

THE GLORY OF SERVICE.

Within the human breast there burns the living flame,
Of large desire for renown and eminence,
Begotten by the Master Hand of God supreme,
Or living as an offspring of the fated fall.
And back in the eternities of holy light,
E'er man was fashioned by the perfect art of God,
In Heaven ineffable their swayed angelic minds
A spirit to excell, to seek the mastery
Of all the heavenly host, the Throne, and God Himself.
But suddenly the Hand of God smote all, who, moved
With sordid selfishness and ruled by base design,
Sought things unknown, forbidden, and with infinite
Rebound, they fell from light, and Heaven's first estate
To Hades regions of remorse and punishment,
There to abide in "everlasting chains," till Time
Should end and righteous judgment fix their latter fate.
Man, since the fall, which did not quite annihilate
The Godward tendency imparted to his soul,
Has striven hard and long with the alluring hope
To rise and scale the heights which seem to indicate,
The eminence that once was his, but now beyond
Recovery by human means and yet which serve,
To actuate his soul to yearn for God and help
Divine, which, once the heart receives will operate,
To raise the being and transform its elements,
Into a character complete, unique, divine.