

O NOTHING LOVED ON
EARTH IS EVER VAIN

O NOTHING loved on earth is ever vain,
If looking onward into growth and
change

We feel with life a new relation formed,
And see no labour lost in aimless drift.

O all things loved on earth are firmly held,
When through an intuition once we see
The high achievement of a Spirit-thought
For helping man to reach ideal ends.

O naught of heart-things of the passing earth
Can pass from memory with Time away,
When man makes life one long triumphal road
In love's great service by herself revealed.