

A LEGEND OF SERVICE

A Dramatic Poem

by
Henry Van Dyke



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ISBN 1-60045-062-8

It pleased the Lord of Angels (praise His name!)
To hear, one day, report from those who came
With pitying sorrow, or exultant joy,
To tell of earthly tasks in His employ.
For some were grieved because they saw how slow
The stream of heavenly love on earth must flow;
And some were glad because their eyes had seen,
Along its banks, fresh flowers and living green.
At last, before the whiteness of the throne
The youngest angel, Asmiel, stood alone;
Nor glad, nor sad, but full of earnest thought,
And thus his tidings to the Master brought:
“Lord, in the city Lupon I have found
Three servants of Thy holy name, renowned
Above their fellows. One is very wise,
With thoughts that ever range beyond the skies;
And one is gifted with the golden speech
That makes men gladly hear when he will teach;
And one, with no rare gift or grace endued,
Has won the people’s love by doing good.
With three such saints Lupon is trebly blest;
But, Lord, I fain would know, which loves Thee best?”

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