

The Sacrament



The World was builded out of flame
and storm.

The oak, blast-beaten on the hills,
stands firm,

Stalwart and strong. The ore is broken,
crushed

And sifted in the fiery crucible;

The remnant is pure gold. Brave hearts
must dare

The billowy surge beneath the stern
white stars

To net the finny harvests of the sea.

No boon is won, but some true hero dies.

Therefore is every gift a sacrament,

And every service is a holy thing,—

Not unto him whose filthy pence unearned

Buys him the treasure, but to him
who takes

The gift with reverence from that unknown

Who went forth brave and strong, came
broken back,

But won for us a rare and priceless pearl.

—*Albert D. Watson.*