

"In view of this promise let us inquire :—(\*)

" *If to this company our Lord would come,—  
If now, and here, Jesus would make his home,—  
If face to face we could behold the head—  
Once scarred with thorns, once covered with the dead,—  
If in our hands, those hands were laid, once torn  
With cruel spikes and on the cross-tree borne ;  
These startling questions, gallant Templars, might  
Our GRAND COMMANDER make to us to-night :*

' *Servant of Jesus, bold and free,  
What hast thou done, Sir Knight, for me ?*

" *I saw the widow's tears ; I heard the cry ;  
Her little ones in rags and misery ;  
Her household lamp gone out, her firelight dead,  
In utter loneliness and lack of bread ;  
Then, Master, in thy place I stood ! My hand  
Was opened wide to that afflicted band ;  
I fed them, clothed them ; and that widow's prayer  
Named my poor name who saved them from despair.  
This, Oh Lord, I did for Thee ;  
Thou hadst done so much for me.*

' *Servant of Jesus, bold and free,  
What hast thou done, Sir Knight, for me ?*

" *I found a good man compassed round with foes,  
On every side reproaches, threats and blows ;  
In innocence he bravely stood, and well ;  
And many a foeman to his good sword fell ;  
But nature failing, soon his arm were numb  
Had not my cross-hilt sword relieving come.  
Then, Master, in thy place I stood ! My blade  
Flew swiftly from its scabbard to his aid ;  
I shielded him.—I smote till close of day  
And drove them all, discomfited, away.  
This, Oh Lord, I did for Thee,  
Thou hadst done so much for me !*

' *Servant of Jesus, bold and free,  
What hast thou done, Sir Knight, for me ?*

" *I saw a drooping heart—his youth had fled,  
Friends of his manhood, age, had joined the dead ;  
He stood beside a monumental stone,  
A mourner, broken-hearted and alone ;  
Hopes, once as bright and flowery as the spring,  
All withered, down upon returnless wing ;  
Then, Master, in thy place I stood ; I showed  
From Thy last messages the love of God ;  
Pointed thee out, upon the radiant throne,  
And, lo ! he made Thy promises his own.  
This, Oh Lord, I did for Thee,  
Thou hadst done so much for me.*

' *Servant of Jesus, bold and free,  
What hast thou done, Sir Knight, for me ?*

" *Master Divine, in all life's weary round  
None so unhappy as myself I found !  
Blind, naked, sin-polluted, wholly lost,  
A wreck upon the ocean, tempest-tost ;  
Naught could I do to win Thy loving smile,  
For all my doings, like myself, were vile ;*

(\*) In the recitation of the Poem quite a dramatic effect was produced by dividing the four responses among as many intelligent Sir Knights, whose distinct enunciation and exact delivery gave great force to the respective sentiments uttered by them.