



## A voice from the Tabernacle.



- F**ATHER, *the way is dark, all dark and drear.*  
 "I am the Way, the Light, child, canst thou fear?"  
 "Father, my burden seems a grievous weight."  
 "Think, child, thy Saviour's cross was burden great."  
 "Father, along my path the thorns wound sore."  
 "Child, thy Redeemer's head a thorn crown wore."  
 "Father, my weary feet seek only rest."  
 "Child, through Christ's sacred feet cruel nails were  
 pressed."  
 "Father, the far waves roar, with fear I thrill."  
 "Child, they have heard My voice—Peace, be ye still."  
 "Father, the fierce storm beats, I scarce can stand."  
 "Poor child, dost thou forget I hold thy hand?"  
 "Father, the road is rough, I faint, I fall."  
 "Child, thou canst rise again, to rise is all."  
 "Father, the road is long, I see not end."  
 "My child the goal's in sight toward which you tend."  
 "Father, I'll struggle on, nor more complain."  
 "Heaven, child, shall recompense struggle and pain."

MARY E. CAREY.