

“Oh show me how to thank Thee, praise Thee, love Thee,
 For these rich gifts bestowed on sinful me,
 The rainbow hope that spans the sky above me,
 The promised rest with Thee.”

As if indeed He spoke the answer, fitted
 Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up:
 “Let any rise if they have been omitted
 When passed the bread and cup.”

Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
 Millions of faces crowded up to view,
 Sad eyes that said, “For us is no provision;
 Give us your Saviour, too!”

Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
 Wild with despair, or dark with sin and dread,
 Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
 Hopeless, un comforted.

“Give us,” they cry; “your cup of consolation
 Never to our outstretching hands is passed,
 We long for the Desire of every nation,
 And oh, we die so fast!

“Does He not love us, too, this gracious Master?
 'Tis from your hand alone we can receive
 The bounty of His grace; oh, send it faster,
 That we may take and live!”

“Master,” I said, as from a dream awaking,
 “Is this the service Thou dost show to me?
 Dost Thou to me entrust Thy bread for breaking
 To those who cry for Thee?”

“Dear Heart of Love, canst Thou forgive the blindness
 That let Thy child sit selfish and at ease
 By the full table of Thy loving kindness,
 And take no thought for these?”