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The Crimson Cross.

REV. E. STUART BEST.

Go forth and wander where you may,
North, South, or East, or West,
The grandest sight earth can display,
The brightest and the best.

Scepters and crowns, they are but dross
When seen beside the crimson cross.

The cross that binds the gaping wound,
And stays the bleeding breast,
That lifts the groaning from the ground,
And soothes him into rest:

Their help, their hope, their stay, their cheer,
Whene'er the crimson cross draws near.

Where widows wait and orphans cry,
Or sit in mute despair,
They hear the sufferer's soft sigh,
The sufferer's sorrows share.

The crimson cross, 'tis not in vain
They drag the wounded from the slain.

The flaming sword, the clash, the thrust,
The cannon's thundering roar—
All these shall change to rust and dust,
Unseen, unheard, no more.

The crimson cross will conquer all.
Before its face they flee the fall.

'Tis not the iron hand of kings
That makes the slaughter cease;
The cross, the cross, the victory brings,
And robes the earth in peace.
The crimson cross from Calvary's hill,
Says to this warring world, "Be still."
Malden, Mass.

—Zion's Herald.