

B. FROM THE CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL YEARS, 1908-11

I.

The world is very big, and we  
Are very small and ignorant,  
But, till our Father doth transplant,  
Into the garden we forsee—  
Fragrant upon a far off lee—  
Each frail and quickly withered plant,  
He doth to each a duty grant,  
And He hath given one to me!

To all the work that doth relate  
To aiding these my fellow men,  
To peace, to nation, and to state,  
To noblest thought & impulse, when  
The impulse comes—I dedicate  
This heart, this soul, this mind, this pen!