



I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. ² And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God. ³ For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith. ⁴ For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: ⁵ So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. (Romans 12:1-5)

This old classic hymn is redolent of not only what our Lord has done for us, but our duties and allegiance for Him, buoyed by our Love. This hymn is the composition of the Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, a Baptist minister in Connecticut, in 1862. The tune, ‘*Savior, Thy Dying Love*,’ is the work of Robert Lowry.

Savior, Thy Dying Love

Savior, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some off’ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

At the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or pray’r,
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, thro' life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransom'd soul shall be,
Thro' all eternity,
Something for Thee.

1 Savior, Thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee. The Love of our Lord did not perish on the cross even as the last drops of His life's-blood fell on the soiled brow of Calvary Mount. You, see, heavenly love is imperishable and does not die with the body of its possessor. *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.* Jesus gave up the Ghost with that same undying love with which He lived life in His earthly ministry. Do we not owe our Lord a tremendous debt of gratitude for His giving His all for us? The soul's great dilemma is 'What shall I Give in Return?'

2 At the blest mercy seat, Pleading for me, My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee. Among other symbols, the Ark of the Temple contained the Ten Commandments. Behind the very Veil of the Temple was the Ark which demanded obedience to the Law in coming to God. But above the Ark was the Mercy Seat which represents the forgiveness made available in our Lord Jesus Christ. You see, in God's Divine government, Mercy trumps Law. In viewing the Mercy Seat behind the Veil (which has been ripped down by our Lord's sacrifice) one must look up above the Ark. We must always look up to know God for He is not found among the mundane proclivities of the world. Yes, He commands us to take up our crosses daily and follow Him. But our crosses are small and insignificant compared to that which our Lord bears – and He bears it for us. He shares even the burden we bear in our own crosses. Yet, we still seek to know what it is that we can freely offer to the Lord – something He may not have had in times past?

3 Give me a faithful heart, Likeness to Thee, That each departing day Henceforth may see Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee. The Lord needs not our few heads of cattle for He owns the cattle on a thousand hills – and more. Our hearts cannot produce any works of worth unless those works belong to Christ working through us. Indeed, *we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.* (Isaiah 64:6) As we become more like

unto Him, our works will reflect that quality of likeness. It is a biblical fact that we can never be saved by our works, but we ARE saved unto good works. Only when our works are underpinned by the love of Christ will they be worthy. We must be the lower lights in the harbor to guide the great ships to safe harbor before the Great Search Light.

4 All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all eternity, Something for Thee. So, what have we to give to the Lord that He has not already given to us? The answer is – NOTHING! There is one thing that the Lord has given which we bartered away for the shiny trinkets of the world – our souls. Adam was our federal head at Eden who sold away our birthright for the paltry fruits of the ill-winded tree. Our hearts are infected by that deadly diseased fruit. Our old self-wills (free will for the proud) were sold out and in bondage to Satan, bag and baggage, and to the Serpent of Eden. So, what can we give to the Lord after all? We can give Him our hearts, made new by His justifying grace, atonement, and redemption. Whatever we value, whatever we treasure – all these are the property of the heart and will accompany the heart given to Christ.

Our Lord died with an immeasurable love in His mighty Heart for His Elect. Our names were CUT into the flesh of His hands and feet with the nails, in His side by the Centurion's lance, and on His brow by the horrid thorns of torture – and by His stripes were we healed. His last conscious thoughts before He surrendered His Spirit were of those whom the Father had given Him. *Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.* (Isaiah 49:15-16)