

Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses

Eliza R. Snow

quoted here from the 1840 Manchester Hymnal

Truth reflects upon our senses,
Gospel light reveals to some:
If there still should be offences,
Wo to them by whom they come.

Judge not, that you be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave;
Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.

Jesus says, be meek and holy,
For 'tis high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.

It requires a constant labour
All his precepts to obey;
If I truly love my neighbour,
I am in the narrow way.

Once I said unto another,
In thine eye there is a mote;
If thou art a friendly brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out.

But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim;
When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.

Others I have oft reproved
For an object like a mote;
Now I wish this beam removed,
O that tears would wash it out.

Charity and love is healing,
This will give the clearest sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.

Now I'll take no farther trouble,
Jesus' love is all my theme;
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.