

I Met The Master

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led,

Until one day in a quiet place
I met the Master face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body but none for my soul,

I had entered to win in life's mad race
When I met the Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That His eyes full of sorrow were fixed on me.

And I faltered and fell at His feet that day
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished and in their place
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.

And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meet
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet."

My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again.

E'er since one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master face to face.

-anonymous