

behold to-day. It is a note clearer, purer, more ethereal,
than all the rest.

Through the deep caves of thought I hear the voice that sings:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"