

For we came to that valley which lies beyond—
That valley of semilight and calm—
Where I saw at last the faces of those
Who for earthly ills had found some balm ;
Saved as by fire—a burning brand
Plucked from the flame by a merciful hand—
Each who rode quickly and rode well,
Rode with all speed through Nethermost hell
And forth again ere the dawning.

And the message we bring to the men of the Earth
Is that under life's burden they patiently plod ;
What profited us the mad dash of the night ?
As they, we are blind to the working of God.
But the end of the darkness is drawing near,
Short space and life's mystery will be made clear,
Why some ride badly and some ride well—
Some saved—and some rest in Nethermost hell,
All—all is revealed with the dawning.

