

NOTHING TO PAY

“It is Finished”—(JOHN XIX. 30)



NOTHING to pay? no, not a whit:
Nothing to do? no, not a bit;
All that was needed to do or to pay,
Jesus has done in His own blessed way.

Nothing to do? no, not a stroke;
Gone is the captor, gone is the yoke:
Jesus at Calvary severed the chain,
And none can imprison His free-man again.

Nothing to fear? no, not a jot;
Nothing within? no, not a spot;
Christ is my peace, and I've nothing at stake,
Satan can that neither harass nor shake.

Nothing to settle? all has been paid;
Nothing of anger? peace has been made:
Jesus alone is the sinner's resource,
Peace He has made by the blood of His Cross.

What about judgment? I'm thankful to say,
Jesus has met it and borne it away:
Drank it all up, when He hung on the tree,
Leaving a cup full of blessing for me.

What about terror? it hasn't a place
In a heart that is filled with a sense of His grace:
My peace is divine, and it never can cloy,
And that makes my heart over-bubble with joy.

Nothing of guilt? no, not a stain,
How could the blood let any remain?
My conscience is purged, and my spirit is free,
Precious that blood is to God and to me!

What of the law? ah, there I rejoice,
Christ answered its claims and silenced its voice:
The law was fulfill'd when the work was all done,
And it never can speak to a justified one.

What about death? it hasn't a sting;
The grave to a Christian no terror can bring:
For death has been conquer'd, the grave has
 • been spoiled,
And every foeman and enemy foil'd.

What about feelings? ah! trust not to them;
What of my standing? "who shall condemn?"
Since God is for me there is nothing so clear,
From Satan and man I have nothing to fear.

What of my body? ah, that I may bring,
To God as a holy acceptable thing,
For that is the temple where Jesus abides,
The temple where God by His Spirit resides.

Nothing to pay? no, thanks be to God,
The matter is settled, the price was the blood!
The blood of the Victim, a ransom divine—
Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be thine.

What am I waiting for? Jesus my Lord,
To take down the tent and roll up the cord,
To be with Himself in the mansions above,
Enjoying for ever His infinite love.

G. C.

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G. Morrish, 114 Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5