



JUSTIN.

“ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο.”

DEDICATION.

O poor, sad hearts that struggle on and wait,
Like ship-wrecked sailors on a spar at sea,
Through deepening glooms, if, haply, soon or late,
Some day-dawn glimmer of what is to be,
Not knowing Christ, nor gladdened by His Love
And Life indwelling—to you I dedicate
These humble musings, praying that from above,
On you, being faithful found, the light may shine
Of Life incarnate and of Love divine.
Take then these thoughts, in loving memory
Of those dead hearts that brought it first to me.

