

For ages yet, our foolish race  
Will plod its tedious road,  
With bleeding feet and aching heart,  
Thinking to hide from God!—  
But every tear, each sorrow, yea  
And e'en each low-born deed  
Will yet rebound to pureness,  
To glory;—and the need  
Of thirsty souls be satisfied  
And hungry ones be fed,  
When The All Love hath triumphed,  
And Hate and Lust are dead!

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