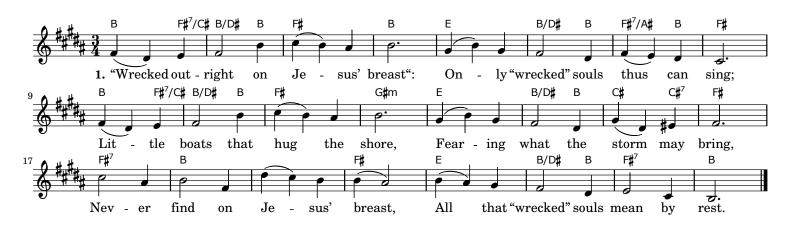
## Wrecked outright on Jesus' breast

The Way of the Cross — The Way of Rest

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- 2. "Wrecked outright!" So we lament;
  But when storms have done their worst,
  Then the soul, surviving all,
  In Eternal arms is nursed;
  There to find that nought can move
  One, embosomed in such love.
- 3. "Wrecked outright!" No more to own E'en a craft to sail the sea;
  Still a voyager, yet now
  Anchored to Infinity;
  Nothing left to do but fling
  Care aside, and simply cling.
- 4. "Wrecked outright!" 'Twas purest gain, Henceforth other craft can see
  That the storm may be a boon,
  That, however rough the sea,
  God Himself doth watchful stand,
  For the "wreck" is in His hand.