

not, oh! be conjured
heaven which asks:
My Father, thou art

concerning the living

We live in an un-
tinctured society
y despise the grand
contemptuously push-
y to ring the knell
respectfully style the
n through the blood
pt and weave it into

eed old, yea hoary
young. And thou
d are thine."

a crown of glory to
faiths have sprung
n Abraham's days,
ger on the earth,
e builder and maker
by a long list of
subdued kingdoms,
ed the mouths of
dge of the sword,
in fight turned to
love thee! Thou
And there is work
who despise thee
ask thy help when
died from disem-
of gu.de to man

ake us often aside
hich thou art so
make the love of
false lights which