

# A Poem Comparing Free Will and Free Grace<sup>1</sup>.

Free-will is a sly, and insidious foe,  
It haunts me and plagues me wherever I go<sup>2</sup>;  
In pulpit or pew, meditation or prayer,  
In reading or writing, he's sure to be there.

Free-will is a trap in which Satan ensnares  
The Pharisee, even while saying his prayers;  
All heavenly work-folk are caught with the bait;  
Their doings so good, and their merits so great.

Free-will is rank poison, a curse and a bane,  
Diffusing its venom through every vein;  
This cup of free-will Adam drank in the Fall,  
Which poisoned himself and infected us all.

Free-will is a plague which in Eden began,  
And marr'd all the beauty of innocent man;  
The leprosy spread from the head to the feet,  
His offspring all caught the infection complete.

Free-will is a thief, of an impudent face,  
Who aims to rob God of His Glory and Grace,  
Ye watchmen in Zion, who are faithful and bold,  
Hunt out the base robber from every fold.

Free-will is a murd'rer of souls every day,  
And millions are slain 'neath his pond'rous sway;  
This murd'rous assassin has people in hell,  
Who, ever in torments with devils, must dwell.

Free-will is a traitor to Jesus, my Lord;  
Rebels at His sovereignty, counsel and word;

---

<sup>1</sup> by Cornelius Slim, 19th century pastor in  
Guildford, Surrey, England

<sup>2</sup> This verse, as all the poem, speaks volumes. I am sad to say that many who declare so freely and wonderfully the truth of Sovereign Grace at the very same time profess and proclaim some form of Free Will in man. God's Word knows only Free Grace and nothing of Free Will. Ephesians 2:1-10 (and indeed chapter 1 as well) are examples among many passages that shines as a blazing light to guide us to the truth as it is in Jesus. R. Schadle

Defying His power with impious strain,  
And cries, "I'll not have this Jesus to reign."

Free-will is a liar, & says, "'tis with ease  
A man can believe and repent when he please,  
That he's a free agent, and so may refuse  
The good or the evil, whichever he choose."

Free-will's an impostor and cheat at the best,  
To offer salvation he never possess'd  
If certain conditions I only fulfil,  
Yet gives me no power to do or to will.

Free-will as a tyrant once rul'd over me;  
But Jesus o'ercame him, and now I am free;  
Made willing to own Him my King from that hour,  
I bow to His sceptre and yield to His power.

Free-grace is a scheme which Jehovah began,  
In covenant counsel He drew up the plan;  
The Mighty Redeemer accomplish'd the whole  
And the Spirit imparted its joys in my soul.

Free-grace is distinguishing, sovereign to choose  
What objects to favour and whom to refuse;  
His purpose must stand who is God ever blest,  
The election obtain'd it, and blind are the rest.

Free-grace from contingencies ever secure,  
Its blessings are absolute, certain and sure;  
For all that are chosen and purchased by blood  
Are conquer'd and made willing servants to God.

Free-grace first enriched me when needy and poor,  
And led me to Christ's inexhaustible store;  
Heal'd all my diseases when ready to die,  
And covered my nakedness as He passed by.

Free-grace pulled me out of the miry clay,  
When sunk in the ruins of nature I lay;  
Wash'd from the filth and pollution of sin,  
And made me both righteous and perfectly clean.

Free-grace in Christ Jesus secures all the crop  
Of spiritual graces, my love, joy, and hope.  
Faith, patience, and meekness, with temperance too,  
And courage to bear me the conflict all through.

Free-grace has to me an inheritance given,  
Laid up and reserved in the kingdom of heaven;  
And keeps me securely, through faith, until I  
Shall enter upon my possessions on high.

Free-grace is the theme of the glorified throng,  
While ages eternal are rolling along;  
All glory and honour ascribe they to Him,  
Who liveth and reigneth the only Supreme.

Free-grace is the boast of true pilgrims below,  
As through this dark valley to Zion they go.  
Delighted the watchmen all lift up their voice,  
Of free-grace salvation they sing and rejoice.

Free-grace long has been my soul's triumph and joy;  
And, while in the body, shall be my employ;  
And when my glad spirit to God shall ascend  
Free-grace is the song which shall never have end.