

Way! The way to light and glory,
 Way to God's great sheltering heart,
 Way thy bruised hand has opened,
 Way of which God cries, "Thou art."

E'en the blackest, foulest spirits,
 Creeping 'neath thy blood's blest tide,
 May find cleansing deep and changeless,
 As the love in which they hide.

Jesus! Thirsting in the glory
 For these sinful souls of men;
 Could I echo out thy yearning
 Cry thy wondrous, "Now," and "Then."

Ah! methinks dark hearts would nestle,
 Broken, in thy heart of love,
 And nigh break at all the rapture,
 Over sinners saved, above.

Thou art calling, calling ever,
 Calling by thy blood-paved way,
 Calling by thy love's vast measure,
 Calling to the sons of clay.

“**Y**E are like unto whited sepulchres,
 which indeed appear beautiful out-
 ward, but are within full of dead
 men's bones and of all *uncleanness*.” (Matt.
 xxiii, 27).