

*The Pilgrim*

9/3/25

Gone are his friends and gone is his money,  
Gone the companions he knew in his youth,  
Gone are the loved-ones he sat with at fireside,  
Alone, all alone, he searches for Truth.

Onward, still onward and every go onward,  
Never look backward, remember Lot's wife,  
Keep to the course with "Onward" the watchword,  
One moment's rest—that time's lost for this life.

Others have reached there—Divine promised Land,  
God's watching and ever watches His Pilgrims;  
What shouldst thou fear? He is ever at hand.

Up. Climb the mountain and fear not the hillside,  
Pass the dark valleys that torture the soul,  
Turn not nor halt thee, thou still hast a Guide,  
God is thy Guide from the Gate to the Goal.

Of in the distance he sees a bright vision,  
The Celestial City with walls four-square,  
Christ and His angels beckon him onward  
Renewed is his courage that he may reach there.

Who is this pilgrim? Why does he journey?  
Why on the highway alone does he trod?  
What is he seeking? What is his purpose?  
Only purpose only: he seeks for His God.

Life is a journey and we are all pilgrims,  
But lost have we been in the world and its sin.  
When we would that all suffering vanish,  
Turn from without to the world that's within.

Within is the path that all men must travel,  
Within us lies Christ, of all mankind perfection,  
Within us salvation from sorrow and suffering  
To the end that we find Divine Resurrection.

Onward then, pilgrim and God guide thy footsteps,  
Footsore and wary though sometimes be ye  
Cling to thy staff, remember the promise.  
Faint not at darkness, God watches thee.