

A Harvest Prayer.

I ASK not, Lord, for golden coin,
For such may drive me far from Thee.
I ask, O Lord, Thine Image stamped
On golden opportunity.

I ask not wealth from silver mines
To dig and spend with sordid crowds.
I ask but leave to oft supply
The silver linings to life's clouds.

I crave not diamonds rich and rare,
The quartz that shadows hate and crime.
I crave to find some moral gem,
Soul-sifted in the Sands of Time.

I crave not rubies from the East,
Red from the rocks thro' which they came.
I crave to feel that Christ is God,
Red blood of martyrs on His Name.