

The Soul's Costume.

What brilliant vestures for my spirit wait,
 Within the precincts of the temple gate,
 Captive of hope, secured by golden chain,
 Child of the free, thy purchase I right maintain.

Arrayed in costly robes of sovereign grace
 Open my eyes that I may see Thy face,
 Call in the wandering thoughts no more to
 roam,
 And meekly let me rest a child at home.

Rest till I feel the flow of living power
 To work, and wait, and watch through danger's hour,
 Resist with boldness in the lawful strife,
 Lifting aloft the flag of lasting life.

Nerved with the strength of dignity Divine,
 Claiming the vital dower of priceless time,
 Marking the steps of man's ascending road,
 Joying to find his being clothed with God.



Guiding Light.

I bring my empty urnise for golden oil;
 Enlarge the vital spark to generous flame,