

THE SOWER.

—♦♦♦—
OUT AND INTO.

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GEN. VII. 1.

OUT from the storm where the wild waves surge,
Wailing their ceaseless funeral dirge ;
Out from the blackness and the strife,
Which Christless, peaceless hearts call—Life.

Into the ark, where the waters lie,
A mighty pathway to the sky—
Into the light of the Father's face,
Into the sinner's resting place.

Enter the refuge tried and sweet,
Gaze on the hidden mercy seat ;
Sing the glad psalm of safety proved,
The wondrous song, " Whom Jesus Loved."

Thou ! It is thou whom Jesus calls ;
He wants thee safe e'er judgment falls—
He wants thy heart with all its sin ;
He wants the soul He died to win.

Outside is death, and death alone ;
Inside the peace which Jesus won ;
Outside the wailing misery ;
Inside a song eternally.