

How strange it was to sit at meat,
 With the Provider seated nigh ;
 Providing Him—O mystery sweet !—
 With life, that He for thee might die ;

And in thy little working-stall,
 Outshaping simple wares, to teach
 The awful Hands which fashioned all
 Duly, of these, to fashion each.

“ Not very skilful at thy trade ”
 Thou wert ; or so traditions tell.
 It matters not : *the one thing made*
 By thee consummately and well

Was all in all—a life complete,
 So wrought to its minutest part,
 That love made all its labour sweet,
 And handicraft grew noblest art.

So teach us, holy prince of God,—
 In lowly guise who wroughtest here,
 Bedewing earth's most bitter sod
 With thy brow's sweat through many a year ;—

To fashion our lives after thine
 In patience and simplicity,
 Working, each day, for ends divine,
 As in the Holy Family,

(Where each indeed should hold his place),
 Whether by toil of hand or brain ;
 Unskilled, perchance, yet skilled in grace ;
 God-serving, till with God we reign.

FRANK WATERS.