

THE TRUE EVANGEL.

Because that men were deaf, and man to man
I could not speak, but inarticulate
Still felt the burden and the urge of fate,
The strong compulsion of the perfect plan,
From shrine to shrine with eager steps I ran
Hearkening to every tumult of debate
Until my weary soul was desolate.
Then turned I to the fields where life began;
And lo! the evangel of the seed has taught
That not through man to God can any rise;
Alone and trusting he must lift his eyes
Until the light of living truth be caught,
And then will deeds with love and patience fraught
Through God to man reveal life's high emprise.