

# A THOUSAND MILES WITH AN ARMY OF SHEEP.

By R. H. Daly, of Omaha, Neb.

I have for years been engaged at various times in the handling of sheep, being what is called a "sheep feeder." A "feeder" is a man who receives sheep from the ranges into the feed-lots, where they are fattened for market; and he is distinguished from a "breeder," who grows his sheep on the range. Some years since I contracted with a Mexican gentleman living in Santa Fe, in New Mexico, to buy 30,000 New Mexico sheep. Owing to some difficulties with the railroad company in the matter of freight rates I determined to have the sheep "trailed through" to Nebraska, which is a Western parlance means driving them overland. My ranch and feed lots were at that time located at Stevenson, in Central Nebraska; and it was my intention to get the sheep to my yards, there fatten them on grain, and then send them to the Omaha market. I had contracted for the sheep in



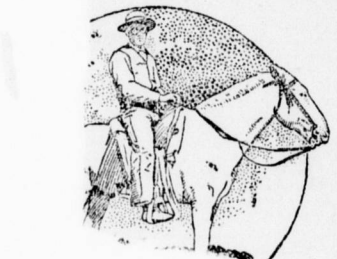
A FEW "SMALL LOTS" OF THE GREAT ARMY STRIKING ACROSS THE PLAINS.

the spring, and if I had consigned them by train I should not have received them all before October. But as I decided to "trail" them in, it was necessary to receive them in the spring, for the drive would certainly take close upon six months.

In the month of April I engaged my men; I also bought two good heavy carts as "grug wagons," four strong mules, and two good saddle-horses, together with all camp utensils and other necessities for the trip. The wagons, mules, etc., I sent down to Santa Fe by freight. My men sent at the same time their tarpaulins and blankets. Two men next went down with the goods and animals to take care of them. The others followed with me a little later on a passenger train. Altogether there were seventeen men in my employ detailed to bring the sheep through. Two were to act as foremen, two as cooks, and the others as herders. It was necessary to divide the sheep into two flocks for driving; hence the two foremen and cooks. I bought my supplies in Nebraska, because I could get them cheaper there than in Santa Fe, and besides, I was sure of getting what I wanted.

Arrived at Santa Fe, we immediately set about getting the sheep together ready for their long drive. The Mexican with whom I had contracted for the 30,000 had, in turn, sub-contracted with numerous small Mexican ranchmen for the required number. His agreement with me was to deliver at Santa Fe the specified number and quality of animals. There were several reasons for buying in this way. First, the Mexicans in the outside know nothing of money, and gold would accompany every purchase. These wild hills and a money in one's possession positive madness, and one had a well-armed body-guard. Small bands of sheep were bought and grazed around until finally my Mexican "grug" his interpreter that they to hand over the lot. These, by the way, usually speak English, and so I have to be conducted by an interpreter.

With 18,000 lambs and 12,000 three-year-old wethers, I set out to count the wethers, or band as it is termed "rounded up" and got ready to march the corrals. Two tents were constructed, side



Fe stable and went with them for a short distance, riding on ahead with Martin to overtake the first outfit. Convinced that the men knew their business and would make the great divide without serious trouble, I returned to Santa Fe. Then, as my business interests would not permit of longer absence, I returned to Nebraska by rail. As to the details of the trip, Mr. Charles Taylor, who was one of my herders and is still in my employ, will give them:

I started as a herder with the bunch of lambs which Mr. Daly had bought in Santa Fe, and was with the outfit for the whole trip. There were some features of the trip which might have been called hardships, but I myself enjoyed it. I have worked with sheep the greater part of ten years, and do not mind a little inconvenience.

Our 18,000 lambs were run in six bands, with a herder in charge of each. So there were five herders besides myself. Mr. Martin was foreman, Mr. Charles Taylor was foreman, and John Norris was a herder. We left Santa Fe on May 1st, and the weather was very dry. The wethers which we were getting the

best of the feed and not leaving enough tender stuff for our lambs. They were travelling slowly, and Mr. Martin determined to get ahead. So we made a night drive, overtook them, made a circuit around their camp, and the next morning our lambs were leading the way.

New Mexico is always a dry region, and the spring had been unusually dry, so that the grass was not very good and the dust something terrible. Dust, by the way, is always the worst feature of the trail. The cloud that hangs over the flock looks, from a distance, like the smoke from a prairie fire. Our faces were black most of the time. We all wore eye shields of tinted isinglass to protect our eyes, otherwise some of us might have gone blind.

After we had passed Las Vegas, some fifty miles from Santa Fe, we began to descend from the high levels to the lower plains, and the hills were almost impassable.

