

How doth my toiling hard and long assure
The yield that cheers my heart and dries my sweat?
Why must the seed dissolve and lose its life
To generate and multiply its like?
What whites the lily and what reds the rose?
Why sweet and bitter fruit? Why flowers plain
And flow'ry forms of loveliness and grace?
What rules the growth of animals and plants?
Determines from the first their varied forms?
Why have they lives of so unequal spans?
Whence life? Why doth it burn away? Why death?
Why is not life a bright eternal Spring?
What is the primal reason of these things?
Thus Nature operates. Why is it thus?
To all these questions one response is true:
A Mind Supreme hath planned things as they are.

Thoughts still more serious has he whose mind
Is not horizoned by the things he sees:
Thoughts, not of time, but of eternity;
Of things momentous, thoughts we all should heed;
Thoughts worthiest of an immortal soul.
'T is well to look oft-times beyond the grave,
For Man's existence ends not with this life.
As pilgrims haste we through this vale of tears,
For here there is no place to rest our steps.
No earthly love can fill the human heart.