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In Memory of Myrtie

Don Carlos Janes

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IN MEMORY

of

MYRTIE

by

Don Carlos Jones

SEND THE GOSPEL

(Tune: O Thou Fount.)

Send the gospel of salvation,
To a world of dying men;
Tell it out to ev'ry nation,
'Till the Lord shall come again.

CHORUS.

Go and tell them, go and tell them,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Go and tell them, go and tell them,
He is coming back again.

'Tis the church's great commission,
'Tis the Master's last command;
Christ has died for ev'ry creature,
Tell it out in ev'ry land.

Tell it out to China's millions,
Tell it out in fair Japan;
Tell it by the mighty Congo,
Tell it in the dark Soudan.

'Mid the lone Tibetan mountains,
By the Orinoco's strand;
O'er the burning plains of India,
Tell it out in ev'ry land.

Christ is gath'ring out a people,
To His name from ev'ry race;
Haste to give the invitation
Ere shall end the day of grace.

Give the gospel as a witness,
To a world of sinful men;
Till the Bride shall be completed,
And the Lord shall come again.

IN MEMORY

of

MYRTIE

by

HER HUSBAND

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A small tribute to a beautiful and useful life.

"A worthy woman, *** a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised. Let her works praise her."—Proverbs.

Printed in U. S. A.

by

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Ablene Christian College
Ablene, Texas

IN MEMORY OF MYRTIE



Myrtie L. Porter
From a photo received in
January 1902



E. L. Jorgenson
Compiler of "Great Songs of
the Church"



Mary E. Harding
A devoted Christian and an
ideal mother-in-law

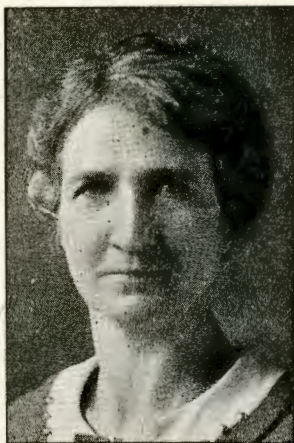


Dorothy Bentley McCaleb
Who was faithful to read to
Sister Janes

MYRTIE PORTER JANES

Back in 1928 some trouble developed which sent Sister Janes to a good Christian physician who gave up the case after a year. A very experienced and capable osteopath who immediately detected the disease suggested an examination by a nerve specialist who made a very careful examination and later called another medical doctor to check up. All three with the first physician agreed in their findings that it was "creeping paralysis" and incurable. She took treatments for years in the hope that she could go around longer thus, and when the weary walk with cane through the hall from elevator to office became too laborious that fine friend and good doctor came to the house a few times and, instead of making a big bill, showed the husband what to do and these treatments to prevent stiffness and attendant suffering continued till near the end.

Her last extended trip out into the field occurred in 1934 when she went on a 2,800 mile journey as far south-west as Abilene, Texas. From an unsteady walk, the disease progressed till she could only go with a cane. A wheel chair was obtained and for greater convenience in the house a common chair was mounted on a platform with casters. Her sufferings were numerous, prolonged, complicated and sometimes exceedingly severe. She experienced Trench mouth and had all her teeth removed; a wen was removed; another broke; there was a painful and vain spinal puncture; tic douloureux, a terrific facial neuralgia, developed and the operation was done without anæsthetic and with much suffering. Her head was held in a metal container, her ankles strapped down, and her hands held by the second doctor while the first made repeated probes to determine by her re-action when the needle was in the nerve center, otherwise the results would have been transitory. The operation headed off the tic, but left her face numbed, her eye of little value for reading, and needing to be washed thrice daily. Later the neuralgia came on the other side of her face, but she preferred its occasional return rather than to undergo another operation. There was trouble like arthritis in one shoulder, pain in the side, numbness, confine-



