

To rest forever at the feet of Christ,  
But suffering, pain and toil shall sweep across  
Its stillness, and the strife of noisy tongues,  
And persecution cold, and nakedness,  
Shall break its surface, but each pain shall be  
Bright with the love of Christ, and all thy life  
Shall be a path to lead men up to Him."

So the priest parted, blessing him, and Justin  
Rose from his knees and moved among all men,  
And reasoned with them of the love of God  
And his dear Christ, and led men up to Him  
From false philosophies, until at last  
His life set in the crimson of his blood  
And rose in splendor near the throne of God.