Within this sacred Chapter room  
A candlestick lifts seven golden arms  
As if imploring, pleading for His grace.  
Seven slender tapers glow—  
Letting streams of pale light flow....

I watch the first still, steady flame, and pray  
That I may know serene, still peace, and ask  
To leave outside the troubled world's loud way.  
I dream, and slowly gain new poise;  
The bustling seems remote, the noise....

I watch the second flame, and pray again,  
This time for sympathy, an open mind—  
That I may understand mankind...and though  
It seems that I have sinned all sin  
And known forgiveness from within...

I watch the third calm candle, and I ask  
That petty anger in my heart be stilled,  
That swerveless purpose holds me to the task—  
Endless, yet not hopeless, where  
A partner shoulders double share.

I watch the fourth white taper, and implore,  
That living water live my soul, and purge  
The soil and stain away forevermore.  
I gaze — and then, somehow, I seem  
To feel that unfelt—cleansing—stream....

I watch the fifth exalted flame, and pray  
That I may mold a tempered shapely soul,  
That I may dream, and climb a little way;  
That I'll not waste my gifts, but grow  
Like sainted leaders that I know...

I watch the sixth unaltering flame, and pray  
For strength to pass the foes who wear smooth masks  
And beckon those who linger on the way.  
I have a Guide who understands  
And steadies me with outstretched hands...

I watch the seventh candle burning there,  
Consuming its own life to light a shrine..  
I live my whole desire in this prayer;  
Give me some service I can do —  
May it be done "as unto You."      Author unknown.

Use a Sevenbranch floor candlelabra - a Reader may give the poem while some one else lights the tapers (which should be White - at least 12" long). After poem is given a response may be sung using these words:  
"Somewhere, some way, sometime each day, I'll turn aside a while to pray;  
That God will make my life to shine, yea, shine where he shall say. Amen.