to do so to come with them to their home near by for conversation on the Scriptures. One night a young Scotchman followed them home, and his knowledge of the Scriptures and of truths from the Word amazed them, so that they wished to know where he had learned these things. His reply was that he was taught them "in the Assembly, back in Aberdeen." They scarce knew what he meant by "the Assembly," but he evidently had something they were looking for, so they expressed a desire for more knowledge of these matters, a desire he was pleased to gratify, until it was long after the midnight hour had passed, before they reluctantly separated. Before they parted, however, he told them of two men of God who were preaching the gospel about 100 miles west of them—Messrs. Donald Munro and John Smith, who, he declared he knew were the very men needed in Hamilton for the carrying on of the work.

The result was that in June, 1874, these two men came to Hamilton and began a series of meetings that lasted for four months. A hall was secured on the third floor of a building in King St. West, and after an open air meeting on the corner of Gore Park, they

marched all who would accompany them to this hall for a further meeting of nearly an hour, when, as they said, they could get at "closer grips" with the people. Few went upstairs, however, apart from a few Christians whom they had attracted by their simple yet earnest presentation of the gospel. An occasional stranger would follow them, but there were no conversions that they knew of. Thus the first month or six weeks went by, and they were feeling very much discouraged about it. Indeed, there was one of them who felt so sure that they were laboring in vain, that he packed his valise, intending to depart on the morrow, but that night God saved three—the first fruit of their labor. Needless to say, the valise was unpacked, and they went on. I was one of the "three" and it came about as follows:

One evening in July we heard, through a friend, of these meetings, and father wanted to go and hear what they preached. So he asked me and my brother Kenneth to accompany him, which we did. I shall never forget the first sound I heard from them. The open air meeting had already begun, and as we walked along King Street, with our faces toward the Park where they were seeking to gather a crowd, I heard a strong voice repeating distinctly over and over the words found in Genesis 6: "And God saw that all flesh had corrupted His way upon the earth." Over and over, as I have said, they were repeated, until by the time we reached the corner a large crowd of people had assembled. The secret of this unique procedure we learned later. Mr. Smith, who usually led the singing, was so hoarse he was unable to sing that night, and as Mr. Munro could not sing, he used the stentorian repetition of his text to attract attention. What results there were with others that night I know not. Personally, I could not get rid of them.

After speaking for nearly an hour on the street we were invited to go to the hall in the next block. About fifteen in all responded, and there for about forty-five minutes we were warned of our danger and entreated to come in faith to Christ for salvation. Behind the platform and tacked to the wall was a large printed bill in the shape of a question—"Friend, thou art traveling to eternity, to an everlasting heaven or an endless hell, which?" During the forty-five minutes we were in that hall, that question burned its way into my conscience, and I went home in deep trouble of soul. "The pains of hell got hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow."

Two nights later I was back again, and faced the same question.—this time to acknowledge that I was a sinner, and dying as I was would perish forever, but while John 3:36 was being quoted from the platform, I looked away from self and sin, and found peace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who on Calvary "died

for my sins according to the Scriptures, and was buried and rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. 15:3.)

Seated by my side was a young man with whom I was slightly acquainted, William L. Faulknor. Like myself, he had been invited to come and hear these men, and their plain, decisive way of preaching the gospel had opened his eyes to see that a religious profession he had, was not Christ, and he was anxious to be saved. Turning to him, I asked, "Will, have you everlasting life?" "No," was his reply, "but I want it. Have you got it?" "Yes," I gladly answered, "I received Christ as my Savior a few minutes ago, and I know I have everlasting life, for His Word has said it." A few moments later dear William Faulknor also trusted Christ and went home rejoicing in the Lord. On a seat behind us sat my brother who, unknown to us, was also in soul anxiety. He too closed in with God's offer of salvation, and became a child of God through faith in Christ. These three cases of blessing that evening accounted for the unpacking of the valise when the preachers got home that night.

A Last Message

Address Delivered by Mr. T. B. M. Muir

In Central Gospel Hall, Wednesday, December 31st, 1930

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new and all things are of God Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. 5:17).

These words have been before me this afternoon and evening, and they have been taking hold of my heart in my meditations, especially in regard to the closing of the year. This season, since God saved me, has always been to me a season of refreshing. Our life is made up of periods of time. In youth we look forward to many years to come, but when we get older we observe that the periods seem shorter, and when you get to my age you will find that they are made up of moments. The world has a saying that "The young may die but the old must die," but that is not absolute, because we have a secret in that our blessed Lord has assured us that He is coming again, and "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," the salvation, not of our souls, but of our bodies, in connection with His coming again.

