

LUX FIAT.

Silence profound, and unawakened night;
Nor vigil star, nor moon; but darkness all
Besrouds the slumberous deep, like some rude pall
Thrown on the clod, when takes the spirit flight:
Yet are the hush and gloom, which steep the height,
And length, and breadth of chaos, held in thrall
By the Eternal Power, pleased to forestall
His will,—bid death be life, and darkness light.

He spake; and through the farthest fields of space
The mighty fiat rang, and back returned
With thunderous echo, heard and understood:
So did the Lord of light the gloom efface:
Then, from His throne, for future acts concerned,
Surveyed His work, and "saw that it was good."

MY STRANGER-FRIEND. ✓

Strangers, we met, both in an alien land;
Nor either questioned pedigree or brand

Sprang he from kings? Of that he made no boast;
Sprang he from serfs? He neither cared to post.

Loved he his native land? He loved alone;
Loved he his home and kin? They were his own.

Unmatched our sympathies; our aims as clear;
Aspiring both, each held the prize as dear.

One bond had we, but one, our hearts to twine—
He truly loved his God; his God was mine.

So friendship steady grew more trustful, strong;
Each day its duty brought, each night its song.