

As Faith Depicts

I stole to our little chapel
 One eve in the waning light,
 As the dusky shadows gathered
 And deepened into night;

I opened the wooden portal,
 It swung with a grating sound,
 And the echo filled the chapel,
 The silence was so profound.

There I had gone for comfort
 And rest for my weary mind,
 With trials and tribulations
 Forgotten and left behind;

And there in that holy temple
 Was I, but a dirty clod,
 In the presence of my Saviour,
 Alone in the house of God.

I could not discern the altar,
 But the flickering vigil light,
 Like a beacon always burning,
 Directed my eye aright;

For it is the faithful lighthouse,
 A symbol of our belief,
 At the mouth of the Holy Harbor
 To pilot us past the reef.

It showed me where Jesus rested
 In the shadows deep and dim,
 So I knelt in the silent darkness
 And offered myself to Him.

And while I was rapt in worship,
 Another, oppressed like me,
 With confidence came to visit
 Our Lord in the Sanctuary.

He pressed the electric button,
 And the glow of the lights profuse,
 Revealed what the shades had hidden,
 Just as I knew it was.

And thus in our mental darkness,
 On earth we are forced to roam,
 With nothing but Faith to guide us
 At last to the goal and home,

But when we behold in Heaven
 The light of His glory shine,
 The light of Eternal Splendour,
 Revealed by the Hand Divine,

The truths which we held as sacred
 Unclouded will all appear,
 Just as our faith depicted
 While we were viators here.

—D. S. M., '34