

Of deeper hue or white as driven snow,
 Bringing such thoughts as prove, though it be cold,
 Love ever lives, and needs but cherishing,
 Amidst which standing, thou time-honored pile,
 Thy life sublime still by them nourishing,
 The pride of which to our cheeks brings a glow ;
 Inanimate indeed, yet living all the while,
 As to and fro in group and single file,
 Men come and go, or swiftly or but slow ;
 And whither ? Who can tell us ? Who can know ?
 Living to-day—to-morrow perishing !
 Yet still thou watchest the great river's flow !

VIII. ;

Still standest thou, and nigh as fresh and fair
 As those who, blushing, came to thee as brides
 Long years ago ; and still thy grace we laud,
 Though faded theirs. Scene of many a story
 Within thy sacred precincts has been viewed :
 In days of peaceful worship naught divides
 From thy true use ; yet did presumptuous dare,
 In day of war, in other nation's name,
 To claim thy shelter, and to change thy use,
 And desecrate surrounding tombs, nor shame
 To feel. Fragrant thine aisles of flowers there strewn.
 'Neath mourners' feet and feet of those who glory
 Bore—a throng of youth mature and hoar—
 Who came, who went, who yet return no more,
 Though ears in listening attitude have waited,
 Are waiting still, to hear them as of yore,
 Hoping they homeward travel though belated,
 Again to get the greeting of fond love—
 The greeting sweet to give them in return ;
 And eyes, too, strain out to the distant dim,
 While prayer goes upward to the throne above ;
 For, while life lasts, the holy fire must burn
 On love's high altar, and desire shall hymn,
 Each day, its fondness forth, then upward turn,
 In hopeful prayer unto the ear of Him
 Who heareth ever, Whose best name is Love,
 In Whom, though severed, yet are all related.
 Even now thy sacred walls and well-trod floor—
 Holy to us because of those who trod
 Thereon, who rest in peace to-day with God—