

And steam boats, on the mighty main ;
And if we do get tired of these
We'll take the air ship, on the breeze.
There's Doctors, and there's Doctor's bills —
And every earthly kind of pills,
And if these don't cure our ills,
They'll tell us, "Worry is what Kills." "
There's organ, and piano, too,
And every sort of music, new.
There's magazines and papers bright,
We get them every morn and night.
In fact, there's everything that can
Help, bless or comfort mortal man.
But, friend, you know as well as I
These will not keep a man from die.
And while these blessings are just fine
They only can bless us for time.
Then what's to comfort one of years
Who looks beyond this vale of tears ?
If he has only nature's guide
He cannot see the other side ;
And, friend, a fear comes o'er his soul
Lest he should chance to miss the goal.
But we have now a message kind,
To cheer and comfort every mind.
Our God did once, to mortal man
Reveal a way, by which he can
Inherit a possession great,
Though far away, and out of sight.