

Of love and pain and the great hope that flamed
Across my life when her dear name was named.
With eyes that sought the west
And smiling lips, she heard;
Then turned without a word,
Laid her dear hand in mine and let it rest;
And we passed eastward thus
In a great peace that round encompassed us.

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Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor fame, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves the best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minister turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

— *Whittier*.