

Mizpah
Ellice Lacie, 1896.
Lincoln Hall.

Yes, brief our parting words shall be,
And few our parting tears;
The Lord shall watch 'twixt me and thee
Thro' all the coming years;
His eyes shall our guiding light
Wherever we may roam,
Like beacon fires that burn at night
To lure the wanderer home.

We will not fear that time or change
Our perfect trust can dim,
No shadow of a wrong estrange
The hearts that rest in Him.
But should they for one hour forget
For one faint hour be cold,
The Lord shall watch between us yet,
His love our love shall hold.

Beloved, when we reach apart,
The valley lone and dread,
Which, side by side and heart to heart,
We once had thought to tread,
His faithful rod, thy staff and mine,
Thro' all the ways shall be
The comfort of His grace, a sign
Still between me and thee.