

## Home, Sweet Home

**M**<sup>Y</sup> Dear Suffering Friend:—I have come to take you from your sick chamber, away into the beautiful, healthful, sunshine. I want you to accompany me to yonder mountain. Though weak, you will be able to climb with me in spirit ; for the mind, you know, never grows weary.

With the thought of home in your mind, you will skip, like a hart, along the mountain path until you stand where Moses stood, and then you, too, can view the Promised Land.

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Now we have reached the highest peak. Now we can see the mountains that encircle the Holy City. As I behold them I hear the Psalmist, singing "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."