

Youth's Department.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

You have read of the Moslem palace—
The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumma,
The wonder of all the lands

You have read of its marbel splendors,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glisten
Like visions of Paradise.

You have read of its marble splendors,
Of its pinnacles snowy fair,—
So pure that they seemed suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air.

Of the flow of its fountains falling
As softly as mourner's tears;
Of the lily and rose kept blooming,
For over two hundred years.

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,
The jewels that crust the wall,
The carvings that crown the archway,
The innermost shrine of all—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
(Whose chiselings mortal man
Hath never excelled), the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends
Whose letters are set in gems,
On the walls of the sacred chambers
That sparkle like diadems.

And they tell you these letters, gleaming
Wherever the eye may look,
Are words of the Moslem Prophet,
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a palace only
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—The Shad had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all.

So minaret, wall and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent—Love

You know of another temple,
A grander than Hindu shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

You have read of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood,
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By the wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives,
And cedars, are round it there.

And graved on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than Islam hath ever known:—

Texts culled from the holy Gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a rarer luster
Than the gems of the Hindu fane.

The plan of the temple, only
Its architect understands:
And yet He accepts—(Oh, wonder!)
The helping of human hands.

And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring Him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-Builder
Disdainfully cast away:—
Why, even He takes the clippings,
We women have brought to-day!

Oh, not to the dead—to the living,
We rear, on the earth He trod,
This fane to His lasting glory—
This Church to the Christ of God!

Why labor and strive? We have promised
We love Him—and that is all.
(And dare we the vow recall?)
To do it because we love Him,

For over the church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword—Love.
—Margaret J. Preston, in *The Missionary*
Helper