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“Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?”

ZECH. 3 : 2.

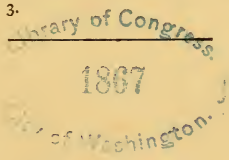
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THE
STORY OF A PENITENT:
LOLA MONTEZ.

by L. L. Hawks
Rev.

“HE brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

“And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.”—PSALM 40 : 2, 3.



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LOLA MONTEZ.



A BRIEF outline of the life of the remarkable woman who is the subject of this little sketch is all that can be given ; and all that is essential to illustrate an added instance of the power of divine grace to rescue a sinner deeply dyed in guilt, and to minister to the truly penitent spirit that peace of the Lord “ which passeth all understanding.”

ELIZA ROSANNA G. was born in Limerick, Ireland, in the year 1818, of

highly respectable parents. Her father was Captain G., of the British army, and her mother of Spanish descent. While she was yet an infant, her parents sailed for India, where her father died soon after their arrival. Her mother, having again married, subsequently became a resident of Montrose, in Angusshire, on the east coast of Scotland.

Here ELIZA, at the early age of five or six years, was placed at a boarding-school; and incidents are related by a schoolmate, who was the intimate associate of her girlhood, which show that striking traits of character had begun to develop themselves in her, even at that early age. She was perverse and willful, though at the same

time warm-hearted and impulsive ; and the severe treatment which was a part of the system of Scottish education of that day appears to have been most injudicious, and most unhappy in its effect upon such a temperament as hers.

She was sent from thence to a convent in France, where her education was completed ; and afterward took up her residence in Bath, England, with her family.

In accordance with the selfish and ambitious views of her relatives, it is said she was betrothed to a gentleman very much her senior, and entirely uncongenial. To avoid this unsuitable connection, she eloped with a British officer, and accompanied him to India.

After a brief experience of married life, a separation took place, and she found her way again to England. She had some further difficulty with her relatives, and determined to go upon the stage. This course completed her estrangement from her family, who at once disowned her, and put on mourning, to signify that she was dead to them.

Her striking histrionic talents and personal graces soon attracted marked attention. Followed by popular applause, she visited the prominent capitals of Europe, was received at the royal palace at Dresden, and in the court circle at Berlin.

At Munich she became the favorite of the weak King of Bavaria, over

whom she exercised a strange fascination. She was created Baroness of Rosenthal and Countess of Lansfeldt. The king also settled a large estate upon her, with feudal rights over a population of two thousand persons. She became interested in politics, and a prominent intriguer at the Bavarian court.

The natural kindness of her disposition, her large sympathies and liberal tendencies, induced her to use her power for the good of the people. She is said to have shown wisdom and ability in its exercise, foiling, by her skill and audacity, the designs of Metternich and of the Jesuits. Her policy, however, excited the opposition of the Bavarian cabinet; and the dis-

graceful course of the king precipitated the revolution of 1848.

In the popular disturbances of that time she was driven from Munich by the revolutionists, and, in the disguise of a peasant girl, escaped into Switzerland, where she found a refuge.

Wonderful as had been her rapid elevation to the summit of her earthly prosperity, her fall was still more sudden. Her estates were confiscated; and having, like the prodigal of old, "wasted her substance with riotous living," she was reduced to a condition of poverty and distress. The day of her extravagance and folly was, in its best aspect, but "gilded misery." As she expresses it in her diary, a "dark discontent" had been ever pre-

sent with her : and now, with blasted character and disappointed hopes, with no solace to be drawn from other than "broken cisterns," her reflections must have been bitter in the extreme, and her condition most pitiable.

She soon went once more upon the stage, and seemed, in her desperation of feeling, to covet notoriety, regardless of the means by which it was attained. She became involved in difficulties ; and, after a variety of adventures in Paris and London, visited the United States, for the first time, in 1852 ; and for a while pursued a similar course.

She remained in this country for two or three years, and then went to Australia. She afterward returned to the United States, which she now

considered her home, and for the institutions of which she had a strong admiration. She delivered a series of lectures upon various topics, which proved highly remunerative pecuniarily; but, with characteristic improvidence, she dispensed so freely as to lay up but a small portion of her earnings.

