

In being set to such a task as this,—  
 A task to fill us with the glorious thought  
 Of being fellow-workers with our Lord,  
 To hasten on His ends for such as these.  
 How often,—reading in my lonely past  
 The wondrous story of our Christian faith,  
 How, like the mustard-seed, it grew and grew  
 Till its great branches, spreading far and wide,  
 Threw grateful shadow o'er the whole round world,—  
 I've felt that we who live in these last times,  
 Sharing the fruitage of that tree of life,  
 Should follow in the steps of those whose toil  
 Nourished and fostered its first tender years,  
 And I felt guilty that I simply lived  
 To gather in the fruits of others' toil !

PHILIP.

Yes, love, it is the seal our God hath set  
 On our united life, most nobly crowned  
 In being linked to such a high behest  
 As this,— to help to mould His image here,  
 Raising these blindly-groping, childlike hearts  
 Towards that true Light they half unconscious seek,  
 Whose rays shall wake in them the budding germs  
 Of pure and high ideals, such as we  
 Have learned to love in Christ's own human life,—  
 Our heritage through centuries of faith !  
 The seeds we sow take ages for their growth—  
 Ages of light and heat and heavenly dew,  
 Nor may we see their rich maturity,  
 But only tend their growth as God may please,  
 In the soul-garden He hath given to us,  
 Wherein to toil for Him till evensong !

CLARA.

Yes ; and perchance our Gertrude knows it all,  
 From those calm heights where Passion's voice is still !  
 I wonder if her cup of bliss might be  
 The sweeter for our work with Ernest here ;  
 For scarcely seem we severed,—she above,