

Dominion Presbyterian

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GIVE IT EXPRESSION.

"I might have said a word of cheer
Before I let him go:
His haggard visage haunts me yet,
But how could I foreknow
That slightest chance would be the last
To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearning cannot send
That word from earth to heaven.

"I might have looked the love I felt;
My brother had sore need
Of that for which too shy and proud
He had no words to plead
But self is near, and self is strong,
And I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes,
And thirsting, turned away.

"I might have held in closer clasp
The hand he laid in mine:
My full rich life to his sad soul
Had been like generous wine.
Warming a heart whose strains e'en then
Were ebbing faint and low;
Mine might have been (God knows) the art
To stem the fatal flow.

"Ah, word and look and touch withheld!
Ah, brother heart now stilled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
I might have cheered and filled!
Talents misused and chances lost,
O'er which I mourn in vain,
A waste as barren to my tears
As desert's sands to rain!

"Ah, friends, whose eyes to-day may look
Love in living eyes,
Whose word and look perchance may thrill
Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like our Lord in love,
And constant as His grace,
With light and dew and manna fall—
The night comes on apace!