

No knight of dead Romance
Who fleshed or sword or lance
Where flashing spears lit stubborn Victory,
In steel-clad breast could feel
For Glory more zeal
Than thou to spread aloft in spacious sky,
No pompous gawd, Pride's symbol frail,
But Faith's bright flag, to weather bolt and gale.
In mystic rhythm rolls
Ever athwart our souls
Some chime of steeple crowning hallowed fane,
And, thick as stars that gem
A lakelet's diadem,
Shine chancel-lights by street, and road, and lane :
All were illumined by thy hand
Which rears the frequent spire around the land.
Beneath yon towering dome
Soft Mercy makes her home,
And ever there Veiled Angels pain appease,
Keeping a sleepless guard
By fevered cot and ward
While Science changes agony to ease ;
Thy beneficence props these halls,
And Mercy's pile thy tenderness recalls.
And should one farther stray
Along the public way,
Soon palaces their chiselled fronts unfold,
Beneath those spreading caves
The Lap of Ease receives,
Orphan, and outcast, and infirm, and old :
Each stately structure seems to bless
Thy tender heart, Friend of the Fatherless.
And many a tranquil place
Thy chiefs, Religion, grace—
Monastic heirs of famous saintly lines ;
And many a lamp sun-bright
Wise teachers trim to light