

MY SACRIFICE.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift to-day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine – a thing that seemeth small;
And Thou alone, O Lord, can'st understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching gaze can'st see
Struggles of passions, visions of delight.
All that I have, or am, or fain would be –
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none.
Now, from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth – "May Thy will be done!"

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail;
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en,
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own;
But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

– New York Observer.
