

*Phillips Brooks*

Fight on alone! Let the faltering spirit  
Within thee recall how he carried a host,  
Rearward and van, as Wind shoulders a dust-heap;  
One Way till strife be done, strive each his most.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,  
Thou doubting world; and with not an eye dim  
Say, when they ask if thou knowest a Saviour,  
"Brooks was His brother, and we have known him."