## The Sabbath Recoroer.

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NEW YORK, FIFTH-DAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1860.
WHOLE NO. 81


| To the Eaitito of the Sabbailh Recorrer:- |
| :---: |
| Thie folloming poem was witten a ferm morths |
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| it this moraing. |
| ${ }^{\text {Jank 23, } 1880}$. |
| The Joarney of Lif. |
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| are trayeler, endo ourjo |
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| Of we pust trougt tangled heage, |
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|  |
| Tempets oftimes bat pron us, |
|  |
| And our fin in in darthess sirould |
| But the eatoon Iight-tie Bille, |
| Lights the may through deepest g g |
| Its bright promises illumine, |
| And this light will burr more erighty, |
| Till our home appears in inight, |
| the gates of to us sming open, |
| And were coloteed mith hearenly light |
| Pause a moment, 0 ! ye |
| erest sour light o! |
| Angels droop their wings and sadly, . Deepest echo answers-where? |
| Out mby will yoy grop in darknes, |
| en the lightisis free fio |
| Hery not but haster sineer |
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| For the Sabatat Reoorder. |
| -rilry and Doom of the Nation |
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of his own era took the days of the prophece











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 Of Himi, who for their souls did bleed.

































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