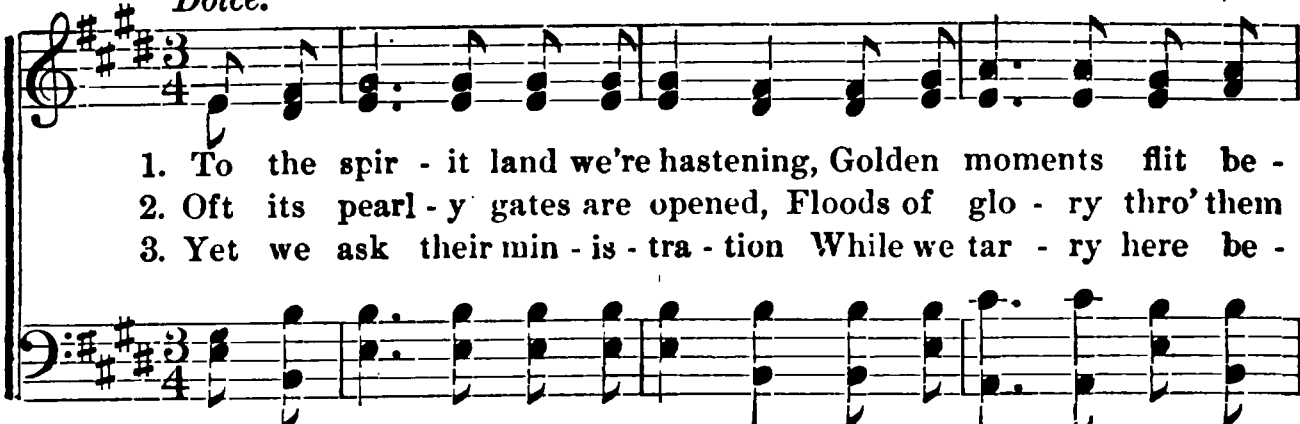
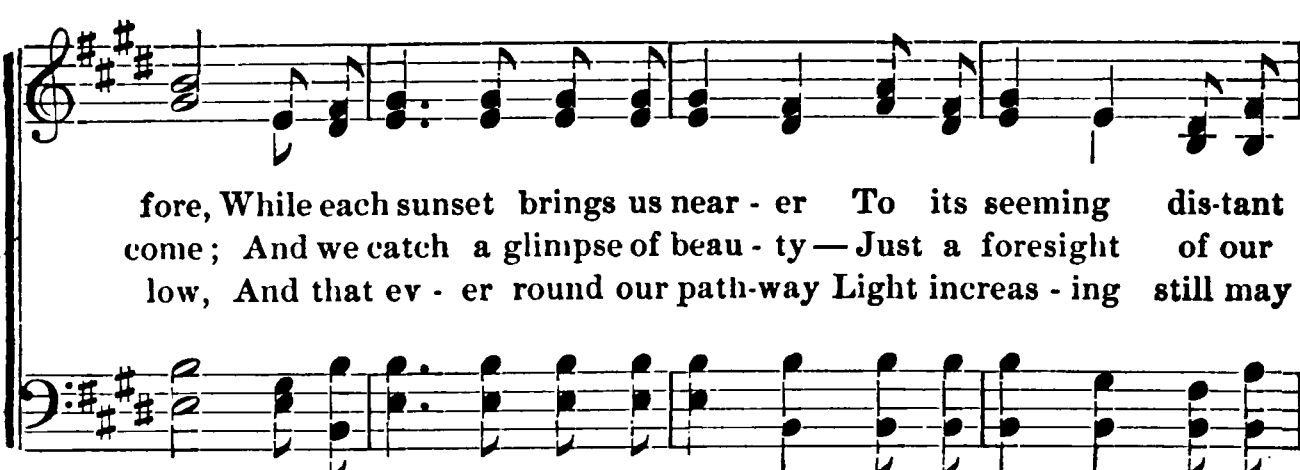


FAITH'S VISION.

