

Great Father, save us from the hopes that burn,
 The loves that fret, the sweets that fade and cloy :
 Back from the gleaming chaos do we turn,
 And plead for Love that knows no sin's alloy.
 Grant Thy pure love to us who die from sin.
 That Love divine which none but One might win.

See, see, a Rain hath washed the world to-day !
 The sun sweeps high, the dark woods sigh in sleep :
 Why from the glory do we turn away,
 And seek the wild hues of the shadowed deep ?
 Spirit, Thy children from their passions rise,
 Serene and pure as Thine immortal skies.

—C. A. Girdler.

The Dilemma.

Sick of myself and weary for all love,
 I linger on the misted shore of life.
 Darkling I gaze into its fume and strife,
 And droop my head to see no stars above.

God ! Grant me light ere in the silent stream
 Forever and forever forth I stride !
 Over the caverns where the Horrors glide
 Let Thy calm radiance glow like childhood's dream.

Night still, and night ! and from the gloomy strand
 A Hand uprises in an iron glove.
 I have no plea save that Thou mad'st me love :
 Shall I trust all, or but the mighty Hand ?

—C. A. Girdler.

The Irony of Nature.

The little frith's all dimpled o'er with silver,
 Save now and then, where fine-spun cloth of gold
 Starts up to gleam—in swift recoil to quiver,
 And quietly slip past, in happy fusion rolled.

Oh friend, oh everyman, oh pleb, nay mark me well !
 In thy face there standeth written thy sonship from Peter Bell,
 Seest nothing of God's presence in lazy frith or shady dell ?