It was upon the occasion of one of her last visits to this country, while in New-York, that she unexpectedly met the old schoolmate to whom reference has been made.

A crowd of pleasant memories rushed upon the mind of this lady; and, encouraged by her husband, who was with her, in the true spirit of Christian charity, she addressed her. Sur-

prised and gratified by the unlooked-for kindness of the recognition, Eliza G. at once reposed confidence and trust in her friend.

Who may say whether the image of the Master, reflected in the conduct of these worthy Christian people, did not open the heart of the wanderer to better and higher impulses? The Divine Master sought out and comforted the most wretched, and those whom the world in harsh judgment scorned and spurned, that He might shed a ray of heavenly hope upon their dark and cheerless path. Why should not those who profess His name thus strive to imitate this blessed example?

It can hardly be that, to a reflective and impressionable nature like that of

ELIZA G., the wonders of creation and the indications of an overruling Providence on every side, the aspirations of her immortal spirit, and its own high questionings, "*Whence, and whither bound?*" did not suggest solemn thought. Above all, that "still, small voice"—the whisper of the Holy Spirit, which comes to every human soul; which she, like such multitudes of others, was willing madly to stifle, instead of cherishing with jealous care, as one of the best gifts of a merciful God—she appears now at last to have listened to.

From this time she seemed to be impressed with religious truth, and her convictions were deep and sincere. She studied the Scriptures faithfully.

The glorious truths they reveal dawned upon her soul, and, by the power of the Blessed Spirit, wrought in her that renewal of her inner being which manifested itself in a sincere and earnest effort to walk humbly with her God, and to follow closely in the foot-prints of her gracious Redeemer, in whom was centred all her hope of salvation.

So far as outward actions could show, with her "old things had passed away, and all things had become new." With a heart full of generous sympathy for the poor outcasts of her own sex, she devoted the last few months of her life to visiting them at the Magdalen Asylum, near New-York, warning and instructing them with a spirit which yearned over them, that

they, too, might be brought into the fold. She strove to impress upon them not only the awful guilt of breaking the divine law, but the inevitable earthly sorrow which those who persisted with thoughtless desperation in sinful courses were treasuring up for themselves. Her effort was thus to "redeem the time," so far as she could; and the result of her labors can be known only in that day when she will meet her erring sisters at the impartial tribunal of the Eternal Judge.

While thus laboring in the Master's cause, and bringing forth the fruits of repentance in her daily life, she was suddenly stricken down with paralysis. But in this hour of helplessness she was not forsaken. God had raised up

for her many Christian friends, who gathered around her couch, and rejoiced to minister to her necessities. The Rev. Dr. H., of the Episcopal Church, visited her frequently, and prayed and conversed with her; and most acceptable were his ministrations. Refreshing, too, to his own spirit were his interviews with her, as she lay upon her bed of death, as he has narrated in his touching and interesting sketch of them.

She lingered for a few weeks, much of the time in great suffering. But at all times there was the lifting up of the heart to God, and the expression of perfect resignation to whatever of suffering infinite wisdom and love might think fit to lay upon her.

Upon one occasion, when Dr. H. had been conversing with her, and was about to leave, she grasped his hand, and, with child-like eagerness of manner, exclaimed: "Tell me, tell me more of my dear Saviour!"

Day by day her strength failed; but her faith became firmer and her hope brighter, through a crucified Redeemer, in whom was all her trust.

A short time before her death she motioned to a friend to sit by her and read a portion of Scripture, at the same time laying her hand upon the book; and, while the word of life was yet sounding in her ears, with her hand resting upon her much-loved Bible, her spirit passed to the presence

of its God, "accepted," doubtless, "in the Beloved."

The kind consideration of Christian friends did not cease with her life. One of them, in a wintry storm, on the day after her decease—in January, 1861—selected a place in Greenwood Cemetery where her mortal remains might repose; and thither they were borne by those who had watched over her dying hours, and laid with the beautiful and consoling offices of the Episcopal Service. A plain marble tablet has been erected above the spot, inscribed with her name, and the date of her birth and decease.

