

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!