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WHEN THAT WHICH IS PERFECT HAS COME

All the gifts that here are given,
All the faith for which we've striven,
We must loose, when heaven we gain,
As is lost in the sea the rain.

Light that on our path below,
Seems like the summer sunbeam's glow,
Then shall fade and pale away,
E'en as the stars flee from the day.

We have loved the Saviour here,
Loved our fellow travellers dear.
At our home, that love shall be,
Lost, like time in eternity.

Travelling home-ward through the gloom,
Through the shadow of the tomb,
Far too weak are these poor eyes
To view unveiled the heavenly prize.

What a waking! What a dawn!
When the vail shall be withdrawn.
Heart and mind and nature be
Made fit to dwell eternally.

L. A. A.

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— July, 1880 —



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