

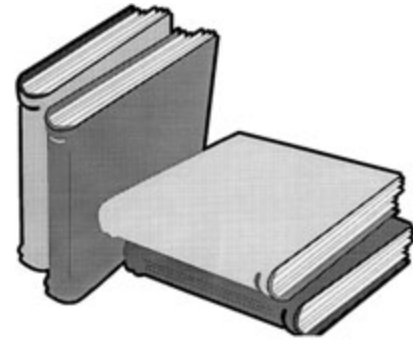
# The Rock and Pit

*Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn,  
and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.*

Isa 51:1

Selections from the Christian's heritage in print,

collected by Dean Brown



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## **This I know.**

On April 28, in 1862, 157 years ago, Pastor **George Washington Bethune** died at age 57 in Florence, Italy. He was born in New York City, trained at Princeton Theological Seminary, ministered in the Reformed Church in America, served in various cities of New York, and Philadelphia, and in the American Chapel in Rome. He wrote this poem the day before he died. From his *Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism* Preface, Banner of Truth 2001.

When time seems short, and death is near,  
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,  
and sins, an overflowing tide,  
Assail my peace on every side,  
This thought, my refuge still shall be,  
I know my Saviour died for me.  
His name is Jesus, and he died  
For guilty sinners, crucified;  
Content to die that he might win  
Their ransom from the death of sin.  
No sinner worse than I can be,  
Therefore I know he died for me.  
If grace were bought, I could not buy;  
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;  
By grace alone I draw my breath,  
Held up from everlasting death.  
Yet since I know his grace is free,  
I know my Saviour died for me.  
My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;  
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,  
And say, 'Thy bonds of death are riven,  
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,  
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free;  
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee.'