The little remnant of her property, amounting to a few hundred dollars, she bequeathed to the Magdalen Asy-

lum, in which she had been so greatly interested.

She left the fragment of a diary which, as illustrative of the depth and earnestness of her religious convictions, is appended, and is full of interest. It has been thought best to publish it, with all its idiomatic expressions and peculiarity of style, as she left it.

FRAGMENTS

FROM THE

DIARY OF LOLA MONTEZ.



SATURDAY, Sept. 10, 1859.

IT is good to write down every day what have been our thoughts and actions during the twenty-four hours.

Oh! may Jesus bless this endeavor; and may I find, through His grace in my heart, on looking it over in the future, that my endeavors of leading a better life have not been diminished; but that my soul may progress ever upward and onward to Him who is the divine centre of all peace, love, and true happiness!

With what gratitude ought I to give

thanks to Him who did not forsake me, even when walking in utter darkness and death! I knew not, neither cared for, or thought of, His love.

How many, many years of my life have been sacrificed to Satan, and my own love of sin! What have I not been guilty of, either in thought or deed, during these years of misery and wretchedness!

Oh! I dare not think of the past. What have I not been! I only lived for my own passions; and what is there of good even in the best natural human being! What would I not give to have my terrible and fearful experience given as an awful warning to such natures as my own! And yet, when people generally, even to my mother, turned their backs on me and knew me not, JESUS knocked at my heart's door—oh! so gently; but *'twas He, alone!* and, in the deep, dark hour of my mental agony, which no mortal eye saw, my Saviour came to the darkest sinner, and brought a sweet light around me.

Oh! how long, long was He telling me

that I should come to Him. I was indeed "weary and heavy laden." O my Teacher! I did come to Thee. Thou didst indeed give me peace. All that Thou didst say in Thy words of balm are true. Thou hast been too good to me. But I owed Thee much, and Thou didst forgive me much. My prayers to Thee, God of mercy and love, remain not unanswered. Thou surely dost cast comfort around my soul, in my lonely and unloved, uncared for earth-life.

O my Master, my loved Saviour! lead me, guide me, teach me, is my prayer. Before Thee let me feel as a little child. What is my worldly knowledge in Thy sight—an impediment to get to Thee. What has the world ever given to me? (And I have known *all* that the world has to give—ALL!) Nothing but shadows, leaving a wound on the heart hard to heal—a *dark discontent*.

Now I can more calmly look back on the stormy passages of my life—an *eventful life, indeed*—and see onward and upward a haven of rest to the soul. I used once

to think, like many others, that heaven was a *place somewhere* beyond the clouds ; and that those who got there were as if they had not been themselves on the earth. But light has been given to me to know that heaven begins in the human soul, through the grace of God and His holy word. Those who can not feel somewhat of heaven here will never find it hereafter—though this can only be faintly indeed.

We are told to seek and we shall find. All is true in that word ; but this can only be known to those who seek.

O God of love and mercy ! bless my undertaking, and increase in me all good, for Thy honor and glory ! O Lord Jesus ! cast the devils out of me, as Thou didst from Magdalene of old ; and oh ! strengthen and preserve me against my sins. Let it not be that Thou didst die for me in vain ; but let me lie, O Lord ! forever at Thy feet, blessing Thy holy name. Amen.

SATURDAY.

LOOKING back on the past week, though guilty, and sinning but too often in thought, word, and deed, I find that my earnest prayers have been answered, and that the Lord has indeed preserved me from temptation, and delivered me from evil; but still, how far, how very far, I am away from Him! But I will cry unto Him, and He will deliver me.

I am afraid, sometimes, that I think too well of myself. But let me only look back to the past. Oh! how I am humbled!

To-morrow (the Lord's day) is the day of peace and happiness. Once it seemed to me any thing but a happy day; but now all is wonderfully changed in my heart. I can well understand how David sang, in his joy and gladness, the praises of God. And yet he had not Jesus to go to as a friend, a brother, a God. *This is my song of praise.* Thou didst lead me from death to life. I was blind, and now I see. I was deaf;

now I hear. What I loved before now I hate. But oh! to leave Thee one moment is to perish. Oh! that in this coming week I may, through Thee, overcome all sinful thoughts, and love every one. Keep my tongue from evil speaking and lying; make me charitable in thought, in word, and in deed. Watch over me, dear Lord. Amen.

