

THERE in some deep ravine
Whose walls are living green,
A sanctuary spacious, cool and dim,
At earth-refreshing morn
The pure white clouds are born,—
The incense of the ground sent up to Him.

NO slighted task is there,
But equal craft and care
And love in irresistible accord,
The test and sign of art,
Bestowed through every part ;
float
No thought of recognition or reward.