

LET US GO FORTH

HEB. 13:13

Silent, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We pass out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our back on all its state;
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot and we would not stay;
We dread the snares that throng the way,
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame,
No dread of scandal on our name;
No terror for the world's sharp scorn,
No wish that taunting to return;
No hatred can to hatred move,
And enmity but kindles love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind;
No looking back on Sodom's plains,
No listening still to Babel's strains;

No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
No thirsting for its flowing Nile.

What though with weariness oppressed?
 'Tis but a little and we rest.
This throbbing heart and burning brain
 Will soon be calm and cool again;
Night is far spent and morn is near—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear.

 'Tis but a little and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home!
 Another year, or more, or less,
And we have crossed the wilderness;
 Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won!

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way;
 Its ending is the endless day!
We shrink not from these tempests keen,
 With little of the calm between;
We welcome each descending sun,
 Ere morn our joy may be begun!

—**Horatius Bonar.**

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