

ODE

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There is a glory which the heavens reflect,
 A light and lustre on the accomplished plan
 And triumph of the faithful architect,
 Who builds from love to God and love to man;
 When from the hidden germ, which grows apace,
 The secret thought and inspiration dim
 Bursts into form with an appealing grace,
 And rhythmic influence of a sweet-toned hymn.

So first unseen did the majestic dome
 Loom in the brain with its proportions fair
 Which towered at last above eternal Rome,
 Hung by the Master-spirit high in air.
 And heaven itself, and earth by mortals trod,
 Unmade, were *finished in the mind of God.*

Each blessed work with true devotion wrought,
 Not for a day, but for all time to stand,
 Upsprings reflected as from God's own thought,
 And flashing from the touch of His own hand.

It is a pæan to the praise of duty,
 And with a music sweet each bosom thrills,
 Is beautiful amid the scenes of beauty,
 And grand amid the grandeur of the hills.

There's many a temple unto Mammon builded,
 And many a pile to luxury and vice,
 Pictured and frescoed, groined and carved, and
 gilded

With gardens fair like those of Paradise ;—

Homes of the vain, the monuments of folly,
 To mock each sense with perishable things,
 Which move the pensive heart to melancholy—
 Triumphal arches, pyramids of Kings ;—

And pleasure-domes for many a living martyr,
 Which glare refulgent in the eye of day,
 Marts in the populous town for trade and barter
 In what the world can give and take away.

Honor to him who builds for nobler uses,
 On deep foundations rears his solid walls,
 A graceful temple raises to the Muses,
 A refuge sweet within its airy halls ;—

And writes a generous welcome on its portals,
 Whither the sons of toil may freely throng,
 To taste of nectar, feast with the immortals,
 Beguiled with dear romance, and poet's song ;—
 Or hang enchanted o'er historic pages,
 Viewing the grand march of the embattled ages.

Time may yon mountains from the valleys sever,
 But a good thought and deed shall live forever.

F. W. S.

MATTEAWAN, N. Y., August 5th, 1872.