

THE WEARY PILGRIM

On up the hill the weary pilgrim trod;
Twilight of length'ning years, with silent pace
Comes creeping, creeping; e'er the friendly sod,
With yearning arms, infolds in last embrace.
Dead outer garments earth will claim alone;
God claims the weary pilgrim as His own.

A little higher climb the tired feet.
Above the gloom shines rainbow tinted light;
Soon will the long day's journey be complete:
To eyes once dim, now glorious is the sight.
In shadowed vale a crystal river glides;
Across, angelic hosts each pilgrim guides.

'Tis not the glories of the setting sun
Seen o'er the stream—called Death by mortals here;
But 'tis the dawn, the new day has begun!
The day of life, no darkness, no more fear!
There Christ the Door will Heaven's glories show
To pilgrims who have walked with Him below.

THE CITY OF GOD

I know of a City, a beautiful City,
The wonderful City of God.
Walls, jewelled, enfold clear pavements of gold,
Where prophets and martyrs have trod.
Three gates on each side
Of pearl, open wide
To the four-square City of God.

Bright angels are singing, and joy bells are ringing.
As pilgrims are gathering home,
The weary and sad, the youthful and glad,
Through shadows at even they roam.
Not far from each gate,
Friends eagerly wait,
To welcome worn travellers home.

Unspeakable story, ineffable glory,
Prepared for all those who love God,
Earth's gain is but loss. The way is the Cross,
A ladder Divine linked with sod.
Oh! who would not climb
One step at a time,
To enter the City of God?