As the Janeses appeared on the World Tour, 1920-1922

ment to the house, lost control of legs and left arm and toward the last she could barely, feebly raise her right hand to the face, and so weak was that hand that when an electric call bell was installed, she could not push the button and a special device with a weaker spring and more leverage was provided. Her face was so very tender that it could only be bathed with extreme care and at times it hurt her to talk and her speech was indistinct. She strangled many times (at the table and also when sitting quietly in her chair) and sometimes it looked like she would die in this violent experience. For one who had travelled widely, who had done her housework (including laundry part of the time), had taught Bible classes and done church visiting, besides writing articles and helping her husband, to be cut down and shut in without the ability to read or talk freely would seem to be a heavy experience to say nothing of the pain she endured in the above and other ways.

In February 1935, she prepared written directions for her funeral including clothing, casket, cemetery, flowers, scripture, speaker, etc. As I approached the desk to read these papers

for the first time a radio singer was saying: "When she is gone forever." "Some flowers, but not many"; surplus flowers at the grave were to be given to the poor. "I want every one to be happy thinking about my condition 'over there' with my Lord and my dear mother; want every one to be kind to my dear husband; want this occasion to be as little expense as possible"; and she didn't want to be buried in silk "if anything else can be found." All directions to be "in accordance with my dear husband's wish" and there was a prayer for him. In November 1940, she said: "I want you to write the Highland young people that I'm glad I'm in favor with the young people as well as the old people and tell them I appreciate their thoughtfulness." This was said when her throat was so paralyzed that we could hardly catch her words. Besides congregational singing at the church, the young people's group which had often sung in the yard for her sang so sweetly that an unsaved relative said that was the most impressive part of the funeral service.

It is remarkable the wide interest that was taken in her. Friends from near and far made social calls; she received many flowers and numerous other gifts; letters from the ends of the earth revealed a very extensive prayer band. Some said they were praying every day. People who never saw her participated grandly in this fine service, and, as an example an unknown sister in Alaska sent first a gift from her shop and later a substantial money gift for ice cream of which she was very fond. Repeatedly has the Lord been thanked for her friends and asked to bless them because of their prayers in her behalf, and again to all those interceding friends and to our heavenly Father, we are thankful.

Care and Prayer.

When every care in simple prayer
Is to God's footstool brought,
We have no ground
Whereon to found
One single anxious thought.



MYRTIE LEOLA PORTER JANES

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them."—Rev. 14:13.

In the absence of Brother E. L. Jorgenson, Brother D. H. Friend conducted the funeral of Sister Janes at Highland church, and read the following lines:

Myrtie Leola Porter, youngest child of godly parents, was born at Gilmore, Ohio, April 19, 1881; was baptized in her fifteenth year; was married to Don Carlos Janes December 22, 1904, by Brother J. H. Pennell, later a missionary to Honolulu; entered Potter Bible College in 1905; also attended the next session; a student in Western Bible and Literary College, Odessa, Mo., 1906-07; taught a Sunday class of children and a week-day class of women in Cincinnati; after coming to Louisville in 1910, she did a good deal of Bible teaching and church visiting. In 1920-22, she was with her husband on a world tour of missions including Japan, Korea, China, Burma, India, Palestine, Egypt, France, Scotland and England.

In February, 1928, infirmity of the flesh sent her to the physician and before her incurable ailment ended her earth life, August 7, 1941, in her sixtieth year, she was in the hands of nineteen professional men—the dentist, doctors and surgeons. Her sufferings from facial neuralgia were excruciating; the operation for this was done without anæsthetic. She strangled often and very badly, yet in her period of affliction, about fourteen years, she never reproached the Lord whose ways in these matters were to her, as to the rest of us, a profound mystery.

Her religion was sincere and deep-seated. She did not teach without real preparation which gave her a fine grasp of scripture. A very few expressions from her are all that can now be given as portraits of her inmost soul:

One day back in 1940, she said calmly: "He's going to take me to heaven."

father saying in his last illness: "I hate to leave you but I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." The frequency with which she reverted to these words indicated her appreciation of them.

