

"YE ARE CHRIST'S!"

"Ye are Christ's!" oh yes; I know it! for he bought me with his
blood;

And I never can forget it, for He is my Savior God.
In his hands behold the nail-prints, in his face eternal love.
How I long to be just like him in the Father's house above!

"Life is yours:" oh yes; I have it – having all in God's dear Son;
He began "the life" within me, and he'll work till all is done.
His eternal mind inspires me, breathing through his holy Word,
So I'm resting in the keeping of the Spirit's voice I've heard.

"Death is yours:" oh yes; but vanquished – for "the Son of God" has
died:

With his righteousness I'm clothed; in his life I'm sanctified.
He is coming soon to take me, so I'm watching at his gate;
As I long for his appearing, I am serving while I wait.

"Present things:" oh yes; I use them as I cross the ocean's foam,
On the voyage of life's journey to my Lord's eternal home.
His own guide-book is my treasure, and his lifeboat cannot sink;
Christ, the Captain, gives me daily more than I could ask or think.

"Things to come:" O depths of riches! all God's promises are sure;
And through these I'm made partaker of the life which shall endure.
In the "Times of Restitution" of the "all things" he hath made,
I shall evermore behold him in the light which cannot fade.

"In the world:" I live above it – all the mammon with its load;
For I've found the "Enoch" secret – how to walk along with God.
Through the day I walk with Jesus, and at night sleep on his breast:
I just tell him all that presses, and he gives me perfect rest.

Do I glory? Yes; I know it, for there's no "perhaps" with God;
All my *ifs* and *buts* are buried, with my sins, beneath the blood.

Christ is risen: He lives in me; and all power to him is given;
Thus he'll use me for his glory till he takes me home to heaven.

– *W. Luff*.
