

But the path for this perilous railway
The hand of the Master has made ;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Roads leading from gloaming to darkness,
Roads leading from gloom to despair,
Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Though the rocks and their shadows surround us,
Though we catch not one gleam of the day,
Above us fair cities are laughing
And dipping white feet in some bay ;
And always, eternal, for ever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of the journey,
There lies the great Station of Rest.

'Tis the grand Central Point of all railways ;
All roads cluster here where they end ;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists ;
All rival lines meet here and blend ;
All tickets, or mile-books, or passes,
If given, or begged for, or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble,
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward
And sweep down the track of the years.
Wherever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing
To the beautiful Station of Rest.