

Serene in changeless prime of body and of soul.
That creed I fain would keep, this hope I'll not forego."

Or, as this comfort to our sorrow finds expression in the Arabic lament: "Yea, the righteous shall keep the way of the righteous, and to God turn the steps of all that abideth; and to God ye return, too: with Him only rest the issues of things." Therefore, if we may

close this meditation with the concluding words of a book of luxury and carnal delights,* let us say: "Glory to Him whom the shifts of time waste not away, nor doth aught of chance affect His dominion; whom one case diverteth not from other cases, and who is sole in the attributes of perfect grace."

* The Arabian Nights.

GOD IS WITH THE MAN OF LOW ESTATE.

BY MARETTA R. M'CAUGHEY.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox.

—Edwin Markham, in "The Man With the Hoe

"Brother to the ox!" Is this the meaning
Upon the roughened palm and stooping back?
The long, close-written pedigree that lacks
No record of continuous toil? Gleaning
No hour of joy, no recompense? Leaning
Across the years, do we find only racks
Of torture? See but stupid, backward tracks,
With never upturned face to read the meaning
The Lord God writes upon the "peaks of song"?
O God forbid! Shall we judge all the yield
That to the centuries' harvesting belongs
By one sad, straggling growth within the field?
"Time's tragedy" is there, and cruel wrongs
That centuries have made and left unhealed.

But surely 'gainst the dreary canvas falls
Some gleam of light upon that "slanted brow."
The "silence of the centuries" allows
Interpretation now, as bugle-call
To set our own to thundering at the wall
To let in light. By so much he is now
Above his dumb yoke-fellow at the plough.
So far he's past the darkest hour of all,
By so much he is nearer to the dawn,
Though still he's deaf to "music of the spheres."
Who made him dull? By whom were drawn
Those bars that doomed a Soul to stunted years
Instead of growth?—why question? We are born
To free him. Why yield, then, to childish fears?

There's One who helps. He grants us all a place
To grow, though blind to Pleiades' far swing
Across the sky: though deaf to music's ring
In rapturous dream: though dull to Nature's grace,
Yet as safe-hidden in its wondrous case.
The chrysalis, with patient, folded wing,
Brooks never once man's clever mastering.
So lives the stunted peasant, brute in face
And gesture, holding what man cannot mar
Nor make. Lift cruel hands, O Masters! Wait
And work with One who hides the tyrant's scar.
He presses back with Love compassionate
The dreadful Terror threatening near and far.
Cease wailing o'er the world's impending fate,
For God is with the man of low estate.

—Western Christian Advocate.