After her sister had told her of a sinking spell in 1940, she said: "Wouldn't it have been nice if I had passed on?"

Immediately after prayer, her husband once said to her: "You like prayer, don't you?" and she responded: "Yes, I like to talk to God." Recently she repeatedly wondered when her mansion would be ready.

She was quick to recognize a particularly fine sentiment and add her "Amen." Sister Janes had many friends and was the object of an immense volume of prayer. Many who never knew her sent assurance of prayers, and other evidence of sincere sympathy. Such true Christian love was manifested toward her from Alaska to Africa and from Louisville to the Far East.

SISTER JANES

On the evening of August 7 Sister Janes, wife of our Brother Don Carlos Janes, after long and painful illness peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. For 37 years she had been the faithful companion and friend and helper of her husband in his abundant labors. In her life and service to God there was an unvarying faithfulness. If "by their fruits ye shall know them," she was shown to be a true child of God, a daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Her pure faith and simple piety and her love toward the Lord Jesus Christ was manifest before all who knew her. In her long affliction she endured great sufferings, patiently, even cheerfully, always thankful and praising God. Rather unusual and deeply impressive was the fact that at the funeral-service her husband rose up and bore testimony to her goodness and faithfulness, her zeal toward God and her earnest service through the years. No more literal application could the words in Proverbs find than with reference to Sister Janes:

"A woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.
Give her the fruit of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates."

Sister Janes suffered greatly during the last 14 years of her life. But that is all past now and for ever forgotten. And the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to usward in that crowning day. R. H. Boll.

CONCERNING MRS. JANES

Our sister came of good parents. When her father, a Civil War soldier, who habitually carried a New Testament, and walked six miles to worship, was invited to join the G. A. R. organization, he refused because they would not inform him in advance of the obligation he would be required to take. He loved the Lord and died in an undimmed hope. "Ma" Harding was a lovely, praying Christian, a good mother and an ideal mother-in-law who blessed our home for years with her presence. It is not strange that the youngest of the family should have been given a good start in life. After she had been with her mother for a season in 1919, Ma. wrote: "Well Carlos, I am glad you got back home safe. Myrtie was a great help to me. She always was a good girl", and from another source it has been learned that in her early years when speaking about good girls around the neighborhood, "Myrtie Porter was used as a comparison." In our four-year correspondence before marriage, her letters are very strong in the direction of spiritual matters. Once when Bro. D. H. Friend issued a questionnaire in the Highland church, Louisville, asking a definition of an ideal Christian, a good number cited Sister Janes. And in a letter from Jacksonville, Florida, Mrs. H. N. Rutherford, who for years had been a next-door neighbor, wrote: "I believe I have told you before and don't hesitate to say again, you have always been my ideal preacher's wife."

Besides being a good housekeeper and husband's helper, Myrtie was esteemed a good Bible teacher. She also did much church visiting. From the packet of old letters she left in her little desk, we quote from "Aunt Sallie" Davidson, who was considerably older than Mrs. Janes: "July 8, 1920. I hate to think of you leaving Highlands (for the world tour) even for one year. *** And who will teach my grand daughter and visit the sick and set examples in every way"? Again, on September 24. "I know there is no one in Louisville that will



J. H. Pennell
Who performed our marriage ceremony



Robert H. Boll
Eminent Bible teacher; editor of "Word and Work"



A class of native women in Kamitomizaka church Tokyo, Japan, taught by Sister Janes in 1921.



Myrtie Porter Janes
From a photo made in 1905



Mary Elizabeth Holloway
Whole hearted Christian who was with us more
than five years



Durward H. Friend

Minister of South Louisville Church of Christ.
College Mate, Teacher and Friend of the
Author Forty Years. He Knew Sister
Janes about Thirty-Seven Years

feel the loss of you like I will and there is no one that can take your place in the congregation, but still it is all right if it is His will, and you know I have more faith in yours and _____'s prayers than anybody's.

