

Faith's eye discerns eternal blooms,
In stature of God's fullness blown.
Still ours—the true and tender heart,—
The form that trod these paths awhile ;
We said "good-night" content to part
Until the morning light shall shine.
Oh ! blessed hope ! Oh ! promise sweet !
The harvest of the Lord is sure ;
His Hand shall give the guerdon meet
To all that to the end endure !

