

And open life's high portals wide,
That we may enter in and view,
Through opening vistas ever new
The home where Love and Truth abide,

Stands over all to cheer us on ;
Extends to us the helping hand,
To lead us to that glorious land
By paths which He pursued alone.

Come, let us go, nor lingering stay,
While life and glory call us on
To a loftier than an empire's throne,
A prouder than triumphal day.

And so those seeds of soul desire
Which spring to being here below,
Shall spite of storm and tempest grow
With hourly growth from high to higher.

Till God shall end this yearning strife
And we shall know our nobler birth,
And Spring's bright promise shall bring forth
The Harvest of an endless Life.

