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THE MASTER'S TOUCH

“In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

“Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

“Spare not the stroke! do with us as Thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!”

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— September 15, 1905 —



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