

Dec. 1913

Conversion

Clad in the armor of an unbelief
My soul sent challenge to Eternal Power,
Unrest sought combat—sorrow a relief,
Blind pride stood upright where the angels
cower.

The balm of pleading left a wound unhealed,
I could not see and did not dare to doubt :
So, robed for war, with bigotry as shield,
I journeyed forth to seek the mystery out.

I saw no guide, but felt a mighty will
Compel my steps along a rugged way
Into a cave, where rippling, thrill on thrill
Sweet strains of wondrous music seemed to
stray.

A voice spoke in my heart, "Here shalt thou
find
That One against whose power thine anger
cried !"

I found Him, knelt and wept, no longer blind ;
The Infant Saviour smiled and darkness died.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.



695