

Why I am a Believer.

WEAK and uncouth

I pick up faith, and hope, and love,
Duty, and truth;
Potential powers in me they move
But in their youth.

Faith gently rises,
Urges a Moral Being that blesses
And energises,
That God is more than spiritual guesses,
Sacred surmises.

Hope leaps afar,
Transcends the horizon of our sphere,
Past sun and star,
And brings back message to the ear,
God and Christ are.