

Well uttered was that heaven-made hymn,  
 Sung first to hail our SAVIOUR'S birth,—  
 That so, the peoples of the earth  
 Might join in praise the Seraphim.

From ocean-deeps, lo ! pure and meek,  
 As washed from earthly soil or taints,  
 The words meet those of quiring saints :  
 Angels and men one language speak !

O ! far-off-echoing song of praise,  
 That swelled through Heaven's unpillared dome,  
 For joy that CHRIST made earth his home  
 To teach upon the world's highways ;

And sung once more full joyously,  
 For that the foremost nations two—  
 Who lead the Old World and the New—  
 Clasp earnest hands across the sea !

The strain from angel-harps began  
 When Heaven and Earth were linked in one ;  
 And we prolong it, as the Sun  
 Sees world join world, and man join man.

## V.

Meseems, the Atlantic's heaving floor  
 Shrinks to a narrow, span-breadth water ;  
 Glad England greets her long-lost daughter,  
 And they shall sunder— never more !

O you ! ye twain of kindred blood,  
 Whom Science' hand has drawn so near,  
 That each into the other's ear  
 Can whisper o'er the mediate flood ;—

Ye twain of common kith and blood,  
 By *Thought*, no less, together bound,  
 Guide through long ages circling round  
 The following nations on to God !

Apostles of the Old and New !  
 In actions preach the Word of Life :—  
 With robes unstained by sordid strife,  
 Prove ye to your "high calling" true.