

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.”

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— February, 1885 —