

PATH OF FAITH [11-99]

**True happiness is seldom found,
Among the polished stone.
For on the path where most have trod,
Scant faith has ever grown.**

**But should we journey o'er the way,
Where less the path is worn.
'tis there the most pure radiant light,
Brings forth that glorious morn.**

**Whereon we rise to greet the day,
To find our prayers fulfilled.
Then joy and peace fill full our cup,
Just like our Father willed.**

**But oh the faith to pass this way,
The path few e'er have known.
For 'till we see God's face have we,
Gone long and far...alone.**