

The Cry of the Christian Soul.

IF the Power of Powers ignores us,
Who is with us, who is for us?
Wails the dismal human chorus.

We have creeds of former ages,
Work of holiest, mightiest sages,
We are reverent and courageous.

There rescission, here correction,
Thro' it all a strong connection
Points to God and to Perfection.

Purpose is astir 'twould seem ;
Are we fools to wisely deem
We are in a Mighty Scheme !

Here a virtue, here a vice,
Man's Perfection needs a price,
And the price,—self-sacrifice.

Such is breathed on heathen column,
Writ in every holy volume,
Swelling forth, supremely solemn.