

At the Gate.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"For, behold the kingdom of God is within you."

Thy kingdom here?
Lord, can it be.
Searching and seeking everywhere
For many a year,
"Thy kingdom come" has been my prayer.
Was that dear kingdom all the while so near?

Blinded and dull
With selfish sin,
Have I been sitting at the gates
Called Beautiful,
Where thy fair angel stands and waits,
With hand upon the lock, to let me in?

Was I the wall
Which barred the way,
Darkening the glory of thy grace,
Hiding the ray
Which, shining out, as from thy very face,
Had shown to other men the perfect day?

Was I the bar
Which shut me out
From the full joyance which they taste
Whose spirits are
Within thy Paradise embraced—
Thy blessed Paradise, which seems so far?

Let me not sit
Another hour,
Idly awaiting what is mine to win,
Blinded in wit,
Lord Jesus, rend these walls of self and sin,
Beat down the gate, that I may enter in.

Encouraging Words.

If you cannot be a leader
In the crowd that pours along—
Raise the fallen, lying prostrate
Under foot amid the throng.

If you cannot fire the nation,
If you cannot stir the race,
Lay cool hands on aching foreheads,
Give sad hearts a resting place.

If you cannot reach the strangers,
Gather in the men you know;
Teach your friend the way to glory—
Draw your comrades where you go.

Though your work be never mentioned,
Though your name may not appear,
Speak one word for Jesus only,
And the Lord at least will hear.

The Teacher's Prayer

REV. W. BOWMAN TUCKER, M.A., PH.D.

Breathe in me, Lord, that I may live,
And grow, and bring forth fruit for thee;

Make me anew, thy Spirit give,
So I thy witnesser shall be.

Give sight to me that I may see
The wonders of thy Holy Word;
Give me a will disposed to be
Obedient to my loving Lord.

Make me a teacher, strong and true,
Reflector of thine own full light,
By grace of person, able, too,
To magnify the way of right.

Thy hallowed inspirations give
Through earth's bright hues, the
lighted sky,

And by the common life we live,
And by the Life that lived to die.

Companionship was Christ's blest way
Of teaching truth and saving men;
So may my life from day to day,
In intercourse exalt thee then.

And as Emmaus roads lead on
To hearts made warm through truths
made plain,

To revelations of the Son—
So speak through me to men again.

Assured of truth, I would truth speak,
Conviction ring in every word;
As thou, my Lord, blest Teacher, meek,
So spake as never man was heard.

So would I teach that beauty rare,
And born of heaven's eternal fount,
May be the outcome of my care;
Reflection of the Holy Mount.

Make strong my strength, my faith in-
crease,

My love for all men, let it flame,
That, Christ-like, I may never cease
To teach to all thy holy name.

And while I live and show to men
How thou wouldst have men live for
thee,

So may I live with grace within,
Men glorify my God in me.

Shawville, Que.