

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE

The crags and the valleys re-echoed
As though some lost spirit were found.
The children were stricken with terror
And faded like flowers by the way,
And drooped and died, tenderly calling,
“Hark! the music; we’re tired, or would stay.”

They laid them in mounds by the wayside;
On the quivering air ne’er a sound
But the singing of birds, as they warbled
To mates softly, or tripped o’er the ground.
So now, as they climbed to the hill-crest,
Lo, a valley so green down the glade;
They hasten, while yet it is peaceful,
And sunshine breaks forth through the shade.

Behold they have found the old pathway;
The roses are budding again;
’Tis springtime, the earth with rich verdure clad,
And the promise, “Abundance of rain.”
See the kindness of our Great Creator—
If we knew of the care and the strife,
We would falter and faint ere we started,
Nor dare climb up the pathway of life.