

2. where every hope, yet incomplete, each unfulfilled desire, fruition's plenitude shall meet, till bliss can rise no higher.
O! did our hearts indeed receive faith in her power sublime, the Christian would rejoice, not grieve, to mark the lapse of time.

3. Nature may weep o'er life's short span when forms we love decay: faith views the immortal inward man, and wipes the tear away.
And when we feel we cannot now shelter one heart we prize from many a conflict, many a woe, or brush its secret sighs;

4. then, as we see them onward borne, by time's resistless flow, to that bright shore where none can mourn, where glory crowns each brow; should we not hail their nearer bliss, when faith's sure hope is given!

What means "advancing age" but this, — the drawing near to heaven?

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