

He scans the star depths, counts the myriads
Of fiery orbs. Their distance and their size
He measures, and he weighs the waltzing suns!

Without a human soul, could Man appraise
His victories? his knowledge gained? his worth?
His pow'r o'er Nature's divers energies?
O'er brute creation? even o'er himself?
From his discoveries in Nature's realm,
Could he deduce and formulate her laws,
And name unerringly the time and place
Of her most wonderful phenomena?

Still nobler things doth Man pursue. His thoughts
Are not hemmed in by Nature's boundaries;
Nor are his aspirations and his aims
Confined to objects of his earthly gaze.
Alike the lowly and the lordly mind
Can wing their flight to higher planes of thought.
The honest toiler in the field is more
Than he may seem. His worth is in his soul.
His burden weighs, yet he is not a slave:
He is a man. While leaning on his hoe,
Or laboring, he thinks; his will is free.
Uplifting sentiments may fill his breast,
Beguile his cares, and make his burden light.
At times his questionings may well confound.
The puffed-up, godless wisdom of the day: