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He conquered wrong with the white
sword of right
Though his bruised body fell amid the
fray.

More light he gave to us who loved him
well,
Light for our hearts so blind to others'
woe,
Because he lived we are made strong to
tell
How men can overcome. Grieving we
know
His deepest need was to be understood,
That he might prove these words—"Do
good: Make good."

THE END