

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

God, in eternal counsel, planned
To form in space this rounded earth;
And in response to his command,
Submissive nature gave it birth.
A perfect human pair was formed
In their Creator's image pure,
While 'round them Eden was adorned
With all perfection could insure.

Upon this Adam (man and wife)
But one restriction God did place:
To disobey would forfeit life,
And bring destruction on the race.
The serpent, subtle more than all,
Beguiled the woman, she the man,
And from their station high, they fall,
Thus bringing death on all the clan.

The sentence just, must take effect.
God's purpose, then, defeated is?
His work, by Satan's malice wrecked?
Has all He planned thus gone amiss?
Ah! no; "A RANSOM!" gracious words:
God says, "A RANSOM I have found!"
What wondrous joy the cry affords,
As from thy Throne is heard the sound.

A little less than angels formed,
JESUS we see, God's only Son,
With glory, honor, He's adorned,
By death for sinners to atone.

"Lo, I come; of me 'tis written,
To do thy will, Jehovah God."
For Adam's sin the Lamb was smitten;
For us He bore the chastening rod.

And in our stead, instead of ALL,
He bore the curse, and tasted death
For every man, who, by the fall,
Must yield to God his vital breath.
The "CORRESPONDING PRICE" is paid:
Our God is *just*, and will restore
All those who in the dust are laid,
To give them life forever more.

But one condition here we find,
In off'ring all this gift sublime:
The human will, the human mind,
Must then accord with the Divine.
And to secure this harmony,
The SEED – the Christ – hath been prepared,
And we of that blest seed shall be,
Who, here, his *sacrifice* have shared.

And those (their number must be few,)
Who, in "Times of RESTITUTION,"
Reject the offer to make new
And be raised up to full perfection,
Must be destroyed in "lake of fire"
(Not "life in pain," but sure *destruction*)
With him who to God's place aspired,
And all who share like condemnation.

Then "ALL-in-all" our God shall be:
His creatures all (now to his will
Brought into joyous harmony)

Shall their respective stations fill.
O'er every name, THE CHRIST, divine,
In heavenly glory e'er shall shine,
And every being on each plane,
That exaltation shall proclaim.

This is the "Plan" the WORD reveals,
"The Church," attired in harlot dress,
Rejects the light, the truth conceals;
But God has cast her from her place
Who holds truth in unrighteousness,
And to his saints He makes it known,
As the blest Gospel of his grace,
To ALL, "in due time," to be shown.

If this be true, WHEN dawns the day
Of this exultant Jubilee?
And *when* shall saints in "Narrow-way"
Be like their Head, as Him they see?
E'en NOW the light begins to break,
Of that blest day when all shall wake.
Then lift your heads, exalt them high,
For your Redemption draweth nigh.

S. I. HICKEY.

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