



The Master

SPEAKS.

*ART tired, My child? I have been weary, too,
 Often amid the vales of Gallilee
 And hill-girt Nazareth, where foxes knew
 Their safe and desert shelters, and for Me
 Was not a resting place! Yea, I have dwelt
 Long nights with weariness more bitter deep
 Than aught that thou, worm one, hast ever felt.
 Then plain not that thy way is hard and steep,
 But take thy cross, remembering evermore
 Thy feet but tread where Mine have trod before.*

*Art lonely, child? Hast thou forgotten, then,
 That I of loneliness have drained the cup
 In desert bidings and in paths of men—
 A draught with all earth's bitterness brimmed up?
 Cheer, lonely one, for in such grievous hour
 The struggling soul to loftier stature grows;
 Strength comes of loneliness, and wondrous power
 Springs where the flame of self-communion glows;
 Knowest thou that thou shalt ever be
 In solitude the nearer unto Me?*