

To the twelve Christ gave the power
 To check the growth of sin in man ;
 From His throne He now does shower
 Grace on the means of his great plan,

Which fills his sacraments with fire ;
 Gives strength to bruise the tempter's arts ;
 Preserves from Satan's rage and ire,
 Rendering harmless all his darts.

Christ alone can extract the root
 And take the sting of death away ;
 When man does heed his Maker's suit,
 Christ will proclaim eternal day.

THE TEMPTER'S ARTS.

How grievous is the love of gain,
 When it does men's souls enchain ;
 Cheating and grasping all they can,
 Then the daily hourly plan.

To gain a little bit of land,
 Many will soul and body strand ;
 Pass restless days and sleepless nights,
 Scheming plots for other's rights.

They will cause you both pain and toil,
 If their arts you try to foil ;
 Against them you cannot succeed,
 Unless God does intercede.

One with another will combine,
 To work out their dark design ;
 In a great circle they will join
 What they covet to purloin.