

Sought out from the deep realms of matter and
formed

In spheres of mundane principles, each orb
A world, each orb a member of the same
Great family.

Eternal night throughout
The shades prevail fast bound by golden paths
That lead to yon bright atmospheres, wherein,
Perchance, the breath of mortal dwells, waft on
The pleasant breeze of life, which there may be
An Eden blessed, with full obedience to
The laws of God and His commands. Life there,
On yon bright orb, may be woe, human woe :
Life there is pleasant, sad, and sorrowful,
Ambition-crowned and upward, onward, with
A quickening pace : life there may be a wealth
Of intellectual power and happiness
Divine ; joy, plucked from untold ages gone ;
Joy drawn at last from evil's darksome reign
By the faith-reaching powers of the soul,
Which long since knew the good and evil things ;
Yea, knowing, an did weigh full well the
cause,
And evil when 'twas balanced, kicked the beam.