

DR. MARION OLIVER

HIS TOUCH

I thought but of self and home and friends,
And gave not a thought to those
Who live in sorrow and die in sin,
With never a chance to choose.

I never thought of the lands beyond
The bounds of my own loved land;
For self I lived, and for self I wrought,
For self I struggled and planned.

Till the Lord of Life, and Light, and Love,
Spoke loud to my slumb'ring soul—
"O child of my love, bear thou to far lands
The message that makes men whole."

Then He touched my eyes, and, behold, I saw
The darkness of heathen lands,
With their myriad idols, and muttering priests,
Their greed, and their cruel demands.

He touched my *ears*, and I heard the cry
Of souls in sorrow and pain,
Who know not Christ and His saving power,
And whose death can never be "gain."

He touched my *lips*, and they longed to speak
To those by sin bowed down,
Of Him who to give us eternal life,
Himself wore a thorny crown.

He touched my *heart* with His pierced Hand,
And I cried: "Oh Lord! send me,
To the souls that sit in the shadow of death
Let me tell them of Life in Thee."