ANOTHER WEEK! and though of small importance as regards external events, what an eventful *inner life* has it been to me. What a hopeless state, were it not for the certitude of our dear Lord's help and pity for our struggles. What a perpetual disappointment of one's self. Oh! how little of truth is there in the world's opinion of each other! We only see *effects*, but are blind to *causes*. As for myself, He who said, "Come unto me," has surely helped my weak endeavors to live to Him during the past week. But yet I am now far from *the path*. How manifold are my sins, and

how long in years have I lived a life of evil passions without a check! Bunyan's thoughts of himself are thus:

"I find to this day seven abominations in my heart. First. Inclination to unbelief. Second. Suddenly to forget the love and mercy that Jesus manifesteth. Third. A leaning to the works of the law. Fourth. Wandering and coldness in prayer. Fifth. To forget to watch for that I pray for. Sixth. Apt to murmur because I have no more. Seventh, I can do none of those things which God commands me, but my corruptions will thrust in themselves. When I would do good, evil is present with me.'

"These things I continually feel and see, and am afflicted and oppressed with; yet the wisdom of God doth order them for my good. First. They make me abhor myself. Second. They keep me from trusting my heart. Third. They convince me of the insufficiency of all inherent righteousness. Fourth. They show me the necessity of flying to Jesus. Fifth. They press me to pray unto God. Sixth. They show me the need I have to watch and be sober-minded. Seventh. They provoke me to pray unto God, through Jesus Christ, to help me, and carry me safe through this world."

Oh! if a good man like Bunyan felt all this, what effect must it have on a miserable

sinner! But God never turns a deaf ear to the *heart's prayer*—oh! never! Jesus is more ready to hear than we to go to Him.

Oh! what a fearful spell has Satan over the world! Oh! what an awful cost it was for our Saviour to redeem the world! Oh! that I may at last be one of the redeemed; and yet through what fiery trials I have to pass at every moment of the day. O Lord! without Thee, I must sink; for my nature is so stubborn; it must be only Thee that can hold me up. Oh! dear Lord, make my thoughts pure and charitable, and my actions will be the fruit.

Dear Lord, compel my hasty temper to be controlled, and give me an humble heart. Oh! what great gifts are these—an *humble heart*! And yet forever shall I pray to my Father until He hear my prayer.

Thankful I am that I have been permitted to pray this day. Three years ago I cried aloud in agony to be taken: and yet the great, All-Wise Creator has spared me, in His mercy, to repent. Oh! give me the fruit of repentance! This week I have

principally sinned through hastiness of temper and uncharitableness of feeling toward my neighbor. And yet how little am I, compared to those around me; for they certainly have not committed the heinous transgressions that I have done. Oh! that I could have only love to others, and hatred of myself!

How is it that I feel so forgetful of Jesus in the day, and draw nearer to Him at night? This I know not, but it is true; and I feel sadly disturbed about it. I should wish to feel the same at all times; but this as yet is not for me. But I will trust in God, who will hear my thoughts, for the sake of Jesus. Oh! let me ever have that name before the eyes of my soul!

All that has passed in New-York has not been mere illusion. *I feel it is true.* The Lord heard my feeble cry to Him, and I felt what no human tongue can describe. Such feelings belong not to pen, or will, or words. The world cast me out, and He, the pure, the loving, took me in.

TO-MORROW IS SUNDAY, and I shall go to the poor little humble chapel, and there will I mingle my prayers with the fervent pastor, and with the good and true. There is no pomp or ceremony among these. All is simple. No fine dresses, no worldly display, but the honest Methodist breathes forth a sincere prayer, and I feel much unity of soul. What would I give to have daily fellowship with these good people! to teach in the school; to visit the old, the sick, the poor. But that will be in the Lord's good time, when He thinks me *fit* for this happiness—that is, when *self* is *burned out of me completely*.

