

“ Here the Church, an ark long driven, carrying in its
throbbing breast

All the life-germs of the future, finds an Ararat of rest ;
And the dove with leaf of olive, shows that not from
heights alone

Where the great man sits in purple, have the deluge
waters flown ;

But from valleys long o’er-covered with the murky waves
of gloom,

There the foliage is freshest, and the choicest flowers
bloom.

’Neath a rainbow arch of promise, from this centre shall
begin

A new race of fruitful Christians, who the earth for
God shall win ;

Peace shall rule, but highest Justice shall with Truth
and Love conspire,

At the hand of each man’s brother shall the blood of
man require.

As Augustine taught the Britons helpless idols to abhor,
As great Boniface in Hesse smote the sacred oak of Thor,
Missionary spirits mighty shall go forth from all these
lands,

Christ the Life within their bosoms, Christ the Truth
within their hands ;

And the Life shall live though martyrs’ blood shall dye
the ungrateful ground,