

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,

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\* Malachi i. 11.