

XXV.

A simple mind alas cannot attain  
The knowledge that its work is all in vain  
If it attempts a finite dream of God  
And carves with hands an effigy mundane.

XXVI.

But to this simple mind, the God I know  
On this, his dream of God, will grace  
bestow.  
So in his need he then can kneel and pray.  
The joys of worship, given, overflow.

XXVII.

And who am I to cavil at the sight  
Of stone and silver worshipped day and  
night!  
Can I not praise the God who put this  
Grace  
Within the mind of man and kept it bright!

XXVIII.

And if with care I too shall delve below  
My thought of God--perhaps that thought  
will show  
Some true connection with the heathen's  
dream,  
And even help me to the God I know.