

Climbing the pathway to heaven,
Up to the mansions of light,
Keeping the prize set before me,
With the Word and the Spirit to guide.

Soon will my labors be ended,
My weapons of warfare laid down;
The Master will whisper, "Come up, John,
I'll give you a robe and a crown."

Sometimes I am tired and weary,
Pain racking this frail house of clay;
I'd welcome the angels to carry me up
Into Abraham's bosom to stay.

But, ah! when I look all around me,
And view men dying in sin,
My burdened heart cries, "A while longer,
Lord, send me to gather them in."

Oh, reader! beware you don't miss it,
The goal set before you to win;
When we gather together to judgment,
Say, will you be washed and made clean?

Yours in the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus.

JOHN S. GREEN.