

“ But I stamped on the insolent creed,
And drave the swine into the earth,
To abide with the dead, and to breed
Where the dead might look down on their birth.
I planted so deeply their seed
That in harvest time there will be dearth.

“ So now that the even is here,
And I go to my infinite home,
E'en Lethe can bring me no fear,
For rest lieth over its foam,
And a nation will write o'er my bier :
' He lived for his nation and Rome.' ”

Inscrutable essence of Light,
Oh, Fount of unchangeable truth !
This heathen, though blinded in sight
And bred in religion uncouth,
Obeyed his conception of right,
His inherited precepts of youth.

Are the sons of the night to be lost,
And salvation be kept for the day,
On the billows of ignorance tossed,
With no Pilot to lead them the way,
To show how the sea may be crossed,
To teach them to trust and to pray ?