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OUT AND INTO.

"He brought us out that He might bring us in.",—DEUT. vi. 23.

Into the light and the glory of God,
Into the holiest, made clean by blood;
Into His arms—the embrace and the kiss—
Into the scene of ineffable bliss;
Into the quiet, the infinite calm,

Into the quiet, the infinite carm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of disaster and ruin complete, Out of the struggle and dreary defeat; Out of my sorrow and burden and shame, Out of the evils, too fearful to name; Out of my guilt, and the criminal's doom, Out of the dreading, the terror, the gloom:

Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
Into inheritance with all the blest,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release;
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness, bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way!

Out of the horror at being alone,
Out, and forever, of being my own;
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill;
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
Out of myself, and of all I called life:—

Wonderful power, that nothing could stay!

Into communion with Father and Son, Into the sharing of all that Christ won; Into the eestacies full to the brim,
Into the having of all things with Him;
Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.

Wonderful lowliness, draining my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that ne'er gave me up!
Wonderful patience, that waited so long!
Wonderful glory, to which I belong!

Out of my poverty, into His wealth,
Out of my sicknesses, into pure health,
Out of the false, and into the true,
Out of the old man, into the New,
Out of what measures the full depth of
"LOST!"

Out of it all, and at infinite cost!

Into what must with that cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,
Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what satisfies His, and my, heart!
Into the deepest of joys ever had—
Into the gladness of making God glad!
Wonderful Person, whose face I'll behold!
Wonderful story, then all to be told!
Wonderful all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!

A CONVENTION AT BRANTFORD.

An Association Convention will be held in the city of Brantford, commencing on the evening of Monday, the 11th of January, and continuing through the three following days.

Ample arrangements are being made to accommodate with homes all the friends from a distance who may be able to attend. We therefore urge on all to send forward to the address of Geo. W. Markle, Box 216, their names as soon as they have arranged to attend the Convention. Even if the card will not reach its destination more than a train before your arrival, send on the card.