

With strength and beauty graced before our
eyes;
Or if to ill our souls response agree,
What then we rear may deathful dungeons be.
With beauteous forms the life should ever shine,
And every soul to crystal words incline;
When pure the heart and clear the working
mind,
The fruits of will with these agree in kind;
And fair it is, when words the mind engage
Through eye or ear, by speech or pen or page,
To have them still in simple forms appear,
The outward tokens that their source is clear.
The Book of books, with heights and depths
eterne,
Reveals the truth that even babes may learn;
Along their shores its limpid waters wave,
A source of joy to those who there may lave;
While needs and creatures, as they higher rise
Through all the heights above the arching skies,
Do ever find the means His ends to gain
The faultless product of perfection's reign;
And over all, from depths to heights above,
The ageless, changeless legend, "God is love."
To single hearts th' eternal Heart is near,
Its saving pulse the source of strength and
cheer,
While minds unwarped with growing clearness
see