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A Carpenter Speaks

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His methods of economy and hard work piled up more money which he could not spend, but at no time did his religion return. It seeped through the district that the long-promised Bible lay in John's own home, which convinced everybody that he had kept it for his own selfish pleasure, and he was hated more than ever.

The truth was that the woman had placed it on the round table, burnt corner carefully, in the shadow. Every other day she came in and brushed its soft radiance with an old cloth. Nonetheless, John Hotchkiss did not open the Bible once during his lifetime, and on the rare occasions he entered his parlor he kept his eyes averted from the round table.

A Carpenter Speaks

By GLEN BAKER

I made the cross whose heavy load
Bowed Christ's tired shoulders down,
That day he climbed Golgotha Road
Wearing a blackthorn crown.

I did not think of symbols then,
I only thought to build
A better cross than other men
In the carpenter guild.