O dear Lord! will this ever be? shall the love in my heart for Thee ever grow to this? Shall all turbulent passions in my soul be hushed, and wilt Thou take up thine abode with me? The lesson now given to me to learn practically is, first, learn to *subdue thyself*, before thou canst be of real use to others. Thou, who canst do all things, Thou wilt do this in me. Oh! let

me learn to bear with meekness all things which happen in my daily life. O Lord and Master! may the next week be more to Thy glory! May I live more to Thee in all things. May I feel all Thy love and mercy more vitally, and may Thy Holy Spirit strengthen me! Amen.

SATURDAY, IN LONDON.

SINCE last week my existence is entirely changed. When last I wrote, I was calm and peaceful—away from the world. Now I must again go forth. It was cruel, indeed, of Mr. E. to have said what he did; but I am afraid I was too hasty also. Was that following the precepts of our Divine Master? Oh! that I practised more of His teachings in my life! If it were not for His love and forbearance, what must become of me! Ought I to have resented what was said? No. I ought to have said

not a word. The world would applaud me ; but, oh ! my heart tells me that for His sake I ought to bear the vilest reproaches, even unmerited. But I feel no anger in my heart. Why did I even for a moment ? Oh ! I must ever cry for help, until my own nature is subdued. I tremble to think of my utter weakness.

Good-by all the calm hours of reflection and repose I enjoyed at Derby. But, O God of mercy ! let me ever pray to Thee in spirit. Let me ever struggle against inward sin. Let me feel my Redeemer nearer and nearer to me. O Lord ! forsake me not ! Give me life ! through Thee. Let me bless Thee in sorrow and in joy. Let me know Thy hand in all things. Cover me with the shadow of Thy power, and I shall be safe from the tempter. Oh ! hear my prayer to Thee for strength against *myself*. Forgive me my faults of the past week ; and O dear Lord ! on Thy day (to-morrow) let my heart be touched by Thy grace, that I may pray to Thee with fervor, *believing*.

Oh! my calm days at the cottage are gone, gone. But I will not look back. "*Onward!*" must be the cry of my heart. O weary pilgrim! despised and rejected of all, look to nothing earthly for happiness or peace. This is to be found alone in the bosom of Jesus. O my dear Father! watch over me in the Lord.

O happy earthly father! to have been taken so young from this world of sorrow! And yet the Creator of all knows best how to dispose of all. Let me bow to His all-wise decree. O Lord! my heart is sore afraid. Give me light. Leave me not. Let me suffer with joy any agony, rather than deliberately displease and disobey Thee!

Lord, Thy mercies are great to me. Oh! how little are they deserved, filthy worm that I am! Oh! that the Holy Spirit may fill my soul with prayer! Let me put undivided trust in my Saviour, and let my rugged, lonely path (unseen by all) be radiant with light.

Lord, have mercy on the weary wander-

er, and grant me all I beseech of Thee!
Oh! give me a meek and lowly heart.
Amen.

READER, whoever thou art, if thou hast not yet found a refuge within the fold of the Good Shepherd, seek it without delay, and with thy whole heart. Fear not to bring all thy burden of guilt and fears to a Saviour's feet. Let no device of the evil one tempt thee to think there is no forgiveness for thee. All thy sins, grievous and aggravated though they be, can not outweigh thy Redeemer's merits. He knows them all, for thou canst not hide any thing from his omniscient eye, and He has com-

manded thee to come. It is true that He can not look upon sin but with abhorrence; yet His love is infinite, and calls upon thee in tones of utmost tenderness to forsake thy evil ways, and to bathe in that fountain of mercy opened for sin and for all uncleanness; to receive that renewing and sanctifying influence of his Holy Spirit which can renovate thy nature, and which He has declared He is more willing to bestow upon the sincere supplicant than an earthly father is to bestow good gifts upon his children.

Only believe, and whatever difficulties and stumbling-blocks appear to obstruct the way shall be removed. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become

a plain." *Only believe*: and the God of this poor penitent, who brought her out of darkness into His marvellous light, and ministered peace and comfort to her sin-stricken soul, will do the same for thee: *Only believe*: all needed blessings shall be added unto thee, and thou shalt, with her, and with all the host of the redeemed who have come up from the miry clay of wickedness and through sore trials and affliction, be received into the blissful mansions prepared for those who love and serve God in sincerity and in truth.

