

Where is God ?

“ Ay, here, must mind creative active be,
And immanent in all things, small and
great,
The silver dew, the vast unwieldy sea,
The airy feather, and the mountain
weight.”

Now passing over to the window-view,
I looked adown the verdure-robed ravine,
And thro' the flowery vale light tipped with
dew,
And o'er the winding waters' silver
sheen,

To fields of green-leaved plants and yellow
grain—
Broad table spread before the hills be-
yond—
The scene gave sign of recent freshening
rain,
And silence over all still reigned pro-
found.