

Poetry.

UNITY.

LIFE is not one grand, great act,
Age is not a pulse's beat,
Growth is not a sudden gain,
One lone ship is not a fleet.

Christ's first band of toiling ones
Could not say, His work is done;
Coming ages must pursue—
Must complete what they begun.

So His followers labor on,
Adding theirs to labor past,
God designs they all shall make
One blest workmanship at last.

No true effort can be spared,
Christ our Lord must claim them all,
Lest the beauteous fabric fail,
Lest the massive structure fall.

What disciple has not said,
Have I toiled the best I might?
Have I made the Master's cause
My chief service and delight?

By and by, in His own time,
When this work is fully wrought,
What an honor then to say,
God has used the mite I brought.

—P.E.F.

THANKFULNESS AND MURMURING.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

—Archbishop Trench.