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The Vision of the Wounds*

Two hands have haunted me for days,
Two hands of slender shape,
All crushed and torn, as in the press
Is bruised the purple grape.
At work or at meals, in prayer or play,
Those mangled palms I see
And a plaintive voice keeps whispering;
"These hands were pierced for thee;
Yea, even so, ungrateful one,
These hands were pierced for thee."

Through toil and danger pressing on,
As through a fiery flood,
Two slender feet beside my own
Mark every step with blood.
The swollen veins so rent with nails
It breaks my heart to see,
While the same voice cries out afresh:
"These feet were pierced for thee!"
"For me, dear Lord, for me?"
"Yea, even so, ungrateful one;
These feet were pierced for thee!"

As on we journey to the close,
Those wounded feet and mine,
Distended still the vision grows,
And more and more divine.
For in my Guide's wide open-side
The cloven heart I see,
And the tender voice sobs like a psalm:
"This heart was pierced for thee!"
"For me, great God, for me?"
"Yea, enter in, my ransomed one!
This heart was pierced for thee!"

* These unsigned lines were found among the papers of the late Harriet McEwen Kimball, but they are unquestionably the expression of her poetic thought.--Living Church.