

We must gain some interest on our gold, not let
it lie and rust.
I am but a steward for the King, till the time of
his return,
There, that will do, supper at ten ; how bright
those fresh coals burn.”
Poor Jasper, he thinks me moping and sad ; well,
well, I only know
I do not wish that he or aught should ever
consider me so,
It would seem like base ingratitude to the Ruler
of my way,
Who showers His blessings about and around
me every day.
But oh, Great Architect, whose hand has carved
my destiny,
There was a time when in my pride, I owned
not Thine nor Thee,
Unheeding the Holy Light Divine to man’s dark
pathway sent,
Unheeding the Bible, blessed chart, to storm
tossed sailors sent ;
With a film in my eyes, I would not see the
ladder based on earth,
Yet reaching to the cloud-crowned height, where
the true Light has birth.
The beautiful angels passing up, with all our
prayers to God,