Further evidence of the esteem in which she was held is found in two letters of the same period from another sister: "October 11, 1920. I know we are going to miss you next Wednesday. I know we will never have another teacher like you, and we will never get out of the lesson what we would if you were there to lead us and stir us on." After the long foreign tour of missions and while we were on an extended trip (Florida, Texas, Kansas and other states) telling the churches of our experiences and observations, this good woman wrote: "My I miss you and will be so thankful when you both come home to stay. *** My Janey dear, I do miss you so much. I miss you more and appreciate you so much more since my dear mother left me. *** I want to follow Him closer and need you to help me. How thankful to Him I am for giving me such a friend as you."—*Georgia Micou* (daughter of Sister Davidson).

The warmth of affection felt for her is indicated by the salutations from a sober sister in other letters which she retained on her desk for twenty years: "My Dear Sweet Myrtie" (1921, while she was abroad), "Dearest Myrtie, and "My Dearest Sister." On Feb. 19, 1923, she opened again with the superlative degree followed by these words: "I was so glad to get your good letters and glad to hear Donnie say you would be home by the 18th or almost the same as that. I will be gladder to see you than I was when you came from your long trip (overseas)."—*Emma Yeager*.

A TRIBUTE

How beautifully sweet and how precious was "Myrtie"! She was one of the fairest and rarest of the flowers in the great garden of God; pure as a lily and her life was as beautiful as one. The fragrance from it was borne not only across the mountains and plains, but across the ocean. When this lovely flower was being pressed by the heavy hand of suffering, the fragrance became even richer and more lovely. The

zephyrs must have borne this choice fragrance up to God, who considered its rare loveliness, and He plucked the flower for His heavenly mansions.

—Ottis A. Scott, Africa.

MY TRIBUTE TO SISTER JANES

My tribute is late. I was in the West when Sister Janes left us, and I have been in meetings almost solidly since.

For 35 years, from early days in the school at Odessa, Mo., I have known her, as a Christian, neighbor, friend, and helper in the local congregation. In the most radiant days of Highland church—until our present upsurge—"Janey" and Sister Yeager (now at Ormsby church) were our best and busiest house-to-house workers. Only her illness stopped this fine activity. Until the end, almost, she kept her mental faculties, her memory of persons, places, and things, and her keen interest in the churches, the preachers, and the missionaries. Time and time again, we prayed together, and talked of heavenly things. Her complete reliance on the finished cross-work of Christ for her salvation, and her confidence in the perfect wisdom and goodness of God, in his strange providence toward her, never wavered.

What a day that will be, when—

"He shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation,

And make it like unto His own glorious body."

More and more, as the years fly by, the friends of long ago are calling to us from the other side of the flooded sea:

"For O we stand on Jordan's strand;

Our friends are passing over;

And just before, the shining shore

We may almost discover."

No one could have been kinder or more considerate to an invalid companion than Bro. Janes was to Sister Janes. And may the memory of it all lie sweetly on his bosom, like sunshine on a summer sea.

E. L. Jorgenson.

THERE ARE VERY MANY SUFFERERS

In my youth, I went with some brethren to see Ella Simpson, the invalid daughter of a widow whose affliction was such that she had to be turned every fifteen minutes in the day, and every half hour at night. She could tell with remarkable accuracy the passing of the time.

George Hitt, of Toccoa, Georgia, is almost disabled from arthritis as all his joints are rigid or out of place, yet he helps support his family by cutting silhouettes.

At Judsonia, Arkansas, George Martin has been completely

paralyzed from head to foot for thirty years. His body is described as "stiff as steel" and he cannot so much as turn his head, but he is able to conduct a prosperous business and successfully operates a farm of two hundred and fifty acres.

