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OUR PATH TO GLORY

We journey through a desert drear and wild,
 Yet are our hearts by such sweet thoughts beguiled
 Of Him on whom we lean, our strength and stay,
 We scarcely note the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of his glory—on the prize we gaze,
 And in it see the hope of coming days;
 Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimm'd eye.

Thoughts of our gathering—of that joyful day,
 In patient hope we tread the narrow way;
 The dawn draws nigh, and from the watch-tower see
 Millennial day dawn—and the shadows flee.

Thus while we journey on, our Lord to greet,
 Our thoughts and meditations are so sweet
 Of Him on whom we lean, our strength and stay,
 We scarcely note the sorrows of the way.

B_____.

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— June, 1882 —



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