

**LET US GO FORTH. – Heb. 13:13.
HORATIUS BONAR.**

Silent, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We pass out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our back on all its state;
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot, and we would not stay;
We dread the snares that throng the way,
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;
No love of present gain or ease;
No seeking man or self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame;
No dread of scandal on our name;
No terror for the world's sharp scorn;
No wish that taunting to return;
No hatred can our hatred move,
And enmity but kindles love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind;
No looking back on Sodom's plains;
No listening still to Babel's strains;
No tears for Egypt's song and smile;
No thirsting for its flowing Nile;

No vanity nor folly now;
No fading garland round our brow;
No moody musings in the grove;
No pang of disappointed love;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What, though with weariness oppressed –
'Tis but a little, and we rest.
This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again.
Night is far spent, and morn is near, –
Morn of the cloudless and the clear.

'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home;
A little space – yet more or less,
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won!
