

Service.

*"It is not mine to run with eager feet
Along life's crowded way my Lord to meet ;
It is not mine to pour the oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe of linen fine ;
It is not mine to break at His dear feet
The alabaster box of ointment sweet ;
It is not mine to bear His heavy cross,
Or suffer for His sake all pain and loss ;
It is not mine to walk through valleys dim,
Or climb far mountain heights alone with Him ;
He hath no need for me in grand affairs
Where fields are lost or crowns won unawares.
Yet, Master, if I may make one pale flower
Bloom brighter for Thy sake through one short hour,
If in harvest fields where stray ones reap
May bind one golden sheaf for love to keep,
May speak one quiet word when all is still,
Helping some fainting heart to do Thy will,
Or sing one high clear song on which may soar,
Some glad soul heavenward, I ask no more."*