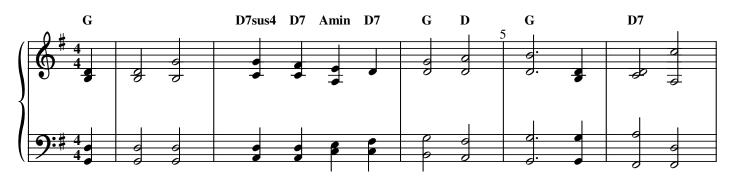
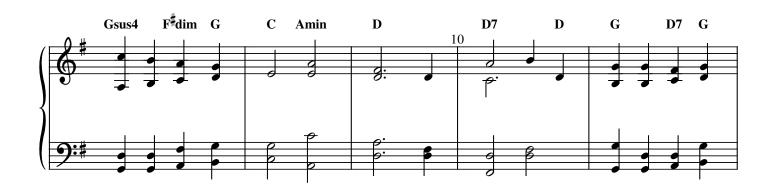
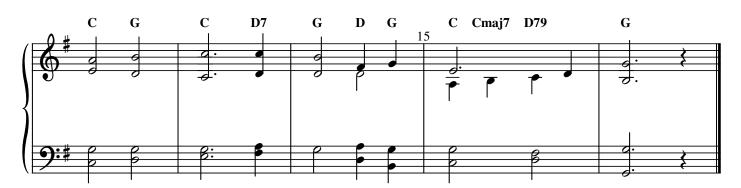
Edward John Hopkins, 1818-1897

Artavia 10.10.10.6







And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee? And didst Thou take to Heaven a human brow? Dost plead with man's voice by the marvelous sea? Art Thou his Kinsman now?

O God, O Kinsman loved, but not enough, O Man, with eyes majestic after death, Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough, Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine, By that one nature which doth hold us kin, By that high Heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine To draw us sinners in.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away, Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow