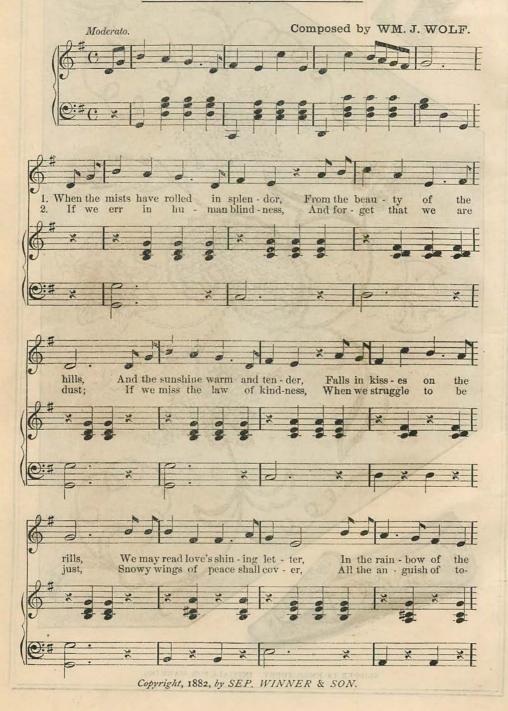
When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

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From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists have cleared away.
We shall know, etc.

When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient mansions,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know, etc.