FOR THE MANY

IN THE garden of life I strayed:—
    And the trees there grew,
    Were the cypress and yew—
Nor fain had I stayed.

Who prays here alone? Who kneels in the shade
By the cypresses made, His head 'gainst the stone?
'Tis the Christ, here, alone, they come not, the many.
If thou found the way, thou must stay
And pray with the Christ—for the many.

An angel will come with a cup
For thee to sup. If he holds it to thee,
Though gall it may be, thou must drink—for the many.

An angel will come, and close to thee stand,
With bread in his hand—thou must eat
The bitter and sweet, with the Christ—for the many.

An angel will bring the cross to the King,
In the Garden of Life. In thy hour of strife
Do thou arise for the sacrifice.
Bear up an arm of the Cross, thou—for the many.

If the clouds should lift, and through a rift
In the Golgotha gloom,
The glory of God should bloom,—fill up
Thy soul's empty cup, and pour it out—for the many.

MARGARET TROILI CAMPBELL.