

## BEYOND

Though we see no gleam of the golden  
    spires

Of the City we hope to win,  
No cheering sight of the warming light  
That softly glows within :  
Yet ever, and ever it waits for us  
At the end of a winding trail,  
With a promise of peace that cannot cease,  
A Love that cannot fail.

Though we bend 'neath the weight of a  
    cross we bear,

Or moan in a long night's pain,  
Awaiting the deep and unbroken sleep  
That brings not morn again :  
Yet 'tis only the burden bravely borne  
O'er the thorns of a troubled way,  
That wins to the rest of our eager quest  
At the end of the weary day.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.