On the Bible Lands Tour (1904), in Bunhill Fields, an old London cemetery of 120,000 burials including Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer, John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe (with John Wesley and Adam Clarke just across the street), I read an epitaph with these words: "In 67 months she was tapped 66 times; had taken away 240 gallons of water without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

A notable case of unusual suffering with patient resignation is that of Miss Effie Vest of Terre Haute, Indiana. Her many operations have occurred on every day of the week and in every month of the year. At sixteen, she had the popular operation of removal of the appendix; at twenty the removal of the tonsils. Down to May 19, 1941, she had experienced a goiter operation, nine major planned abdominal openings and many emergency cuttings making a grand total of one hundred and twenty-eight operations (fifty-nine of them major) requiring her to abide in hospitals 2,668 days which is four or five operations a year and more than three months of hospitalization annually for twenty-six years. Let those who are well or reasonably so be thankful and let them truly thank God and do his will.

On the second of July, 1886, Blanche Jameson was born at Turney, Mo., and was able to read and write at three; at ten, she was baptized with her father. She attended two Sunday schools on the Lord's day and went to school as others through the week. Later, she taught all the different classes on Sunday and filled all the public responsibilities of this kind of work. It was hers to go to school six years without being tardy and with the absence of only half a day. Later she taught school, being elected without solicitation. After the first term there were twelve weeks of "brain fever and spinal disease," as the specialist said, and, though never well again, she taught five more terms without asking for any of them.

For years, Miss Jameson was constantly under the doctor's care with a variety of serious afflictions of a painful na-

ture with an aggregate volume of suffering which we are probably unable to appreciate. She had a nervous collapse; paralysis which began in her feet and crept up to her head with the exception of her left arm. There was loss of voice, loss of sight, loss of hearing, loss of movement, and loss of consciousness. Sometimes the pain was so great she thought she was dying and there were times when the parents could detect no pulse. For years, at times, she had to be turned on pillows. Great suffering came with inability to retain anything, even water, on her stomach—months and years of this; sometimes the tongue was swollen to an inch beyond the teeth; as many as three weeks with no nourishment taken, then as high as three months with nothing but ice cream. "Oh, the many times when for long periods life was at such low ebb that it took the greatest amount of effort to utter a word, when for months at a stretch there were only brief seconds of consciousness "with so very little on the side of life" except intense suffering, with the spine kept in place with pillows.

Her hand and arm sometimes swelled till she could not close the hand enough to use her pen or typewriter. Seasons of apparent improvement and real decline followed each other. There were many, many times when for long periods she was packed in ice even with the mercury at zero or below, and still she seemed "boiling hot—Oh, for a drop of cold water!" Reverting to these awful experiences, she remarks that if those who are deliberately choosing to spend eternity in the place where this is as nothing could only realize what that is, certainly they would not want the terrible tortures of the "lake of burning fire and brimstone. I don't, but, thank God if my understanding of His word is correct I will never have them." She wrote, "Many have been the times when anaesthetics were administered to the very limit and then some."

Perhaps the average person has very little idea of the wholesome and the holy things one so dreadfully and so prolongedly afflicted may do while suffering the excruciating pains of a disease slowly taking the life, like a cat playing with a mouse before destroying it. Blanche Jameson was not the

