

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRUE PRAYER.

BY H. SAMUEL FRITSCH.

You may pelt the Power that rules above
With your puny, prattling prayers;
You may thumb your beads and mouth your creeds
And fondly think He cares.
You may beat your drums and beat your breasts,
You may bend your calloused knees;
You may sign your cross and incense toss
And fondly think He sees.

But the prayer that moves the Power above
Is the prayer that moves below;
That brings to pass two blades of grass
Where one was wont to grow.
And the prayer that soars beyond the lips
Is the prayer that lends a hand
To struggling cause and people's laws
And helps them fast to stand.

For 'tis he that takes the victims' part
Who are ground 'twixt stone and stone,
And pleads their case in Justice's face
That mercy may be shown;
And 'tis he that lifts Oppression's heel
From the cringing necks of men,
Who breaks the yoke of the under folk
And sets them free again—

Yes, 'tis he that helps his brother man,
Whose prayers ascend to Heaven—
For to orphans' cries and widows' sighs
Is God's attention given—
Why then pelt the Power that rules above
With your rattling blow on blow?
For the only prayers for which He cares
Are the prayers that move below!