There are some scriptures that speak of a mighty change wrought in the believer. Time was when we sought the world and the things of the world, both its frivolities and its serious things, things that we thought were important because they were our affairs. But God in His wonderful grace gave us to see the transient char-

acter and folly of these things, and now through that grace we find in Christ and in Him alone that which is truly worth while.

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature (or a new creation)". The believer becomes part of that which will be manifest by and by. He is anticipating that time when the Lord will change all things and make them such as He Himself desires, but personally and presently the Christian is a new creature, so much so that the unsaved cannot understand the change. The one who has just been saved is an enigma to others. As Peter puts it (1 Peter 4:2-4) "They think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot." They cannot understand why you do not go in for those things in which they find satisfaction, but the explanation is this: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." The only things that satisfy the believer are the things that are connected with God. Others go in for the world and pleasing themselves, but you do not feel that that is your company. You want a company that is God's and with God. It may be you thought that your old associates would make fun of you when you believed, and you have perhaps known by experience that the sneer and laugh of your old companions were very hard to bear, for both old and young have not yet got free from it. We call that "persecution." Those that went through the fires in years gone by would not have thought that that was persecution. But we have discovered anyway that the things which we used to go in for we cannot enjoy now, and so we look forward to that time when God will make all things new, a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Now please turn to Colossians 1:19: "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him I say whether they be things in earth or things in heaven. And you, that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled." He will yet extend His reconciling work to the heaven and the earth, but meanwhile **you** hath He reconciled because of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. If we think that our salvation is the breadth and length and height and depth of God's purposes we are far mistaken. The fact is that God is looking forward to nothing short of new heavens and a new earth. But already the work accomplished by the Spirit of God has made us so that we would be perfectly at home in those surroundings. There are spheres of life which, if we were brought into them, would be very embarrassing to us. Suppose we were transported into the White House. Well, some might perhaps feel at home there because of their previous training, but you and I would feel like a fish out of water; we would realize that we were in what were to us strange surroundings. And so, seeing God has in view a new heaven and a

new earth, if we were unconverted, we would feel dreadfully uncomfortable in that sphere. There was a man called John Curry who was saved down at Montreal. He had been a rough kind of a fellow, a prize fighter and what not, and after he was saved he wrote a little book containing some of his experiences, and in it he told about the dilemma of two men that were running each for a certain boat. It seems that a lively Methodist church were going to have a picnic ostensibly, but really to conduct a revival meeting, and they had chartered a boat for the day. At the same time another boat that was chartered by a lot of sports and prize-fighters was to leave from the same pier. These two men I referred to were seen to be running down the wharf and each jumped on a different boat, thinking that it was the one he wanted to board, but after the boats left the pier each of the men found that he was on the wrong boat. The Methodist found himself on the sports' boat, and the other man soon learned that he was among the Methodists. As soon as the latter started on their trip they began to preach to the sport and so wrought up was he that he wanted the captain to stop the boat. The other man was a fine chap, and he began to preach the gospel to the prize-fighters, and him they wanted to throw overboard. Hence for the new heavens and the new earth we see the necessity of the new birth. A man in Christ has been made a partaker of the divine nature and he enjoys the things that God enjoys and when we reach the new heavens we will be in congenial company. We will find those that we belong to. You remember that when those dear men got away from the Sanhedrin that threatened them, they went to their own company. That was a praying company. No ungodly man would want to be there but that is the very place that a Christian would seek. This is the great change that conversion makes. The man that is in Christ is a new creature.

Next, turn please to Romans 12:1. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." It is this second verse that I had upon my mind. In this book of Romans we have eight chapters that tell of our ungodly condition naturally and practically, and this goes on till we come to that climax that there is "nothing that can separate us from Christ." Now that is linked up with this twelfth chapter. These "mercies of God" are in Paul's mind and he therefore beseeches them to present their bodies as a free will offering. In Israel's day there were offerings that were compulsory, such as the sin offering and the offerings of the Day of Atonement. When it was a question of sin the Israelites simply **had** to bring an offering.

