

That gives the Poor the Righteous Law, that lifts the
 Bitter Wrong,
 And champions in the war of life, the Weak against
 the Strong !
 What other Nation Keeps its Pact though all its world
 should fall?
 What Other leaves the ease of life to follow Duty's
 call !
 Honor and Duty ! Noble Stars ! by which our Race
 is led !
 God grant their double light may shine forever over-
 head.

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Almighty God ! Who from High Heaven doth give
 each Race its Day—
 Thou hast the nations in Thy Hand, to bound their
 power and sway !
 At Thy Command they rise from dust—Thine Arm doth
 lift them higher.
 Thou move'st the Golden Candlesticks, and lo ! their
 Lights expire !
 Give Thou this Nation grace to see its Duty and its
 Way—
 To read "the Writing on the Wall" while yet it is
 its Day.

M. H. B.