

The Value of Faith.
William Miller

Brother Himes: I send you a few of my Christmas thoughts, in verse; they are the simple effusions of my heart, and can claim no merit beyond a medium of expressing my joys and sorrows. Was the dear Saviour born 1847 years ago to-night? Some think he was. Did the angels sing the Christmas chant, "Peace on earth and good will to men," 1847 years ago? If I could know this fact I would believe that, before another Christmas, I should hear, as did the shepherds in Judea, the same voices, chanting 'Glory on earth! Hallelujah! The King of Glory comes to dwell with men below!' This would be glory; the thought that it may be so fills me with joy unspeakable. I hope it is true. I do believe the Bible; if that's not true, there's nothing true on earth.

Faith looks, the heavens resplendent shine;
Its opening portals bring to view
Things past and present, age and time,
God's vast creation, old and new.
Look up, my soul! why grovel here,
When glories such in heaven appear?

See on yon throne, in dazzling white,
The Son of Man with God is crowned,--
Diffusing gracious heat and light
To myriad living creatures round!
Come, O my Faith! look up and see--
This man, Christ Jesus, died for thee!

Upon his brow, once crowned with thorns,
Grace now sits smiling--how divine!
And whispers "peace," amidst the storms
That rack this troubled breast of mine.
Faith hears the word, and doth impart
Sweet consolation to my heart.

When weak, the tempter me assails,
And draws my love from Christ astray;
He speaks in love, no promise fails,
"Come back, my child, I am the way."
Faith forsakes all these worldly charms,
And brings my soul back to his arms.

When, filled with doubts, for sins I mourn,
And Satan's darts upon me fall,--
When, full of tears, my heart is torn,
And longs for help, on Him I call;
"Fear not," He says, and Faith relies
On promises which he supplies.

When Death, the tyrant, claims his due,
And threatens to devour his prey,
It fills my soul with dread to view
The cold, dark tomb, and mouldering clay;
Faith hears His voice say, "Soul, come home!
The battle's fought, the victory won!"

If war and famine fill the land,
And pestilence and flame should be,--
Robbers and thieves join hand in hand,
Scoffers and mobs should all agree,--
These would be evidence for faith:
I credit what my Master saith.

Go, then, ye sceptics, laugh and sneer;
Your time for sport will soon be o'er;
The Judge himself will soon appear,
And your vain boasts be heard no more.
Faith sees the end, and weeps for you,
Repent and love,--believe him too.

If those, who once companions were
In my lone pilgrimage below,
Should leave me, and become a snare
To draw me to the pit of woe,
Faith bids me fly from earthly rest,
And cast my burthen on his breast.

Faith hears the word Jehovah speaks,
Faith sees the way that Jesus trod,--
Faith, by the Spirit, praying seeks
The truth by faith that leads to God.
By Faith we tread this thorny grove,
Through Faith and Hope, to Christ above.

William Miller, Low Hampton, Dec. 25, 1845.
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