GOD

The orthodox have held afar
    Beyond man's ken the throne of God,
    And timed approach thro' sundered sod
Alone, in faith's named Avatar.

In agonized travail of soul
    To meet his Maker face to face
    Man't trial, found in fear, must trace
His trammelled way to spirit's goal.

Such brief of error to maintain
    Discharges life of half its joy,
    And tricks of love's divine employ
The sweets of heaven's earthly reign.

God lives in essence, human souls
    In Him find Lethean atmosphere
    To sense the graces, stifle fear,
And seize upon ambition's tolls:

To grasp the wonder of the mite.
    The miracle of blossom's fold,
    And fearlessly of mind to hold
In loving awe the Infinite.

CHARLES SLOAN REID.
IDOLATRY

God reigns! The attitude of mind
   Outlines the Deity's strange form,
The spirit of the raging wind,
   Astride the lightnings of the storm,
Within the golden orb of day,
   The crescent moon's profile at night,
Propitious light in moulded clay,
   In stone gargoyle the vested might,
The leaping flame of deathless fire,
   The thund'ring cataract sublime.
The crocodile in brackish mire,
   A brazen calf the God-head's mime,
The totem's secret, housed in faith,
   That holds the worshipped being near,
Ancestral urns, with 'prisoned wraith
   The pledge of exaltation here,
The crucifix, of Christian prayed,
   Transfiguration's visioned scene,
The unseen Trinity arrayed
   In spheres beyond a star-meshed screen.
Strange forms of nature, mind and art.
   The gracious God is in them all,
Projected from the faithful heart
   Of devotee in humble thrall.

CHARLES SLOAN REID.