

‘WITHIN THE VAIL.’

HEB. vi. 19, 20.

BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea ;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart ;
I know that, while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free ;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there ! the bleeding Lamb !
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable ' I AM,'
The King of glory and of grace.

One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood ;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

Within the Veil

AND OTHER SACRED POEMS

BY

C. L. S.

AUTHOR OF 'O FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS!' ETC.

LONDON

S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.

9 PATERNOSTER ROW

1867