

We need but gently stir to find the gleam.  
Are not earth's purest treasures kept concealed  
In her deep breast? Again and yet again  
Our searching is rewarded, till the whole  
Reality stands master of the dream.  
Today your hearth has yielded me a joy  
With heaven's meaning, for each man or boy  
Whose cause I strive to plead, whose grief is  
mine,

Is a banked fire which holds a spark divine.  
For centuries these holy sparks were hurled  
Out on neglected ash-heaps of the world,  
Until one came who stirred with tender hands  
The grayness and the gloom; who pierced the  
mass

Of hatred till they said "he understands."  
Then prison miracles were brought to pass,  
For sparks innumerable he found that filled with  
light

And comfort many lives, that made the night—  
That long, long night of desolate despair—  
Seem but a fearful dream, for hope was there,  
And faith in God returned, and self-respect;