

THE PRAYER OF THE CONSECRATED.

"We seek not, Lord, for tongues of flame,
Or healing virtue's mystic aid;
But power thy Gospel to proclaim,
The balm for wounds that sin has made.

"Breathe on us, Lord; Thy radiance pour
On all the wonders of the page
Where hidden lies the heavenly lore
That blessed our youth and guides our age.

"Grant skill each sacred theme to trace,
With loving voice and glowing tongue
As when upon thy words of grace
The wondering crowds enraptured hung.

"Grant faith, that treads the stormy deep
If but thy voice shall bid it come;
And zeal, that climbs the mountain steep,
To seek and bring the wanderer home.

"Give strength, blest Saviour, in thy might
Illuminate our hearts, and we,
Transformed into Thine image bright,
Shall teach, and love, and live, like thee."

