

Thou, noble soul, whose life is con-  
secrated,  
To be a source of help and comfort  
here,—

Let not the passing moments tho' elated,  
Buy thee from opportunities so dear.

Thou, noble soul, whose love soars forth  
unbounded  
To meet the love-light of thy Saviour's  
face,—

Let not the joy which is already founded  
Be reflected by the lack of thankless  
grace

But ever in the struggle with the  
Tempter

Who would thy soul in ecstasy reclaim,—  
Step up a little nearer to thy Master.  
His peace and life eternal ever gain