



General Topics :: The Young Christian

The Young Christian - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2015/5/29 0:52

The Young Christian
by Margaret Mauro
Hebrews 13:13

I cannot give it up,
The little world I know!
The innocent delights of youth,
The things I cherish so!
â€™Tis true, I love my Lord
And want to do His will,
And O, I may enjoy the world
And be a Christian still!

I love the hour of prayer,
I love the hymns of praise,
I love the blessed word that tells
Of Godâ€™s redeeming grace,
But I am human still;
And while I dwell on earth
God surely will not grudge the hours
I spend in harmless mirth.

These things belong to youth,
And are its natural rightâ€™
My dress, my pastimes, and my friends,
The merry and the bright.
My Fatherâ€™s heart is kind;
He will not count it ill
That my small corner of the world
Should please and hold me still.

And yet, â€™outside the campâ€™,
â€™Twas there my Saviour died!
It was the world that cast Him forth,
And saw Him crucified.
Can I take part with those
Who nailed Him to the tree?
And where His name is never praised
Is there the place for me?

Nay, world! I turn away,
Though thou seemâ€™st fair and good;
That friendly outstretched hand of thine
Is stained with Jesusâ€™ blood.
If in thy least device
I stoop to take a part,
All unaware, thine influence steals
Godâ€™s presence from my heart.

I miss my Saviourâ€™s smile
Whenâ€™er I walk thy ways;
Thy laughter drowns the Spiritâ€™s voice

And chokes the springs of praise.
If ever I turn aside
To join thee for an hour,
The face of Christ grows blurred and dim
And prayer has lost its power!

Farewell! Henceforth my place
Is with the Lamb who died.
My Sovereign! While I have Thy love,
What can I want beside?
Thyself, dear Lord, art now
My free and loving choice,
In whom, though now I see Thee not,
Believing, I rejoice!

Shame on me that I sought
Another joy than this,
Or dreamt a heart at rest with Thee
Could crave for earthly bliss!
These vain and worthless things,
I put them all aside;
His goodness fills my longing soul,
And I am satisfied.

Lord Jesus! let me dwell
Outside the camp, with Thee.
Since Thou art there, then there alone
Is peace and home for me.
Thy dear reproach to bear
I'll count my highest gain,
Till Thou return, my banished King,
To take Thy power, and reign!

Re: The Young Christian - posted by romanchog (), on: 2015/5/29 22:26

Amen!

Where do you find these wonderful poems you post? They can serve the dual purpose of setting our eyes on Christ and being a teaching aid for literature that does not require entering into worldly literature.

Re: - posted by followthelamb (), on: 2015/5/30 19:01

Books we have around the house, hymnals, on the Internet too. :) I stumbled upon this poem online a few days ago, but can't remember where!