From Las Vegas on into Colorado the grass was burned brown with the drought, and water was scarce. Of course we had to depend on ponds or streams for our water supply. Some of it was pretty thick—"thick enough," the boys said, "to carry in a gunny-sack." But a man is not at all particular when he is "on the trail." Sheep are not heavy drinkers and can do without water if there are heavy dew on the grass, but on this occasion the air was so dry that dew was very light, and much of the time there were none at all. Finally, we were without water altogether, and for five days the sheep had no water at all. We hoarded the little we had, but at length it was all gone. For two whole days, in intense July heat, we hadn't a drop for ourselves. The sheep had been five days without water when we approached the Canadian River. We were fully a mile from the bank when the poor animals scented the water and stampeded. We did our very best, but we might as well have tried to stop the wind. In one mad whirling rush, gathering speed as they went, the bands crowded together and reached the river in a dense, struggling mass. They plunged in, climbing over each other, and piling up until it looked as if we might lose them all. We, of course, plunged after them, towing, dragging, and throwing sheep out of the river, until every man was quite exhausted. When we got the flock out of the tangle we found there was no fewer than 800 lambs drowned. Mr. Martin rode back to warn the other outfit to hold their bands at a safe distance from the river and bring on one band at a time. This was done, and so they were able to get across without loss.

Of course we had to replenish our stores occasionally, and our cook would go across country to some town near us when we needed something. Our principal fare was bread, bacon and gravy. Bread was baked every day in the big camp kettle. It might be supposed that we had mutton for dinner sometimes, but we did not, though we had nearly 20,000 sheep in front of us. Very few sheep men will eat mutton. I myself would have to be very hungry indeed to eat it.

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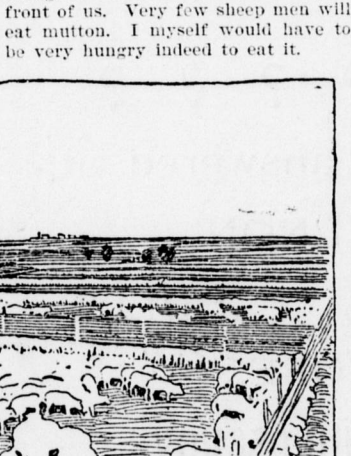
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The morning after we had counted the lambs we stated them after the others. I hired a horse from a Santa Fe stable and went with them for a short distance, riding on ahead with Martin to overtake the first outfit. Convinced that the men knew their business and would make the great divide without serious trouble, I returned to Santa Fe. Then, as my business interests would not permit of longer absence, I returned to Nebraska by rail. As to the details of the trip, Mr. Charles Taylor, who was one of my herders and is still in my employ, will give them:



THE VAST "ARMY" SAFELY INSTALLED IN MR. DALY'S FEED LOTS IN STEVENSON.

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On one occasion we approached a large cornfield, and found that we could save three miles by going through it instead of around. Martin said, simply, "Take 'em through," and we did. On the farther side stood a man with a shot-gun waiting for us. "What's the damage?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Twenty dollars, and not a cent less," answered the farmer. Martin paid him the money and on we went.

We reached the little town of Stevenson on the evening of the last day of September—just five months from the day we started. The second bunch had overtaken us, and we went through the town with our twenty-nine thousand odd sheep. The fog of dust we raised nearly smothered the town.

I enjoyed the whole drive, and we all came through in the best of health. I found I had gained twenty pounds in weight and never felt better.

(Signed) CHAS. TAYLOR.

The sheep came through their thousand-mile drive in good condition—"much better than if they had been 'shipped' in. Since that time many other sheepmen have followed my example and trailed in their sheep.—The Wide World Magazine.

## "LITTLE INDIAN PRINCESS."

Something About Lenora Porter's Rare Accomplishments.

"The Little Indian Princess" is the sobriquet applied to Miss Lenora Porter, the twelve-year-old daughter of General Pleasanton Porter, chief of the Creek Indians and the wisest man of the five civilized tribes.

Miss Porter is held up to nearly 25,000,000 and the most beautiful in

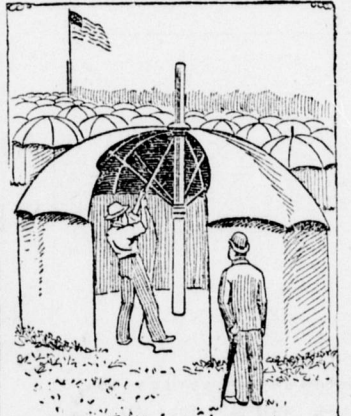


MISS LENORA PORTER.

Indian child in Indian Territory, according to unanimous vote of the photographers. She is highly accomplished and can play and sing with the skill of a professional. The Indians call her princess. She is a half-blood Creek. She lives with her parents in the "white house" of the Creeks at Okmulgee, and every spring entertains the children of the tribe at a May party on the capitol grounds, where they crown her "queen of the May."

