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PRAYER.



RAYER is the alcahest by which is wrought

That marvel, metals base transformed to gold—
'Tis the true fire from heaven by which hearts cold

Of men are kindled to divinest thought:
'Tis David's harp, whose magic chords have caught

A charm to banish evils manifold;

Or Aaron's dry rod blossoming of old.

Prayer is the tree of knowledge, guarded, not

By serpent false as once, but angels mild

Who care each soul with love's celestial flame.

Prayer is the fountain in the desert wild

Where Hagar with thirst-famished Ishmael came;

Or manna's daily yield it may be styled,

Or bread in ashes baked to strengthen prophet's frame.

E. C. M.