

A way to miss the penalty of sin.
 This golden hour of opportunity
 Was mine to voice God's message.

Should I play

In well turned sentences with platitudes
 Of moral truth they knew too well to heed ?
 Or with smooth tongue assume that vice lay hid
 From all who heard me ?—that its fruits and flowers
 (Though seized perhaps far off there in the street),
 Were impotent to tempt the throng who knelt
 And sang, and gave their alms here in God's house ?
 Should I extol the power of Mother Church
 To sow no seed which sprang not "good for food,"
 To play no music but in keys divine,
 To guard, to teach, to heal, to satisfy
 All her obedient children ? (As if in deed
 She had been a very mother, with a heart
 To love and sympathize and understand,
 And not an echoing fabric waiting sound
 Of human voice to make it tuneful, warmth
 Of human heart to keep it from the cold).
 O, Christ, Who art the only Guiding Light,
 The Healer, Saviour, Way and Truth and Life,
 The Everything for weary, storm-tossed man,
 Help me to raise Thyself before them. Thou
 Alone canst strike the master key and give
 The sweeter fruit, the everlasting flower
 Of self-abandoned life ; canst find a door
 To many a closing life, and with a voice
 More piercing than the thunder peal canst force
 The dumbest heart to hearken. Thou alone
 Canst free the burdened lives from sin's dead weight
 And breathe therein a new-born power to turn
 From earth's poor shows to God. Be with me now
 And blot me from their sight, so Thou shine forth
 In perfect love, and pow'r, and holiness.
 O, Holy Spirit, reach through me to-day
 The cold, the weary, the perplexéd heart
 That waits Thy voice. Use me to work Thy will
 And let the word I speak be wholly Thine.
 My text was this : " All Christ, and Christ in all."

S. G.

" 'He doeth all things well !'
 We say it now with tears ;
 But we shall sing it with those we love,
 Through bright eternal years."

From "Ezekiel" and other Poems, by B. M.