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CONSCIENCE.

LAST night, while heart and lips were frivolling all un-
preparedly,
My little black and shriveled soul confronted me ;
With ribald laughter ringing loud, full in the flush of
foolish pride,
Naked I stood before my God, and sought in vain to hide !

Sweet music spoke to my senses, and soft, luring sounds,
Beckoned me back. But the black soul had burst its bounds.
And step by step, all trembling, to the very threshold of the
Throne,
Before my Judge, it led and left me, prone.

And while in mute and wretched woe, I waited for the wrathful
word,
Lo ! All my terror fell away. In ecstasy I heard
The tones compassionate of Him who died for us on Calvary :
"Rise Son, and go in peace ! Thy sins are all forgiven thee."

THEODORE F. McMANUS.

TOLEDO, Ohio.