

# Sudbury Leaflets.

POETICAL SERIES.

No. 14.

## THE RESOLUTION?

“Sell whatsoever thou hast—and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven:  
and come, take up thy cross and follow me.”—MARK x. 21.

YOUTHFUL heart ! what buoyant feelings  
Flutter through thy chambers fair,  
Unseen hands are roses strewing,  
Magic music haunts the air.

Gaudy domes of pleasure tempt thee,  
Opening wide each glittering hall ;  
While with each fresh burst of rapture,  
Some familiar voices call ;

They invite thee now to enter,  
While in beauty's garb arrayed,  
And with them thy all to centre,  
Where each flower, each leaf must fade.

But a voice within thee speaketh,  
(Kind and deep its accents flow)  
“Wilt thou listen to the tempter ?  
Thorns beneath those roses grow.

“Follow *me*, and I will lead thee  
In the straight and narrow way ;  
And by living fountains guide thee  
Into realms of endless day.

“Dost thou fear the world's dread laughter ?  
It has cast reproach on me—  
Canst thou fear its anger, seeing  
I, on Calvary, died for thee ?”

But the youthful spirit halted,  
Undecided what to do ;  
Wishing to be one with pleasure,  
And to follow Jesus too.

Then again that sweet voice whispered,  
“Thou must *all* to me resign :  
Life, and heart, and soul, and spirit,  
Or thou never canst be mine.

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“Bring to me thy every trial,  
Lay on me thy every care;  
Trust in me, and I will bless thee,  
Guarding thee from every snare.

“I will be thy sure foundation,  
I will be thy Priest and King;  
Like a watchful shepherd lead thee  
Through earth’s devious wandering.”

Then the youthful spirit bounded,  
Like a prisoned bird set free;  
“Jesus! Saviour! I *will* follow  
Wheresoe’er Thou ledest me.”

Oh! the peace that round about her  
Spread itself in that glad hour!  
Oh! the care that hovered o’er her,  
Shielding her from evil’s power!

Unrestrained, each ardent feeling  
Rose, like incense, up to heaven!  
Every tie to earth that bound her,  
In that one short moment riven!

Stripped of all the filthy raiment  
That self-righteousness had spun,  
Stands she now before her Saviour,  
Trusting in His grace alone.

Nor does earth refuse its pleasures—  
Nature greets her with a smile;  
But, through all, she sees the working  
Of her Father’s hand the while.

Ocean tells her of His power,  
While the breezes whisper love;  
Wisdom beams from every flower—  
*All* His matchless goodness prove.

Friendship’s bands are drawn yet closer,  
Love with purer flame doth burn;  
Still she holds all but as lent her,  
Ready, should *He* bid return.

Youthful heart! what joyful feelings  
Dwell within thy chambers fair;  
For a Mighty Hand is building  
For Himself a temple there!