

—“ How, O Wondrous One, descending
From that fair original height,
Downward through degrees unending,
Couldst thou for as dark a thing as Earth forsake thy glorious light,
And bestow thine holy commune on the children of the night ? ”—

—“ Oh, unthinking and unknowing,—
Earth is dark to thee alone,—
For its glories, ever flowing,
Through the hosts of Spirits living far beyond thy thought are known,
And the bright rays of its splendor through the farthest worlds have flown ;

For thy Earth its rays of glory
O'er the Universe hath flung ;
With its sad, mysterious story
Worlds on Worlds innumerable through the Universe have rung,
And the song of man's Redemption all the angelic hosts have sung ;

The Earth has
great fame and glory
on the Universe.

For the All-Loving, once descending,
On its hallowed surface trod,
And the Souls, in hosts unending,
Gazed upon that scene in wonder, while He made it His abode,
And its name for ever blendeth with the awful name of God.

So the All-Loving His creation
Loves, and pities, and befriends,
Helping every aspiration ;
And the glory of the Highest with the lowest ever blends,—
As the soul soars up for ever, God for evermore descends.”—