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THE EMPTY CHAIR.

Wherever is an empty chair—
 Lord, be Thou there !
 And fill it—like an answered prayer—
 With grace of fragrant thought, and rare
 Sweet memories of him whose place
 Thou takest for a little space !
 With thought of that heroic
 Great heart that sprang to Duty's call ;
 With thought of all the best in him,
 That Time shall have no power to dim ;
 With thought of Duty nobly done,
 And High Eternal Welfare won.

Think ! Would you wish that he had stayed,
 When all the rest The Call obeyed ?
 That thought of self had held in thrall
 His soul, and shrunk it mean and small ?

Nay, rather thank the Lord that he
 Rose to such height of chivalry ;
 That, with the need, his loyal soul
 Swung like a needle to its pole ;
 That, setting duty first, he went
 At once as to a sacrament.

So, Lord, we thank Thee for Thy Grace,
 And pray Thee fill his vacant place !

JOHN OXENHAM.