

"MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

(John xx, 28)

"We've seen the Lord!" Thus the disciples greet
The one who was not there when Jesus came;
"The Master, Thomas!" (Low they breathe His Name—)
"His wounded side!" "His pierced hands and feet!"
"We've heard those comfort-giving words and sweet
"Peace be to you!" "But Thomas' faith is dead.
Fond hopes, vain visions, dreams of pow'r have fled.
Why the sad fall of blasted hopes repeat?

Eight days have passed of faith-destroying grief;
Nor Peter's joy, nor Mary's gentle word
Can pierce that stubborn wall of unbelief.
"Except I see—" he says, when lo! is heard
A Voice; a glorious Form appears. Once more
Faith lives. Let us with Didymus adore.

R.G.E., '27