
OUR PATHWAY.

OUR LONELY HOURS
IN MEDITATION SWEET,
OUR NOTHINGNESS TO OWN
IN HIS GRACE COMPLETE.

HE WENT BEFORE,
AND SORROW'S CUP DID DRINK:—
HIS FATHER'S WILL
HIS MINISTRY FULFIL.



THE NARROW WAY,
OUR PATH, FROM DAY TO DAY:—
GENTLY HE LEADS,
THO RUGGED BE THE WAY.

A PRIEST IS HE,
IN MERCY HE DOTHT FEEL:—
THE WEAK AND LONELY,
BY GRACE HE'LL EVER SHIELD.

—*JOHN LADOW.*

ZION'S WATCH TOWER, JANUARY 1, 1906.

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