kind that gave up on slight or even severe provocation. She had learned needlework which she continued. She learned to read and write in Braille and also in longhand and with the typewriter. When limited to the use of just one finger, she typed more neatly and accurately than some seeing people. A visiting uncle was astonished to hear that she had earned \$100 by typing. She learned to sew with a hand machine and practically every piece of needle work (crocheting, embroidering and hand sewing) which she sent to fairs received first prize. She was constantly sending out religious papers, packages of tracts, books and scripture portions and had correspondents around the world. Contributing to periodicals for the blind was part of her work. She was a Bible student eager to ask questions. "Especially does she rejoice," wrote a friend in a great magazine, "in the Blessed Hope and in the signs of these times which seem to indicate the near end of the Times of the Gentiles and the imminence of the shout from Heaven when 'we shall be changed in a moment in the twinkling of an eye' and 'this mortal shall put on immortality.'" When in 1934 the writer deviated some miles from the main highway on his last long trip made with the company of his declining wife to visit Blanche Jameson, of Birch Tree, Mo., he found the foregoing literally true and as this sorely afflicted woman—blind, deaf, paralyzed, decayed teeth, bed-ridden, and in constant pain—received his voice as she did the sound from the radio, by the touch of the hand, he found her deeply interested in the things of God and when he told her he must go, she said, "I can hardly let you go." The interview was followed by correspondence, by her using quantities of his free tracts, by having the book "A Trip Abroad" read to her (with her desire to have it put in Braille for the blind), and by some co-operation in her work for which she was most thankful. This woman who was in bed from her nineteenth year and for many years constantly under the care of doctors, including specialists, endeavored to earn her living in honorable ways and found her chief joy in serving her "Master and fellowman with a heart full of love and a keen interest especially in their soul's welfare." When she slipped away to the other

world in 1938 she had been on her back a quarter of a century or more, blind and deaf about twenty years, and speechless part of that time, yet out of that humble home went a wholesome influence entirely around the world. Prison camps, hospitals, leper asylums, C. C. C. and soldier camps, missionaries, and magazines were among her beneficiaries. She would send out as many as five hundred or six hundred books at a Christmas season when the mind of the world was turned to Christ.

TENDER WORDS FOR THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND

Once after the writer had been happily married for some time, he was the witness in a marriage ceremony in which Bro. J. A. Harding told the contracting parties that if they conducted themselves properly, their love would "grow more and more," an expression which was not at that time fully understood. Myrtie and I worked along together in Christian love and forbearance perhaps thirty-five years after that and experienced a demonstration of Bro. Harding's true words in our own case and herewith are set down a few of the sweet and tender words which will ever be cherished by the surviving member of the team.

On December 12, 1940, she testified, "If I loved you any more, I'd have to be two." The following day her husband's heart was prompted to say, "You are **so** sweet to me," to which her immediate response was, "You are better than that to me."

At bedtime, December 13, 1940, when we prayed she said: "I'd like to be here when Jesus comes."

Early in the spring of 1941, she calmly remarked: "I don't know how long I'll be here," to which her husband replied, "I don't know the length of my stay either." Her next words were: "You have a better prospect than I have." When it was stated that "We cling to life, but it is better to depart and be with the Lord," her response was: "I don't specially cling to life," but she wished an easy experience in departing which was granted for the silver cord was severed like the gentle rending of a spider's thread.

What were possibly the very saddest things she ever imparted to her companion were the words: "I think this will be my last

sickness. We'll have to say a final farewell," in which she probably softened the expression with "think" instead of "know," but no formal farewell was ever said though otherwise we were quite free to express ourselves.

While being waited upon one night in June of this year in speaking of her left hand or arm which was so completely paralyzed she could not even move a finger she remarked: "It's dead; I'm dying a little bit at a time," which was literally true.

About eleven o'clock the night of June 30, 1941, when she had a temperature of eighty-two in her room against ninety in the office adjoining, she was asked if she liked her air conditioner and promptly responded: "I like everything you do" and so thoroughly loyal was she to her husband that in these latter months she would not even assent to a light remark from a friend reflecting upon him. Once when her speech was indistinct, she was asked if she were sleepy or why she didn't talk plainer and the response was, "It hurts my face," for there was a very great tenderness and soreness in her cheek for a long time. A little more than two weeks before her departure, she called me to her bed and told of the experience she had with her jaw when she would yawn. "You might come in some time and find me gone. I just wanted to tell you." The response: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; all of earth's disagreeable experiences ended." When she had calmly assented and was told that that particular thing might not be very serious, she thought if I knew how it felt I might think it was.

