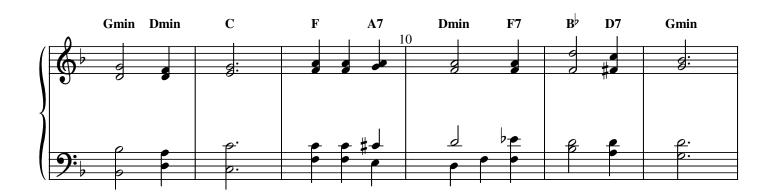
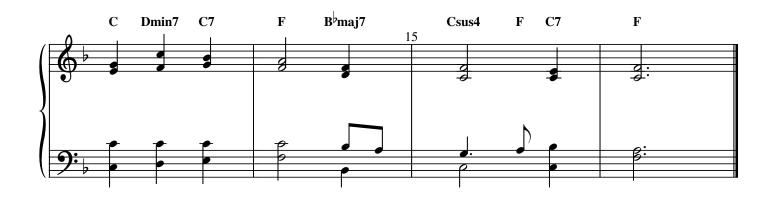
Behold a Stranger at the Door

Robert H. Earnshaw, 1856-1929 Arizona L.M.







Behold, a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is waiting still: You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will; the very Friend you need; The Friend of sinners-yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Calvary.

O lovely attitude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands; O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out His enemy and thine, That soul destroying monster, sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit Him, for the human breast Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest; No mortal tongue their joys can tell With whom He condescends to dwell.

Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace, O may Thy gentle reign increase: Throw wide the door, each willing mind; And be His empire all mankind.