

To go where the dear Lord
Went ere His task was done ;
To "spirits bound in prison fast,"
Preaching of victory won ;
To lead, *if I may* lead,
Through mists and shadows dim,
One poor strayed soul of human form
Back to the light and Him.

This I would choose my task,
Till Sin and Death are dead ;
Until the mediatorial work
Is fully finish-ed.
Then for th' eternal years,
No winter ever chills ;
I have no choice, be that whate'er
My loving Saviour wills.

