

We belong to the King's blest household,
 The household of faith and love ;
 We are heirs to a princely fortune,
 And it lies in the land above.
 No thievers can e'er molest it,
 It is safe for ever more ;
 And we hope to enjoy its splendour
 When we leave this mortal shore."

Then I said, "These words sound sweetly,
 I believe they all are true ;
 But why are earth's money-seekers
 So much more in earnest than you ?
 The King has but few in His service
 And those few not half awake ;
 Had they but the zeal of the worldlings
 How the kingdom of darkness would shake.

'Tis no wonder that Satan advances
 And scatters envy and strife ;
 When so languid, cold, and formal,
 Are the heirs of eternal life ;
 You and I must to work, my brothers !
 There's a great deal needs to be done,
 We'll get all that we can to join us
 And work till the victory's won."

The End of the Way.

My life is a wearisome journey,
 I'm sick with the dust and the heat ;
 The rays of the sun beat upon me ;
 The briars are wounding my feet.
 But the city to which I am going
 Will more than my trials repay ;
 All the toils of the road will seem nothing
 When I get to the end of the way.