

While virtues sweet and pure and true rest th
 Of hearts long tried by sorrow sin and care :
 Brave Christian men who walk this vale of tea
 Let us like Rodolph through the coming years
 By gift and deed, proclaim our love for Him
 Whose cup of sorrow overflowed the brim :
 Come visit shrines wherein his glory dwells
 To many hearts a tale of love he tells :
 Tell ours dear Lord to beat with virtue's thrill
 And evermore in all things do thy will.
 Oh guard His habitation Angels bright,
 Shine on in splendor pure and holy light.



Electricity versus Steam.

Long was I hid in elements wild
 And jealousy stung my soul
 While pert inferiors archly smiled
 In their pranks from pole to pole :
 Steam was chief of the haughty old tribe—
 Whom mortals courted to fear ;
 He mocked to scorn as they sought to bribe
 And to curb his high career :
 Men blindly drove this child of chance