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OUTSIDE THE GATE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

PH. PHILLIPS.

I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child;

With-in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild.

A fear op-press'd my soul, That I might be too late;

And oh! trembled sore, And pray'd out-side the

gate, And pray'd out-side the gate.

2 "Mercy," I loudly cried:
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin;
She eased my burden'd soul,
Then Jesus took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.