

## *The Road to Wells*

"Fear not: for I *am* with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west;  
I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back:  
bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth;  
*Even every one that is called by my name: for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him;  
yea, I have made him.*"  
*Isaiah 43:5-7*

Have you seen the tender bud of the myrtle,  
Or heard the voice at dawn of the turtle,  
While she sits pacifically by the way,  
As token of peace for those who assay  
This path to take which, though new, is old,  
Which leads the soul unto the good Shepherd's fold?  
This way is hard (yet strangely pleasant),  
O! who will incline their ear to this holy lesson?  
I have trembled to see the water-flood pass over,  
And all the way obscured and quite covered;  
Yet gracious Hand still guided and stayed,  
Those who from this road have not strayed.

The way has been dark, and for some,  
The way has been clear as noon-day sun;  
The difference is plain, but the design is sovereign:  
The Shepherd, by door, keeps safe within,  
Those precious sheep for whom he died,  
And called from crag and steep unto his side.  
In blankets, I've seen the fields, tucked away at dawn,  
As the heavens seemed to stoop and welcome as by song  
The stranger, who by wandering found,  
Salvation's ring - and knew the joyful sound!  
Inglorious for some, beset with many a snare,  
While others have had no such story to share.

The beasts of the field not always foreboding  
Of peace, have obstructed the way, beholding,  
The end of those passengers and to what they attend,  
To paint in better colors this scene, I do not pretend;  
For knowledge is good to gird up the mind:  
And such may be the passage you are to find.  
I have heard of winds that well nigh blew away  
The hopes of those that took this infamous way;  
Always contrary, has that South-Wind been found,  
Which would divert those from coming to this infamous town.

For the convenience of some, I'll not fail to make mention,  
Of highways above and below, how we lie in the tension;  
The highway above runs inter-state, that all the nation round,  
May descend and see, if here in truth, Messiah's to be found;  
While those that lie below have withal been given  
The calm, quiet track called: state-highway "7".  
And since we are the southern-most state, these be  
The most prospective ways; within which lies the county:  
"Cherokee" (wherein the little town of Wells is hidden):  
And for all those that are here bidden,  
I'll add one more word of counsel to your inward call:  
Make haste and be warned, lest by the wayside you fall!

The road to Wells possesses of itself nothing special,  
But stands by all those that seek the mountains to level,  
Which in this day divide the Bride from her true glorious luster:  
Among they all which have prepared, and stout hearts amustered,  
Who have raised the Blood-red color in the air:  
Proclaiming no quarter, no retreat, and no prisoner,  
Denouncing the thought of compromise with this spirit-dark,  
Which on every side is working to take God's saints off their mark!  
The road to Wells, nothing special to find!  
Only a peculiar people, with Spirit one-of-a-kind.  
The road to Wells, may there be many more!..  
Roads which lead to saints gathered, clean hands and hearts pure.