

The way is long, O Lord, that leads  
 To cooling springs and fragrant meads :  
 I weary of its weary length ;  
 I lose all heart and hope and strength,  
 As here I halt my tired feet  
 And pray for rest so far, so sweet.

I thank Thee for a halting-place  
 Made glad by Thine own smiling face;  
 I thank Thee that the dusty way  
 Thy footstep knoweth day by day ;  
 I thank Thee that some path there be  
 From pain and care to peace and Thee.

I know my times are in Thy hand ;  
 I long for light to understand  
 How Thou canst for each pilgrim care,  
 How Thou canst hear each pleading prayer,  
 How unto Thee each soul is known  
 As it it walked the world alone.

And some time I may comprehend,  
 The way is long ; but at its end  
 A clearer vision waits the sight.  
 In Thy dear garden of delight,  
 Wayfaring done, let me abide  
 Where never falls an eventide.

After wandering long on the mountains and in the deserts of Edom, to use a favourite figure of the author, he reached at last the Promised Land of peace and happiness :—

In reverent, final surrender  
 Of each unto each, they uplifted the burdens  
 Borne separate long, to grow glad with the guerdons  
 Of victory sweeter than any they knew  
 Who are never twin-souled ; so at last would they go  
 In the strength of each other and God to the end,  
 Seeing each within each truest lover and friend.

A SOLEMN murmur in the soul  
 Tells of a world to be ;  
 As travellers hear the billows roll  
 Before they reach the sea.