The following statement, referred to in the narrative, was made by the Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, immediately after the decease of the subject of this sketch :

It was in the latter part of the year 1860 that I received a message from the unhappy woman so well known to the public under the name of LOLA MONTEZ, earnestly requesting me to visit her as a clergyman, and minister to her spiritual wants. She had been smitten down by a paralysis of her left side, and for some days was unconscious, and her death seemed to be at hand. She had, however, rallied, and a most benevolent Christian female, who had been her schoolmate in Scotland in the days of girlhood, and knew her well, had stepped forward and provided

for the temporal comfort of the afflicted companion of her childhood. The real name of LOLA MONTEZ was ELIZA G., and she was of reputable family in Ireland, where she was born.

I, of course, complied with her request to visit her; and saw her from time to time until she died—always in company with the excellent woman above alluded to, and in the presence of Lola's nurse. And I should never have written a word of this statement, had I not deemed it a duty to bear witness to the mighty power of the Holy Ghost in changing the heart of one who had been a great sinner.

In the course of a long experience as a Christian minister I do not think I ever saw deeper penitence and hu-

mility, more real contrition of soul, and more of bitter self-reproach, than in this poor woman. Anxious to probe her heart to the bottom, I questioned her in various forms; spoke as plainly as I could of the qualities of a genuine repentance; set forth the necessity of the operations of the Holy Spirit *really* to convert from sin to holiness, and presented Christ as all in all — the only Saviour.

For myself I became quite satisfied, and am now, that, as far as a poor mortal can judge, God the Holy Ghost had renewed her poor sinful soul unto holiness. I think she had been taught from on high, by a blessed experience, “the secret of the Lord.”

There was no confident *boasting*,

however. I never saw a more humble penitent, nor one more overwhelmed than she was by the thought that Christ's blood could save such a sinner as she felt herself to have been. When I prayed with her, nothing could exceed the fervor of her devotion; and never had I a more watchful and attentive hearer when I read the Scriptures. She read the blessed volume for herself, also, when I was not present. It was always within reach of her hand; and, on my first visit, when I took up her Bible from the table, the fact struck me that it opened of its own accord to the touching story of Christ's forgiveness of the Magdalene in the house of Simon.

I spoke to her of Christ's gentle

pity and pardon to this poor woman. "Ah!" she replied, "but she loved much. *Can I love enough?*"

If ever a repentant soul loathed past sin, I believe hers did. If ever a renewed soul prayed fervently for the help of the Holy Spirit to keep her from all sin, for Christ's dear sake, I think hers did.

She was a woman of genius, highly accomplished, of more than usual attainments, and of great natural *eloquence*. I listened to her sometimes with admiration, as, with the tears streaming from her eyes, her right hand uplifted, and her singularly expressive features (her keen black eye especially) speaking almost as plainly as her tongue, she would dwell upon

Christ, and the almost incredible truth that He could show mercy to such a vile sinner as she felt herself to have been, until I would feel that *she* was the preacher, and not I.

When she was near her end and could not speak, I asked her to let me know by a sign whether her soul was at peace, and she still felt that Christ would save her. She fixed her eyes on mine and nodded her head affirmatively.

I thank God that I can believe she found forgiveness through the precious blood of Christ, and that her departed spirit rests in comfort in the paradise of God.

F. L. H. *Handwritten signature*

JANUARY 19, 1861.

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

Eph. 5 : 14.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
Jesus waits His light to shed.

Wake from sleep, arise from death ;
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

Leave thy folly, cease from crime ;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay ;
Evil is the mortal day.

Be not blind and foolish still ;
Called of Jesus, learn His will :
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed His light.

THE SPIRIT'S GRACIOUS CALL.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying men ;
Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh ! should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

THE LAST RESOLVE.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

“ I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know His courts, I’ll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

“ Prostrate I’ll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I’ll tell Him I’m a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

“ I’ll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

“ Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

“ I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.”

THE DYING THIEF.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
 Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, rich reward,
 A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I WAS 'a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild.

He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone ;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

He washed my filth away,
He made me clear and fair,
He brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

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