

sunday solace - alone

"the Lord alone led him; no foreign god was with him."
deut 32:12

the hill was steep, but cheered along the way
by converse sweet, i mounted on the thought
that so it might be till the height was reached;
but suddenly a narrow winding path
appeared, and then the Master said, "My child,
here thou wilt safest walk with me alone."

i trembled, yet my heart's deep trust replied,
"so be it, Lord." He took my feeble hand
in His, accepting thus my will to yield Him
all, and to find all in Him.
one long, dark moment,
and no friend i saw, save Jesus only,

but oh! so tenderly He led me on
and up, and spoke to me such words of cheer,
such secret whisperings of His wondrous love,
that soon i told Him all my grief and fear,
and leaned on His strong arm confidingly.

and then i found my footsteps quickened,
and light ineffable, the rugged way
illumined, such light as only can be seen
in close companionship with God.

a little while, and we shall meet again
the loved and lost; but in the rapturous joy
of greetings, such as here we cannot know,
and happy song, and heavenly embraces,

and tender recollections rushing back
of pilgrim life, methinks one memory
more dear and sacred than the rest, shall rise,

and we who gather in the golden streets,
shall oft be stirred to speak with grateful love
of that dark day when Jesus bade us climb
some narrow steep, leaning on Him alone.
there is no high hill but beside some deep valley.
there is no birth without a pang.

– dan crawford