Thoughtfully \( \text{\#} = 69-76 \)

1. Truth reflects upon our senses; Gospel light reveals to some.

2. Jesus said, “Be meek and lowly,” For ’tis high to be a judge;

3. Once I said unto another, “In thine eye there is a mote;

If there still should be ofenses, Woe to them by whom they come!
If I would be pure and holy, I must love without a grudge.
If thou art a friend, a brother, Hold, and let me pull it out.

Judge not, that ye be not judged, Was the counsel Jesus gave;
It requires a constant labor All his precepts to obey.
But I could not see it fairly, For my sight was very dim.

Measure given, large or grudging, Just the same you must receive.
If I truly love my neighbor, I am in the narrow way.
When I came to search more clearly, In mine eye there was a beam.
Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that blissful shore

Where the angels wait to join us In thy praise for evermore.

4. If I love my brother dearer,
   And his mote I would erase,
   Then the light should shine the clearer,
   For the eye’s a tender place.
   Others I have oft reproved,
   For an object like a mote;
   Now I wish this beam removed,
   Oh, that tears would wash it out!

5. Charity and love are healing;
   These will give the clearest sight;
   When I saw my brother’s failing,
   I was not exactly right.
   Now I’ll take no further trouble;
   Jesus’ love is all my theme;
   Little motes are but a bubble
   When I think upon the beam.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887; chorus by M. E. Abbey
Music: Charles Davis Tillman, 1861–1943

Matthew 7:1–5
Alma 41:14–15