



PARTING WORDS.

CLOSE to the journey's end,
 What words have I to send
 To others toiling on the weary way?
 God will make all things new,
 And they shall find Him true
 When they are standing where I wait this
 day.

He will make all things new;
 And yet the old were true
 If any spark of love were in the past,
 That holy fire survives,
 Kindling, in many lives,
 The yearnings that will be fulfilled at last.
 Even the smallest spark
 That glimmered in the dark,
 The kindly thought that strove to be a deed,
 The smile that chased the frown,
 The careless word kept down
 Lest it should strike a heart too prone to
 bleed.

Love prompted this and this;
 Better than clasp or kiss
 Is the meek sacrifice, unguessed, unknown;
 Lo! while I stand and wait,
 I see the small wax great
 In the clear light from the Eternal Throne!