

MY ONE TALENT.

"IN a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

"Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

"Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

"And I know he will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in his presence stand.

"What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay his claim!

"Some will double what they hold;
Others add to it tenfold,
And pay back its shining gold.

"Lord, O teach me what to do!
I would faithful be and true;
Still the sacred trust renew.

"Help me, ere too late it be,
Something now to do for thee;
Thou who hast done all for me!"