

With mind undimmed, he named them all aright.
 The living creatures to their master came—
 As deemed he right, he gave to each its name.
 He marked the happy brutes that round him strayed :—
 The noble lion by the lambkin laid ;
 The spotted leopard gamb'ling with the fawn—
 Then fear was not, then rapine was not born.
 Unharmed beside the tiger's lair he strolled,
 He stroked her head, nor did his blood run cold,—
 For yet no thirst for blood had caused to gleam
 Those gentle eyes, which now so fiery seem.
 Bright serpents round his footsteps harmless glide ;
 From adder's den he need not turn aside :—
 And yet, though all is peaceful, all serene,
 Flowers e'er in bloom, grass, shrubs and trees aye green ;
 Though clouds hide not the sun's refreshing rays,
 Though birds and beasts, yea all that meets his gaze
 Proclaims God's goodness,—yet he fails to see
 A kindred soul, his consort dear to be.

He notes the graceful swans, the cooing doves,
 And marks that each its partner dearly loves ;
 He sees each roe, each slender fleet gazelle
 Has found its mate, and with it loves to dwell :—
 "Then where, oh where can that dear creature be
 Who forms, methinks, the counterpart of me ?
 All, all is grand and good on every side,
 And here for aye I could content abide,—
 Yet seems it strange, these all their pleasures share,
 Each to'ard its mate displays a tender care,
 While I—though these obedient come at call,
 While I—who seem more favored than they all,
 While I—erect, and nobler far than they,
 Who walk and talk with God from day to day—
 Seem all alone, when He Himself withdraws
 From these fair scenes, and Heavenward, Homeward soars."

With thoughts like these he lays him down to rest :
 Around him flowers their balmy odors pressed.
 So sound he sleeps, he neither knows nor feels
 His opened side, nor knows he when it heals :
 But, as with morn he wakes, some prescience strange—
 Beyond the grasp of mortals' mental range—