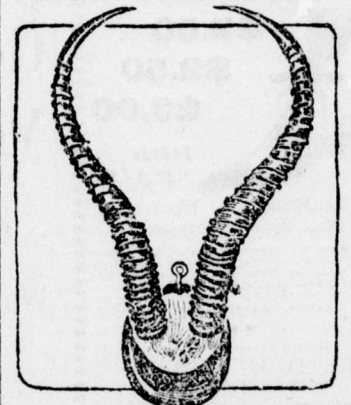
Pleasanton Porter has been three times elected chief of the Creeks and is a wealthy man. He is well educated and says his daughter shall have as good and thorough an education as money can buy.

An Umbrella Tent.



A new umbrella tent is now used by hunters and soldiers. It has a central pole, with sliding collar and ribs, and is opened and closed like an umbrella. When closed the canvas is rolled around the pole, umbrella fashion.

An Ornament From South Africa.



Horns of the hartbeest, an African antelope, are capable of taking a high polish and are much cherished as ornaments in this country. Mounted on ebony, like those shown in the illustration, they are handsome in the extreme.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: **Life's Stormy Way—It Is Rough Sailing Without Christ in the Ship—He Smooths the Pathway For Those Who Trust in Him.**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is now in Europe preaching to immense congregations in the great cities, sends this sermon, in which he describes the rough places of life and indicates the best means of getting over them and shows how many people fail to understand their best blessings; text, Mark iv, 30, "And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

Here in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of His life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here? I can understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote: It is not that the wild gullzelle Comes down to drink thy tide, But he that was pressed to save from hell Oft wandered by thy side.

Graceful around the mountains meet, Thou calm, reposeing sea, But, ah, far more the beautiful feet

I can easily understand how the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. This lake in Christ's time lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, grooved, so many hanging gardens of towers. On the shore were castles, armed boats, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world. From the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oak and Roman gateway in pleasure boats sailing on any lake, and countrymen in fishing smacks coming down to drop their nets pass each other with nod and shout and laughter or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret. But there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor pirate vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, the boat would rock and, by the gentleness of the motion, putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow, made out of a fisherman's coat, and think no sooner is Christ prostrate and His head touched the pillow than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The white waves like a desert, and among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen and in the strong wind crack like pistols; the smaller boats, like petals, poise on the chills of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto Him, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the voice of drowning men. He looks out upon the sea. He looks out upon the lightning. He looks out upon the spray. He looks upward, and he cries, "Peace!" Looking downward, he says, "Be still!" The waves in that, or in that face, the foam melts, the extinguished stars re-ignite their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are baling out the boats and while they are trying to untangle the cordage the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of a man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship, for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul you are bound to do, but oh, have Christ in every enterprise!

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms will come down from the top of Mount Hermon and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this world for no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the longboat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off, he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you at all, he will hold you up. Get on with you, out of the religion of Christ; hile everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane-deck, and the decks are crowded with practical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is God for a time; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord's trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boat, and I have no doubt they said, "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it.

Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had

a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John was in a fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Abbigenes, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say? A young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad and say, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow a Christian? Or Christ was in a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution. If you do not find it in one way you will get it in another way. But be not discouraged! Take courage. You are in a glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials, and He will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get frightened in the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures! Look at the various errors going over the church of God! We are going to founder. The church is going to perish. She is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by inquiry in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overturned, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text! Don't worry, don't fret, as though inquiry were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion comes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After awhile the lion has got through sleeping. He rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the night. He does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his roar he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ. He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord." He is never overturned again upon the nation. Christ is overcome forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What a snare is set for the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Revival in England and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there was a great revival at Somerville, N. H., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "You are going to bring too many people into the church at once," and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston, a great revivalist. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival. They wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Lord's day and looked over the solemn and reverent assembly, brethren, in reality the work of God. Beware how you stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff and took hold of the small end of the staff and began to let God blow from the top of the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impotent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling; thou art falling—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane," and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact that God was not in revival. "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home. He is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continent! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals!

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if anything must go to ruin. The disciple had given up the idea of managing the crew; the crew were entirely demoralized; at Christ rises and the storm crouches at His feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempest! You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who kept falling and falling questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night fact, among the falling arches and the crumbling stairways. Or all your property swept away, you said: "I had so much bank stock; I had so many Government securities; I had so many houses; I had so many farms; all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trumped with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overturned. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can; better than you can, O bereaved mother! Hush! hush the tempest. When your property went away, God said, 'There are treasures in heaven in banks that never break.' Jesus hushing the tempest."

There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world, and try to take hold of the next we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death. All the powers of darkness seem to let against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together. But that soul is not troubled. There is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our pilot.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on the bright, silvery tide; We're home at last. Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er; We stand secure on the glorified shore! Glory to God, we will shout evermore, We're home at last.