

## FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

You have read of the Moslem palace—  
The marvellous fane that stands  
On the banks of the distant Jumna,  
The wonder of all the lands.

You have read of its marble splendors,  
Its carvings of rare device,  
Its domes and its towers that glisten  
Like visions of Paradise.

You have listened, as one has told you  
Of its pinnacles snowy-fair,—  
So pure that they seemed suspended  
Like clouds in the crystal air;

Of the flow of its fountains falling  
As softly as mourners' tears;  
Of the lily and rose kept blooming  
For over two hundred years—

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,  
The jewels that crust the wall,  
The carvings that crown the arch-way,  
The innermost shrine of all—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,  
(Whose chiselings mortal man  
Hath never excelled), the dearest  
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends  
Whose letters are set in gems,  
On the walls of the sacred chambers  
That sparkle like diadems.

And they tell you these letters, gleaming  
Wherever the eye may look,  
Are words of the Moslem Prophet,  
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned  
Right wonderingly, as you must,  
"Why rear such a palace, only  
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—the Shah had promised  
His beautiful Nourmahal.  
To do it, because he loved her,  
He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall and column,  
And tower and dome above,  
All tell of a sacred promise,  
All utter one accent—LOVE.

You know of another temple,  
A grander than Hindoo shrine,

The splendor of whose perfections  
Is mystical, strango, divine,

You have read of its deep foundations,  
Which neither the frost nor flood  
Nor forces of earth can weaken,  
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,  
By the wisdom that fills the throne,  
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,  
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,  
So lofty its turrets rise,  
That the pile in its finished glory  
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,  
The roses of Sharon fair,  
Gethsemane's sacred olives  
And cedars, are round it there.

And graved on its walls and pillars,  
And cut in its crystal stone,  
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter  
Than Islam hath ever known:—

Texts culled from the holy Gospel,  
That comfort, refresh, sustain,  
And shine with a rarer lustre  
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of the temple, only  
Its architect understands;  
And yet He accepts—(Oh, wonder!)  
The helping of human hands!

And so, for the work's progression,  
He is willing that great and small  
Should bring Him their bits of carving,  
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-BUILDER  
Disdainfully cast away:  
—Why, even He takes the chippings,  
We women have brought to-day!

Oh, not the dead—to the living,  
We rear on the earth He trod,  
This fane to His lasting glory—  
This Church to the Christ of God!

Why labor and strive? We have promised  
(And bare ye the vow, recall?)  
To do it, because we love Him.  
We love Him—and that is all!