

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.

