

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

A helpless ship, not yet launched forth,
Is the babe in its cradle days;
Just being prepared, by a mother dear,
For life's most difficult ways.

Still guided well by a master hand,
And towed at a slowly rate;
Its rigging not yet fully set,
It passes youth's harbour gate.

Now, in full sail, with great display,
It 'tempts the sea of life;
And aided on by the Grace of God,
Conquers temptations rife.

Yes, storms oft come, on this sea of life,
Causing this ship distress;
But peaceful calms ensuing those,
Heal, by their tenderness.

And lastly, worn by the hand of time,
No longer fit to roam;
This barge attains its final port,
That happy Heavenly home.

W.E.L. '29