But when they were happy and wished to enjoy God, there were other offerings which they could sacrifice and these were voluntary offerings. Here in Romans the offering is not a compulsory one: it has nothing to do with salvation. Some people think and say, "If I give myself and my service and all that I have and am, I shall surely be acceptable to God." No, that is not it. But if I, as a poor guilty sinner come to Christ and present Him to God, I am acceptable and I am accepted, but only in Christ. A poor woman came to my meetings in Montreal many years ago, and one night as she left I gave her a tract called "The Substitute," written by J. Denham Smith. She always sat during the meetings at the back of the hall, and went off as soon as the meeting was over, but the night after I gave her that book she was sitting at the front of the hall and her face was beaming. Immediately after the meeting was over she came to me and said, "I lifted up the Lamb to God last night." I did not know what she meant for it was some time since I had read the book, but she reminded me of the contents of the pamphlet and said, "The people did not present themselves to God but they presented the Lamb. I have always lifted myself to God for Him to see if there was something in me to satisfy Him, but now I have found that it must be Christ, the Lamb, and not myself that should be lifted up to God." She had been going about for years trying to make herself fit to come and be acceptable to God, but that night, as she said, she "Lifted up the Lamb." And the work done then lasted to my knowledge for thirty-five years and now she is at home with the Lord. Most people think that they must give themselves, their tears, and prayers, and good works, to be accepted by God. No, that is not it. I have to bring Christ and Christ alone. But, having been accepted, the case is different, for then as the basis of my service He would have me present myself a living, voluntary offering to God. You remember there were four horns on the altar and these were used to bind the sacrifice upon the altar. But that thought is not here. I should lay myself out for God. And do not let us think that that is all there is to it. We are surrounded by a world full of sinners and traps that are gilded over to make them attractive. People will say "there is no harm" in doing this and that and the other thing. Is it of the world? "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father but is of the world." And God says, "Be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed." Do not be like the world, for God has made you as unlike the world as He can. What then? "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Here it is a moral transformation by making myself a living sacrifice to God. God would have me to be occupied with things that are above for if I am occupied with things below I will be like the world.

"Glorify God in your body." Is it **my** body? Yes, but my body belongs to Another. You remember how Mr. Clarke told us what happened when a man in Africa was saved by another? That man and all his became the property of the man who saved him. That is just what we have here. We are not to be like the world but put everything to the test to prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Here is an acceptance, not of salvation, but of God finding His joy in us. The world will never satisfy you nor God, and it is a grief to Him to see His children trying to get all they can out of the world. But when He sees His child trying to please Him what a difference that makes!

For my last scripture please turn to Philippians 3:20: "For our conversation (our politics or citizenship) is in heaven: from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." Here is a mighty and a wonderful change. Here is a transformation that we are waiting for, a change in our body. We shall yet find that His mighty power will change these bodies and make them like unto His own glorious body.

May the Lord Himself speak to our hearts. He **has** changed us by His grace morally: that is conversion. He **will** change us by His power and make us like our blessed Lord, physically:

"Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be,
That which is not now, nor could be,
Then shall be our own."

"Oh, well it is forever—
Oh, well for evermore!
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore.
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

Murds of Appreciation

ROBERT McCORRY, 137 Queen St. S., Hamilton, Ont., Evangelist.

It is difficult to realize that our beloved and esteemed brother, Mr. Muir, is gone, and that we shall never see him again upon earth, nor hear the Word of the Lord through his lips. I was glad to be present at the service and the burial. The many flowers and the real sobs and tears showed the high esteem in which he was held by the Lord's people, and that hymn at the grave mingled well with those real sobs and tears. He will surely be missed, not only in Detroit, but amongst the assemblies in general, for his influence covered a large area. However, the purposes of God concerning the Church and this present dispensation are not completed. There is yet much work to be done, if the Lord does not come very quickly. Therefore it is necessary for us to turn to the Great Head of the Church, the Source from whom all real gift comes. Elijah may be caught up to heaven in a whirlwind: but "the Lord God of Elijah" remains with His people. "God buries His workmen but carries on His work."

HUGH McEWEN, Yeadon, Pa., Evangelist. (Telegram to Mrs. Muir.)

We feel with you in this hour of sorrow and share the consciousness of loss. The Church has lost a gifted teacher, the Assembly a pastor, the World a faithful herald, and you a beloved husband. In deepest sympathy.

SAM McEWEN, Matoaca, Va., Evangelist.

I speak for the Assemblies in Virginia in expressing deepest sympathy for you in your hour of sorrow. We owe a great deal to his care and ministry. Many here are recalling his visits, especially at Conference time, his care over them in the early days of their Christian life, and his ministry comes back to them with freshness.

EDWARD MILLER, Lake Geneva, Wis. (Telegram.)