A GREAT DAY

Among our best friends, are Bro. and Sister Yeager whom we have long and favorably known and with whom we lived for some time upon return from the world tour. Bro. Yeager is a successful preacher and his excellent wife is an unusually well-informed Bible teacher and a cook par excellent who was happy to entertain us annually on Myrtie's birthday. It was a joyous experience to have these fine followers of Christ with us on our wedding anniversary, December 22, 1940. The meal included a chicken cooked by Sister Jorgenson, spaghetti prepared by Sister Micou, and a cake baked by Sister Covey. In the evening, young people of the

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Highland church gave another of their sweet serenades in the yard which was much enjoyed. Myrtie called me in to pray and said, "This has been a great day," and truly it had, but apparently the stimulation was too great and she had a hard night.

A notably large number of people in various parts of the United States and also in foreign lands took a sympathetic and prayerful interest in Mrs. Janes during her prolonged suffering. Many of these friends were people who had never seen her and the following is a sample of the kind words received:

Deatsville, Ky., May 3, 1941.

*** ** (On) days when I feel bad and it seems most everything goes wrong, I think of you and how patiently you have taken everything so wonderfully and it makes me so ashamed of my own poor, weak self and it gives me new strength and more patience. I do trust by your illness and terrible suffering that it has not only helped me but hundreds. I pray for you every day that the dear Lord will give you more strength and more patience to help you through. I pray that he will bless you and Bro. Janes to for the wonderful work you are doing—Bro. Janes with his printing, writing, and pleading with people and you with your illness and great misery—that when people like myself think of you it will help us close to the Lord and give us strength and patience to go on from day to day. May the dear Lord keep you and make his light to shine upon you and give you rest. From one who thinks of you often and prays for you daily. Much love.

Nell Houck.

Dear Brother Janes: We are remembering you in our prayers in this time of parting for a season from one so dear to you. The Lord will help you in adjusting yourself to the change her passing will make in your life. Sister Janes was "a helper of many and of mine own self." Saints do not die—they fall asleep in Jesus. So with our good, kind, loving, gentle handmaid of Christ, Sister Myrtie, she has departed to "be with Christ which is very far better."—Brother and Sister Olmstead, Gallatin, Tennessee.

Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

Jesus calls the children dear, "Come to Me and never fear,
For I love the little children of the world,
I will take you by the hand, lead you to the better land,
For I love the little children of the world."

CHORUS.

Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world:
Red and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in His sight,
Jesus loves the little children of the world.

Jesus is the Shepherd true, and he'll always stand by you,
For He loves the little children of the world,
He's a Savior great and strong, and He'll shield you from
the wrong.
For He loves the little children of the world.

I am coming, Lord, to Thee, and Thy soldier I will be,
For He loves the little children of the world,
And His cross I'll always bear, and for Him I'll do and dare,
For He loves the little children of the world.

The hymns appearing in this booklet are taken from the missionary song sheet which Myrtie left among her personal papers.

No God, No Christ, No Hope.

Tune: "Higher Ground"

Are we so dead we cannot feel
The pity God and Christ reveal
For men who in deep darkness grope
And have no God, no Christ, no hope?
Have we to whom God's Son was given,
For whom the precious side was riven,
Whose souls the Word of Truth doth light,
No torch for men in pagan night?

Have we no love, no deep concern,
For those who must forever burn
In dismal depths of awful hell
If we do not His story tell?
Shall love and grace and hope sublime
Which in the Gospel sweetly chime,
Shall such Good Tidings, old and true,
Be kept at home by me, by you?

Lost millions die by day, by night,
While we contend by main and might,
O'er words, or plans in vain debate
And leave the lost to their sad fate.
Oh, God, while yet there's hope for
And ere our day of grace is done,
Help us, we pray, to cease our strife
And give lost men a chance at life!

May Calvary's Cross and sacrifice
Incline us all to pay the price
In gold, or self, or petted plans
That Christ be told to other lands.
If greed, or pride, or willful mind,
Impede the rescue of mankind,
Then by the love of that dear Cross,
Subdue us, Lord, consume the dross!