

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

At a recent flower club meeting at Ealing Town Hall the demonstrator, who was to do six different arrangements, took as his theme "The Touch of the Master's Hand" a poem by the American poet Myra B. Welch. I was able to get a copy of this, printed below, which I hope others will appreciate as much as I do. From **May Jeffries**.

"Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,
"Who'll start bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar – now who'll make it two
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
"Three dollars once, three dollars twice,
Going for three"... but no!
From the room far back a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody, pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.
The music ceased and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: "What am I bidden for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow;
"A thousand dollars – and who'll make it two?
Two thousand – and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice
And going – and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand –
What changed its worth?" The man replied:
"The touch of the masters hand."
And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,
A game and he travels on,
He's going once, and going twice –
He's going – and almost gone!
But the MASTER comes, and the foolish crowd,
Never can quite understand,
The worth of a soul, and the change that's
wrought
By the touch of the MASTER'S hand.

Myra B. Welch

