

A Perfect Path of Purest Grace

Macleod Wylie.

Isaac Smith, 1770.

A perfect path of purest grace,
Unblemished and complete,
Was Thine, Thou spotless Nazarite,
Pure, even to the feet.

Thy stainless life, Thy lovely walk,
In every aspect true,
From the defilement all around,
No taint of evil drew.

No broken service, Lord was Thine,
No change was in Thy way;
Unsullied in Thy holiness,
Thy strength knew no decay.

The vow was on Thee Thou didst come,
To yield Thyself to death;
And consecration marked Thy path,
And spoke in every breath.

Morning by morning Thou didst wake,
Amidst this poisoned air;
Yet no contagion touched Thy soul,
No sin disturbed Thy prayer.

Thus, Lord we love to trace Thy course,
To mark where Thou hast trod,
And follow Thee with loving eye,
Up to the throne of God.