

For hours that seem a foretaste of the joy
I shall possess, in Heaven, without alloy ;
For kindred hearts, that tarry for awhile,
And sweet communion doth our way beguile ;
For kindly words, and loving smiles, that shed
A holy charm where'er my footsteps tread ;
For all the joys of life, but more for grace,
That hath provided still a resting place,
Where the worn pilgrim shall at last repose,
And find the bliss that Heaven alone bestows.