

He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of Hearts, in mine
The trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

HYMN 11.

L. M.

1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.