

Love Triumphant.

~~~~~BY ARTHUR E. MASSEY.

Tauler by name—a saint revered,  
Once met a beggar on the open road,  
And cheerily greeting him did say:  
“A good day God give thee, friend !”  
“I thank God,” the beggar said,  
“A bad day I ne'er have had.”  
The aged divine amazed, surprised,  
Did change the order of his words,  
And spake again: “A happy life  
God give you friend !” The beggar smiling,  
Spake once more: “Ne'er unhappy  
Have I been !”.....“Ne'er unhappy !”  
“What do you mean ?” good Tauler cried,  
“Forsooth,” rejoined the beggar, “When 'tis fine  
I thank the Lord, and when it rains  
I thank Him too. When naught I lack

I thank the Lord, when hungry too  
My thanks in full to Him ascends.  
Since no will I have but 'tis the Lord's,  
Whate'er He wills doth come to please,  
So wherefore can I unhappy be ?"  
Tauler, non-plussed, did then attempt  
A poser his friend's serenity to confound.  
"If God," said he, "were thee to cast  
In hell's abode for all thy sins, how then ?"  
The beggar for a moment paused to think,  
Then, gazing into Tauler's eyes did make reply:  
"And if He did, two arms have I Him to embrace,  
The arm of Faith, wherewith I lean upon  
His holy Love, also the arm of my own love  
Which binds me to His sacred Self.  
And thus being one with Him,  
He would with me descend into  
The vale of remedial suffering,  
Where, with Him I would far happier be  
Than elsewhere estranged from Him."  
"But," said Tauler, now roused to reverent awe  
At so sublime and spirited a reply:—  
"Who are you ? if I dare enquire."  
"*I am a king !*" the beggar said,  
With sparkling eyes and gentle mien,  
"A king !" exclaimed the old divine,  
"If so, where is thy kingdom, man !"  
"*In my own heart,*" the beggar cried,  
And in those words reveal'd for all  
The mystic secret of a soul supreme,  
O'er things external to the hidden life of God.

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