

THE
CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND.



THERE is a special joy and peace,
So real, profound, and sweet,
That's known to those, and only those
Who sit at Jesu's feet ;

Or on His breast their heads recline,
And gaze upon His face,
Behold His glory, and His love,
His beauty and His grace.

Oh wondrous theme ! oh blessed fact !
His love, what must it be ?
He left the throne of glory there,
And gave Himself for me.

But more than this, He wills that I
With Him should always be ;
That I His glory may behold,
Throughout eternity.

And soon He'll come, yes, He Himself !
And take me to that place,
Prepared for me by His own hand,
Oh, wond'rous depth of grace !

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The chief among ten thousand *now*
He is to me by faith ;
But what ! *when* I am with Him there
And see Him face to face.

He is to be desired more
Than all the finest gold ;
Yea, more by far than rubies bright,
Or, all earth's riches told.

Ah ! such a costly treasure He—
I cannot tell His worth ;
But, when I think of Him as mine,
I'm filled with holy mirth ;

And long, with ever growing thirst,
To be with Him up there :
That happy time is near at hand,—
The meeting in the air.

But, till He comes, I wish to know
This happiness so sweet,
The peace so very deep and real,
Of sitting at His feet.

J.H.B.

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