

February's hymn of the month

By

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As we progress through the year, each month gives us an opportunity to feature a hymn of the month. When February arrives each year, the subject of love seems to come to the forefront because of the 14th. Yes, there really was a man named Saint Valentine who lived back in the third century. Now, there are many hymns that feature love as the focal point. The one I've chosen certainly expresses the subject at hand very well.

George Matheson was born March 27, 1842 in Glasgow, Scotland. As a young man, it became apparent that he suffered from partial blindness. By the time, he was 18, he was totally blind. Like his contemporary Fanny Crosby, blind since three months of age, Matheson compensated for lost sight with a very sharp mind and memory. Eventually, he became one of Scotland's outstanding preachers. Like Fanny, he had a photographic mind and would preach his sermons from memory.

It was June of 1882, and the Matheson family had gathered in Glasgow for a very special event—the wedding of George's sister. Alone that evening in his study, George was overcome by severe mental suffering. Some speculate that his sister's wedding brought back a painful memory of when George's own fiancé rejected him. She said she could not go through life married to a blind man. Whatever the reason, George was compelled to record his feelings on paper. The end result was the hymn, "O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go." Matheson said that some inward voice seemed to dictate the lines and that he was quite sure the whole work was completed in five minutes.

The Bible ways that death, nor life, or angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things to come, nor height, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Romans 8:38-39) Is there anything separating you from the love of God? If so, ask for forgiveness, repent, and allow Christ to establish a love that will never end—a love not founded on feelings, but on facts.

O Love that wilt no let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.

O Light that follows all my way, I yield my flickering torch to thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to hide from thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

The hymn of the month for February: **O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go**

