FIFTIETH WEEK.

EARTH AND MAN.

O you great, glorious, silent world!
You sombre hills with the gleaming tops!
You moon and waters and stretches of sand!
You forests, dark, impenetrable!
You thunderous cateracts!
And the moonlight overflooding all
Like silver air. . . .
As some lone giant you lie:
Your arms outstretched
To call upon a Soul to fill a stateless body,
Beautiful in all things, yet alone. . . .
You Titan Earth—you are so desolate, so piteous
lonely! . . . . . .
So He,
The wondrous God, made man,
To be to you as Soul, as wife to man,
And man has wrought and toiled and fought with you;
And you have held him lovingly,
And answered fruitfully his passioned laboring,
And you poor Giant are blest in blessing him.