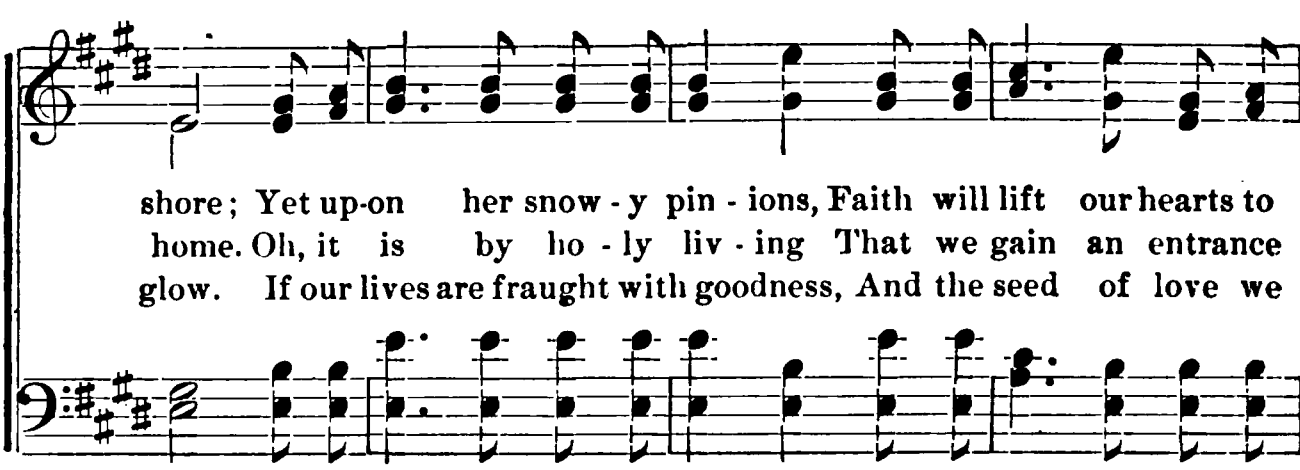
MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

Dolce.

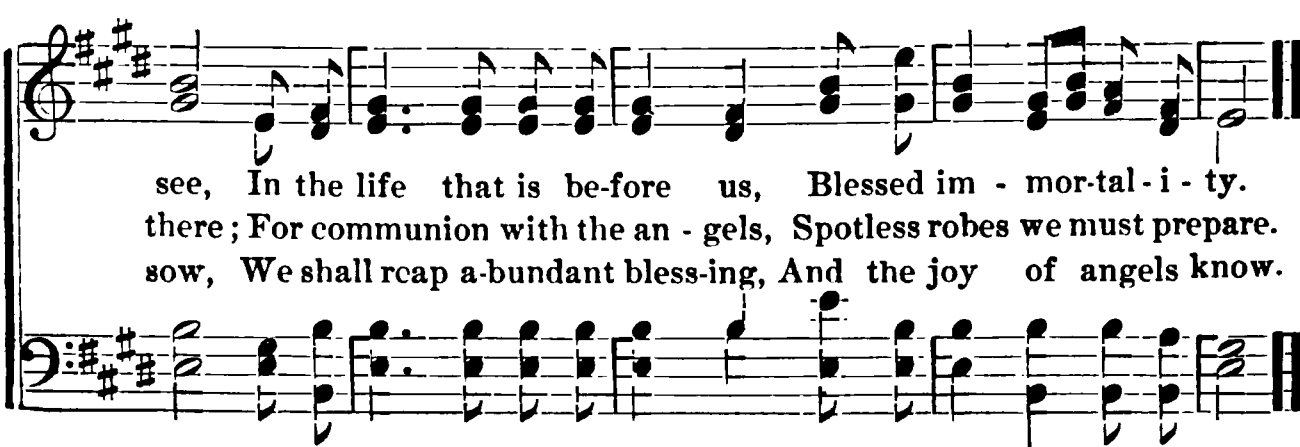
- 
1. To the spir - it land we're hastening, Golden moments flit be -
 2. Oft its pearl - y gates are opened, Floods of glo - ry thro' them
 3. Yet we ask their min - is - tra - tion While we tar - ry here be -



fore, While each sunset brings us near - er To its seeming dis - tant
come; And we catch a glimpse of beau - ty — Just a foresight of our
low, And that ev - er round our path - way Light increas - ing still may



shore; Yet up-on her snow - y pin - ions, Faith will lift our hearts to
home. Oh, it is by ho - ly liv - ing That we gain an entrance
glow. If our lives are fraught with goodness, And the seed of love we



see, In the life that is be - fore us, Blessed im - mor - tal - i - ty.
there; For communion with the an - gels, Spotless robes we must prepare.
sow, We shall reap a - bundant bless - ing, And the joy of angels know.