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A WORKER'S PRAYER.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine,
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is
mine.

One instant's toil to Thee is denied
Stands all eternity's offence ;
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Brings Eden to the craftsman's brain,
God-like to muse o'er his own trade
The man-like stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;
Oh, whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.