

Make up t' e periods vast—yet uncounted,
 Which swept the enormous gasses of creation,
 With the first tremor of incipient life.
 Then, in the ardor of exultant pride,
 Into God's Diamond Crucible cast all.
 There, tested by the fires intense of truth,
 Wait for the nugget.—Ah ! your gold is dross.

Amidst such wonders, glorious beyond thought,
 Those starry systems, vast and numberless,
 Sailing sublime in the outpoured abyss,
 In space profound and shoreless. Can it be,
 Nothing drops out of sight—no—not the least ?
 The fickle hairs that crown our brows—not even !
 O marvel amidst marvels. Ought we not
 Unload ourselves of all anxiety,
 Sitting with joy at the Great Father's feet.

God who created us, the King Almighty,
 Whom with veiled faces heavenly hosts adore,
 Prostrate before Him falling—Holy One.
 His justice stern no error can allow ;
 Yet, awful Judge, behold ! in pity and love,
 He sent His Son to take our fateful bowl,
 To lift it to His lips—He drank it dry.
 He died—we lived ! In Him is hid our Life.