
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

Calm in the deep control
Of firmamental soul,
Let us abide unfretful and secure,
Knowledge and reason bent
To further soul's intent, —
Her veiled dim purposes remote yet sure.

For soul has led us now,
Science unravels how,
Through cell and tissue up from dust to man;
And will lead by and by,
No logic tells us why,
To fill her purport in the ampler plan.

Ah, trust the soul, my friends,
To seek her own great ends
Revealed not in the fashion of the hour!
For she outlives intact
The insufficient act,
Herself the source and channel of all power.