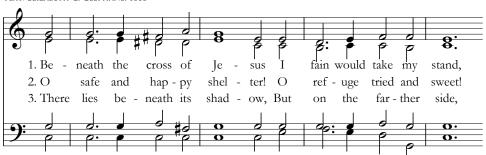
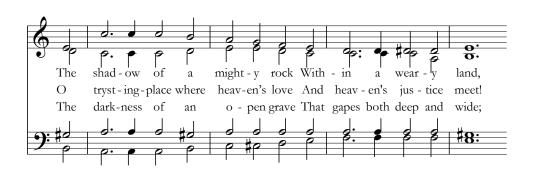
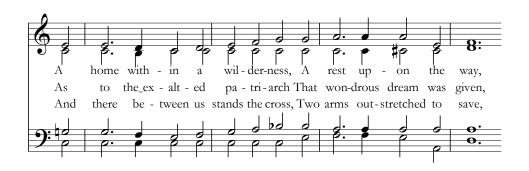
BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

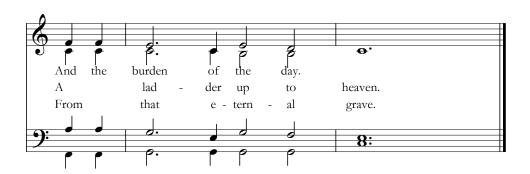
ST. CHRISTOPHER, 76. 86. 86. 86; FREDERICK C. MAKER, 1881 Text: Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868











- 4. Upon that cross of Jesus
 Mine eyes at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me;
 And from my stricken heart, with tears,
 Two wonders I confess:
 The wonders of redeeming love,
 And my own worthlessness.
- 5. I take, O cross, thy shadow for my abiding place;
 I ask no other sunshine than The sunshine of his face;
 Content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all: the cross.