

A FREE SALVATION

ROMANS 3:24

Nothing to pay? No, not a whit;
Nothing to do? No, not a bit;
All that was needed to do or to pay,
Jesus has done it His own blessed way.

Nothing to do? No, not a stroke;
Foiled is the captor, broken the yoke;
Jesus at Calvary severed the chain,
And none can imprison His free man again.

Nothing to fear? No, not a jot;
Nothing within? No, not a spot;
Christ is my peace, and I've nothing at stake;
Satan can that neither harass nor shake.

Nothing to settle? All has been paid;
Nothing to anger? Peace has been made;
Jesus alone is the sinner's resource;
Peace He has made by the blood of His Cross.

What about judgment? I'm thankful to say
Jesus has met it and borne it away;
Drank it all up when He hung on the tree,
Leaving a cup of full blessing for me.

What about terror? It hasn't a place
In a heart that is filled with a sense of His grace.
My peace is most sweet, and it never can cloy,
And that makes my heart bubble over with joy.

Nothing of guilt? No, not a stain;
How could the blood let any remain?

My conscience is purged, and my spirit is free;
Precious that blood is, to God and to me.

What of the law? Ah, there I rejoice;
Christ answered its claims and silenced its voice.
The law was fulfilled when the work was all done,
And it never accuses a justified one.

What about death? It hasn't a sting;
The grave to a Christian no terror can bring;
For death has been conquer'd, the grave has been spoiled,
And every foeman and enemy foiled.

What about feelings? Ah, trust not to them;
What of my standing? "Who shall condemn?"
Since God is for me, there is nothing so clear—
From Satan and man I have nothing to fear.

What of my body? Ah! that I may bring
To God, as a holy, acceptable thing;
For that is the temple where Jesus abides,
The temple where God by his Spirit resides.

What of my future? Tis glorious and fair,
Since justified, sanctified, His glory I'll share;
By his blood first redeem'd; by his grace then enthron'd,
Side by side with my Lord, his Bride I'll be own'd.

What, then, dost thou ask? O, glory shall follow;
Earth shall rejoice in the dawn of the morrow.
To rule and to bless comes that kingdom and reign;
Flee then, shall sorrow, death, crying and pain. —Selected.

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— February, 1883 —



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