

All Hallows in the West.

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Poetry.

LIGHT-BEARERS.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—St. Matt. v. 16.

Thy Truth is only, Lord, a trust
For me to take and carry on,
That when this body is but dust
The treasure too may not be gone;
But dwelling in a brother's heart
May fashion him new earth and sky,
And be a large and living part
Of all our great Humanity.

It is no good for me alone,
No private tool, no selfish toy,
But that whereon I may enthrone
A gentle universal joy;
A blessing for the common weal
That shall not pass or perish more,
But set as a Diviner seal
Mark what is pure and precious ore.

Father I take the Light from Thee
And kindle thus a brother's breast
With that eternal fire, till he
Finds in Thy Refuge only rest.
O let it shining from me give
The warmth and love that others lack,
And yet in future bosoms live
To beacon endless wanderers back.

—F. W. Orde Ward.

The Wayfarer.

"Whose art thou? and whither goest thou?"—Gen. xxxii., 17.

The history of all religions has been the story of man, under Divine leading, struggling and wrestling by faith for a clearer, nobler and more worthy way.