

## OUR MASTER.

WHITTIER.

"No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years: –

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,  
A present help is He,  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

"The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

"O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

"Thou judgest us. Thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn.  
The love that draws us nearer Thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In different phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may Thy service be? –  
Not name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee."

