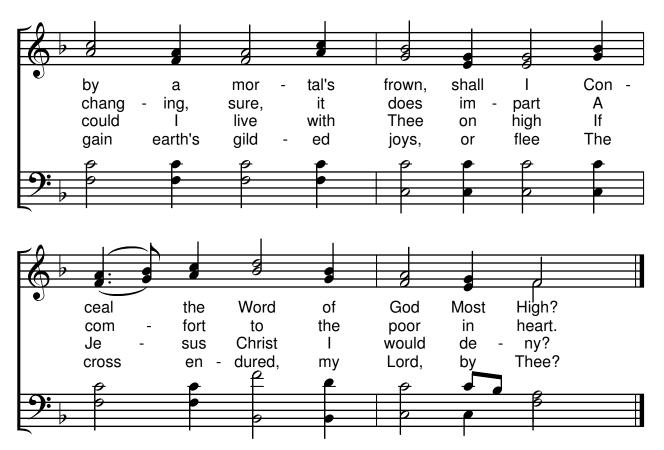
## 113. THE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL





- 5. What then is he whose scorn I dread, Whose wrath or hate dismaying? It is but mortal man I know, His frown I am not fearing. He is an heir of death, a slave To sin, a bubble on the wave!
- Yea, let men rage; my God is still
  My refuge and my tower.
  I shall arise to my reward,
  Awakened by His power,
  Since in all pain Thy tender love
  Will still a consolation prove.
- 7. O, may I seek the souls who stray And save them from destruction, And through Thy holy love still lead Them to Thy congregation.

  May pray'rs and pleadings penetrate To warn them of their lost estate.
- The mortal man may quite disown
   And speak in bold derision
   Against my labors and my name;
   Yet blest is my condition.
   The love of God dispels the fear
   And makes my faith in Him more dear.