

A Silhouette

To gain some distant goal. I, as that sled,
I, as the ebbing tide, am bore away
By night and day. I cannot, would not stay.

V

The myriad hosts of earth and heaven move,
All creatures that received the breath of life
Have motion; meanest animalcules move;
And if my nobler nature wish to pause :
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," mark her ways,
Learn well the lesson taught by bird and bee;
Learn also that the Christian hosts move on,
Because our Lord's last great command is Go.

VI

The way to glory must be trod afoot ;
The hills so steep, and valleys deep and dark
Are gained, and left behind, but when
We leave on each the impress of our feet.
The thorns that hedge the way will leave their scar ;
The cross that I am given I must bear,
If I would enter Heaven, and would share
Supremest blessedness forever there.

VII.

My strength is God. Obeying him is rest,
For is not rest the fruit of priceless peace !
He gives no armour for my back, nor fort ;
Though I be weak, His power helps me on
Even as I ask Him, for my Leader says :
Whatever you shall ask the Father in my name,
That will He give you. And the Saviour knew
The heart of God the Father as His own.

VIII.

There is no rest for me, unless I go
As Jesus went, for he went doing good.