

LABORER GO ON!

Go labor on; spend, and be spent, –
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises, – what are men?

Go labor on; enough, while here
If he shall praise thee, – if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

Men sit in darkness at your side,
Without a hope beyond the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights the thickest gloom.

Go labor on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,
Yet falter not; the prize you seek,
Is near, – a kingdom and a crown!

An old Greek Hymn.

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