

11/12/44

The Lodge of St. Christopher

No. 5999

Saint Christopher

Christopher, who bore a child
Safely thro' the torrent wild,
Help all travellers, we pray,
Be their calling what it may.
Fare they over sea, or land,
Or thro' aerial space un-sparned.
Christopher, their saint, their friend,
Aid them to the journey's end.

Guard them who must forth and fight
In the vast un-measured height,
In the field, or on the wave,
Daring all things, all to save.
All who seek—that all may know
Swamp or glacier, flood or floe,
Jungle's depth, or desert's dearth,
Guard all wand'ring sons of earth.

Christopher, their saint, their friend,
Aid them to the journey's end.
Pray thou, while our-selves do pray
For all travellers this day.
For all trav'lers in the name
Of the gentle child, who came
Thro' the tempest to the ford,
Christ the trav'ler, CHRIST the LORD.