

And now in this still hour when every day
 On the dim altar lies the Son of God,
 That offering of which the prophet spake, *
 And feeds His children with their daily bread,
 Let us speak on of those high themes that lift
 The soul from out of the trammels of this life
 Up to the throne of God, and so, perchance,
 As on that country road at eventide,
 The risen One shall come with gentle voice
 And set our hearts on fire."

Thus they conversed,
 Unconscious of aught else in trance divine.
 And, as a mist rising from vale and hill
 Discloses fields, and further off the dawn
 On the broad sea, until there rolls unveiled
 The long full glory of the landscape, thus,
 As Justin sat, clearer his vision grew
 Of this new faith, until he saw the Christ
 Come towards him thro' the mists of dying creeds
 That once had shrouded Him. And thus they spake,
 And Justin learned how suffering here and sin
 Resisted were but powers to try the soul
 And forge it out more strong for this hard life,
 More bright for that hereafter, and that Christ
 Informing all the soul with His great love
 Can purge the thoughts and bend the stubborn will :
 For other creeds but touch the edge of being,

* Malachi i. 11.