THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

God of the nations! Thou whose hand
Led forth their best across the sea,
To find in this unfettered land
Thy largest gift—the soul set free.

Bless Thou the land Thy bounty gave,
Thy feeble few are grown a host;
From eastern sea to western wave,
Blest be their homes from coast to coast.

Give them Thy peace, but if arrayed
Once more against some evil power
They draw again a righteous blade,
Be with them in the battle hour.

As when upon the Cuban deep
The thunder of our cannon spoke,
And from sad centuries of sleep,
The stately form of freedom woke.

Remembering him we praise today,
Hushed is the mighty roar of trade.
And, pausing on its ardent way,
A nation's homage here is laid.

Where on the great Virginian's grave,
Look down the new-born century's eyes,
And by his loved Potomac wave
In God's long rest, his soldier lies.

A hundred years have naught revealed
To blot this manhood's record high
"That blazoned duty's stainless shield
And set a star in honor's sky."

1 Read by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell on University Day at the University of Pennsylvania, February 22, 1902, and published in the Bulletins of that institution for February, 1902.
In self-approval firm, his life
Serenely passed through darkest days;
In calm or storm, in peace or strife,
Unmoved by blame, unstirred by praise.

No warrior pride disturbed his peace,
Nor place, nor gain. He loved his fields,
His home, the chase, his land's increase,
The simple life that nature yields.

And yet for us all man could give
He gave, with that which never dies,
The gift through which great nations live,
The lifelong gift of sacrifice.

With true humility be learned
The game of war, the art of rule;
And calmly patient, slowly earned
His competence in life's large school.

Well may we honor him who sought
To live with one unfailing aim,
And found at last, unasked, unbought,
In duty's path, the jewel, fame!

Ay! Keep your laurels green for him,
And that great memory proudly guard,
Lest time's mere repetition dim
A grateful nation's high award!

Thus, mindful of a faithful past,
We arm us for our present need,
Lest factious storms his harvest blast,
And freedom, overgrown, exceed;

For that dark race our arms set free
Waits justice from our timid sway,
And those far islands of the sea
In freedom's school must win their way.

Ay! We are lords of many lands
And soon or late may sadly learn
That history with impartial hands
Will give us only what we earn.

Oh, teach us to not lightly hold
The freeman's right himself to rule,
And not from sloth, and not from gold,
To be the civic despot's fool:

For He who girded us with power,
And gave us strength to do the right,
Will ask us, in His own stern hour,
"How have ye used the gift of might?"

Since, till this harried earth shall gain
The heaven of Thy peace, O Lord!
Freedom and Law will need to reign
Beneath the shadow of the sword.

O, Thou, who bade us seek and find,
Teach us to seek with humble art
Through laws of the Eternal Mind
The wisdom of the Eternal Heart:

Lo! Science on her soaring wing
To heights we dream not now, shall move,
Until her broad horizons bring
Thy larger morn of boundless Love.

Thus from the childhood of the soul
We grow toward manhood's stature still,
To see at last the years unroll
The Gospel of the Master's will.

Hail! Gracious Mother! Thou whose youth
Sent forth a brood of sturdy men
Who stood for freedom and for truth,
And used the sword to free the pen.

Still ever in thy learned walls
The will, the wish, the vigor live!
Ay ready, if our country calls,
To meet what fate may duty give.
Almighty Father! Bless that home
Of youthful hopes and honest strife;
Wherever these Thy children roam
Be Thou their stay in death and life.

That when with years they bring us here
The simple tale of service done,
Or victories to a nation dear,
Or triumphs peaceful lives have won.

Here shall the mother, at whose knee
They heard the words that guide and guard,
Glad of her children, proudly see
In noble lives, her best reward.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.