

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built His blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 And endless isles of sun-lit green,
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen :
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
 Eternal Wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves,
 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush ;
 While all their burden of decay
 The ebbing current steals away,
 And led with Nature's flame they start,
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

See how yon beam of seeming white
 Is braided out of seven-hued light,—
 Yet in those lucid globes no ray,
 By any chance, shall break astray.
 Hark ! how the rolling surge of sound,
 Arches and spirals circling round,
 Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear,
 With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere, that holds
 All thought in its mysterious folds,
 That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
 And flashes forth the sovereign will ;
 Think on the stormy world, that dwells
 Lock'd in its dim and clustering cells !
 The lightning gleams of power it sheds
 Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant Thy love divine
 To make these mystic temples thine !
 When wasting age and wearying strife
 Have sapp'd the leaning walls of life ;
 When darkness gathers over all,
 And the last tottering pillars fall,
 Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,
 And mould it into heavenly forms !

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.