

VIA VITAE.

In the open road I stand;
Mile-stones many, I have seen,
Looking back, a pleasant land,
Forward looking, sunset's sheen.

Sometimes the shadow of a cloud
Obscures the track or hides the way
And covers with a sombre shroud
The landmarks of a brighter day.

But clouds soon pass, the way appears,
I see the windings of the road;
No need is there for grief or tears,
Forward, I press nor feel the load.

Has the road then any end?
I saw not where it did begin
And far ahead it seems to blend
With wooded slope and vapor, thin.

Whither it leads, I cannot know
But those most dear this path have trod
And following them, or fast or slow,
The goal must be the home of God.

W.K.H. at 70:

VIA AIR.

In the open road I stand;
Mile-stones empty, I have seen,
Looking back, a pleasant land,
Forward looking, wondrously clean.

Remember the shade of a cloud
Because the track or ditch
And covers with a shadow brown
The landscape of a brighter day.

But clouds soon pass, the way appears,
I see the windings of the road;
No need to look for trial or tears,
Forward, I never saw last the land.

Has the road been my way
I see not where it begins
And I shall not be blind
To the wooden steps and signs.

Whether it leads, I cannot know
But those who have the path have tried
And following them, or fast or slow,
The goal must be the same of old.

W.E.B. at 101

