



The Friend Divine.

THERE are no multitudes to throng Him  
here.

No chiding voices nor detaining  
hands—

Our Lord within the Tabernacle  
stands.

To human need accessible. Draw near  
And pour thy confidence into His ear ;

He twice lay helpless in His swath-  
ing bands,

And life's insistent—yea, and death's  
—demands,

Fulfilled with courage, Godlike and  
sincere.

There is no other, howsoever dear,  
Can whisper, in the silences, apart,  
Such sympathetic words as He  
Whose Heart

Was torn for love by the centurion's  
spear.

Red as His blood, the lamp before  
the Shrine—

Oh, woud not, by neglect, the Friend  
Divine.

JENNIE T. HILES.