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As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.
The soul *alone*, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs the hand Divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch its chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

– *Harriet Beecher Stowe*.