Our loss is irreparable, and we mourn it. He was a man greatly beloved.

F. W. MEHL, Detroit, Evangelist.

As a sympathizer in trial and sorrow and as a friend "that loveth at all times" one feels he was without a peer. It was in this character that I and my family learned to know him first of all. In January, 1923, the Lord removed from our home our little son Robert, two years of age. We were unknown to the Assemblies and unknown to Mr. Muir, only he had heard of our labors for the Master in the northern part of Michigan. But, how he sympathized with us in our sorrow and helped us carry the burden! And this was only the first link in a chain of kindness toward us.

This honorable servant shall not be forgotten. His life, his character, his service to us, and to the church, assure us that his name will be cherished and his memory be permanently preserved.

MRS. C. W. ROSS, Kansas City, Mo.

For nearly fifty years I have known dear Mr. Muir and never saw him anything but kind and tender. He has been to us a brother beloved, and a real friend in time of need.

LEONARD SHELDRAKE, Sault Ste. Marie, Evangelist.

Nothing whatever could have happened that would affect the hearts of the Lord's people like the home-going of this veteran. There is a big gap left in the assemblies; a place is empty that will never be filled again. A few will feel they have lost a brother, but many will feel they have lost a father.

JOHN WATT, Cleveland, O., Evangelist.

I feel that the loss to the Church through Mr. Muir's home-call is very great, as he was a unique brother, richly endowed by the ascended Head of the Church with many gifts. I was so glad to have met him and to have had his help last summer. I did esteem and admire him most highly.

Mr. Muir's work will stand, his ministry will continue, for he being dead yet speaketh. He had about him, in a way I have seldom seen in any brother, the element of rule; even if he did not speak a word or move a finger, his very presence brought in order.

JAMES WAUGH, writing from Los Angeles, Calif., Evangelist.

I cannot imagine how you all feel in Detroit. Out here many of us are simply dazed and shocked. Personally I have known Mr. Muir for forty years—first saw him at Marble Hall, Glasgow, when he visited Scotland. What an example he has left us; his rare judgment, the evenness and helpfulness of his testimony and ministry, and the constancy of his labors.

At our meeting in Goodyear, Lord's Day afternoon, the subject was the New Heavens and the New Earth. This subject, coupled with some references to Mr. Muir, led to the complete breaking down of the saints there gathered: the whole company was in tears.

MR. AND MRS. J. E. ALLEN, Long Beach, Calif.

Our hearts are aching at the loss of one whom we loved so well, nevertheless we are glad that a tribute so fitting was rendered to so noble a man in the honor and esteem shown to him by the Lord's people, and especially those of his dearly loved Detroit, where he began and where he wanted to finish. He began well and his end was that of one of God's noblemen.

C. G. McCLEAN, Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Muir was one of the very few who today show so much of the gentleness and meekness of Christ. Every remembrance of him, both in his writings and speaking, is precious to me, and these I will ever prize.

MEMORIAL NUMBER. Extra copies of this March issue and also reprints of the portrait of Mr. Muir may be obtained by those who desire them.

"Jesus Only"

"And When They Had Lifted Up Their Eyes, They Saw No Man Save Jesus Only." (Matt. 17:8).

Only on Thee, Lord, only on Thee
Were my transgressions laid;
Only on Thee was the thorny crown,—
Only on Thee did Jehovah frown,—
Only on Thee did the wrath come down,—
Only on Thee!

Only to Thee, Lord, only to Thee,
With a sin-burdened soul;
Only to Thee, or else surely die,—
Only to Thee for a refuge fly,—
Only to Thee, and Thou brought'st me nigh;
Thee, only Thee!

Only in Thee, Lord, only in Thee,
Resting a weary heart;
Only in Thee,—for the price Thou'st paid,—
Only in Thee,—for my peace Thou'st made,—
Only in Thee, all my fears are allayed—
Only in Thee!

Only with Thee, Lord, only with Thee,
Would I seek life below;
Only with Thee tread this weary way,—
Only with Thee would I longer stay,—
Only with Thee would I live today,—
Only with Thee!

Only by Thee, Lord, only by Thee,
Led and preserved all the way;—
Only by Thee in Thy wondrous might,—
Only by Thee through the shades of night,—
Only by Thee till the morning light,—
Only by Thee!

Only for Thee, Lord, only for Thee,—
Upward I cast my eyes;
Only for Thee with a longing heart,—
Only for Thee for that promised part,—
Only for Thee, for my hope Thou art,—
Thee, only Thee!