

There is gate that stands a far
And through its portals gleaming
Though radiance from the cross afar
The Saviour's love revealing

That gate a far stands free for all
Who seek through his salvation
The rich the poor the great & small
Of every tribe ^{and} nation

Press onward then though foes may frown
While mercies gate stands open
Except the cross ^{and} win the crown
Love ever lasting taken

Beyond the rivers brink we lay
The cross that hear is given
And hear the crown of life away
And love the more in Heaven

Oh! debt of mercies can it be
That gate was left a far for me

A few more rising setting suns
And all the blessed little ones
Shal form the bright the happy band
And view the beauties of that land

I composed this to go in the tune of the
lovely sonnet